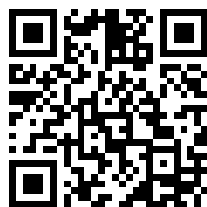


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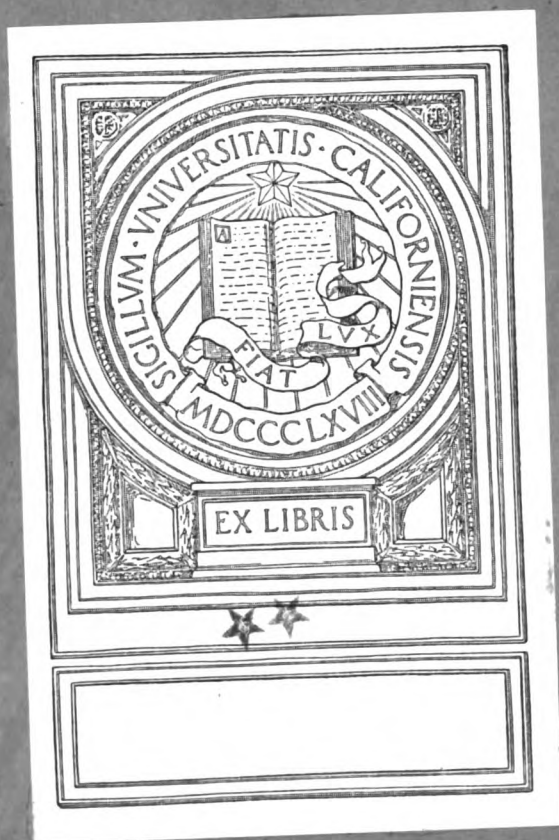


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THE  
HOME MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR.

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VOL. II.

UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, 1853.

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PHILADELPHIA:  
T. S. ARTHUR & CO.

1853.

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TO VIND  
ALLROTHLAD

VOLUME II.—FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, 1853.

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8. The Centipede.
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THE SEA-SIDE.



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# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: JULY, 1853.



## BETTINA.

BY WILLIAM H. CARPENTER.

A pale young girl, whose soul looks through  
Her earnest eyes of quiet blue;  
Whose golden hair, in easy flow,  
Parts simply o'er a brow of snow,  
Sits beneath a leafy tree,  
With its branches waving free.  
Thus reclined, in dreamy mood,  
Visions fair, and visions good,  
Round about her throng and press  
With a truthful earnestness.  
All impress of outward sense  
Yields to inner influence;  
And her soul, as newly waking,  
Treads a world of its own making.  
In this bright and better land  
Spirits take her by the hand,

And their voices, soft and low,  
Breathe the tones of long ago.  
Shapes they have as if of earth,  
With something of a newer birth;  
Faces of a pale rose hue,  
With a glory shining through;  
And, mystery of mysteries,  
Strange unfathomable eyes!  
But what moves her most of all,  
When she wakes to worldly thrall,  
Is, that though they meet her sight,  
Clothed in raiment glistening white,  
Breathing a singular perfume,  
And woven in no mortal loom;  
Still she deems them not ideal,  
But of fleshly form and real.

## THE EVENING TALK.

We sat by the fisher's cottage,  
We looked on sea and sky,  
We saw the mists of evening  
Come riding and rolling by:

The lights in the light-house window  
Brighter and brighter grew,  
And on the dim horizon  
A ship still hung in view.

We spoke of storm and shipwreck,  
Of the seaman's anxious life;  
How he floats 'twixt sky and water,  
'Twixt joy and sorrow's strife:

We spoke of coasts far distant,  
We spoke of south and north,  
Strange men, and stranger customs,  
That those wild lands send forth:

Of the giant trees of Ganges,  
Whose balm perfumes the breeze;  
And the fair and slender creatures,  
That kneel by the lotus-trees.

The maidens listened earnestly,  
At last the tales were ended;  
The ship was gone, the dusky night  
Had on our talk descended.

## HARVEST HOME.

Hark! from woodlands far away,  
Sounds the merry roundelay;  
Now across the russet plain,  
Slowly moves the loaded wain,  
Greet the reapers as they come,—  
Happy, happy harvest home!

Never fear the wintry blast,  
Summer suns will shine at last;  
See the golden grain appear,  
See the produce of the year.  
Greet the reapers as they come,—  
Happy, happy harvest home!

Children, join the jocund ring,  
Young and old come forth and sing;  
Stripling blithe, and maiden gay,  
Hail the rural holiday.  
Greet the reapers as they come,—  
Happy, happy harvest home!

## THE POWER OF BOOKS.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

Books written when the soul is at spring-tide,  
When it is laden like a groaning sky  
Before a thunder storm, are power and gladness,  
And majesty and beauty. They seize the reader  
As tempests seize a ship, and bear him on  
With a wild joy. Some books are drenched sands,  
On which a great soul's wealth lies all in heaps,  
Like a wrecked argosy. What power in books!  
They mingle gloom and splendor, as I've oft,  
In thund'rous sunsets, seen the thunder piles  
Seamed with dull fire and fiercest glory rents.  
They awe me to my knees, as if I stood  
In presence of a king. They give me tears,  
Such glorious tears as Eve's fair daughters shed,  
When first they clasped a son of God, all bright  
With burning plumes and splendors of the sky,  
In zoning heaven of their milky arms.

## THE VISIT HOME.

BY M. LOUISA CHITWOOD.

I've been in our old home to-day,  
And saw the sunlight creep  
Through the half-open lattice, where  
The blue birds used to sleep.  
Their pretty nests had fallen down,  
And not a chirp was heard,  
To bring from Memory's fairy land  
A love-enwreathed word.

How silent was our little room;  
The shadows on the floor  
Of gently stirring locust leaves  
Fell trembling near the door.  
And one sweet lipp'd coquettish breeze  
Came singing from the west:  
It brought a tiny myrtle bud,  
And laid it on my breast.

The river wound its shining arms  
Around the clovered hill;  
And, now and then, I heard the rush  
Of water from the mill;  
And, ruddy in the sunset glow,  
I saw the old church spire  
Pictured against the distant sky  
In characters of fire.

One long, long look, and then my head  
Fell heavy on my hands;  
For, like a child, I'd wandered back  
To life's bright morning lands,  
Forgetting that the glorious isle  
Was wrapped by mists of years,  
Forgetting what had intervened  
Of gloomy doubts and fears.

The night drew near, and moonbeams pale  
Fell softly on my curls,  
As listened I the distant tones  
Of merry village girls;  
I turned to look, and fancy brought  
Thy dear form to my side,  
And I forgot that distance spread  
Its arms between us wide.

I heard the twitter low and soft  
Of birds beneath the eaves,  
And sweet Eolus singing out  
A vesper to the leaves;  
And, oh! my sad heart panted for  
The fire upon the hearth,  
And those dear forms that made for me  
An Eden of the earth.

But where were they? I looked afar,  
And slabs of marble white  
Stood motionless beneath the trees,  
And ghostly in the light.  
I know they sleep most sweetly there,  
From care and sorrow free.  
O love me, love me sister dear,  
There is none left but thee.

I've been in our old home to-day,  
And all alone have wept,  
As those can only weep whose hearts  
Life's early dreams have kept.  
I never can go there again,  
It is no place for me;  
With crushed heart I turn away,  
There is none left but thee.



## THE DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY WILLIAM H. CARPENTER.

**THE VOYAGE OF PONCE DE LEON.**—Nothing in the whole range of history is more singularly romantic than the remarkable series of exploration and adventure which ushered in the sixteenth century. The discovery of an unknown continent by Columbus, and the heroic yet half-barbaric exploits of Cortez and Pizarro, had extended the dominion of Spain over a vast region reaching from the Mexican Gulf to the Pacific Ocean: had poured into the royal treasury, at Madrid, an almost fabulous amount of wealth, and had correspondingly enriched all those daring soldiers of fortune whose ambitious spirits led them to embark in perilous enterprises, the

splendid results of which were owing not less to their great powers of endurance than to their acknowledged courage.

Successes so astonishing, achieved by a mere handful of men when compared with the numbers by whom they were opposed, animated others to undertake enterprises of a similar character. The field of conquest had hitherto been confined wholly to the southern portion of the American continent and the adjacent islands; but it was conjectured, that to the north of Cuba lay lands as rich in gold and jewels as those over which the Spanish flag already floated, and nations as easy to be overcome.



Ponce de Leon.

On the strength of an Indian tradition, that brave but credulous old soldier, Ponce De Leon, had explored the Bahama Islands in the vain search for a fountain which was reputed to pos-

ness the marvellous property of rejuvenising those who drank of its limpid waters. But though Ponce De Leon failed in finding the fabulous Fountain of Youth, he discovered, in his voyage across the Gulf Stream, a beautiful country, from whence the soft airs came laden with the fragrance of unknown flowers, and to which, from that cause and from its being first met with on Palm Sunday—Pascua Florida—he gave the name of Florida. Returning to Spain, he obtained authority to conquer and govern this hitherto unknown land, but his glowing anticipations terminated disastrously. He found the natives far more warlike than those of Mexico and Peru, and in his attempt to subdue them he received a grievous wound, of which he languished for a short time, and finally died.

**THE VOYAGES OF LUCAS VASQUEZ DE AYLLON.**—A small quantity of silver and gold, brought from the same coast to San Domingo by the captain of a caravel, stimulated Lucas Vasquez De Ayllon, in connection with several other wealthy persons, owners of gold mines in that island, to fit out two vessels for the double purpose of exploring the country and of kidnapping Indians to work in the mines. A tempest driving these ships northward to Cape Helena, in South Carolina, they finally anchored at the mouth of the Cambahee. The guileless Indians, so soon as they had recovered from their fears, came flocking

on board, bringing with them presents of valuable furs, some pearls, and a small quantity of gold and silver. Their hospitality was requited by the foulest treachery. They were made prisoners, and carried to San Domingo. One of the vessels was lost during the voyage; the other returned safely; but the poor captives were found useless as laborers, and, pining for their lost liberty, the greater portion of them speedily died either of grief or of voluntary starvation.

Vasquez De Ayllon soon after undertook a second voyage. His largest vessel being blown ashore, a total wreck, at the mouth of the Cambahee, he sailed with the other two to the eastward. Here, also, he landed in a delightful country, and was received with such an appearance of frank hospitality by the Indians of that region, that, wholly beguiled of his suspicions, he suffered the greater portion of his men to accompany their entertainers to a large village a short distance in the interior. After being feasted for three days with the utmost show of friendship, the Spaniards were suddenly assaulted, as they slept, and massacred to a man. Early the next morning, Ayllon, and the small force left to guard the ships, were surprised in like manner, and very few escaped to carry back to San Domingo tidings of the fate which had befallen their comrades.



Indians Discovering the Adventurers.

**THE ADVENTURES OF PAMPHILO DE NARVAEZ.** Undeterred by the fatality which seemed to attend all attempts to subjugate the natives of Florida, Pamphilo De Narvaez, the weak rival of Cortez, gathered about him a large number of resolute spirits, and bearing the royal commission as

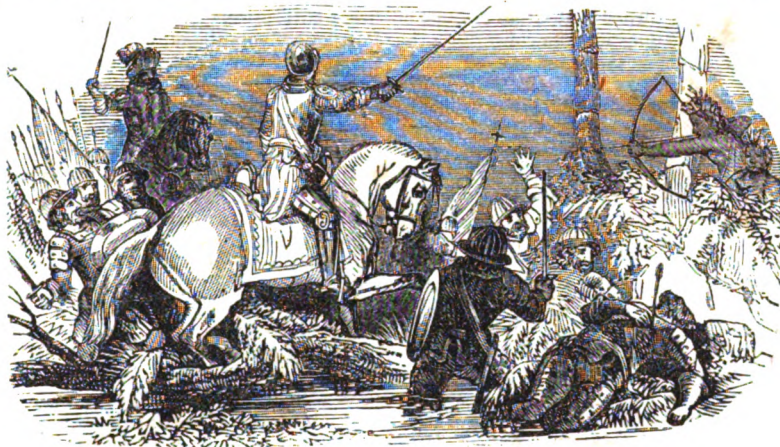
Adelantado, or military governor of the country, set sail for the conquest of Florida. With four hundred men and forty-five horses, he landed on the eastern coast on the 12th of April, 1528. After taking unmolested possession of the country in the name of his sovereign, he ordered his



ships to sail to the northward, while he penetrated inland, in the same direction, attended by two hundred and sixty footmen and forty cavalry.

The progress of the Spaniards did not long remain undisputed. They had scarcely commenced their march before they began to be greatly annoyed by the fierce though desultory attacks of the natives. Brushing these off with constantly

increasing difficulty as they proceeded, they resolutely pressed forward through the tangled wilderness, now cutting their way through dense cane-brakes, now crossing with uncertain footing broad stretches of boggy swamp, and, at times, pausing on the banks of rivers too deep to ford, and too rapid to swim, until rafts could be constructed to carry them over. Though suffering



March of Narvaez to Apalachee.

from hunger, debilitated by sickness, and at all times exposed to the arrows of outlying foes, the report of abundance of gold in the province of Apalachee encouraged them to persevere. They well knew that the early sufferings of Pizarro and his heroic little band had been compensated by the wealth of Peru, and in the midst of their greatest privations were sustained by the hope of a similar reward. After struggling through the wilderness for fifteen days, they reached the long-desired town of Apalachee, which, to their great dismay, they found a mere collection of ordinary Indian wigwams. The inhabitants had fled before the advance of the Spaniards, but they indicated their presence in the vicinity, and their determined hostility, by lurking in the woods and cutting off all stragglers, and by a series of pertinacious assaults, which gave the invaders no rest either by day or night.

At this place, Narvaez remained nearly a month, recruiting the strength of his half-famished followers, and awaiting the return of parties sent out to examine the country for gold. Finding none, and having reports of a more peaceful people nine days' journey to the southward, where abundance of provisions could be obtained, and eager to free themselves from the constant attacks of the warlike natives of Apalachee, they took up their line of march for the village of Aute, which they finally reached, after encountering many perils by the way, and suffering considerable loss both in men and horses.

On their approach, the village was found to have been abandoned and the houses burned, but sufficient corn remained in the granaries to satisfy their most pressing wants. Having already lost one-third of their number, the disconsolate adventurers who yet survived, broken down by dis-

ease, by weary and painful marches, and by the necessity of constant watchfulness, concluded to return to Hispaniola.

Too feeble to prosecute their journey by land, they adopted the scarcely less desperate expedient of building a few small barks, in which they proposed to cruise along the shore until they met with the squadron from which they had disembarked in the spring.

They at once set about their task. With singular ingenuity they constructed a bellows of deer skin, and by the aid of charcoal and a rude forge, the iron of their spurs, cross-bows, stirrups, and superfluous armor, was speedily converted into nails and such necessary tools as their exigences required. Trees were felled and laboriously hewn into shape. For ropes they used the fibres of the palm tree, strengthened by hair from the tails and manes of their horses. Their shirts cut open and sewed together, served for sails; while of the skins of the horses, which were slain for food, they made vessels to contain the water required on the voyage. In six weeks five boats were completed, into each of which from forty to fifty men were crowded.

Freighted so heavily that the gunwales of their barks touched the water's edge, Narvaez and his followers quitted the Bay of St. Marks on the 22d of September, and bearing westward, sailed for many days along the coast; landing occasionally to do battle with the natives for food and water.

The water-skins proving defective, some of the troops, least capable of endurance, expired of thirst. Others fell by the hands of the savages. Overtaken by a tempest, two of the boats were driven out to sea and were never heard of after. The three that yet remained foundered subsequently, and of all that gallant company, only Alvar



Nunez and four companions, after enduring ten years of slavery, wandering and wretchedness, succeeded in returning to Mexico.

These poverty-stricken fugitives, encouraged by the patient credulity of their listeners, narrated the most marvellous legends of the countries through which they had passed; and when Alvar Nunez crossed over to Spain, bearing with him the first reliable tidings of the fate of Narvaez and his companions, men turned aside from his tale of peril and suffering, to question him concerning the reputed wealth of those lands he had so lately traversed.

Conjecturing from his affectation of mysterious secrecy that Florida was another Peru, the assertion of one of the wanderers that it was the richest country in the world, gained implicit credence, and imaginative minds became easily convinced of the existence of a new region, where daring men might yet win a golden harvest and a glorious renown.

THE ADVENTURES OF HERNANDO DE SOTO.—Foremost among those who entertained this belief was Hernando De Soto, a native of Xeres, and a gentleman "by all four descents." As a youthful soldier of fortune, possessing no property beyond his sword and buckler, he had joined the standard of Pizarro, under whom he soon won a distinguished military reputation. Rendered famous by the courage he displayed in the storming of Cusco, and no less admired for his boldness in action, than for his prudence in council, he speedily rose to the rank of second in command. Returning to Spain in the prime of life, with a fortune of one hundred and eighty thousand ducats, he assumed all the magnificence of a wealthy noble. He had his steward, his gentleman of the horse, his chamberlain, pages and usher. Already renowned for those heroic qualities which women so much admire, his riches and his noble person gained for him the hand of Isabella de Bobadilla, a lady of high rank, and connected by blood with some of the most powerful families in the kingdom.

Elevated by these advantages, he repaired in great state to Madrid, attended by Luis Moscozo De Alvarado, Nuno de Tobar, and others, his friends and companions in arms, all of whom were gorgeously apparelled and scattered their wealth lavishly. Peculiarly open to credulity from the success which had attended his career in Peru, De Soto interpreted the vague replies of Alvar Nunez according to his own wishes; and aspiring to increase the fame he had already acquired as a subordinate, by the honors to be derived from an independent command, he petitioned the Emperor Charles V. for permission to conquer Florida at his own expense. It was not difficult to obtain the royal consent to an enterprise, which while it occasioned no outlay to the government, might be the means of bringing great wealth into the treasury. De Soto was appointed civil and military commander of Florida and governor of Cuba. He was also invested with the rank and title of marquis, with authority to select for himself an estate thirty leagues long and fifteen broad, in any of the territories to be conquered by his arms.

It was no sooner made known that Hernando De Soto, Pizarro's famous lieutenant, was or-

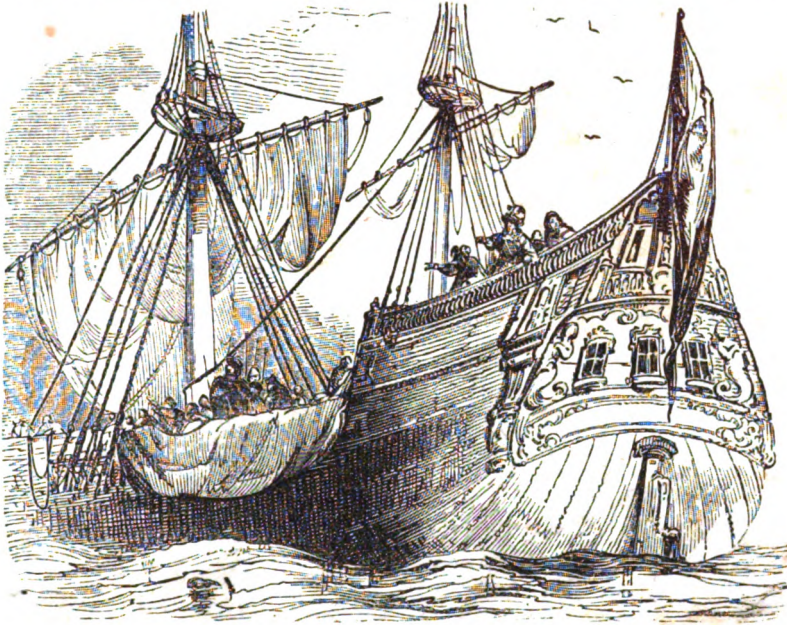
ganizing an expedition for the conquest of Florida, than many young Spanish and Portuguese nobles, burning for wealth and distinction, sold off their possessions and hastened to join the standard of so renowned a leader. Men of all ranks speedily followed their example, and disposing of houses and lands, of vineyards and olive groves, assembled at Seville, in which city De Soto had taken up his abode to arrange the details of his magnificent enterprise. Being joined at Seville by the Portuguese volunteers, he departed soon after for the port of San Lucar De Barrameda, where he ordered a muster of the troops for the purpose of enrolling such as were most capable of enduring the privations and hardships with which he well knew the enterprise would be attended. To this muster the Spaniards came foppishly apparelled in silks and satins, daintily slashed and embroidered; while the Portuguese made their appearance in burnished armor, excellently wrought, and with weapons to correspond. Chagrined that his own countrymen should have presented themselves in attire so wholly unfitted for the service in which they proposed to engage, De Soto ordered a second muster, at which all were to attend in armor. The display was still in favor of the Portuguese, who came attired with the same soldierly care as before, while most of the Spaniards having expended the greater part of their substance upon their silken gauds, made their appearance in rusty and defective coats of mail, dinted head pieces, and with lances neither well made nor trustworthy. From the choicest of these, however, De Soto selected six hundred men, with whom he put to sea, in six large and three small vessels, on the 6th of April, 1538. This fleet, having also on board priests, clergymen and monks, for the conversion of the heathen, to the number of twenty-four, reached Gomera, one of the Canaries, on the 21st of April. At this port De Soto remained a few days, the welcome guest of the governor, Count Gomera, of whose lavish hospitality all those on board the squadron were likewise made partakers.

Having refreshed his men, De Soto again set sail, reaching Cuba towards the close of May. His arrival was made the occasion of great festivity and rejoicing. Tilts and jousting matches, feats of horsemanship, and skilful displays with swords and lance, revived the gorgeous and chivalric pastimes of the previous centuries; while games of chance, bull fights, dances, and masquerades, developed in a striking degree a not less peculiar phase of the Castilian character.

Billeting his men on the inhabitants of the city and surrounding country, De Soto spent a year in arranging the affairs of his government, and in gleanings information respecting the region he had undertaken to conquer. In the meantime he was joined by Vasco Porcallo De Figueroa, a wealthy cavalier of mature age, whose long dormant ambition was again stirred to emulate the younger soldiers in deeds of arms. By the liberality of the latter, he was well supplied not only with provisions for present use, but with large numbers of live swine, intended to furnish meat to the troops while on their march. Gratified by this evidence of good-will, De Soto appointed Vasco Porcallo his lieutenant-general, a station

from which Nuno de Tobar had been lately deposed for certain irregularities which he subsequently most nobly repaired.

All the necessary preparations being at length completed, De Soto embarked his troops on board of eleven vessels, amply freighted with provisions



De Soto Approaching Florida,

and military stores. He set sail from the port of Havana on the 12th of May, 1539. On the 25th of the same month, the squadron cast anchor in Tampa Bay. Landing his army, increased by Cuban volunteers to one thousand men, he took formal possession of the country in the name of his sovereign, and was immediately engaged in a skirmish with the natives. Foremost in the melee was the aged soldier, Porcallo; but being roughly handled and having his horse killed under him, the veteran became disgusted with an enterprise which promised more hard blows than profit, and entreated permission to return in the ships which De Soto had resolved to send back to Cuba. His request was coldly granted. The first effort of the Adelantado was to gain the friendship of the hostile chief, whose territory he had so unceremoniously invaded. "I want none of their speeches nor promises," said the indignant cacique; "bring me their heads and I will receive them joyfully." In the midst of these attempts at conciliation, Balthazar de Gallegos, a bold and hardy soldier, was despatched with a detachment of horse and foot, to scour the country in search of guides. While charging a small body of Indians, one of his men was arrested in his career by the voice of one of the fugitives, who cried out in broken Spanish, "Seville! Seville!" and making the sign of the cross, added, "Slay me not, I am a Christian!" Stout Alvaro Nietro, the trooper thus invoked, immediately dropped the point of his lance, and joyfully mounting his captive behind him, rode off with him to his leader.

The stranger proved to be Juan Ortiz, a gentleman of Seville, who, at the age of eighteen, had

joined the expedition of Pamphilo Narvaez. Returning to Cuba with the fleet, he again set sail with a score of companions, for Florida, on a expedition despatched to ascertain the fate of that unfortunate commander. Lured on shore by pacific signs from the Indians, he was taken captive, with three others, by whom he was accompanied, and carried to the presence of Hurrihigua, the same chief who had lately returned so defiant an answer to the messengers from De Soto.

The mother of Hurrihigua had been torn to pieces by dogs, by the order of the brutal Narvaez, and his own person had been shockingly mutilated. In revenge for these injuries, he caused the comrades of Ortiz to be put to death with the most exquisite torment. Ortiz also was condemned to be burned at the stake; but touched by his extreme youth, the daughter of the cacique interceded for his life. Condemned to the most degrading offices, Ortiz remained for several years the prisoner of Hurrihigua, cast loose to be tormented by the Indians upon festival days, and only escaped being finally sacrificed by the watchful kindness of the cacique's daughter, who sent him away privately to Muscoso, a neighboring chief, and furnished him the means of flight. Ortiz was kindly received, and under the care of his hospitable protector, he remained nine years, having learned, in the meanwhile, the language of the Indians, and nearly forgotten his own.

Exceedingly rejoiced at obtaining so efficient an interpreter, De Soto welcomed Ortiz with great kindness. He caused him to be divested of his scanty savage garb, and arrayed in gar-



ments more befitting his birth and former condition.

Leaving Pedro Calderon, with one hundred horse and foot, in charge of the camp, and a caval and two brigantines to command the entrance to the port, De Soto commenced his march inland. His troops were cased in armor of plate or mail; the weapons of the horsemen being swords and lances; while the footmen, protected also by targets, carried arquebuses and cross-bows. It was a gorgeous yet cruel spectacle to see this army magnificently equipped, set out on their wanderings through the swamps and tangled forests of an unknown land, attended by blood-hounds, trained to hunt down the savages, and bearing with them, besides, chains to fetter the limbs of their captives, the sacerdotal dresses, the chalices, and other ornaments required in

their devotional exercises, together with wine and wheaten flour for the solemn service of mass.

But though they went forth thus gallantly caparisoned, with a sort of half-barbaric splendor, and with the assured confidence of predestined conquerors, they were soon taught the difference between the hardihood and prowess of the North American Indians, as compared with the unwarlike natives of Mexico and Peru.

Day after day, and week after week, encumbered with baggage and by a large herd of swine, the troops moved slowly forward, cutting their way with patient industry through almost impervious thickets, wading with great labor the treacherous morasses, now swimming the numerous streams which intersected their line of route, and now halting to build rafts where the swifter rivers forbade any less practicable mode of



De Soto Attacked by the Indians.

passage. After wandering for some hundred and fifty leagues, through the swamps and canebreaks of Florida, incessantly attacked by hordes of ambushed savages, and suffering great loss both in men and horses, the weary and half-famished soldiers reached the fertile province of Apalachee, where, towards the close of October, a camp was formed, and the army went into winter quarters.

More than four months had been occupied in this perilous and harassing march, and as yet neither gold nor jewels had been discovered; though the accounts given by their captives of the existence of precious metals in the provinces yet distant, stimulated their hopes, and enabled them to sustain their repeated disappointments with some degree of equanimity.

But the period of repose which De Soto required to recruit the strength of his army was in a great measure denied him. Everywhere his exploring parties were attacked, and stragglers cut off. Even his camp was the scene of constant

alarms. Having been informed by two youthful Indians, lately brought in prisoners, of the existence of abundance of gold and silver, at Cofachiqui, a remote province to the eastward, De Soto broke up his cantonment in the early part of March, 1540, and departed in search of a region so promising. On his entering the territory of Georgia, two warriors haughtily accosted him: "What seek you in our land?" they demanded. "Peace or war?" "We seek a distant province," responded De Soto, "and desire your friendship, and food by the way." It was granted. Passing through a pleasant and fertile region, the army finally halted on the bank of the Savannah river.

Here De Soto was visited by the beautiful princess of Cofachiqui, whose town was on the opposite shore, now known as Silver Bluff. She came to the water side in a litter, borne by four men, and entering a richly carved and ornamented canoe, seated herself upon a cushioned seat overshadowed by a canopy. She was attended by her six

counsellors, grave men of mature age, and by a numerous retinue. On reaching the presence of De Soto, the youthful cacique took from her person a long string of pearls, and placed them about the neck of the Spanish leader. With a like courtesy, De Soto drew from his finger a gold ring, set with a ruby, and gallantly presented it to her as a memorial of his friendship. The next day the army passed the river and occupied the village. On the 3d of May, De Soto again took up his line of march. Proceeding through northern Georgia, he crossed the Oostanaula, and at the invitation of its young chief, took up his quarters early the following month in the town of Chiaha. Here the troops found vessels containing large quantities of walnut and bear's oil, and pots of wild honey.

After spending a month at Chiaha, De Soto marched down the west bank of the Coosa, and entered Alabama. He had heard of gold and copper in the mountains to the north, and having sent two fearless troopers to explore that region, he waited at the town of Costa until they returned. The hardy adventurers brought back tidings of copper, but could find no gold. The march was now resumed. Passing through the beautiful province of Coosa, De Soto was met on the 26th of July, by the chief of that region. He came to him seated on cushions, in a chair of state, sustained by four of his principal men. He was arrayed in a magnificent mantle of martin skins, and wore upon his head a gay tiara of many-colored feathers. He was attended by a band of choristers and musicians, and by a thousand noble-looking warriors, variously plumed and ornamented.

The chief welcomed De Soto with great warmth, invited the army to partake of the hospitality of his town, and placed all he had at their service. After remaining at the capital of Coosa for nearly a month, De Soto, marching southwardly, entered the frontier town of Tallase, situated upon the Tallapoosa River, when he again encamped. Leaving this place, he came to the province of Tuscaloosa, a powerful chief, whom, on the third morning, the Spaniards found waiting for them in state, seated upon the crest of a high hill, overlooking an extensive and lovely valley, and surrounded by his principal warriors, dressed in rich furred mantles, and gaily colored plumes.

Forty years of age, and of large stature, yet nobly proportioned, the haughty chief of the Mobilians regarded with unconcern the military display which was made by the Spaniards, for the purpose of eliciting his notice. "You are welcome," said he to De Soto. "It is needless to talk long. What I have to say can be said in a few words. You shall know how willing I am to serve you."

During the march from Apalachee, a terrible malady had broken out among the soldiers, from which numbers of them had already died. The cause of the disease was at length arrested by the use of the ashes of a weed recommended by the Indians.

Resuming their march, accompanied by Tuscaloosa, who, being mounted on a strong hackney belonging to De Soto, was detained in a sort of honorable captivity, as was the custom of the

Spaniards in every province through which they passed. But no fair speeches and courteous attentions could blind the bold Tuscaloosa to the fact that his liberty was restrained—nor were his people less indignant than their chief. While on the route to Mobile two of the soldiers were missing. Suspecting they had been slain, De Soto enquired for them of Tuscaloosa's followers. "Why do you ask us?" said they. "Are we their keepers?"

These curt replies led the Adelantado to dispatch two troopers in advance to Mobile, a strongly fortified village, supposed to have occupied Choctaw Bluff on the Alabama River. This village contained eighty houses, each large enough to hold from five hundred to a thousand men. It was surrounded by a high palisade, formed of trunks, wattled together with vines, and covered with a smooth coat of mud plaster, so as to resemble a wall of masonry. As De Soto, accompanied by Tuscaloosa, approached the village with the vanguard, consisting of two hundred horse and foot, large numbers of warriors, clad in furs and gay feathers and ornaments, followed by musicians and dancers, and by a band of young and beautiful maidens, came out to welcome them as to a festival. They had scarcely entered within the walls, before the chief was engaged in earnest conversation with his people. Presently, tidings were brought to De Soto that within the houses immense numbers of warriors were assembled, amply supplied with their ordinary weapons and missiles of offence. Orders were at once given to the Spaniards to be on the alert. Desirous of avoiding a resort to arms, if possible, De Soto endeavored to regain possession of Tuscaloosa. He sent several messages to the chief, by Juan Ortiz, inviting him to come and partake of the dinner which awaited him; but the haughty Mobilian disdained to return any reply. At length, one of his principal warriors dashed out from the house in which Tuscaloosa remained surrounded by his people, and exclaimed, in a passionate voice, "Where are these robbers, these vagabonds who call upon my chief Tuscaloosa to come out with so little reverence? Let us cut them to pieces on the spot, and so put an end to their wickedness and tyranny!"

An Indian placed a bow in his hand. Giving freedom to his motions, by throwing back his splendid fur mantle, he directed the arrow, drawn to its head, against a group of Spaniards assembled in the square. At this moment, he fell dead, being nearly split in twain by the sweep of a sword, wielded by stout Baltasar De Gallegos. A fierce tumult immediately arose. Myriads of armed warriors rushed out of the houses, and assaulted the Spaniards with clubs and arrows and stones. Five of the latter were quickly slain. It was with great difficulty De Soto and his companions retreated from the town to where their horses were tied. Some they succeeded in mounting before their pursuers arrived, others they beheld slain before their eyes, without the power to rescue them. All the baggage, which had just arrived, fell into the hands of the enemy. This was carried into the town amid great rejoicings, together with the Indian captives who had brought it. The manacles of the

latter were knocked off, and arms placed in their hands. The fight was still kept up outside the walls, although the gates were shut. A reinforcement of cavalry from the main body enabled the foot-soldiers to shake off their thronging foes. De Soto now headed a furious charge, and the Indians were driven into the town. Assailed by a storm of arrows and other missiles from within, the Spaniards were compelled to retire from before the walls. Their retreat was the signal for another fierce sally.

In this manner the battle raged for three hours with varying success—the Spaniards fighting in a compact body, advancing and retiring as one man. A small detachment, within the city, sheltering themselves in a house, defended their post for many hours with a courage bordering on despair. At length, the Indians were forced, by loss of numbers, to retire within their enclosures, and additional reinforcements, from the main army, under Moscoso, having arrived, an assault was determined upon.

Obedient to the orders of their leader, two hundred of the cavalry, protected by bucklers, dashed forward, and, after repeated repulses, crushed in the gates with their battle-axes. At the same time, others clambered over the wall, by breaking away the mud plastering for a precarious foothold. In the streets, and from the walls, and house-tops, the Indians, though falling in great heaps, sought desperately to overwhelm their assailants by the crush of numbers. None asked quarter, but all fought until they fell. The great pool, fed by many clear springs which supplied the town with water, was crimsoned with the blood of the dead and the dying. Yet of this water the Spaniards drank to appease the thirst by which they were consumed, and then, rejoining their companions continued the battle. To put an end to this fierce and dubious conflict, De Soto sprang to horse, and with lance in hand and the battle-cry of "Our Lady of Santiago!" hurled himself into the midst of the struggling Indian masses, closely followed by the gallant Nuno Tobar. De Soto, wounded deeply in the thigh by an arrow, fought standing in his stirrups. Piercing the multitude on every side, trampling some beneath the hoofs of their horses, and thrusting the life out of innumerable others, the two cavaliers maintained the sanguinary conflict until night and sheer exhaustion terminated the conflict.

At this time, the town was set on fire, and the flames, extending themselves with great rapidity, enveloped with a burning girdle the hapless Indians who yet held possession of the houses. Conscious of the fate which awaited them, those who were at large gathered together, and men and women precipitated themselves upon their foes. But what impression could poorly-equipped and ill-disciplined thousands make upon men cased in defensive armor, wielding infinitely superior weapons, and directed by consummate military skill? Piled upon one another, they fell clutching at the arquebuses, swords, and lances, to the last. For nine hours this terrible battle continued. When it ceased, the great and populous town of Mobile was a heap of ashes, and six thousand Indians lay slaughtered around. To

the Spaniards it was a victory purchased at a terrible price. Eighty-two of their number were killed or mortally wounded, two of whom were near kinsmen of De Soto, and not one of the survivors came out of the battle unhurt. Seventeen hundred dangerous wounds attested alike the courage of the Mobilians and the endurance of the Spaniards. The latter had to mourn the loss of a large number of horses, besides the whole of their baggage, which, with the robes of the priests, the consecrated vessels, and other ornaments sacred to their worship, had been consumed in the flames.

Tidings of his ships awaiting him in Pensacola Bay, reached De Soto at Mobile, and caused great rejoicing among the troops, many of whom now desired nothing better than to abandon the country. Among the cavaliers a scheme was arranged to desert De Soto, and re-embark for their several homes. Indignant at this treachery, De Soto moodily turned his back upon his vessels, and, marching northward, took up his winter quarters in the province of Chickasa. Finding here a supply of maize, he remained for several months; but the natives, who had for some time feigned a friendship for the invaders, became jealous of their prolonged presence, and towards the Spring of 1541, in the midst of a dark cold blustering night, rushed into the village where the Spaniards were encamped and set it on fire. Roused from their slumbers, the troops fought with such clothes and arms as they could catch up hastily. Forty Spaniards and not less than fifty horses were killed in this sudden onslaught. Most of the garments of the soldiers were consumed by the fire, which also injured irretrievably much armor and many weapons. Repairing these disasters as best they might, they resumed their wanderings, and after struggling for seven days through a wilderness, alternating with swamp and forest, entered the village of Chisca, from whence De Soto beheld for the first time, near the lower Chickasa Bluffs, the mighty waters of the Mississippi. Having halted three weeks to build Piraguas, the troops crossed the river. Resuming their march along the western banks, they finally encamped for the winter in the province of Pacahas in Arkansas. At this place died Juan Ortiz, the interpreter. In the Spring of 1542, De Soto, now hopeless of finding gold, and changing from his sterner mood to a profound melancholy, as he contemplated his losses and his continual disappointments, descended the Washita, and after marching a distance of one hundred and fifty leagues, halted in the province of Guaychoya, encamping in the village at the confluence of the Red River with the Mississippi. At this place he commenced the building of two brigantines, sending out a detachment in the meantime to ascertain the course of the great river and the distance to the sea. In eight days the troopers returned and reported the route impracticable, by reason of the swamps and rivers by which it was obstructed.

Hoping to recruit his own failing strength, and that of his exhausted followers in the opposite province of Quigualtanqui, De Soto sent a messenger to the cacique of that tribe, in the vicinity of the modern Natchez, demanding his homage, on





De Soto Discovering the Mississippi.

the ground that he was the son of the Sun, and as such entitled to worship and obedience.

"If he be so," responded the chief, "let him dry up the river between us, and I will believe him. If he visits my town in peace, I will receive him in friendship; if as an enemy, he shall find me ready for battle."

Already sick of a mortal disease, De Soto was in no mood to retort upon the chieftain his scornful reply. Tortured with anxiety for the safety of his command, his illness daily increased. Confident his end was approaching, he convened his officers, and appointed Luis De Moscoso his successor. The shattered remains of his once goodly army were next summoned by detachments to his couch. Having taken a solemn leave of them, he humbly confessed his sins, and on the 21st of May, 1542, expired in the forty-second year of his age.

Mournfully depositing the body of their beloved commander, wrapped in his mantle, in the trunk

of an evergreen oak, hollowed out for that purpose, they reverently lowered it at midnight beneath the waves of that magnificent river he had been the first to discover.

Resuming their march soon after, the disconsolate adventurers endeavored to reach Mexico by the route of the Red River. Misled in their wanderings to the western prairies, and finding the way otherwise beset by innumerable difficulties, they retraced their steps to the Mississippi, and constructing brigantines on its banks, sailed down the river to its mouth.

On the 10th of September, 1543, three hundred and eleven haggard men, dressed in Indian mats and skins, and in the ragged remnant of their former gay apparel, after a voyage of fifty days, entered the Panuco, a river of Mexico, flowing into the Gulf Stream, where they were kindly welcomed and entertained with unbounded hospitality. They were the only survivors of the famous but inglorious expedition of Hernando De Soto.

## AWAKENING YOUTH.

BY WILLIAM A. KENYON.

This then is living! Hetty, you and I  
Are scarcely heeding how the moments fly:  
But on we go: each life, a little rill, [fill.  
Hastes through its flowery banks, time's stream to

So let us live that every joy, once known,  
Shall float like flowers on that rill's bosom thrown,  
Borne with us on; a pleasure still to view,  
For ever fragrant, as for ever new.

## RELIGION OF CHINA.

China, with its 400,000,000 of people, has no national religion; that is, no religion exclusively supported by the state, though the doctrines of Confucius are the only ones countenanced by it, not, however, to the prohibition of others. Religious beliefs are almost as various among the Chinese as among Christians. There is no well understood and universally acknowledged standard of doctrine among them. Various religious observances and the most discordant opinions are found everywhere in China, even among those belonging to the same sect. "What is seen in one district," says Mr. Williams, "is sometimes utterly unknown in the next province, and the opinions of one man are laughed at by another."

Two things distinguish the religion of China, taken as a whole, from the faith of most other pagan nations that now exist or have existed: 1st, human sacrifices are unknown to them, and 2d, the deification of vice, as among the Greeks and Romans, and Hindus, is equally unknown. They have no Venus and Bacchus; no exposure in the temple of Mylitta, as among the Assyrians; no weeping for Thammuz,

"Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured  
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate  
In am'rous ditties all the summer's day."

The Chinese, though a licentious people in word and deed, says Mr. Williams, "have not endeavored to sanctify vice and lead the votaries of pleasure, falsely so called, down the road of ruin, by making its path lie through a temple, and under the protection of a goddess; nor does their mythology teem with the disgusting relations of the amours of their deities, which render the religious stories of the Hindus and Greeks so revolting; on the contrary, they exalt and deify chastity and seclusion as much as the Romanists do, as a means of bringing the soul and body nearer to the highest excellence. Vice is kept out of sight as well as out of religion, in a great degree, and it may be safely said that no such significant sign as has been uncovered at Pompeii, with the inscription *Hic habitat felicitas*, was ever exhibited in a Chinese city. It is a most remarkable trait of Chinese idolatry, that there is no deification of sensuality, which, in the name of religion, could shield and countenance those licentious rites and orgies that enervated the minds of worshippers, and polluted their hearts in so many other pagan countries."

Besides the doctrine of Confucius there are two other sects, *Fo*, or Buddhism, and *Taou*, or that of the Rationalists. The first acknowledges a Supreme Being, and believes the emperor His sole vicegerent on earth. Confucius, the elements, heaven, earth, gods of various attributes, saints, the emperor, &c., are objects of worship, the rites of which are watched over by the Board of Rites. The doctrine of Confucius fills the world with genii, demons, and the spirits of deceased worthies, who are supposed to have each their separate duties and influences assigned to them. No worship is so strictly observed as that of ancestry, and filial piety is carried to excess even beyond the grave. The Chinese are remarkable for their respect for old age, for their parents and

superiors; and the promise attached to the fifth commandment they seem to have enjoyed.

"The state religion of the Chinese," says Dr. Morrison, "does not consist of doctrines which are to be taught, learned, and believed, but of rites and ceremonies; it is entirely a bodily service, and its ritual is contained in the statistics and code of the empire." Sacrifices are offered to the heavens or sky, the earth, the gods of the land and grain, to the sun, moon, to Confucius, the names of the emperors of former dynasties, to the ancient patrons of agriculture and silk-weaving; to the gods of heaven and earth, and the passing year; to the ancient patron of the healing art, and to the innumerable spirits of deceased philanthropists, eminent statesmen, martyrs to virtue, &c.; to clouds, rain, wind, and thunder; to the five celebrated mountains, four seas, and four rivers; to famous hills, great water-courses, flags, &c. &c., gods of cannon, gates, queen-goddess of earth, the north pole, and many other things too numerous to mention. There is at Peking a temple of the earth; another of heaven, of the sun, and of the moon.

The sacrifices consist of calves, bullocks, sheep, pigs, and silks. The animals are not killed before or on the altar, but brought into the temple ready dressed and cooked. The custom of presenting cooked sacrifices is general in Chinese worship. "The state religion of China," says Mr. Williams, "is a mere pageant, and can no more be called the religion of the Chinese than the teachings of Socrates could be termed the faith of the Greeks. It is, however, intimately connected with the sect of the Learned, or Confucianists, because all its members and priests are learned men, who venerate the classical writings." In every city there is a temple, containing the tutelary divinity of the city, called *Chinghwang*, with other gods, and in these temples are the solstices, equinoxes, new and full moons. The magistrates repair to sacrifice to it and to the gods of the land and grain. Over the door of one of these temples in Canton is this inscription: "*Right, and wrong, truth and falsehood, are blended on earth, but all are most clearly distinguished in Heaven.*"

Of all the saints in the Chinese calendar, Confucius is the chief, and there are 1,560 temples dedicated to him. The offerings presented in these temples are all eaten or used by the worshippers. It is said that there are 62,600 pigs, rabbits, sheep and deer, annually offered up to him on his altars, all cooked in the best Chinese style, and eaten by the worshippers. The church-goers in China are very numerous, the good fare served up in the temples being a strong inducement to church-going, which doubtless would prove quite irresistible even in a Christian country.

The temples of the Yu sect are very splendid. They generally consist of a large hall approached by a flight of steps, the idol being placed on an altar or table. Pictures adorn the walls, and gilded griffins and dragons the ceilings. Each temple has its apparatus for sacrificing animals. There is no congregational worship.

Buddhism is a despised creed in China, but still it prevails everywhere, and is followed more or

less by all the Chinese. Dr. Morrison says: "Buddhism in China is decried by the learned, laughed at by the profligate, yet followed by all." Buddhism is doubtless as good a religion as any other in China. All creeds there are characterised by the grossest superstitions and ridiculous ceremonies. Mr. Malcolm, the missionary, gives a very favorable account of Buddhism in China. "It has no mythology," says he, "of obscene and ferocious deities; no sanguinary or impure observances; no self-inflicted tortures; no tyrannizing priesthood; no confounding of right and wrong, by making certain iniquities laudable in worship. In its moral code, its descriptions of the purity and peace of the first ages, of the shortness of man's life because of his sins, &c., it seems to have followed genuine traditions. In almost every respect it seems to be the best religion *man* ever invented." The tenets of Buddhism require a renunciation of the world, and the observance of austerities to overcome evil passions; and fit its disciples for future happiness. A vow of celibacy is taken, and the priests dwell together for mutual assistance in attaining perfection by worshipping Buddha, and calling upon his name. Their monasteries, which are numerous, contain extensive libraries. They live by begging, by cultivating the soil around their temples, by fees for religious services, and by the sale of various trifles deemed valuable in their religion. As a class they sustain a good moral character.

The form of Buddhism prevalent among the Mongols and Thibetians of the Chinese Empire furnishes in its ritual the following decalogue: 1. Do not kill sentient beings. 2. Do not steal. 3. Do not marry. 4. Do not speak falsely. 5. Drink not wine. 6. Perfume not the hair on the crown, nor paint the body. 7. Do not behold songs or plays, and perform none thyself. 8. Sit not nor lie on a high large couch. 9. Do not eat after the time. 10. Do not grasp hold of gold or silver, or any valuable thing.

The doctrines of the Buddhists seem mainly to rest on the principle that the world and all it contains are manifestations of the Deity, but of a transient and delusive character; that the human soul is an emanation from Deity; that after death it will again be bound to matter, and subjected to the miseries and accidents of this life, unless the individual to whom it belongs, by the attainment of wisdom through prayer and contemplation, succeeds in liberating it from that necessity, and secures its absorption into that divine essence from which it sprang.

Our limits forbid speaking extensively of the religion of the Chinese. Taoism, to which we have alluded, is a religion maintained in China by a sect called Rationalists. Its teachings are somewhat like those of Zeno. The founder of the sect was Lankiun, born B. C. 604, 54 years before Confucius. His doctrines are embodied in his great work, the *Tan Teh King*, or Memoir on Reason and Virtue. It is a sort of transcendentalism, making reason the essence and source of everything. Retirement, contemplation and acts of benevolence, are enjoined. Like the system of Confucius, it contains much that is very good and much that is very ridiculous. It is just, however, to say, that, taken as a whole, the Memoir on

Reason and Virtue abounds in genuine wisdom. M. Panthier praises it extravagantly. He says: "La sagesse humaine n'a peutetre jamais exprime des paroles plus saintes et plus profondes." This is undoubtedly too high praise.

The Rationalists worship a great many idols, and their pantheon also includes genii, devils, inferior spirits, and numberless other objects of worship. We must refer our readers for a full description of this religion to Mr. Williams' *Middle Kingdom*, where they will find the religions of China fully discussed. All religions are tolerated in China. Mahometanism is found in all the provinces; also Judaism; and besides the two leading idolatrous sects which we have mentioned there are many societies and combinations, partly religious and partly political. That called the Triad Society is described by Mr. Williams as an order similar to that of Freemasonry; but from his description, it is quite certain that it resembles Freemasonry in nothing but its being a secret order. The Triad Society is unpopular in China, and denounced in the Chinese Code. The operations of the order are carried on with such great secrecy, that very little is known, even in China, of their numbers, internal organization, or character. The Chinese government fears them. The order extends throughout China, Siam, Singapore, Malacca, and the Eastern Archipelago. In some places out of China the order is very powerful, and practise great cruelties on those who refuse to join it.

There is among all the religious sects of China a mutual forbearance and respect which is highly praiseworthy. The government seems to care nothing about religion, only as a tool of political power. It tolerates everything that does not interfere with the state. It separates religion and politics completely, and as no sect has any state patronage, no one of them has the power to persecute. Buddhism seems to have the widest sway in China.—*Be Bow's Review*.

#### ANECDOTE OF THE KING OF HANOVER.

It is related of the King, that a poor countryman applied one day for an audience, and, according to the rule that no one should be refused, was admitted. The man complained that the judge of his village neglected his duties—left the business with the clerk—and was amusing himself with hunting and sports, so that the poor could not get their rights.

Ernest heard him through—said nothing—but before the countryman could have fairly reached the city gates, was posting in a private carriage, as fast as horses would carry him, to the village of the unfortunate judge. The carriage stopped before the court. The King, in citizen's dress, rushed up the steps, demanded the judge, and found that he was engaged as described; called for the clerk, and substantiated everything through him; sat down and wrote off something hastily on a bit of paper, and handed it to the clerk, and was rattling off again in his carriage. The clerk, to his amazement, on opening the paper, found that it contained an order for the dismission of the judge, and his own appointment in his place, signed with the name of the King of Hanover!—*Brace's "Life in Germany."*





LIGHT WEIGHT.

LIGHT WEIGHT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

It generally happens that those who try to overreach others, overreach themselves in the end. This was the case with farmer Edmonds. He was laying up money as fast as any of his neighbors, whose means of accumulation were no greater than his own, and ought to have been satisfied and thankful. But, unfortunately, the desires of farmer Edmonds, like those of a great many other people, were always a little in advance of his income. Once a week he came, regularly, to the Philadelphia market, a distance of fifteen miles, with his produce; and he never went home entirely satisfied with the amount received for his poultry, eggs, butter, fruit or vegetables, unless prices were at the highest mark on the scale. The wry face of a customer who paid him thirty-eight cents for a pound of butter, or twenty-five cents for a dozen of eggs, was a pleasant rather than a disagreeable object to his eyes, for, so he won, he cared not a farthing who lost.

One day, Mr. G——, a well-known citizen, who had frequently bought from Edmonds, stopped at the stall where the farmer exhibited his various articles for sale, and taking hold of a pair of fine-looking chickens, asked the price.

"Seventy-five," replied the farmer.

The chickens were large, and Mr. G—— did not think the price high.

"Are they young and tender?" he inquired.

"Is it possible," said Edmonds, smiling in a peculiar way, "that an old marketer like you can't tell a pair of young chickens?"

Now, Mr. G—— could buy poultry with almost any one. It was not often that a tough old rooster or gobbler was passed off upon him; but on the present occasion, the words of the farmer completely disarmed him. Of course, the chickens must be so tender that the skin would almost break from looking at them, and he felt a little piqued that he had not been able to perceive this instantly; so lifting them from the hooks and placing them in his basket, he said—"I guess I'll take them."

Seventy-five cents were handed over and pocketed by the farmer without any compunctions, notwithstanding the pair of bipeds sold to Mr. G—— might have belonged to Noah's menagerie for all the teeth of those who happened to be called to eat them would be able to tell to the contrary.

As G—— walked home, he recalled the particular expression and tone of the farmer, and a suspicion that all was not right flitted through his mind; but he had dealt with Edmonds for years, and though he had always found him close and well up to the market in prices, he had never detected him in seeking to gain an advantage over a customer. He wished, however, that he had used his own judgment in making the purchase, instead of buying on so equivocal a recommendation as that of the farmer.

"If these chickens should be tough," he muttered to himself in a threatening way, as he walked along, "he's had the last dollar of my money!"

Dinner time came, and Mr. G—— went home from his place of business. As he sat down to the table, a large plump pair of chickens were before him, beautifully browned, and their savory odor penetrated the olfactory sense with a grateful promise of good things for the palate. The incident of the morning had left its prominent place in the memory, and no suspicion of toughness was in the mind of Mr. G—— as he drew, with an active hand, the great carving-knife athwart the sharpening steel.

"A fine, large pair of chickens," said Mrs. G——. "What did they cost?"

"Three-quarters."

"That was not dear."

"No; I thought it reasonable."

"If they are only tender," Hannah said she didn't think they were very young."

"We'll soon know all about that," remarked Mr. G——, a recollection of what had occurred at the time of their purchase crossing his mind at the moment. Driving his fork into the breast bone of one of them, he held it firm while he cut around a wing and endeavored to sever that appendage from the body; but the wing was too firmly held in its place by sundry ligaments, well developed by long use, to permit an easy accomplishment of this task. Mr. G——, however, had a strong hand and good resolution, and against these, aided by a sharp knife, even the wing of a seven-year old rooster could not long maintain a defensive. The member at length came off, but in doing so, was driven over the side of the dish upon the table cloth.

Mr. G—— looked at the edge of his knife for a moment.

"My knife must be very dull," said he, "or else this chicken is as old as Methuselah."

A vigorous application of the blade to the steel followed, and then the other wing was taken in hand. It came off about as easy as the first. The legs were dislocated and detached more quickly, and, in due time, the fowl, separated into portions according to the most approved rules of carving, lay spread forth upon the dish; but this task had not been accomplished by Mr. G—— without considerable muscular exertion, which was apparent from the beads of perspiration collected on his forehead and about his lips.

"Well, that beats all!" he exclaimed, as he laid down his knife and fork and applied his white handkerchief to his face. "The teeth that go through that will need filing."

"Try the other," said Mrs. G——; "perhaps it is more tender."

"If it isn't, we shall be bad off for a dinner," returned Mr. G——, as he resumed his carver, and went to work on the second bird. After severing one of the wings, he gave up in despair; it was even tougher than the first.

"How in the world did you come to buy such a pair of fowls?" said Mrs. G——. "You certainly never could have tried them."

"If I had, I certainly never would have bought them. Edmonds has cheated me for once in his life, but he'll never do it again."

"Did he sell you that pair of chickens as young and tender?"

"He did, to all intents and purposes."

"I didn't believe that of him."

"Nor did I. He's always up to the market, and deals close, but his things have been good. Well, he'll make nothing by this operation; no man ever cheats me twice. He's had the last dollar of my money."

"I don't know what we'll do about butter," said Mrs. G——, "if you stop buying from him."

"There is just as good butter in market as his," replied Mr. G——, as he commenced helping to portions of the tough chicken he had succeeded in carving by main strength.

"Perhaps there is, but we never succeeded in getting it so uniformly good as that of Edmonds'."

"You may send for it, if you choose, but I will never spend another dollar with the bare-faced, cheating rascal," said Mr. G——, in an indignant tone.

The attempt to masticate the chicken proved altogether unsuccessful, and was soon abandoned. The children ate the dressing, while Mr. and Mrs. G—— made the vegetables that were on the table serve for their first course, and supplied all deficiencies when the dessert appeared.

To have been so completely taken in, annoyed Mr. G—— terribly, and he could not so much as smile at the adroitness with which the thing was done. Edmonds came to market every Saturday, and G—— had usually bought from him as much butter as would last for the week. On the Thursday evening succeeding the affair of the chickens, Mrs. G—— remarked, with some surprise in her voice, that the small piece of butter on the table was all that remained of the six pounds bought on the last market day.

"And to-morrow's only Friday," said Mr. G——.

"It used to last us up to Saturday, until within the last two months, but now it always gives out."

"Our family's no larger."

"No; nor do we use any more of it in cooking than formerly."

Mr. G—— thought for a moment, and then said, with some animation—"I think I understand it. Have you noticed any difference in the size of the prints?"

On reflection, Mrs. G—— thought she had noticed them as appearing smaller.

"That's it, you may depend on't: the butter isn't weight. A man who will cheat in one way will cheat in another."

"He wouldn't dare do that."

"Why?"

"The risk is too great."

"A rogue will risk a good deal."

"His butter would be taken from him by the clerk of the market."

"It's my impression that Edmonds hasn't much butter in his tub by the time the clerk gets along to the place where he stands. There's the temptation. But we'll give him a trial. Send for our usual quantity on Saturday—I won't go near him—and we'll have it weighed."

This was done, and, sure enough, a loss in weight was discovered. Out of the six pounds, four were light.

"I've got my man now!" exclaimed G——, not

attempting to conceal the pleasure he felt. "Next Saturday he will probably become more familiarly acquainted with the clerk than he has yet been."

It was too true, as G—— had discovered. In his anxiety to render his dairy operations profitable, the farmer had been tempted to encroach upon the legal weight of butter due his customers. He had been coming to market so long, and his butter had been so often examined by the clerk, that inspection of his tub had ceased to be rigid. Moreover, his customers were early, and it frequently happened that but few prints remained when the clerk came along on his way. If from some forty or fifty pounds he could pinch off enough to make five or six prints, it would be a handsome gain every week. He looked at it on every side; calculated the risk and the benefit, and finally resolved to make a beginning. Twelve prints out of forty were tried: from these he gained two extra, which sold for fifty cents. Emboldened by this result, he next week tried twenty pounds, and made one dollar by the operation. When the clerk came round, the light butter was usually all gone, or if any remained, it was so managed that none of it found its way into his scales.

After selling the tough chickens to Mr. G——, the farmer felt a little uncomfortable, for G—— was an old and good customer, and he didn't wish to lose him. Of course, when the fowls came upon the table, G—— would discover that he had been taken in, and would in all probability be highly indignant. That he was not far out of the way in his conjecture, he was satisfied on the next market day, when he saw G—— go by his stand without once looking towards him.

In the week succeeding, the farmer's evil genius tempted him still further from the right path. The whole of his butter, with the exception of some ten lumps, which were to serve as a screen when the clerk came along, was moulded into prints that weighed considerably less than a pound. With this, among other products of his farm, Edmonds went to market, flattering himself that he would be a clear gainer by the operation, of from two to three dollars.

But human calculations are sometimes vain. Scarcely had farmer Edmonds disposed of a dozen pounds of his fine fresh butter, when the market clerk stopped before him with his handsome brass scales in his hand, and said—"I guess I must go a little deeper into your tub this morning than usual, friend Edmonds. There's nothing, you know, like keeping you folks honest."

There was an instant change in the expression of the farmer's face, which the clerk did not fail to observe. Setting down his basket, with the air of one who expected to put something into it, the clerk laid aside the lumps that formed the upper stratum of butter, and took a print from beneath. Placing it in his scales in opposition to a pound weight, it arose instantly towards the receding beam.

"That's bad!" said he, removing the lump of butter to his basket, and placing another in the scale, which proved as light as its predecessor, and was soon laid by its side. And lump after lump

followed, to the grief and chagrin of the exposed farmer, until between thirty and forty had passed from his tub to the basket of the clerk. During the progress of this scene, a little crowd was attracted, all of whom, from the merry newsboy to the staid Guardian of the Poor, who made a careful examination of the tub to see how much the inmates of the Almshouse were to gain by the operation, enjoyed the countryman's mortification. He, poor fellow, hid his diminished head as quickly as it could be done after the departure of the clerk, and went back to his home a little wiser, if no better.

"You met with rather a bad accident last week," said G—— to the farmer. He could not resist the inclination he felt to see him once more.

"Why, ye—yes," stammered Edmonds, coloring to the eyes. "But it wasn't my butter; it was some I brought for a neighbor."

"Indeed—was it? Then I suppose the butter I've had from you for the last two months was from the dairy of that same neighbor?"

Edmonds was so confused at this unexpected question, that he was unable to reply.

"And the tough chickens?" added G——, "They were your neighbor's also, I presume?"

The farmer turned his back suddenly on his customer, and the latter, feeling that he had punished him sufficiently, went on his way.

Butter that proves light of weight always belongs to a neighbor.

## SCENE IN VERMILLION BAY.

BY A TRAVELLING NATURALIST.

Shortly after Texas became an independent Republic, I took a tour through it by land, exploring it lengthwise and breadthways on foot and on horseback to my entire satisfaction; for I was as glad to get out of it at the conclusion of my trip, as Santa Anna was after the battle of San Jacinto.

The mineral tracts were then so infested by Indians, that it was as much as a naturalist's scalp was worth to explore them, and as for Botany, there are more flowery lands elsewhere. So I returned to the then little port of Galveston, and gladly jumped at a passage to New Orleans on a coasting schooner for ten dollars per trip and *found*; but the *finding part* meant to sleep in the forecabin with the sailors and to eat wormy bread and junk as they did; and the trip itself was to be one of indefinite extent, stretching so as to embrace Vermillion Bay on the Louisiana coast, where we were to look up a load of molasses and sugar.

We got out of Galveston, just as a big English brig came in, and had the opportunity to see her run upon the bar there, on which her bones stick, I am told, to this very day. She was loaded with muskets, ammunition, provision and clothing, and the loss of her cargo deterred other projected shipments from Liverpool, so as to knock sundry theories concerning future British superiority in that commerce entirely in the head. A week's slow and easy sailing took us along shore past the mouth of the Sabine to the entrance of Ver-

million Bay, pointed out then, as now, by a light-house, in which the keeper occasionally lighted up his lamp, apparently as the spirit moved him. The water was low all up the Bay, and we got many a thump against the sandy bottom before we reached the depot at which we were to load. The reader will wonder what all this preamble is about, and what I expect to say about a load of molasses. That's not the theme. It is the *mosquitoes*.

It is the mosquitoes that, as a travelling naturalist and a caterer for the public, I feel bound to describe even the mosquitoes of Vermillion Bay. Mosquitoes anywhere and everywhere are an unmitigated nuisance; those of New Orleans especially, which are bad; those of Horn Lake in Mississippi, which are worse; but those of Vermillion Bay surpass all others, as well in quantity and size as in vigor and appetite.

I have seen them so thick in many other places that the surveyor could not get a view through his compass sights, nor the cattle-hunter hear his cow-bells, albeit the cattle were nigh at hand; where the very deer would stand over the smouldering fire left by the hunter, and suffer the hair to be singed from their legs, that they might get the benefit of the smoke, and the horses gallop themselves to death in vain endeavors to escape their stings; but at Vermillion Bay they were so abundant, that instead of saying the air was full of them, veracity requires us to say there was *no air* for them to fill, they constituting the atmosphere, and that well-known compound betaking itself elsewhere, where it could find room.

In the morning, as we rose feverish and unrefreshed, the first duty was to kill mosquitoes. The method was simple and effective. With a slow, solemn motion, very much such as a mesmerizer uses to cure head-ache, the hands were drawn down from the roots of the hair to the roots of the shirt collar on each side of the face, and the roll of the slain thrown upon the deck. By this time the flesh was covered with a new supply, which were disposed of in the same manner, and thus for an hour, and until the hot sun drew them off, our labors were interminable. Three pints of compacted mosquitoes per hand, were considered a *good morning's work*, but many of us did better. The fowls, of which we had a considerable stock aboard, fattened upon them like grain, and it was a happy instance of the adaptation of things that these feather clothed animals walked through the clouds of stinging, raging insects, with imperfect impunity. Through the day we could secure ourselves from their bites, by avoiding shady places, and sustaining some sort of muscular motion; but, as the sun hid himself behind the tall cane that lined the Bay, they swept towards us like mist-clouds from every quarter, and the surges met above our decks. There was nothing for us then but to endure. Sleep became an obsolete luxury; repose a forbidden pleasure. Some of the sailors tried the lower hold, where, deep amidst tiers of molasses casks, and half-stuffed with the bilge, they hoped to find rest: but through every crevice came the tormentors, pricking them with a million bayonets and drawing them out again.

Some betook themselves boldly to the rigging—

up the shrouds—up the backstays—up, up, up to the very top, and there, lashing themselves tightly, they felicitated themselves, at first, in escaping the enemy, but just as one hoarse fellow shouted below that the bloody rascals couldn't get that high, another, who had received an invisible shaft, execrated his eyes that there was a thousand around *him*; and presently down they all came by the run. The forecastle was smoked with tar, every night, until the very rats deserted it; and so long as *we* stayed out, choked to the heart with the stench, the mosquitoes were certainly forced to stand off; but no sooner could bold lungs venture back, than the entomological flood followed and filled the apartment. The captain and mate were fortunate enough to be provided with mosquito-bars, the only protection against mosquitoes in any country; but our humble arrangements could not reach that. My own plan, by which I snatched a *mouthful* of sleep occasionally, was to wrap up my head in a heavy Mackinaw blanket, lie upon the deck, sleep until the smothering sensation got past endurance, then unwrap, and breathe a while.

Our men were like all sailors in those days, fond of liquor. The captain had a barrel lashed near the foremast, and as the crew got more and more desperate for want of sleep, they contrived one night to tap it with a gimlet. The scheme succeeded, and every Jack-tar of them got dead drunk forthwith. This would seem to have given the insects the very opportunity they coveted; but, it is a remarkable fact, that the instant a man became intoxicated the mosquitoes deserted him, disgusted, no doubt, in a moral sense; and as I was the only sober man forward, I had the mortification to observe my companions profoundly asleep, while the demons concentrated their efforts upon me.

At the plantation which I visited, I was struck with the fact that, while the overseer's family were compelled to surround themselves even until hours after sunrise with barriers of muslin, the slaves lay uncovered on the ground totally unmolested, and resting in perfect content. It was the white man's blood for which the mosquitoes thirsted, and they sought that with all the avidity of a Tecumseh.

Our load being finally completed, we unloosed, and dropped a few miles down the Bay, when we were brought up by low water, and detained a week.

The captain having discovered the drain upon his whiskey barrel, which by this time was becoming serious, threatened to rope's-end the next man that touched it. The night subsequent to this threat, two of the crew having filled a bucket full from the bung-hole, and stole a lot of provisions and a breaker of water, jumped into the yawl, and rowed to the nearest island, where they landed in full view of the schooner. This enraged the captain, who determined to get his revenge by aid of the mosquitoes. So, making a raft with a few spare spars, he sent the mate after the yawl, and brought it off, leaving the two hands, on their island of some twenty acres, to get through the week as well as they could. The first night we heard nothing of them. In fact, the roar around us was such as to drown

the sounds of a sea-fight, had there been one. But the second night, in spite of the mosquitoes, the hallo of the two men was distinctly heard, praying us for God's sake to come and take them off. The watch on deck notified the captain of this, who, after sundry maledictions upon the human race in general and himself, themselves and ourselves in particular, ordered him back to his post. In fact, we knew the fellows had enough to eat and drink, and thought a little more stinging wouldn't hurt them.

The next day it was noticed that they were taking a cool bath, doubtless to overcome the fever of the bites; and what does our captain do but creep round the bar with the yawl, and while they were not looking, run in and steal every ray of clothing on the beech, leaving them naked as Hottentots! Well, then, we knew what lay before them. The sailors, who always sympathize with each other, no matter what happens, almost mutinied, and laid a plot to go off at dusk with the boat, and bring them in; but the mate, no doubt by the captain's orders, prevented it by laying his mattress in the boat, and arranging his mosquito-bar, to sleep there. The night happened to be clear and hot. Not a breath of air was stirring, and, as night set in, the insects came down in millions. Our usual resource of smoking, ventilating, &c., was conducted with about the usual success, and then all was quiet on deck, and we began to find time to think of the two Robinson Crusoes. I felt certain that they would scoop holes in the sand. Some of the crew, however, suggested they would try the water. The fact is, they tried neither, but simply got drunk on the remains of their whiskey. This saved them for that night; but the next they spent in screaming, and imploring our captain to take them off, which, however, he refused to do. The fifth night, all was still; and as the men began to fear that something tragical had happened, they came aft in a body, next morning, and demanded that a party should immediately be sent ashore to see what was the matter.

The captain very readily consented, and asked me to go with them, and take my memorandum book.

We landed at the nearest point on the beach, and searched for a while in vain. The holes of the land crab were in great abundance, and the beautifully marked shells of the star-fish lay thickly strewn on the sand. A few sea snipes and an occasional gull, feeding on the thick, glutinous matter of the sea-pork, were the only living objects; our men had fairly disappeared. In the thickest part of the cane, we found the carcass of a cow that had been killed a couple of days before; and as no other persons had visited the island, it was conjectured that she had been slaughtered by our runaways. The suggestion was thrown out by one of the party, and we drew round the carcass, foul as it smelt, to talk about it. Here our confab was instantly cut short, for hearing a strange chuckling sort of a noise come from the object before us, we turned it over, and to our amazement, out rolled our naked yet merry friends, Jonah-like, from the body. They had killed the cow, as we rightly guessed, but not so much for food sake as shelter; and,



under that strange roof had reposed for the last night and day, fairly putting the mosquitoes at defiance. Upon an enquiry how they expected to get along after a day or two more, one of them, an old salt, whose sense of smelling was about as acute as his sense of feeling, replied, with a leer, "that for his part, he hadn't noticed anything yet, stronger than the smell of old junk, and there was plenty of more cattle about the island, if the deck caved in!"

We took them aboard, and to the general satisfaction received an entire pardon from his mightiness, the captain, who was pleased to say that such ingenuity deserved its reward. As if to crown the general rejoicing, the winds and waves concurred to move us down the Bay next morning, and we put to sea, followed by a thousand millions of our winged tormentors; nor, was it until after the second day, and a fumigation of pitch and sulphur, that we had the satisfaction to find the last mosquito dead on the deck.

Since that period, I have always smiled in conscious pride when I heard tale-tellers speak of mosquitoes, and always declared that no one knows, or can know, the original source of these insects until he visits Vermillion Bay.

## MARRIAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE DOVE."

Marriage is the holiest tie that can exist between human beings, and it is the only tie that merges the individuality and identity of *two* into *one*. To the old and the young, this is a subject of boundless and endless interest; for while the former, in far too many instances, are writhing in the anguish of disappointed hopes, or are undergoing that awful, moral disease, ossification of the heart, growing out of a callous indifference, the latter, all glowing with bright anticipations in the beautiful Spring-time of life, are, bird-like, flitting from one flowery fancy to another, singing songs of love, and seeking mates with whom to mingle their tuneful lays, or to whose warbled responses they may listen with thrilling delight, while sheltered in warm brooding nests.

It is to these the young, warm-hearted, beautiful, loving spirits, that marriage is to unroll itself as a life-panorama, in which they will be the moving, sentient figures, quivering with anguish or delight—for "marriage is either heaven or hell"—there is no intermediate state, however bravely many a still and wounded heart may bear the agonizing torture of its sufferings, cheating the young and artless into the thought that "after all, if one is not very happy, one may not be miserable." The young forget that women, full of grace and beauty, have laughed and sung, and banded compliments of wit and ease, while a gnawing, cancerous affection has been eating into their vitals, and wildly throbbing nerves have palpitated in quivers of agony. Let not the young vainly fancy because they see not the suffering arising from unhappy marriages, that it does not exist.

The heart is the most sensitive organ of our spiritual structure—more sensitive even than the eye in our material structure; and if a foreign substance pierces the eye, how acute is the an-

guish, how violent and rapid the inflammation, how much any use of the eye in such circumstances irritates, and yet this is a faint illustration of the irritation and suffering of a human heart—and in marriage the heart is used all the time, unless it becomes bony and ossified, and then moral death ensues; the human heart is in such a state, as much cut off from the world of affections, as is the totally blind eye from the world of light; and it is better to see with a diseased eye, than not to see at all, and it is better to love in anguish, than not to love at all.

But when the eye is perfect, it is a source of such endless delight and enjoyment, it is the recipient of so much that is beautiful from the world without us, it is a medium of our performing so many useful acts to others, and thus perfecting our life in others, that it, in this also, serves as a type and illustration of the inner organization.

A happy, loving heart finds beauty and joy in all things—it flows forth in loving acts to every living thing. It is a blessing far exceeding the sight of a perfect eye. For the pictures that time paints upon the eye, are each moment obliterated, but each impression that falls upon the heart sinks into it, indelible and indestructible for eternity. How important then that we should earnestly and carefully seek to avoid harsh words and violent scenes, that we should live in a state of love and peace and genial use and satisfaction.

To attain this state in the married life, requires a peculiar adaptation of characters, which adaptation is too often overlooked—indeed, it is not within the scope of human foresight; and each youth or maiden that stands on the verge of that wondrous change in the state of their being—whose effects tell upon their whole life, both in this world and the world to come, should look up to the God who created them, praying that He alone may guide them to the *one* individual who was created for them.

If it could be duly impressed upon the human mind that every spirit has a twin spirit, created expressly to act in conjunction with it, how carefully the sad error of conjoining itself to the one not designed for it would be avoided. It is better never to marry upon earth than to appropriate that which is another's; and as God, when He was upon earth, veiled in flesh, declared that "from the beginning He created them male and female," and that "man should not put asunder what God had joined together," there is a wickedness in marriages that are ill-assorted, that must produce misery—just as the violation of any Divine order is followed by a consequent pain. We are created for happiness, but if we step out of the beautiful order in which we were formed, an endless confusion ensues. If one man, in a passionate self-will, or for any worldly end, appropriates to himself the woman that was created expressly by God for another—he not only makes himself unhappy and the woman also, but there is an endless sequence of unhappiness following all the individuals thus thrown out of the order of their creation; and though law and external order pronounce such an union, marriage—and though it is binding under all phases and circumstances, so long as this external life lasts, yet in the sight of God and the angels, such marriage is adultery;

for a man has the wife of another—he has marred the peace and joy of another.

Alas! how sad is the state of the world! Can we wonder at all those prophetic enunciations of the aversion of God, to the evil and adulterous generation of men? For how are the purposes of the Infinite frustrated, if when He has made *two* that they may become *one*, on all hands, His Divine Providence is set aside; and for the most worldly and trivial motives, men and women enter into the holy marriage union.

But happily this state of the world cannot last; mankind are waking up to the perception of their inner spiritual natures and necessities. The demands of the heart and mind, as well as those of the purse and animal passions, are beginning to be felt. Those who are unhappily married, will yet be more acutely wretched, because of the new light thrown upon their relations to each other, and those who are unmarried will look up for Divine guidance. The Providence of God will be recognised in marriage, and then a beautiful peace will dawn upon the earth.

Love will become a science—it will no longer be a “blind god,” leading its votaries into the quagmires of sensualism—but it will elevate them into a spiritual life of purity, joy and gladness; for love is a blessed reality—it is not a dream of the fancy, a poetic fiction—given to tantalize us with vain hopes. “God is love,” and all human love has its origin in this Infinite Fountain. The love of God is to make others happy out of Himself, and to this end He has made man and woman with capacities and qualities different, but so adjusted and adapted the one to the other, that the union of a man to a woman forms one perfect being.

In God are wisdom and love. The perfect union of these qualities in Him are His essential attributes. Had man been created with these two qualities perfectly balanced, he must have been an automaton. He could not have been infinite, because he could not be self-existent. Life flowed into him from God, who created him an organized form, recipient of life. But an exact perfection of love and wisdom, in one organized form, would have made it a machine—devoid of that action and re-action, between the will and understanding, which causes the sensation of life. Hence in man these qualities are not adjusted in a perfect equilibrium—but harmony is preserved by man having the understanding to predominate, and woman the will. The man has wisdom, the woman loves his wisdom, and thus an internal union is established between them. The man thinks, the woman feels. The thought of the man is transcribed into the woman; he sees himself in her, and his love is excited. A mutual action and re-action calls forth love in the man and thought in the woman. This leads to an individual perfection of the two, as separate existences, and coalesces the two into one.

A man without developed affections is very uninteresting; and a woman, whose perceptive faculties are dormant, is vapid and inane, however loving and gentle she may be. But thus a woman will be, or she will grow coarse and sensual, unless all the impulses of her soul are

united to the wisdom of a man. This gives to woman an intellectual existence that endows her with new charms and beauties in the eye of man. She becomes to him a wonderful creation, a new development of himself. He loves his own wisdom in her. He does not recognize it as derived from himself. But if the woman, who has thus charmed the man by that which she borrows from him, seeks from another wisdom, a thought not born of him, and not in accordance with his love, her charm is gone—the spell is broken. The man was unselfishly unconscious that it was his own wisdom he loved; but if another image is held up to his view, there is nothing in his soul responsive, and he turns away weary and unloving. For the wisdom of every man is simply the form of his love—that which he loves he thinks of; and a woman's perceptive faculty appropriates the thought of the man, and thus links his love to her.

By wisdom, is not meant that science which relates to the outer world, but a man's thought of spiritual and moral things. For science, art and literature do not form a bond of eternal union, if the thought be in common upon that which relates only to this world; then the union is only for this world. A scientific man, or an accomplished artist, is not always a wise man. He only is wise whose thought is of good and holy things, and this only is the wisdom which, transcribed out of the man into the woman, develops in her an intelligence that allies her to angels.

If such a man marry a woman, and finds in her no developing intelligence, but her perceptive faculties remain dormant, and she only performs for him that round of household and domestic duties which belong to her sphere, then be it known to him he has no wife. This *rib* is not bone of his bone, nor flesh of his flesh—she was not taken from his breast, and cannot be vivified into a second and dearer self. Alas! how many a noble man has thus suffered. Prometheus-like, the fire of Heaven burns in his heart, and he remains nailed to the rock of a natural truth, with the vultures of discord and discontent gnawing at his vitals—or, Tantalus-like, he is apparently possessed of an overflowing cup, of which he may never drink. The wheel of Ixion was not more dreadful to the body than such a union is to the spirit. And for a woman thus circumstanced, marriage is to her an iron bed of Procrustes, to which she can never be fitted, and her toil is more intolerable than that of Sisyphus—she has never done rolling up the stone of her daily labors.

But in the dark and stifling depths of this Plutonian region comes the far-off echo of an Orphean music. There is a beautiful light of Heaven above the blackness of this Stygian despair—in a higher life. When all earthly passions and allurements no longer exist, the loving God, who created man for blessedness, will gather up all pure, suffering souls, and restore each to its own.

Back from the beautiful Heaven-world rolls upon us a vision of the blessedness of the married life. Far above the Heaven of heavens, we see the all-glorious and shining One—the infi-

nately divine Jesus—who claims the church as His bride and wife. Behold here! the prototypes of man and woman. God is man, and the church is woman. God is love, and the church is wisdom derived from that love. How spiritual and eternal is this union! This high and holy joy of the Infinite is reflected in finite types, and man and woman in themselves and in their degree may realize the protective love of God, and the dependent confidence of the church.

When a woman wholly trusts in a man, knows that his love is unfailing and boundless, that his highest joy is to give her this love, and that through all of her weakness, suffering, tribulation, and sorrow, he will support her with tenderness, patience, and a fond devotion, and will seek even to raise her up to that which is high and holy and pure and good, how blessed it is for a woman to live in such a presence! The image of such a man grows in her thought until she becomes like him in all of his feelings and actions. She unites herself to his inmost nature. Her only delight is to excite joy in him, to minister to him, to give back to him all the beautiful thoughts he has given her, to make his truth to shine in the light of a heavenly intelligence, to make him realize that she sees into his very soul, and responds to his every feeling, and would bind all things in his outer life into a blessedness around him, to awaken in him ever new states of that beautiful love of which she never tires.

In the providence of God, love gives to woman the most wonderful perception of the thought and feeling of the man she loves. This enables her to adapt herself to all of his states, and to act upon him with a magnetic influence—impervious to the observation of others. She can awaken in him springs of action, of which he is almost unconscious until her delicate influence causes them to vibrate into life. A man does not know what is in his heart until a woman loves him, and discovers to him his latent capacities. And the woman grows rich in the beautiful gifts of the man. Intellectually, she has nothing of herself. Like as the church receives all truth from God, so does the wife receive from the husband; but the germs of truth received into her loving mind are clothed and adorned in a body full of life and grace, and the thought thus born derives its life from the father, but is brought into activity by the mother. Thus it is that man and woman are essential to the perfection of an existence, and united into a *one*, they live in a conscious and perfect blessedness.

## THE JEWS IN SPAIN.

[The following story of the persecution of a Jewish family in Spain, is from "Essays and Miscellanies, from the manuscripts of Grace Aguilar," just published by Mr. Hart, of this city.]

It is rather a remarkable coincidence, that the very year in which the Jews were expelled from Spain—the country which had been to them a second Judea—Christopher Columbus discovered America, the land which was to be to these persecuted people a home of security and freedom,

such as they then could never have even hoped to enjoy. The edict of expulsion from Spain was never recalled; but yet, though outwardly and professedly the most rigidly Catholic kingdom of Europe, it was actually peopled with Jews, though with great secrecy.

Many families now naturalized in England trace their descent, and in no very remote degree, from individuals whose history in Portugal and Spain have all the elements of romance. About the middle of the eighteenth century, a merchant, whom we will call Garcias, though that was not his real name, resided in Lisbon, commanding the respect and consideration of all classes from his upright character, lavish generosity and great wealth. He conducted his family, consisting of a wife, two young daughters, and a large establishment of domestics, so exactly in accordance with the strictly orthodox principles of Catholicism, that for several years all suspicion had been averted. How he contrived, with so many jealous eyes upon him, to adhere to the rigid essentials of the Jewish faith—keeping the festivals and Sabbaths, never touching prohibited meats, and celebrating the solemn fast once a year—must now and for ever remain a mystery. We only know that it was done, and not only by him, but by hundreds of other families. At length suspicion was aroused. It was the eighth birthday of his younger daughter, celebrated with music and dancing, and all the glad festivities which such occasions call forth in an affectionately and generously-conducted household. His elder daughter, a young girl of sixteen, was engaged to the son of a friend, also in prosperous business in Lisbon, and life had never smiled more hopefully on Garcias than it did that night.

In the midst of the festive scene, the merchant was called out to speak with some strangers, who waited on business—important business they said—which could not be delayed. He descended to the hall of entrance; the strangers threw off their cloaks, and appeared in the garb and with the warrant of the Holy Office, authorized to demand and enforce the surrender of his person. From the very midst of his family, friends, and household, he was borne to the prisons of the Inquisition, and there remained without any communication with the outer world, without even knowing the fate of his family, for an interval of eight years. He was several times examined—a word in the present instance synonymous with torture, always applied to compel a confession of Judaism, which confiscated the whole property of the accused to the use and pleasure of his accusers—but Garcias was as firm and unflinching as his examiners. Neither torture nor imprisonment could succeed in obtaining one word which could betray the real truth, and condemn him as a secret Jew.

The devices to which he resorted to beguile his imprisonment might fill a moderate-sized volume; we have only space to mention one or two. His peculiarly gracious and winning manner, his courteous and gentle speech, which never changed, tried as he must have been by a variety of sorrows and anxieties in this weary interval, won him so far the regard of his jailor as to permit his employments to pass unnoticed, when other-



wise they would undoubtedly have been forbidden. Undoing with some degree of care one of his own knitted socks gave him not only the materials but the knowledge how, if he could but contrive the necessary implements, to knit a smaller pair from it. By excessive patience and perseverance, he so sharpened the lid of a metal snuff-box as to serve for a knife, and with this he contrived to fashion a pair of knitting-needles from the bones of a chicken which had served him for dinner. With these he knitted socks for children, and presented them to the jailor for the use of his family. His next wish was for the implements of writing, which, more rigidly than anything else, were denied him. His urbanity and his presents, however, permitted him the secret acquirement of some paper, the jailor quieting his conscience perhaps by the idea that no evil could come of it, as pen and ink it was quite impossible for the prisoner to make, and equally impossible, unless he wished to lose his situation, for him to grant. But Garcias' was not a mind to rest quiet without some effort for the accomplishment of his wishes. The snuff-box, knife, and chicken-bones were again in requisition, and a pen was successfully formed. The ink, or at least its substitute, was rather more difficult, but necessity is always a sharpener of intellect, and even this was accomplished. He made a hole in the brick flooring of his prison, and supplied it regularly with lamp-black, procured from the lamp, which, as an unusual indulgence, was permitted him every evening. With these rough materials, carefully secreted even from his friend the jailor, he beguiled his confinement with writing several plays and dramas, mostly on Scriptural subjects, which are still in the possession of his family, and display the elastic and versatile mind of the man as strongly as his urbane and gracious manner; his humorous gaiety, which never failed him even in prison, and his enduring patience, evince his calm and collected dignity of character.

In the seventh or eighth year of his imprisonment, the great earthquake of 1755, which almost destroyed the whole of Lisbon, took place. The confusion and ruin extending to the prisons of the Inquisition, caused the guards and officials hurriedly to disperse, and left the gates open to the several prisoners. Many fled, but in so doing sealed their own doom; for they were mostly all retaken, and their flight pronounced sufficient evidence of their guilt to condemn their persons, and confiscate their whole property. Garcias knew or suspected this, and quietly abode in his prison, attempting no escape, and apparently regardless of the dangers around him. After this, all attempts to compel a condemnation of himself appear to have ceased, and he was restored to his family. So little had his danger and various trials affected him, that he would have continued calmly to pursue his business in Lisbon as before, if his elder daughter had not besought him on her knees, and with tears, to fly from such a city of horror. The unknown destiny of her father had of course prevented all thought of the fulfilment of her marriage engagement: and not long after Garcias' summons, the parents of her betrothed were in the Inquisition likewise, and Podriques, the young man himself, compelled to fly. So much secrecy and caution were necessary

effectually to conceal all trace of such fugitives, that no communication could pass between the betrothed. She had not even an idea of the country which had given him refuge, nor of his means of subsistence. His mother, not herself an actual prisoner, was an inmate of the Holy Office, as a voluntary attendant on her husband, and twice herself exposed to imminent danger, both times foreshadowed by an extraordinary dream. Once she fancied herself in the arena of a bull-fight, exposed to all the horror of an attack from one of these savage animals, without any means of defence. The bull came roaring and foaming towards her; death seemed inevitable, and in its most fearful shape, when suddenly the infuriated animal stopped in its mad career, and laid itself quietly as a pet dog at her feet. She awoke with the strong feeling of thankfulness, as if some real danger had been averted, and the impression of this strange and peculiarly vivid dream remained till its foreshadowing seemed fulfilled. She was summoned to the "question," by her evidence to condemn her husband; the instruments of torture were produced, and actually about to be applied, when the surgeon interfered with the assertion that she was not in a state of health to bear them, and she was remanded, and not recalled. In her second dream, she was alone on the summit of a high tower, which suddenly seemed to give way beneath her, leaving nothing but space between the battlements where she stood and the ground several hundred yards below, causing the fearful dread of immediate precipitation and death, yet still as if the doom were averted by her being upheld by some invisible power, and aid and a safe descent permitted, the means of which the vagary of her dream seemed utterly to prevent her ascertaining. Not long afterwards, the great earthquake already mentioned took place. She was in one of the upper chambers of the Inquisition at the time of the first shock, and rushing out on the landing with her infant in her arms, found, to her horror and consternation, that the staircase had disappeared, and nothing but space lay between her and the basement story, her only means of escape into the open air. While gazing with horror on her terrible position, the recollection of her dream returned to her, and she felt strengthened by faith that she and her child would both be preserved, though how, she could not indeed imagine. A few minutes passed, and then came a second shock, *restoring the staircase to its place*; and in little more than a minute the awe-struck but grateful woman was in safety.

Incredible as this story seems, we have neither added nor diminished one item of the real truth, and our romance of real life is not quite concluded. Garcias and his family went to England, and not long afterwards the release of Podriques permitted him and his wife, the heroine of the above escape, to do the same. There they were joined by their son, and a brief interval beheld the nuptials of the long-betrothed, long-severed, whose children still survive. It would be wrong to dismiss the anecdote without mentioning it as our belief that all intelligent Roman Catholics of the present day disclaim the propriety of perpetrating such acts of oppression, and as earnestly sympathize with the Jews as any class of the community.

## BIRDS IN SUMMER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
 Flitting about in each leafy tree;  
 In the leafy trees, so broad and tall,  
 Like a green and beautiful palace-hall,  
 With its airy chambers, light and boon,  
 That open to sun, and stars, and moon,  
 That open unto the bright blue sky,  
 And the frolicsome winds as they wander by.

They have left their nests in the forest bough;  
 Those homes of delight they need not now;  
 And the young and the old they wander out,  
 And traverse their green world round about:  
 And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,  
 How one to the other they lovingly call;  
 "Come up, come up!" they seem to say,  
 "Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway!

"Come up, come up, for the world is fair,  
 Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air!"  
 And the birds below give back the cry,  
 "We come, we come, to the branches high!"  
 How pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
 Flitting about in a leafy tree;  
 And away through the air what joy to go,  
 And to look on the bright, green earth below.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
 Skimming about on the breezy sea,  
 Cresting the billows like silvery foam,  
 And then wheeling away to its cliff-built home!  
 What joy it must be to sail, upborne  
 By a strong free wing, through the rosy morn,  
 To meet the young sun face to face,  
 And pierce like a shaft the boundless space!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
 Wherever it listeth, there to flee;  
 To go, when a joyful fancy calls,  
 Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls,  
 Then wheeling about with its mates at play,  
 Above and below, and among the spray,  
 Hither and thither, with screams as wild,  
 As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!

What joy it must be, like a living breeze,  
 To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees;  
 Lightly to soar, and to see beneath  
 The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,  
 And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,  
 That gladden some, fairy regions old!  
 On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,  
 On the leafy stems of the forest tree,  
 How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

## SONNET.

A lustre only, yet it seems a life!  
 Oh life of lives, soul-lived, since first we met—  
 And parted! parted with new being rife,  
 And crowned: thou, love, wearing a coronet  
 Of wondrous glory, with fine jewels set;  
 And I, of rare victory through strife  
 The med—a casket in my hand, as wife  
 With brooches filled of cameo, pearl and jet,  
 To fix a band cerulean on my brow,  
 And a pure cestus round my troubled breast,  
 That one might aye remain as calm as now,  
 The other ne'er again find placid rest;  
 But when it leans upon thy soul serene,  
 House-band and home! there let it ever lean!

E. B. B. •

## GIRLHOOD.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Ah! girlhood, joyous girlhood,  
 How transient is thy stay!  
 The dew-drop, from the opening bud,  
 Steals not so soon away.  
 Thy tears are but as April showers  
 That melt in rainbow light;  
 Thy smiles are like the morning flowers,  
 Fast fading, but how bright!

Ah! girlhood, merry girlhood,  
 What is there like to thee?  
 A bird, that pants for sunny fields  
 Beyond its sheltering tree.  
 Half poised for flight, one wishful trill  
 Upon the air it flings,  
 Then nestles, with a frightened thrill,  
 Beneath its mother's wings.

'Tis well for thee, bright girlhood,  
 Thine is no prophet's ken,  
 To read, on life's unopened leaves,  
 The ways of evil men.  
 Then would the night of coming time  
 Thy present sunshine dim;  
 And thy light laughter's tuneful chime  
 Become a wailing hymn.

Yet, girlhood, artless girlhood,  
 Thou, too, must needs beware,  
 For in thy leafy covert oft  
 The fowler lays his snare.  
 And if by virtue guided not  
 From youth's sequestered dell,  
 There is in all the world no spot  
 Where joy with thee may dwell.

A blessing on thee, girlhood!  
 Be happy, and be pure!  
 For purity's white plumes are charmed  
 Against the tempter's lure;  
 Nor droop, with shivering dread to feel  
 Life's ruffling blasts of wrong;  
 In willing strife for other's weal  
 The woman's heart grows strong!

## POSITION OF THE FREE BLACK MAN.

In the East, and to some considerable degree every where, except where the Anglo-Saxon race prevails, there is little or no prejudice founded on the distinction of color. The avenues of preferment are open to all; and he who is most skilful, industrious, persevering and accomplished, in his business or profession, whatever his complexion may be, whether ruddy, pale, fair, brown, or black, is most certain of success.

But it is not so with us. It is no matter whether the prejudice that prevents the amalgamation of the Anglo-Saxon and African races has arisen from the mere force of circumstances, or was implanted for wise and holy purposes by the Creator, at or before the dispersion at Babel, which is most probable. It is enough that it exists; and exists with such a resistless and pervading force, that an assimilation of the races, if it were even desirable, is absolutely impossible.

The free black man, with us, is neither a free man or a slave. He is cut off from the protecting care which the interests, if not the humanity,

of the owner extends to the slave; and yet, he is subject to all the prejudices of color, and denied many of the privileges accorded to the most ignorant and depraved white person. To a great extent, the free people of color in the United States are a sort of intermediate class, having no bonds of common interest, no ties of sympathy; and are generally indolent, improvident, and ignorant, and the consequence is, that collectively they are the most depraved and unhappy race on the American Continent.

The only hope of the free black man is his removal to another continent, beyond the barriers of those prejudices and circumstances that oppress him here, and to a soil and climate for which he is suited. It is impossible for him ever to be happy among the whites. The frequent conflicts between the free blacks and the whites in our principal northern cities, and the exclusion of them, or attempts to exclude them from entering many of our free States, show that to them, on our soil, freedom carries no healing on its wings; and liberty, that blesses all besides, has no blessings for them, and the glorious flag that has animated the hearts of freemen on so many fields of battle, and carried our commerce over the whole world, has nothing but stripes and imprisonment for them.

Another part of their misery is, their subjection to a feeling of inferiority. No man can flourish and grow in a state of conscious inferiority, any more than a vegetable grows in the dark. But the black man cannot come out into the sunshine of heaven's equality among white people.

The free people of color are not at home amongst us. The All-wise Creator has placed upon the black man the mark of separation. Man being gregarious and social in his habits, it was necessary for the subduing of the earth, to the arts of peace, that men should be dissociated, segregated, and driven out from their cradles. It is a blessing, therefore, that there are causes sufficient to prevent the perfect assimilation of all the races into one. It is not one of the least indications of Divine goodness, that there are such a variety amongst the races of men, as to render their separation not only desirable but necessary, and at the same time, also, to fit them for different climates and pursuits, so that the whole earth may be the home of man, and made contributory to his welfare.

The black man, socially and politically, can never mingle with the white man as his equal, in the same land. It is worse than visionary; it is vain and mischievous to labor to bridge the gulf that the Almighty has made impassable. And I regard it, as a most wise and necessary provision in the constitution of Liberia, that it forbids a white man to own a single foot of soil in that Republic. No dream of the Arabian Nights is more fruitless, than the attempt to make the white and the black man stand upon the same platform of political and social equality. They cannot sit down together, as equals, on the same soil. The one or the other, like Pharaoh's lean kine, will devour the fat and well-favored. The one must increase, while the other decreases. The only relation that can subsist happily, and for the good of both, between the white and black

man on this continent, is that of master and slave. To make them live together as equals is impossible.

"Like cliffs that have been rent asunder,—  
A dreary sea now rolls between;  
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
Shall ever do away, I ween,  
The marks of that which once hath been."

If the black man is released from involuntary servitude, he is still a slave amongst us. There is not really a free black man, from Canada to California. Wherever he goes, he must carry with him the titles of his freedom—and if found without his manumission papers, he is cast into prison. Nay, he must produce the evidence and the seal of the very court in which the evidence of his freedom is recorded. And into many parts of our country, he is forbidden to enter at all. There is no place here for him to rest his foot, or for his children to rise to comfort and honor. There is no bright prospect before him—there is no clear sunshine of the present day, and there is no hope for the future; and gloomy as are his personal prospects, the most withering, crushing, virtue-extinguishing, of all that is before him, is the *absence of hope for his children after him*. To my mind, the bitterest portion in the cup of the poor of Europe, is that they have no hope for their children. Parents might be content to be starving operatives, and even to perish without living out half their days, if their children could rise to anything better. But what hope is there that they, themselves, or their children, can ever become any better off than they are now? They are doomed to tread round and round in the mill of toil and burden-bearing, ignorance, stupidity, and hopeless suffering, and be the hewers of wood and drawers of water from father to son, and from age to age. And consequently, every stimulant to virtuous action, every motive to industrious habit, is taken away. And just so it is, and so it will be with the so-called free people of color in the United States. Of course there are exceptions, and I hope there will be many more; but the general mass are, and will be, such as I am describing.

The number of free people of color in the United States, is now computed at half a million; and if we fold our hands, their natural increase, and the augmentation of their number by emancipation, will soon swell this class of our population, until it can only be told by millions. The red man, the black man, and the white man, have been living face to face for upwards of two centuries, on this continent. It would seem to be the appointment of Providence, that the first should pass away from the earth, and also, that the time had now come when the other two, the free black and white man, should follow the example of the Patriarch Abraham and his nephew—that they should separate, and the one go out on the right hand to the home of his fathers, and the other to remain to possess the continent before him. But is it feasible? Is it practicable to remove the people of color to Africa, that are free and may be emancipated? We answer unhesitatingly, it is. Minute calculations have often been made, showing how it is practicable to remove the whole African race to the land of their fathers, should

the nation desire to do so. The estimate, so far as time and expense are concerned, is easily made. We have an instance in modern times, showing how great may be the emigration of persons with slight help from the government. The present year (1852,) it is estimated that over 200,000 emigrants have left Great Britain. Within five years a million and a half of persons have emigrated from Ireland alone, and chiefly to this country. And all this has been done without materially deranging the commerce of any nation. It has been done in the order of commercial marine. What, then, might be done by judicious assistance from our government towards sending the free blacks to join their brethren in the country of their ancestors? The same activity that brings the Irish to America, in ten years, would transport the whole of our negro population to Africa.—*Address of Rev. Dr. Scott to Louisiana State Colonization Society.*

## HUMAN LONGINGS FOR PEACE AND REST.

There are few whose idea of happiness does not include peace as essential. Most men have been so tempest-tost, and not comforted, that they long for a closing of all excitements at last in peace. Hence the images of the haven receiving the shattered bark, of the rural vale remote from the noise of towns, have always been dear to human fancy. Hence, too, the decline of life away from severe toil, rapid motion, and passionate action, has often a charm even beyond the kindling enterprise of youth. The cold grave itself repels not altogether, but somewhat allures the imagination.

"How still and peaceful is the grave!"

Especially has Heaven risen to the religious mind in this complexion of tranquility. It is generally conceived as free from all disturbance, broken by not a sound save of harmonious anthems, which, like murmuring waters, give deeper peace than could be found in silence.

But man so longs for rest and peace, that he not only soothes himself with these images from afar, but hopes to foretaste their substance. And what are his views to this end? He means to retire from business to some spot where he can calmly enjoy what he has in vain panted for in the race of life. Perhaps he tries the experiment, but finds himself restless still, and learns the great lesson at last, that peace is not in the landscape, but only the soul; and the calm sky, the horizon's circle, the steady stars, are only its language, not itself.

Perhaps he seeks peace in his home. Everything there is made soft to the feet; each chair and couch receives him softly: agreeable sounds, odors, viands, regale every sense: and illuminated chambers replace for him at night the splendor of the sun. But here again he is at fault. Peace comes not to him thus, though all the apparatus seems at hand to produce it. Still he may be outshone by a neighbor; or high estate may draw down upon him envy and ill-will; or his senses themselves may refuse the proffered bliss, and ache with disease. Peace is not in outward comforts, which the constitution sharply limits; which

pass with time, or pall upon the taste. The human mind is too great a thing to be pleased with mere blandishments. Man has a soul of vast desires; and the solemn truth will come home irresistibly at times, even to the easy epicure. Something is wanting still. There is more of pain than peace in the remnants of feasting and the exhausted rounds of pleasure.

Man has sometimes sought peace in yet another way. Abjuring all sensual delights, he has gone into the desert to scourge the body, to live on roots and water, and be absorbed in pious raptures; and often has he thus succeeded, better than do the vulgar hunters of pleasure. But unrest mingles even with the tranquility thus obtained. His innocent, active powers resist this crucifixion. The distant world rolls to his ear the voices of suffering fellow-men: and even his devotions, all lonely, become selfish and unsatisfying.

All men are seeking, in a way better or worse, this same peace and rest. Some seek it objectively in mere outward activity. They are not unfrequently frivolous and ill-furnished within, seeking rest by travelling, by running from place to place, from company to company, changing ever their sky but never themselves. Such persons, deeply to be pitied, seek by dress to hide the nakedness of their souls, or by the gaiety of their own prattle to chill the fire which burns away their hearts. The merriest faces may be sometimes seen in mourning coaches; and so, the most melancholy souls, pinched and pining, sometimes stare at you out of the midst of superficial smiles and light laughter.

Others seek rest in more adventurous action. Such are mariners, soldiers, merchants, speculators, politicians, travellers, impelled to adventurous life to relieve the aching void in their hearts. The hazards of trade, the changes of political life, cause them to forget themselves, and so they are rocked into oblivion of internal disquiet by the toss of the ocean waves. They forget the hollowness of their own hearts, and cheat themselves into the belief that they are on their way to peace.

Is peace, is rest, so longed for, then, never to be found? Yes! it has been found, though perhaps but seldom, and somewhat imperfectly. That is a state of rest for the soul when all man's powers work harmoniously together, none conflicting with another, none hindering another. This rest is complete when every special power in man's nature is active, and works towards some noble end, free to act, yet acting entirely in harmony, each with all, and all with each. That is what may be called self-command, self-possession, tranquility, peace, rest for the soul. It is not indifference, it is not sluggishness; it is not sleep: it is activity in its perfect character and highest mode.

Some few men seem born for this. Their powers are well-balanced. But to most it comes only by labor and life-struggle. Most men, and above all, most strong men, are so born and organized, that they feel the riddle of the world, and they have to struggle with themselves. At first they are not well-balanced. One part of their nature preponderates over another, and they are not in equilibrium. Like the troubled sea, they cannot rest. The lower powers and propensities must be brought into subjection to the higher. All the

powers must be brought into harmony. This requires correct views of life, knowledge of the truth, a strong will, a resolute purpose, a high idea, a mind that learns by experience to correct its wrongs. Thus he acquires the mastery over himself, and his passions become his servants, which were formerly masters. Reason prevails over feeling, and duty over impulse. If he has lost a friend, he does not mourn inconsolably, nor seek to forget that friend. He turns his thoughts more frequently to where that friend has gone, and so he goes on until it becomes to him a loss no longer, but rather a gain—a son, daughter, brother or wife, immortal in the kingdom of God, rather than mortal and perishing on earth. Gradually he acquires a perfect command of himself, an equilibrium of all his active powers, and so is at rest.

What is more beautiful in the earthly life of Jesus, than this manly harmony, equipoise and rest? He enjoyed peace, and promised it to His friends. And this peace of His, He did for others postpone to a distant day, or shut up altogether in a future Heaven, but left it to His disciples on earth. What, then, was His peace?

His peace was not inactivity. They must mistake who give a material sense to the images of Heaven as a state of rest. If Christ's life represented Heaven, its peace is not slothful ease, but intense exertion. How he labored in word and deed of virtue! He walked in coarse raiment from town to town, from city to city, from the desert to the waves of the sea. His ministry was toil from the day of His baptism to the scene upon Cavalry. And yet His life was peace. He expressed no wish to retire to an occupied ease. His absorption in duty was His joy. He was so peaceful because so engaged. His labors were the elements of His Divine tranquility.

And so active and earnest must we be, if we would have calmness and peace. An appeal may here be made to every one's experience. Every one will confess that when he had least to do, when mornings came and went, and suns circled, and seasons rolled, and brought no serious business, then time was a burthen; existence a weariness; and the hungry soul, which craves some outward satisfaction, was found fallen back upon itself and preying upon its own vitality. Are not the idlest of men proverbially the most miserable? And is not the young woman often to be seen passing restless from place to place, because exempt from the necessity of industry, till vanity and envy, growing rank in her vacant mind, makes her far more an object of compassion than those who work hardest for a living. The unemployed, then, are not the most peaceful. The laborer has a deeper peace than any idler ever knew. His toils make his short pauses refreshing. Were those pauses prolonged they would be invaded by a miserable ennui. Perfect peace will be found here or hereafter, not when we sink down into torpor, but only when the soul is wrought into high action for high ends.

Another element of the peace of Jesus was His sinlessness. And all human experience testifies that nothing has so much disturbed tranquility as conscious guilt, or the memory of wrong-doing. Peace is forfeited by every transgression. Angry

words, envious looks, unkind and selfish deeds, will all prevent peace from visiting our hearts.

We have noticed already another element of peace—mental and moral harmony. There is a spiritual proportion when every power does its work, every feeling fills its measure, and all make a common current to bear the soul along to ever new peace and joy. Our inward discords are the woes of life. The peaceful heart is quiet, not because inactive, but through intense harmonious working.

The cravings of the human heart for peace and rest must seek satisfaction in the ways indicated, or fail of satisfaction. There must be activity, abstinence from guilt, and moral harmony. Thus alone can we receive the peace which Jesus said He would leave to His true followers.

### AN AMUSING TRADITION.

The unity of the human race has been a question of multiplied discussion for the last three centuries, and many books have been published upon it, mainly by that class of minds that have been trained to believe, and are tenacious in believing, that all the races of men are sprung from a single pair. These generally labor to show that the black and copper-colored races have gradually acquired their hue from climatic causes, and from peculiar habits, operating through a great length of time, thus assuming that the original race was white. I have recently learned that the African view of the question is quite different, and the negro version of Genesis makes Adam and Eve, at birth, black; and, as an important link in the concatenation of conjectural scientifics, I furnish the item.

A paper just received from Paris, and printed on the 27th December, 1852, contains the account of a visit made by a traveller to one of the voluntary associations or clubs of the African race in Peru, called *cofradias*, where the negroes enjoy themselves, on Sunday, in contemplation of their national and traditional ideas which they preserve in their literal integrity. On one of these occasions, a Mandingo sage thus recounted the dispersion of the sons of Noah, whom he depicted as a black man, and the father of the human race: Now, then, the first man was born black. His sons were three in number, and they were black like their father. The patriarch, drawing towards his end, assembled his progeny and said to them:—

"Children, my life is drawing to a close, and we shall soon be separated. The hour is come for me to reveal to you the wonderful power of a cistern, which I am going to open to you. He of you that will plunge into it may come forth with a complete transformation. You are free, from this moment, to make the trial of it."

The three brothers consulted together, and the eldest, probably Ham, decided on living under the same form and with the same robe as his father. Shem imitated the example of his elder brother; but Japhet, who already seemed to feel in his bosom that rising boldness which he has transmitted to his descendants, plunged resolutely into the miraculous cistern. The metamorphose was immediate, and he re-appeared to

the astonished eyes of his brothers under the form of a beautiful Caucasian youth. A duet of recrimination was immediately raised against Noah, during which the waters in the cistern began to decrease with a strange rapidity. Shem then changed his mind, and leaving Ham to choose his own part, he descended in his turn towards the nearly dried-up water, took a handful of the soft mud, and with it rubbed his body. This simple lotion sufficed to change the dark ebony of his skin to a yellow color. At sight of this, Ham, interrupting his complaints, precipitates himself, at one bound, to the bottom of the cistern, alighting on his feet and hands, and there exhausted himself in efforts to drink one drop of the miraculous water. But, alas! the earth dried up in his grasp, and only the soles of his feet, and the palms of his hands and his thick lips retained the envied color of Japhet. "Barbarous father!" cried he, in his patois, "could you not tell me—me, your eldest born, what virtue these waters concealed, and what advantage would result to me from their contact? How shall I live now by the side of my brothers, for whom I am to be an object of disdain?" Thus did Ham pour forth his grief, which seemed to take a new recrudescence, tune—his piteous looks fell on the small surface which the moistened earth had whitened. The paternal bowels were moved, and Noah still said, "You are going once more to be the arbiter of your destiny. God has given me the power of distributing among you three gifts, namely—riches, independence, and genius; and I leave you the first choice as my first-born." Alas! who was it that erred again? It was poor Ham. He chose gold, Shem independence, and Japhet, joined to his beautiful form, genius, which enabled him to rule his elders.—*N. Church Messenger.*

## EVENING REFLECTIONS.

I have this day witnessed more than usual of the great diversity in the social condition of rich and poor. I have seen the abundance of the one, and the destitution of the other. I have seen some enjoying a superfluity of comforts and luxuries, and others suffering from the want of some of the very necessities of life. With such striking contrasts and inequalities before me, the question forced itself upon me, how come such inequalities to exist?

The abundance of one individual I could trace plainly to the energy and good judgment which are prominent characteristics of his mind. His resolution to provide comfortably for his family called forth into vigorous exercise every faculty of his being. His good judgment enabled him, among a variety of employments, to select that one which was most likely to prove profitable. His sense and shrewdness enabled him to turn every new conjuncture of circumstances to the very best account. And then whatever he undertook he prosecuted with untiring energy and perseverance. Every obstacle was surmounted, every difficulty was overcome.

The poverty of another I could easily trace to a want of these very qualities of character so prominent in his thriving neighbor. He seemed

to be too indolent or indifferent to make an effort to rise above the condition in which he began life for himself. Opportunities of bettering his condition, I had known him to let pass by, without arousing himself to take advantage of them. That man's poverty I set down, therefore, to the want of a desire of bettering his circumstances, sufficiently strong to overcome a very obvious phlegmatic temperament, and a striking indolence of disposition. He had not ambition enough to set the machinery of his powers into action.

Another seemed, from his known history, to be unsuccessful in almost everything he undertook. As he said of himself, "he had always the poorest luck in the world." My acquaintance with some particulars in his mode of managing made it appear very probable that his ill-luck was only want of good judgment, and that he was so constantly blundering and making injudicious calculations, that it was next to impossible that ever he should succeed in making any enterprise in which he might engage result in any great advancement of his fortune. Though always busy, he never brought anything to any very profitable issue.

From these and similar cases I concluded that a great deal of the vast diversity in the condition of men, resulted from differences in their characters and habits. Some, I could see, were naturally of an active disposition, while others were indolent and sluggish. Some, I could perceive, were ingenious and judicious, while others could devise no schemes of their own, or could not prosecute any undertaking to any extent without some egregious blundering or miscalculation. Some, I could perceive, were untiring in industry, while others lounged and took their ease except when driven by necessity. Some were obviously frugal, while others were more or less extravagant in their expenses. Some spent more for rich and dainty food than others expended for food and clothing together. While some wasted considerable amounts in the purchase of liquor and segars, others abstained from these unnecessary and low-lived indulgences.

When I had run over in my mind these and other differences in the character and mode of management which individuals of my acquaintance exhibited, it did not any longer seem so strange that there should be great diversities and inequalities in the fortune and condition of mankind. It seemed, then, extremely probable that, if I could only know accurately and minutely all the facts as to the constitution, character, habits and mode of management of any particular individual, I could easily trace the links of connection between these and his good or evil fortune—his abundance or his poverty. It seemed very obvious that in order to any one's succeeding in bettering his social condition there must be, in operation, at least three essentials: first, a long-ling desire or ambition for something higher and better, sufficiently strong to overcome love of ease, or aversion to exertion, and to push every faculty and power into strenuous activity; secondly, good judgment, clear-headedness, far-sightedness, so as to avoid blunders and mistakes; and, lastly, industry, energy, and perseverance, or practical efficiency. There must, in other words, be a

union of *heart* to supply the motive power, *head* to direct and regulate, and *hands* to furnish the requisite energy and industry.

If the greatest part of the poverty in the world is owing to such causes as have been indicated, no amount of almsgiving will ever avail to remove or essentially alleviate it, while these causes remain in operation. The true and efficient *cure* for much of the destitution and suffering which call forth our benevolent sympathies, must consist in drying up and removing the *causes* which produce them. Enterprise, industry, economy, good management and good morals furnish, at once, the preventive and the cure. C.

## THE BROKEN ROSE;

OR, A LIE OF FEAR.

I was visiting my aunt Mary. I was named for her, and as she took a great interest in me, I was anxious to do all I could to please her. She was a great favorite among the children.

One day, Kate Ray, who lived at the next door, came in to see me. The little puss was in the parlor, and we had a great frolic with her.

By-and-by I held her up to catch a fly on the window; and it was quite funny to see her try to pounce on it. On the sill was a new-blown tea-rose, which aunt Mary thought a great deal of.

"Take care," said Kate, "or puss may jump on it; and then!" But I thought more of the fun, when suddenly she made a spring at the fly, and snapped the stem of the beautiful rose.

"What will your aunt Mary say?" cried Kate. Oh, dear! We raised it up and tried to make it stand, but it kept topping down; at last, we made it lean against a branch, and it looked almost as well as before. "I must go now," said Kate, for there was no more fun for us.

"Had I better tell aunt Mary, or let her find it out?" I asked myself.

"Tell her, certainly," said a voice within: "When an accident happens, always make it known to those who ought to know it: why not?"

But I was afraid, and kept delaying, and went off to grandmother's room: then she told me how to fix my patch-work; and so the time passed on until afternoon, when a lady and her little daughter came to see aunt Mary, and I was called into the parlor also.

"Ah, that rose!" thought I; but go I must. I had not been in long when the flowers were talked about, and aunt Mary got up to show them her tea-rose.

"Why, it is faded, broken!" she said. "How did this happen? Mary, do you know anything about it?"

I felt frightened, and answered quickly, "No, ma'am."

No sooner were the words out than I began to feel bad indeed. "Worse and worse," I said to myself. "Why did I not say puss and I did it? Why didn't I tell the truth about it?"

Now, I knew perfectly well that aunt Mary would neither have scolded nor fretted, for I did not mean to do it. I had not been so careful as I ought to have been, but she would have forgiven me; my sin was that I told the lie.

Aunt Mary liked to have things accounted for, so she asked every one in the house about the broken rose; nobody could tell how it was done. Pussy could not tell, and I was afraid to, and now doubly afraid lest she should ever find out.

The idea of being caught in an untruth, and by aunt Mary, too, who was so truthful herself and so very kind to me, was dreadful. "What shall I do?" I cried; "where shall I go? I wish I had not come here: and I thought I was going to have such a beautiful visit!"

I had no appetite for supper; my head ached, and my heart beat hard. When aunt Mary kissed me for the night, and said, in her sweet way, "Good night, my dear child," I felt as if I wanted to fall down and die.

Two days passed away. On the third, I went up stairs to put on my things to take a walk with grandma; it was in the forenoon. While I was dressing, the front door opened, and Katie Ray's voice sounded in the entry. All my fears came back fresh upon me.

"She'll tell! She'll tell!" what a tumult was in!

Presently my name was called. "I'm found out!" I cried; and without knowing exactly what I did, I ran and hid in the closet. "Mary! Mary!" they called; no Mary answered.

After awhile there were footsteps in the entry. "Oh, my mother! my mother!" I cried; "I wish my mother was here."

Somebody came into my room, and walked straight to the closet-door; the door opened, and there stood aunt Mary herself.

"My dear child," she said, anxiously, "what is the matter? how came you here?" Then, for the first time, I burst into tears; and what a relief it was!

She placed me on the bed, and sat down beside me, and talked to me so kindly, just like my mother. As well as I could, I told her all. Oh, how sorry she looked!

After awhile she spoke, and then only said, "How true what the Scriptures say: 'The fear of man bringeth a snare; but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe.'"

I shall never forget aunt Mary's voice; so sweet and sorrowful! I shall never, never forget the verse.

This story we have copied from the Child's Paper, and hope that our young readers, should any of them ever be as unfortunate as Mary was, will tell the truth at once, and thus save themselves from such sorrow as she had.

## ADVERTISING A RUNAWAY.

A native of the Emerald Isle went to consult the printer of a newspaper in a neighboring county, respecting his runaway apprentice. The printer proposed to advertise him in the usual form, with a suitable reward. This did not meet Patrick's idea; "he did not wish to advertise him, only jist to give him a hint." After various attempts at framing a suitable notice, the following was suggested by himself as all-sufficient, namely: "Patrick Flaherty would inform his apprentice, Timothy Dougherty, that he does not wish to expose him, but gives him the hint to return to his master, and serve out his indenture like a good boy, or he will be advertised in the newspapers."

## MEMORIES OF AUNT MARGARET.

Aunt Margaret was neither handsome nor homely. She had that which is better than beauty, and which gives to comparative ugliness a redeeming interest and grace, which is charming and winning even unto age. It was the placid, beautiful expression upon her countenance, an unmistakable evidence of a warm and loving heart. Unostentatious and even without enthusiasm in its demonstrations, it burned with an unfading affection for those whom she truly esteemed, and hardened not itself against those, who, without claim to merit, were wont to enter her associations. I am often reminded of her, and upon every precious memory that comes up, I ponder in my heart, that thereby I may become more and more after her own similitude—so just, so firm, yet withal so kind, gentle and forgiving. She seemed to possess an intuitive appreciation of character; before the scrutiny of her mild, penetrating eye, deception was forced to unveil itself—to her its covering was but flimsiness and vanity.

I have known but few women in the world even resembling her, yet almost every one has for once known her like, and has seen and acknowledged in the illustrative character, the heavenly perfection of womanly nature. But if all hearts were open to the eyes of the world, we would be convinced that such quiet goodness, and, in one sense, wordly wisdom, was acquired only in a school of trial and sorrow. I never knew this, or suspected it, while it was permitted me to live with and love my aunt Margaret. It is only since I have grown to womanhood, since I have learned by experience sad truths even of the poetry of life, that I have known how properly to estimate the influence of circumstances upon a character like hers—although the circumstances themselves were before not all unknown to me. But since the snowy shroud has covered the pulseless heart once so considerably affectionate, and the cold clod pressed upon the clay that enshrined so loving and beautiful a spirit, I recall them very often—vainly regretting that I read them not then as now, that I might have loved her more, and evinced for her that passionate fondness which she well knew I bestowed upon others, and the want of which toward her she must have attributed to want of love. But I then fancied that she loved me coldly, though she possessed over me a power that no other one could exert. With my young brothers and sisters I was often left in her care during my mother's absence. Upon one occasion I greatly disconcerted her by some frivolous conduct. She reproved me in her mild, firm manner, but for once, my spirit rose in rebellion, and I repeated my offence. I shall remember as long as I live the look she gave me, as she mildly and softly as before, commanded me not again to repeat the action, for if I did, "she should *certainly* punish me." There was a resolution in her expression, a power even in her mildness that awed and subdued me; and I went away out of her sight, musing upon the mystery with which, in my inexperienced eye, aunt Margaret was clothed.

At the time when pelisses were so greatly in vogue, aunt Margaret was among the first to have

one. It was of rich material, lined throughout with silk, trimmed with various rows of velvet and gimp, and set off with tassels and countless beautiful buttons. Then, too, it was made with such exceeding neatness, mostly by aunt Margaret's own needle, and she loved and valued it, just as she loved and valued every person that was good, and everything that was pretty. Therefore, agreeably to the peculiar constitution of her mind, the blue pelisse became to her a precious pet, which she kept on week days in the dark clothes-press, suspending from the highest knob, enveloped closely in a dimity petticoat of snowy whiteness.

There came a dreary, drizzly day in February, doubtless there were many such, but I speak of the one that I particularly remember. Aunt Margaret was spinning, while mother was transforming old clothes into beautiful mats and hearth-rugs. I had rocked my dear baby-brother to sleep, and became weary of the long continued silence that reigned, relieved only by the monotonous hum of aunt Margaret's wheel, which was industriously converting the softest of snow-white rolls into the finest and nicest of knitting-yarn. I was, therefore, in a measure rejoiced, when a thundering knock at the door announced a visitor. It was Peter Pingree, whose sun-browned face, large black eyes and elephantine teeth, held me spell-bound for the space of several minutes. He was from the neighborhood of my grandfather's. His cousin, who had been a schoolmate of my aunt, had recently died, and was that afternoon to be buried. He had come to borrow aunt Margaret's much-admired pelisse, to be worn by the mother of the deceased from her house to the old kirk, a distance of three-and-a-half miles. Upon the disclosure of his errand, aunt Margaret's wheel suddenly stopped, the half-spun roll dropped from her slender thumb and fore-finger, and patting the palm of one hand with the wheel-pin which she held in the other, she opened upon the visitor her blue-grey eyes, in mild amazement, as if doubtful of having heard aright. Apparently reassured by her silent scrutiny, she turned to her employment without speaking, and I confess I was truly astonished at the accelerated velocity with which the wheel performed its evolutions. The half-spun roll being completed, with a countenance still unmoved and imperturbable, she quitted the room. Presently she returned, pelisse in hand, brought forward, as I have since thought, with emotions similar to those which agitated the bosom of Abraham, when he bound upon the altar for sacrifice, his only well-beloved son. With a sad, dignified gesture she waved aside the soiled, dingy kerchief, which had been sent to wrap it in, and folding it carefully without crevice or wrinkle, she tied it up in a snowy kerchief of her own, and with no words, gave it gently to that great gawky, Peter Pingree! I remember well of thinking that I should grievously hate to see my new scarlet Circassian in such coarse black hands, and wondered how aunt Margaret could so resolutely, and without tears, yield up hers, in which she was wont to look so pretty and so princely.

I should have before said that soon after Peter's entrance, my mother was summoned to the



kitchen to superintend a favorite pudding for dinner, nor did she return till his super-elongated coat-tail was vanishing through the half-shut door. Upon learning his errand, and the successful termination thereof, my mother, whose disposition, it will be seen, was more *naturally* moulded, went off into elegance, somewhat like the following:—

"Well, I must say, sister Margaret, you have done that, which under all the circumstances I should never have had\* the mistaken kindness to have done. It is shameful—it is ridiculous, that Mrs. Pingree, who, never in her life had possessed one decent article of dress, should, on the occasion of her child's funeral, be decked out in borrowed finery. And such a day as this!—when you would not think of wearing it yourself, that she should, in an open carriage, follow slowly to the grave her child, 'feeling grand,' meantime, in your rich pelisse, which the rain is pelting and saturating! O, thoughtlessness and vanity! Beside, she being lower than yourself, the pelisse will trail upon the ground, and become shockingly draggled among the grass and tall weeds of the church-yard. Why, sister, did you not think of all this? Your dress will be perfectly ruined, unless *Providence protects* it, as you always trust it will—for Mrs. Pingree has no idea of how a nice thing should be cared for; and to see it on her! It is a jewel in a swine's mouth. Had I been present, I certainly should have protested against such profanation. My ebenezer should have been stoutly raised against it."

To all of this aunt Margaret replied with her usual sweetness of manner and temperance of words; though that her spirit was sorely tried, was plainly perceptible: she said she had not the heart to refuse, as it was to a funeral, and that too of an old schoolmate; more especially, as she had never been able to cherish any love for her, it seemed but right that she should make even this trifling but unavailing atonement.

Dear aunt Margaret! how often throughout that day she requested me to go to the door and see if it rained! I did not then suspect the reason; but I know now that she was thinking of her pretty pelisse!

Aunt Margaret had spent many weeks in embroidering a veil of black lace. When completed, it was a rich and beautiful specimen of her handiwork; for it was wrought with the careful precision, neatness and elegance which characterized her skillful needle. That too she loved—even as parents do their children, or poets their dreams. She kept it wrapt in tissue paper, in the uppermost drawer of her bureau, which was distinguished and exalted above the other drawers, by a shower of sweet-scented clover leaves.

A community of the society commonly called "Shakers," was established some twenty miles distant from us. As was a frequent custom, the young men and misses of our neighborhood were to have a grand sleigh-ride "to see the Shakers." There were to be thirteen couples, making a procession of as many single teams. Most persons are aware to what an extent, especially in country towns, the habit of *borrowing* is still persevered in! More than once, during the interval of three weeks, that this "ride" was talked of before the arrival of the appointed time, I heard

mother express to aunt Margaret, the hope that *this party, at least*, would get rigged and departed on their "pleasure trip," without being arrayed in borrowed plumes from *them*. Vain hope! Early in the morning came Jennie Stanwood, saying—

"Please, ma'am, sister Caroline wants to borrow your muff and tippet, to wear to the Shaker-ride."

Then came little Johnny Short, in breathless haste, vociferating in the ears of my now impatient mother:

"Miss F—, brother Bob wants your whip and buffalo—cause he's going to carry Lydia Day a riding to the Shakers; and sister Jule wants to know if you'll let her have your lace spencer cape. She wants it to cover up a darn in her best Sunday dress, where she tore hooks and eyes off."

Several petitioners followed in rapid succession, till, at length, mother expressed the hope that the very clothes she wore, would not be demanded "to go to the Shaker-ride." But last of all, came Phoebe Brocklebank, to obtain for herself, aunt Margaret's wrought lace veil!

Now, to all of the aforesaid borrowers, she would not have hesitated to refuse this demand; for in her estimation, it was not "fitting" or proper to wear over a rough-edged, straw bonnet, on a cold, gusty day of the month of January, anything better than a veil of barege; but Phoebe Brocklebank's mother was her own cousin—a kind, easy, good-natured soul, who had bestowed upon her innumerable kindnesses, and not a month previously had given her a fleece of Merino wool, which she was at this moment spinning into yarn, as finely and fast as possible.

"My black veil did you say, cousin Phoebe? It hasn't half the warinth of my green one, which I should prefer to wear myself, if I was going."

"Ma has a nice green one, herself," pertly replied Miss Phoebe; "but Lucinda Hunt was going to wear her mother's nice black one, and I was resolved not to be outshone; so I teased ma to let me come for yours. I told her I would be careful of it, as of gold. I knew you would loan it, for you never refuse anything; and then ma is constantly making you presents, you know"—and thus she would have gone on, no doubt—for Phoebe possessed the most voluble of tongues—had not aunt Margaret, with many misgivings, (for she knew Phoebe's perfect heedlessness,) drawn forth from its favorite receptacle, the article in question. Unwrapping it from the tissue, she displayed it, in all its rich beauty, perfectly uninjured—"just as good as new." Scarcely could she conceal the shock she experienced, on witnessing the violence with which Phoebe seized it, threw it over her old hood, parading up and down before the mirror, in ecstasies at the effect it lent to her beauty. It was a sad day for aunt Margaret—that memorable day of the "Shaker-ride." Sadder still was she on the following day, for her veil was returned to her in ruins! Phoebe came with it in her hand, her eyes brimful of tears, her tongue, for once, refusing utterance. She was accompanied

by her mother, who prefaced her explanations, by positively declaring this to be the last time she should be *coaxed* from her duty, for the sake of administering to Phoebe's vanity.

It appeared, that when but little more than half the way home, the last horses of the unusually extended *ad tandem*, took fright, overturned the sleigh, dislodging and burying in the snow its occupants, dashed furiously past the other horses, who, frightened in their turn, took to their utmost speed. Amid this sudden commotion, the multiplied and velocified jingling of bells, the shrill shrieks of frightened fair ones, the incessant cries of "whoa, whoa," by the luckless swains, they came in contact with another sleigh, that appeared from the contrary direction, from which its master was instantly thrown, and in some manner, for the *how* was unaccountable, the thill of the sleigh passed through the veil of aunt Margaret, as it was breeze-blown about, utterly unregarded by its now terrified wearer, who, with her unskilful gallant, soon found herself flying over fences, and at length landed upon a farmer's wood-pile. No serious detriment, fortunately, occurred, except to the veil. An immense portion of the interior was entirely separated and gone, becoming a plaything for the four winds, leaving torn, jagged edges, and all the remaining portion so drawn, distorted, and disfigured, as to be absolutely a sight to behold! Even dear aunt Margaret, at first view of the wreck—that which had cost her the labor of so many days and nights—covered her face with both hands, and sinking into a chair, silently and powerfully strove with great grief, while tears stole out like liquid pearls from between her long and tremulous fingers. But this was soon over. To her cousin's assurance that she should be repaid a thousand times its value, she said, *almost agitated*—

"It is not that—not *that*—not the value of the veil; but it was so dear to me, in and of itself. But do not allow yourself to be troubled. It was an accident, and accidents *will* happen. I strive not to grieve for that which is irremediable." And here the conversation on that subject dropped, never again to be renewed.

One of the most prominent men of our goodly town, was Mr. John Tracy. He did not live in the village, but three miles therefrom, on a farm with his widowed mother. He was her only child. To his watchful care and protection, his father, on his death-bed, had recommended his mother, with an earnestness that awed for ever the spirit of the noble and faithful-hearted boy.

As he grew up, from boyhood to manhood, he was regarded by all, both old and young, with esteem and respect; and many a fond mamma manoeuvred to entrap him for her marriageable daughter. But his affections were apparently centered upon his mother, who loved him with a selfish love, indeed, as will be hereafter seen, but with a devotion bordering upon idolatry. From my childhood, I was accustomed to associate him, in my mind, with aunt Margaret. It was from this circumstance.

Not far from the time of the loaning of the blue pelisse, I perceived mother and aunt Margaret carrying on a conversation in lower and

more earnest tones than ordinary. Suspecting something interesting was the topic, I at once bade my dolls to "hush crying, and sit down, and behave themselves." Still pretending to "make believe keep house," I mischievously listened, "*arrectis auribus*." I did not then comprehend what I heard, but the words, among which the name of John Tracy was frequently mentioned, sunk with weight into my heart; for they followed the sad, O! how sad, smile of aunt Margaret, that lingers fresh in my memory. That sad, almost ghastly, heart-breaking smile was succeeded by a most passionate weeping. It seemed as though the heaving bosom would burst with the uncontrollable swell of alternating emotions. The chair trembled upon which she sat, till her grief rising higher and stronger, she threw herself on the floor at her sister's feet, and cried aloud. Then, as if suddenly aroused, she sprang up, shook the trembling tear-drops from her fingers that had covered her face, and with a mighty effort said:—

"O, sister, do not despise me, that I have shown before you this weakness. I had resolved that God, and not man, night and not day, should witness my grief for my blighted love. O forget that thus I sorrow—that you have ever learned that life is to me a burden, and that I long for the quiet of the grave. But we will never mention *his* name again. My daily prayer is for the absolution of the sin of breathing it too often, for I would fulfil all my duties, as becomes a woman and a Christian."

And aunt Margaret, resuming her silk patchwork, stitched away quietly, her countenance assuming its accustomed serenity. Long afterward, I talked with my mother about it, and from her learned what I proceed to narrate.

When aunt Margaret was in her nineteenth year, she attended her last term of school, and, as it happened, John Tracy, who was several years her senior, was her teacher. She had previously had no acquaintance with him, their homes being in opposite portions of the township. To use the words of an old spinster, more charitable than most of her class, "They seemed made for each other." "And they would have made an excellent match," said my good mother.

The winter passed, and to the surprise of tattlers and soothsayers, there was no prospect of a wedding *in futuro*. But it sometimes happens that, despite busy-bodies, quiet, orderly, silent people do things that are not noised about, and have thoughts that prying gossips never dream of. And so it was with John and Margaret. It was never surmised, that on the few occasions when he escorted her home from prayer-meeting or from school, how he pressed her little hand gently and lovingly, and whispered low words of love in her ear. Even more than on her had he waited on others, with whom it was known he laughed more loudly, and talked, apparently, with more familiarity. That he more often assisted Margaret in working out sums in her arithmetic was not noticed or remarked upon, for she openly avowed her dislike to the study, and it was natural she should require assistance. The love-lit glance was met only by the one intended, for John was sensible and prudent, and that the

trembling hand touched lightly the pale one of the student, might be attributable to accident. The winter passed—the school drew to a close—and though John Tracy had whispered to Margaret words of love, she had never breathed to him *her* love. It was *unasked*, and, therefore, burned the deeper and deeper in her heart.

It was the last day of school. Amid the greatest noise and confusion, the scholars were, one by one, departing, when Margaret walked to the teacher's desk to return a dictionary which she had been using. He said to her—

"Take it home with you, and keep it till I call for it." As she was quitting her position, he said, "Stay; shall I visit you, one week from Sabbath evening?"

Margaret, blushing, said, "Yes, sir," very low and tremblingly.

The day of the appointed Sabbath was gloomy and rainy. But long before the shades of evening gathered, Margaret had a brisk fire "burning in the binnacle," before which she sat dreaming sweet dreams, till darkness covered the earth. And still she sat, dreaming on and on, her chin resting on the palm of her little hand, which she remembered *he* had pronounced pretty so often. The rain pattered against the windows, the wind moaned faintly, and the fire glowed and sparkled, but no sound of approaching footsteps broke the monotony. Margaret began to feel lonely and cheerless. She had a world of love pent up in her heart for him, if he would only come! But she said to herself—

"The rain has prevented his coming so far—he will come *next* Sunday."

And with this happy, hopeful conclusion, she allowed her fire to go down, covered up the embers, and deserted the parlor. Slowly rolled away the following six days, and the night of the seventh found Margaret dreaming again by the parlor fire. Imagine her there, my readers, all you who have waited, even not in vain, for lovers, and all, indeed, who have ever loved! Imagine her disappointment, as again the clock struck the hour of nine, and John appeared not. Again her kind heart began to make excuses for him. Perhaps he was sick, or his mother not well; something, at least, had detained him, which he would explain when he should come the *next* Sunday. But, ah! he never came! Poor Margaret suffered deeply; but she hid her sorrows with her consuming love.

A year elapsed, nor had she once seen him. Margaret had begun to think she must have misunderstood him. She wished, every day, that she knew how to solve the mystery. So she gave to my father, one day, for him to forward to John, the identical dictionary, among the leaves of which was a small note, which she had ventured to address him. No one but herself was acquainted with its contents. My father coldly handed him the book. Without question, or comment, John commenced talking upon politics with his "brother Democrat." Aunt Margaret had fully expected a reply to that note, but she never received one.

"How mysterious," thought she. "He loves no one else, and wholly excludes himself from society. I must have grievously offended him in

some manner;" and then she would recall for the hundredth time all the little incidents connected with their acquaintance, but without being wiser than before. That year, John Tracy, who was a candidate for the Legislature, lost his election, and all because my father and three uncles refused to vote for him.

Years rolled away—and aunt Margaret married—married one of whom I never knew much, but of whom mother often spoke as being unworthy of so good a wife. She did not live long afterward. She bore into her new home a remembrance of that blighted love, the bitterness of which time or change could not assuage. The canker-worm preyed upon her heart—the rose-bloom glowed upon her cheek. My mother remained with her much the summer that she died; for she was her favorite sister, well-beloved, and by her well understood and appreciated.

It was an afternoon in August that she died, such a one as we all have seen and admired: little reflecting that with its glorious brilliancy faded out, too, the more glorious beauty of life from frail but lovely tenements of dust. Mother sat by the bedside, watching the scarcely perceptible breathing of her who was fast "passing away."

Her husband had gone out for a few hours on pressing business. Suddenly a horseman rode up and dismounted in full view of the window of the sick-room. Mother immediately recognized John Tracy, and, quickly glancing at her sister's face, saw by the instant recognition and the succeeding flush that bathed the brow of the invalid, how deep and abiding was that heart's early love.

Inquiring for Margaret, Mr. John Tracy was conducted to her room. With noiseless and measured step he approached the couch of the dying. He met the mild eyes, becoming radiant as it were with the new glory they were so soon to behold—and, without speaking, gazed into them sadly and solemnly. Then he took gently, even more gently than of old, the thin hand that was whitening for the darksome grave, that should wipe away no more tears from her now paling cheek, and with quivering lip he exclaimed—

"Margaret, sole love of my dreams and of my life! Pardon me for this intrusion at this holy, this solemn hour; but I wished to see your face and hear your voice once more before the dust should come between thee and me. Tell me, Margaret, do you love me—did you ever love me?"

In a sweetly plaintive, dying voice, Margaret said:

"I loved you as the heart loves but once in this world."

"Then, Margaret—O, Margaret, shall not our loves be consummated in that better world, whither the steps of us both are now tending—yours a little farther on the journey—only a little—say, Margaret, will you not be my spirit-bride?"

"Yes," she said, smiling sweetly though faintly, and closed her eyes for a moment, perhaps dwelling intently on the great and blessed truth that she *had* been loved.

Then he proceeded in few words to explain to her his apparently inexcusable conduct. His mother, a few years after her widowhood, received an offer of marriage, which she had serious thoughts

of accepting. Upon consultation with her son, he averred the strongest disinclination to the match, and entreated his mother never to entertain another thought of a second marriage. She replied:

"My son, ere many years you will bring here a young wife, whose manners and customs will be unlike my own, and then I would be happier in another home than here."

"Mother," the young man returned, "if you will not marry this Capt. B., or any other man who may covet your fine farm, I promise you that I will never bring a wife into your house."

She took him at his word. Little importance did the son attach to the promise given voluntarily and without premeditation; so little, indeed, that on becoming acquainted with Margaret, he had no thought but of wooing her for his wife. Accordingly he unfolded his darling plans to his mother, on the morning of the Sunday appointed for the visit to his lady-love. Being unacquainted with the character of Margaret, and having so long reigned sole mistress of her mansion, and of the heart of her son, Mrs. Tracy, who was advancing to the verge of second childhood, had a horror of any interference, and resolved that none there should be. She at once reminded John of his promise to her, made long years before, and declared him guilty of perjury to her and to his late father if he kept it not faithfully. So many arguments she pleaded, devised with all a woman's ingenuity, that finally she drew from him a promise that he would see Margaret no more, and would cherish no more matrimonial speculations during her own life-time.

Ah, fatal promise! bitterly repented too late! John Tracy's mother, an old decrepit woman, lived many a year after the sorrowing and loving girl had lain down with her tired heart to rest!

By some inexplicable fatality, John did not for many years find the little note sent in the dictionary—nor did Margaret ever receive the long and tender letter written by him on that rainy Sabbath—that "appointed day," in which he unfolded his love, his hopes and his explanations. Truly is there a spirit that "doth float unseen but not unfelt o'er blind mortality."

John Tracy has been the honored representative from his town for the last sixteen consecutive years, and is now a venerable grey haired bachelor of sixty—is a man of extensive reading—goes but little into society, looking forward with patience and hope to that promised union with the love of his dreams and of his life.

**DEFINITIONS.**—The blind and the mute have often an extraordinary power of grasping at truths. Providence seems to compensate for the loss of one sense by the intensifying of the intellect or the perception. A blind boy who was asked to define Eternity, said it was the life-time of the Almighty; and Sir J. Mackintosh once asked a deaf and dumb pupil in Paris—"Doth God reason?" He replied:—"To reason is to hesitate, to doubt, to inquire; it is the highest attribute of limited intelligence. God sees all things, foresees all things, knows all things; therefore, God does not reason."

## AN AMERICAN TRADITION.

One of the most interesting incidents in the early history of New England, is the deliverance of the frontier town of Hadley from an attack of a barbarous native tribe. The Indian war of King Philip—the saddest page in the annals of the colonies—had just commenced; and the inhabitants of Hadley, alarmed by the threatening aspect of the times, had, on the first of September, 1675, assembled in their humble place of worship to implore the aid of the Almighty, and to humble themselves before Him in a solemn fast. All at once the terrible war-whoop was heard, and the church surrounded by a blood-thirsty band of savages; while the infant, the aged, the bedridden—all who had been unable to attend service, were at the mercy of the tomahawk and scalping-knife. At that period, so uncertain were the movements of the Indians, that it was customary for a select number of the stoutest and bravest among the dwellers in the frontier towns to carry their weapons with them, even to the house of prayer; and now, in consternation and confusion, these armed men of Hadley sallied forth to defend themselves and families. But, unfortunately, the attack had been too sudden and well-planned; the Indians had partly gained possession of the town before they surrounded the church, and posted on every spot of vantage-ground, their bullets told with fatal effect upon the bewildered and disheartened colonists. At this crisis, there suddenly appeared among them a man, tall and erect of stature, calm and venerable in aspect, with long gray hair falling on his shoulders. Rallying the retreating townsmen, he issued brief and distinct orders in a commanding voice, and with cool and soldiery precision. The powerful influence which, in moments of peril and difficulty, a master mind assumes over his less gifted fellows, was well exemplified on the occasion. The stranger's commands were implicitly obeyed by men who, until that instant, had never seen him. He divided the colonists into two bodies, placing one in the most advantageous and sheltered position, to return the fire of the enemy, and hold them in check, while the other, by a circuitous route, he led, under cover of the smoke, to a desperate charge on the Indian rear.

The red men, thus surprised in turn, and placed between two fires, were immediately defeated and put to flight, leaving many of their painted warriors dead upon the field; and the town of Hadley was thus saved from conflagration, and its inhabitants from massacre. The first moments after the unexpected victory were passed in anxious inquiries, affectionate meetings and heartfelt congratulations; then followed thanks and praise to God, and then the deliverer was eagerly sought for. Where was he? All had seen him an instant before, but now he had disappeared; nor was he ever seen again. One or two among the people could have told who he was, but they prudently held their peace.

Amid the dense forests and mighty rivers of America, the stern piety of the Puritans had acquired an imaginative cast, almost unknown to the mother country; and thus, unable to account

for the sudden advent and disappearance of the delivering stranger, the people of Hadley believed that he was an angel sent from God, in answer to their prayer, to rescue them from the heathen enemy. With the traditions of the Indian war of 1675, that belief has been handed down to our own day; and it was only a few years ago, on the banks of the pleasant Kennebec, that a fair descendant of the redoubtable Captain Church related to the writer the foregoing legend as an indisputable instance of a supernatural dispensation of Providence.

The story, however, is a historical fact, and latterly has embellished more than one popular fiction. Sir Walter Scott, who allowed little to escape him, alludes to it in "Peveril of the Peak;" Cooper has made use of it in "The Borderers;" and "Oliver Newman," the last poem of Southey, is partly founded on the eventful history of William Goffe, the delivering angel of the inhabitants of Hadley.

## CONTRIBUTIONS TO BOTANY.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

### VEGETABLE CHEMISTRY, OR THE NATURE AND SOURCES OF THE FOOD ASSIMILATED BY PLANTS.—

The nutritive organs of plants, consisting of the root, stem and leaves, have been already considered anatomically, and in reference to the functions which they exercise. The investigation of the nature and sources of those substances assimilated by the nutritive organs is necessary to a clear understanding of their physiological action and will, therefore, very appropriately close this part of our subject.

The earth and the atmosphere are the two grand sources from whence plants draw those substances which contribute to their growth or the extension of their parts. These substances can only be ascertained when the chemical composition of the plants has been determined. Let us take, not the costly exotic from the conservatory, but any common wild flower and weed, for all wild flowers and weeds are interesting when examined scientifically. Here we have a beautiful pile of matter which the living principle in the plant has attracted from the earth and atmosphere. How does nature form this green leaf and this beautiful flower? We see her in Spring ever operating with untiring industry in weaving the earth, the air and water into every variety of vegetable fabric. The whole earth is in fact but one vast chemical laboratory or workshop, and every living plant is but a common centre of attraction, around which matter gathers and fashions into forms of loveliness and infinite perfection.

The chemistry of plants has been carefully examined by Liebig, Mulder, and Johnson, and we are about to place before our readers the results of the labors of these philosophers.

The solid parts of plants, chemically considered, consists of organic and inorganic matter: the former may be burnt away, and is derived from the atmosphere; the latter is incombustible, and is derived from the soil.

The separation of these two kinds of matter

may be easily effected by the following simple experiment:

Burn a piece of wood or straw; the part that burns away is organic matter, which is thus restored to the atmosphere from which it was taken; the incombustible ash which remains is inorganic matter, which the plant derived from the soil in which it grew.

The organic part of plants is composed of four substances; carbon or charcoal, more than one half, oxygen one-third, hydrogen one-twentieth, and nitrogen one-fiftieth.

The inorganic part of plants or the ash which remains after their combustion, chemical analysis shows to consist of no less than eleven different substances, viz.: potash, soda, lime, magnesia, silica, oxide of iron, oxide of manganese, alumina, sulphur, sulphuric acid, phosphoric acid, and chlorine. The following simple experiments, which may be easily performed with little or no expense, will render our readers familiar with these substances.

*Experiment 1.*—To obtain oxygen gas. Put a small portion of chlorate of potash (a salt which can be readily obtained in any drug store) into a test tube, and hold it over a spirit-lamp. The salt will soon dissolve, and oxygen gas will be evolved, which may be readily tested by introducing a paper or match with a spark of fire at its extremity, when the paper or match will immediately burst into a flame. Four or five grains of the chlorate are sufficient for the experiments.

*Exp't. 2.* To procure hydrogen gas. Put a few nails or pieces of zinc into a wine-glass, pour on them diluted sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), cover the glass with a plate, when a considerable amount of effervescence will take place, resulting from the evolution of the gas. After awhile, remove the plate and apply a light. A slight explosion will be heard, occasioned by the firing of the hydrogen.

*Exp't. 3.* To obtain carbonic acid gas. Put a few pieces of chalk in a wine-glass, pour sulphuric acid on it, and cover it with a plate as before. Remove the plate, and apply a light, which will be immediately extinguished. This gas extinguishes flame.

*Exp't. 4.* To obtain nitrogen gas. Fire a bit of phosphorus floating on wood in water, and cover it immediately with a glass jar. The phosphorus unites with the oxygen of the air in the glass jar, forming copious white fumes of phosphoric acid; a vacuum is formed in the glass jar by the consumption of the oxygen, and the water rises in the jar in consequence of the external pressure of the atmosphere. After a time, the white fumes of phosphoric acid, are absorbed by the water, and what remains is nitrogen.

We need not say anything about such substances as potash, soda, and lime. Silica, or sand, is found nearly pure in quartz and flint. Alumina, or clay, is a well-known and abundant earth. Oxide of iron, or the rust of iron, is the result of the combination of the iron with the oxygen of the air. Black oxide of manganese, phosphorus, and sulphuric acid, can be easily obtained at any drug-store.

From the small quantity of ash left by plants,

When burned, it follows that they derive the materials of their growth mainly from the atmosphere.

The carbon, or charcoal, in plants which compose, as we have already stated, more than one-half of their entire bulk, is nearly all derived from the atmosphere, or from the decomposing vegetable matter in the soil. It has been shown, in a previous article, how plants take in that carbonic acid which we expel from the lungs as a poison into the atmosphere, from that atmosphere, by means of the minute pores on their leaves and young twigs, that, under the influence of solar light, this carbonic acid is decomposed in the tissues of the leaves, and the carbon fixed by the plant becomes chlorophyl, that substance which gives to vegetation its bright green hue, chlorophyl being always formed in the superficial cells of plants exposed directly to the light, whilst at the same time the oxygen is set free into the atmosphere.

That carbon, or charcoal, constitutes the principal part of the fabric of all plants, is evident from the following experiment. If a green leaf, or a piece of wood, be charred (which may be done by heating it in a close vessel so as to free it from contact with the air) all the hydrogen and oxygen in the plant will be driven off, and what remains will be the amount of carbon in the plant, together with a small percentage of inorganic matter. The leaf, or specimen of wood, which has been thus carbonized will be found to preserve its form and bulk uninjured, even to that of the most delicate cells and vessels, but will be considerably lighter. A piece of common charcoal is a beautiful instance of wood which has been thus treated, and evinces that charcoal is the principal constituent in the material out of which a plant is constructed.

## OLD GEMS IN NEW SETTINGS.

### HUMAN PASSIONS AND PROPENSITIES.

The bulk of all the misery and degradation, which are the bane of life, come from yielding to the snares or the assaults of appetite and passion. Why, then, were these appetites and passions bestowed upon us to be our tempters? Precisely for this very purpose, that we may choose between the impulses of these and the dictates of reason and conscience; that we might be not irrational creatures, but free men; and that we might, by choosing aright, become virtuous. These appetites and passions are the sharp instruments which God has given us, by which the jewel of transparent moral purity is to be wrought out. Let us duly estimate them, and not lament over them; for without them the pure and perfect diamond of excellence could not appear. They are as essential to human virtue as our higher endowments themselves. Without them, man could never become great or good. The permitted excess of appetite and passion is, indeed, degradation and ruin. But their restraint, government, normal use, is virtue, the very ladder for mounting up into high Heaven. Our propensities are, indeed, *sacred* instruments. We are to check and discipline them, and in

doing this we grow strong and spiritual. Rome grew mighty by toil and struggle. America owes to the rock and the wilderness, to bleak winter and the savage, her strength and prosperity. So, also, the human soul owes what is great and glorious in it to the fierce desires it has, and which, with higher principles and the grace of God, it resists; to the hard fighting it has done on an unseen battle-field, where arms clash without noise or echo. It is to him that overcometh that it is given to sit down upon a throne. "No cross, no crown," is a maxim universally applicable and eternally true.

### SHAKESPEARE'S PORTRAITS.

All who read the English tongue will say that, after the Bible, no book shows such deep and wide knowledge of human nature as Shakespeare. What, then, is Shakespeare's epitome of mankind? In his magic microcosm, he gives sad pictures of ambition, lust and perjury. We have never seen worse men, we have never heard of bloodier crimes, than he describes. But is this all? Oh! it is not the half. How shall we thank him enough, whose eye God made keen to pierce the human breast, for those living and everlasting portraits of unblenching courage, unshakable purity, unyielding truth, before which the villain-faces that have also sat to his pencil for ever flee away? Human nature! child of God! own thy weakness, and weep for thy many falls since the first temptation; but, in the name of thy Maker, take thy trophies and wear thy crown, made and woven of spotless innocence, brave fortitude, all-enduring love—take and wear them lowly before Him who has made thee thus capable!

### GOODNESS NOT THE GROWTH OF A DAY.

The mushroom may shoot up, and be perfect in a night. The green grass may rise and fall twice in a season beneath the summer sun. But the strong and beautiful diamond must mature in its secret caverns, while the generations of the forest, alike with those of flesh and blood, pass away. The star that glitters like God's signet, sparkling too brilliant in the clear evening for the eye to fix its shape, sprang not into instantaneous being, but, as astronomy would now teach, began to form, innumerable ages by-gone, in dim and dark mist; revolving and condensing and gathering pale light, ray after ray, as century after century rolled along, till what fell, perhaps, on the eye of Adam, as a pearly cloud in the profound remote heavens, shoots a fiery radiance now over land and sea. Even so dimly and darkly forms human virtue or goodness, revolving amid unshaped elements in the spiritual firmament, condensing—if a moral truthfulness to God be the prevailing law—ever into more consistent and substantial brightness, and preparing, by the grace of God, and under the influences of His Gospel, to shine as those stars now shine for ever in the heavens, when their flames may be extinguished in endless night.

The ability to love what is love-worthy, and thus to love the Lord as the most love-worthy, is the highest privilege of a rational creature.

## NO WORK THE HARDEST WORK.

Ho! ye who at the anvil toil,  
And strike the sounding blow,  
Where from the burning iron's breast  
The sparks fly to and fro,  
While answering to the hammer's ring,  
And fire's intenser glow—  
Oh! while ye feel 'tis hard to toil  
And sweat the long day through,  
Remember it is harder still  
To have no work to do.

Ho! ye who till the stubborn soil,  
Whose hard hands guide the plough;  
Who bend beneath the summer sun  
With burning cheek and brow—  
Ye deem the curse still clings to earth  
From olden time till now;  
But while ye feel 'tis hard to toil  
And labor long hours through,  
Remember it is harder still  
To have no work to do.

Ho! ye who plough the sea's blue field,  
Who ride the restless wave—  
Beneath whose gallant vessel's keel  
There lies a yawning grave,  
Around whose bark the wintry winds  
Like fiends of fury rave—  
Oh! while ye feel 'tis hard to toil  
And labor long hours through,  
Remember it is harder still  
To have no work to do.

Ho! all who labor, all who strive,  
Ye wield a lofty power;  
Do with your might, do with your strength,  
Fill every golden hour!  
The glorious privilege to do  
Is man's most noble dower.  
Oh! to your birthright and yourselves,  
To your own souls be true!  
• A weary, wretched life is theirs  
Who have no work to do.

## LINES.

On the completion of the Monument at Concord, erected  
to commemorate the battle of Lexington.

BY RALPH W. EMERSON.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;  
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;  
And time the ruined bridge has swept  
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,  
We set to-day a votive stone,  
That memory may their deed redeem,  
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare  
To die, or leave their children free,  
Bid Time and Nature gently spare  
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

## SELF-CULTURE.

There are few things more sad or discouraging to those who have devoted themselves to the work of self-improvement, than the slow progress usually made by them, in the attainment of those virtues and excellences of character which form the proposed objects of their pursuit. An ardent desire after self-improvement, may have been long cherished, or suddenly awakened; and this, at length, by some conjunction of circumstances, is resolved upon as the great business of life. A new life is begun, which by its very nature should be a life of progress. But after a few years, the person who had resolved and re-resolved on making progress and attaining higher excellences of character, finds, perhaps, that he has made hardly any advance. He finds that the same failings and short-comings beset him which were sources of grief and regret years ago. He finds that he is still occasionally betrayed into harsh judgments and harsh language towards others, and that he is still too ready to take up an evil report against his neighbor. How many, from these or similar experiences, are ready to acknowledge to themselves, and to lament, that they are but little if any better than they were months or years ago.

Why should this be so common an experience? Where lies the difficulty? There are probably several reasons or sources of difficulty; but there is one of great magnitude which deserves particular attention. It consists, not in any general unfaithfulness to the dictates of conscience, but in unfaithfulness in *some one* favorite habit or indulgence. If some particular wrong habit, or passion, or object of interest, which conscience condemns, is allowed always to prevail in the contest of good with evil, then the powers of good, of which conscience is the leader, gradually lose their acuteness of perception, and their power of resistance. A slow paralysis comes over the better part of our nature. Our consciousness of one secret wrong-doing brings with it a sense of degradation and discouragement. Our conflict with evil in other points is not so hearty, because of this consciousness of *one* lurking evil which is indulged in spite of all inward remonstrances. And it may be stated, as a general result of the long continuance of this condition, that the character deteriorates, and the person becomes worse and worse, whether conscious of it or not.

The danger of indulgence in but one habit or gratification, forbidden by conscience, cannot be over-estimated. If evil gains the victory in one point, it will eventually win in more. The person who permits this triumph of evil in one thing, will not fight against it, or strive after good, with much heart and courage in other things. The conflict with evil, with whatever conscience condemns, is not hearty and in earnest in such an individual; and the *consciousness* of this yielding to the enemy, enervates and lessens the powers of resistance yet farther. The first thing, therefore, which a person should do, aiming at self-improvement, is to concentrate all his moral forces at this one point, and gain the victory in that very

particular in which he is conscious of special weakness. Let the person aiming at moral advancement, but conscious of little progress, search out wherein the power of the enemy most frequently and easily prevails against him, and then, concentrating all his powers at this point, devote himself to a determined resistance until conquest and victory are secured. Then will the whole moral being be invigorated with new strength, and the whole character be inspired with courage and hope. Conquest over some one favorite indulgence will make the victory easier and more certain in all future struggles between the powers of good, and the seductions of evil.

To cast off the power of our favorite indulgences is, therefore, the first and greatest thing to be done, if we would make the progress we desire in self-improvement and moral advancement. Everything must be given up which interferes with this. All our strength will need concentration in order to secure success. But though the conflict may be severe, the joy of conscious victory is sufficient to overbalance it all. A feeling of nobility—a grateful self-approbation—is diffused throughout the whole moral being. To contend faithfully against any favorite indulgence in wrong-doing, and to gain the victory, is felt by every one to be one of the most heroic, most admirable works on earth. Whoever so contends, and eventually overcomes, has a most grateful and pleasing consciousness of moral power and heroism. And this is the first thing to be done by those who desire advancement in moral excellence. They must be patient and persevere. If they should fall before the enemy, they must rise again and renew the contest.

### HEART-TRIFLERS.

There are few individuals in the world, or at least few in civilized society, who have not two phases of existence, so to speak—one an inner and the other an outer—one connected with the commerce, the business and the ambition of the world—the other with its social life, its domestic relations, its passions, its emotions, and gentle susceptibilities. Many persons who, in the eyes of the thoughtless multitude at large, are among the most fortunate and most envied of mankind, are nevertheless entitled to pity and sympathy rather than to envy, because they are unfortunate in the affairs of the heart, or in other words, are unhappy at home. Who can conceive of a more wretched state of existence than that of the deceived and betrayed of either sex, who having lavished all their affections upon some particular object, and united their destinies with that object, under a belief of sympathy, reciprocity and mutual regard, find too late that they have been worshipping a false idol, that some mercenary or other selfish motive was the real inducement, and that sadness, neglect and disappointment must be their lot for the rest of their days. We can imagine nothing more criminal than perfidy, falsehood and treachery under these circumstances. Life is thus robbed of its most exquisite hopes—the disposition is embittered, the mind turns upon itself in the very agony of

despair, and disease and premature death are often the consequences. The victim, too, is compelled in most cases to suffer in silence. A sense of pride prevents complaint, while a sense of mortification gnaws at and eats out the very elements of being. Alas! for all who are thus unfortunate, who have given away the freshness of their gushing affections, and who have received in return nothing but hollowness, indifference—perhaps contempt. The wretch who would thus deliberately deceive and destroy, merits a fearful retribution. The misery that he or she has meted out to others, will sooner or later be visited back again. And this language is applicable to both sexes, for both at times are at fault. Who cannot point out instances—instances in which the best feelings of the heart have been trifled with, and in which unwavering affection—affection that amounts to monomania—affection that is blind to error and even to crime—is paid back even with indifference and scorn? What earthly honor, what successful fortunes, can compensate for a disappointment like this? How guilty is the mocker of the heart under these circumstances! With what agony must the discovery be at first realized by the deceived? But there is another species of triflers—male as well as female, who are often the causes of infinite anxiety. We allude to the heartless, the conceited and the cold, who, with no feeling of susceptibility themselves, delight in sporting with the affections and wrecking the happiness of others. How much misery has been caused by these triflers! We could point out more than one touching case. Nay, we believe that many a heart has been broken, many a gentle spirit has been crushed, many a life has been embittered by this cruel policy. The cold and the worldly may laugh at all such doctrines, while the selfish and the hard-hearted may deem it impossible for such susceptibility to exist in human nature. But those who have studied the inner man as well as the outer, who have penetrated the barrier of worldliness which conceals the workings of the human breast, who have in some thoughtful hour won the confidence, and thus revived the recollections of the susceptible and the deceived, will be able to tell another story. There is no lot more bitter than that of broken hopes, misplaced affections, or violated sensibilities. Many a poor wretch has been driven to despair through such unhappy influences. And thus, when we read the details of some frightful suicide committed in an hour of excitement and madness, we cannot but commiserate the unhappiness of the deluded and infatuated, while we deplore the rashness and the crime. He is indeed fortunate, who has never experienced these moments of despondency and gloom, who has never taken to his heart some cherished idol, and found, alas! that he was embracing a phantom. Reason has but little influence under such circumstances. The excitements of the world are often powerless. The one wild thought will return, and imagination will bedeck the false one with a thousand charms that were never possessed. Sympathy, harmony and reciprocity are the essentials of worldly happiness between two beings who are united together in the bonds of matrimony, and without these, the



condition is to be avoided rather than to be envied. And when, too, hopes are held out—hopes of a mutual regard, only to be mocked at and dissipated by some sudden whim or heartless caprice, the effects are often painful for life. Distrust is felt for mankind at large, and the baffled dream of affection, a dream that was dispelled just as the devoted one fancied that it was about to be realized, lingers with its memories of bitterness and anguish, until youth has departed, and life itself has become pointless and aimless. Yet woe unto those who coolly and deliberately trifle with the feelings and trample upon the hearts of others. The very cup of anguish which they present with so fascinating a hand, may in turn be placed to their own lips!—*Pa. Inquirer*.

### OPERATIC AMUSEMENTS.

According to what appears to be a reliable statement, we are to have Mario and Grisi with us in the Fall, on a professional visit. They have entered, it is alleged, into an engagement with Mr. Hackett, to sing in certain cities of the United States, for two thousand five hundred dollars each per night. We do not for one moment believe that any man of business, sense and experience would contract with the artistes named, or any others, to pay the exorbitant price said to be agreed upon. The speculation would inevitably be a ruinously losing one for the manager on the terms announced; and we therefore regard that part of the matter as nothing more than one of those smart tricks which are resorted to, now-a-days, to get up in advance that kind of popular excitement and curiosity out of which Barnum contrived, with the aid of Jenny Lind's great fame and superlative powers, to nett two or three hundred thousand dollars in the course of a few months. Beside the fact that Grisi and Mario combined cannot constitute such an attraction as the fair young Swede, with her fresh and marvellous voice and lyrical genius, presented to the public, the enthusiasm of our people has long since cooled towards musical celebrities, imported expressly by some calculating individual; with a view to extort a fortune in a month out of their excitable natures, and the material does not exist with which it can be, at least for a great while to come, re-awakened and stimulated into life.

But without concerning ourselves about the issue of this particular enterprise, to which we shall owe the privilege of hearing the two celebrated vocalists who are coming over to us under its unpromising auspices, the occasion is a proper one for noticing a folly which has done mischief enough, and ought to be promptly and resolutely corrected. For a number of years past Americans have been paying far too much for music. The extravagance of which we speak reached its culmination when six dollars were asked, and ten paid for a single ticket to hear the Swedish songstress in a concert room; and, since then, two dollars have been the standing price for admission to a first-class seat to the opera, notwithstanding that, with the exception of a principal singer, the company has often been exceedingly indifferent.

It has been urged, and, indeed, where the at-

traction was great, and the expense to a management proportionately increased, urged with some force, in justification of high charges, that our theatres and concert halls are too small to admit an audience numerous enough to make up, in the aggregate amount of tickets sold, the loss which would otherwise be sustained by reducing the prices one-half, or to a yet lower rate. But this excuse is not at all satisfactory, not alone because no abatement of cost to the public has been made when—as in the instance of Jenny Lind's, Alboni's and Sontag's appearance at Tripler Hall—the most spacious auditorium was provided, but, more especially, because the alleged heaviness of the burden upon an operatic management, which is so conveniently shifted to the shoulders of the public, arises mainly, in fact, from the absurdly excessive salaries and wages paid to the leading, if not all, the members of a troupe. This is the root of the evil; and, until retrenchment is applied there, no sufficient and enduring reform can be effected.

It is, therefore, apparent, that the only remedy which can attack the radical vice of this whole system of extortion, depends for its application upon those who organize and govern operatic and other companies of the kind. So long, however, as they find they can over-pay their employees by successfully overcharging, in their turn, the amiable public, we may confidently expect that this abusive imposition will be practised, though theatres of any possible dimensions were erected. Hence, the people, who are ultimately made to bear all the weight of a manager's weak concession to the cupidity and arrogance of a parcel of Italian singers, half of whom could not live by their talents in their own country, and have literally, in many instances, fled here from beggary, must, by a sort of necessary order of retaliation, first turn upon the Empresario, by refusing to pay his exorbitant prices, and thereby compel him to employ his troupe at more reasonable salaries, or not employ them at all. This course of proceeding would very soon and certainly bring the majority of his retainers to terms. The truth is, that not one in a hundred of them is ever paid in Europe more than a half or fourth part of the sum received in this country; while the people of Italy, France, and Germany enjoy continually musical entertainments superior to ours, at one-fourth the prices we are forced to pay.

The American public may, and does complain very bitterly of this outrageous taxation to which foreign vocal talent subjects them; but the blame lies wholly with ourselves, in tamely submitting to be fleeced. It is high time we had begun to reverse positions, as regards the power of dictating terms, and assumed our rightful province to pay, all circumstances considered, no more for music on this side the Atlantic than is paid for it on the other. Until this stand is firmly taken, we shall continue to suffer the same exorbitancy which has been so long practised on us, and must finally abandon all hope of ever establishing the opera in the United States as a popular amusement, or even as a permanent luxury for the aristocracy of wealth.

In order to effect a change so desirable for the real interests of both, the rich must make common

cause in the matter with those of more moderate means; and with society once determinedly and completely united against the injustice which exacts two thousand five hundred dollars for one evening's performance by a single vocalist, it would be speedily and effectually put down. When operatic representations of the first order of excellence are given in our cities at one dollar or at fifty cents admission, per head, the million may gain access to them; and it is on their support only that the lyric stage here, as in every other country, can ever be solidly and prosperously built up and maintained.

Music, as an art, is eminently worthy of liberal cultivation in every community for the sake of its beneficent moral influence; and as a source of refined enjoyment every rational effort should be made to bring it within the easy reach of all classes. There is likely to be no lack of artistes to minister to our wants as a musical people; but two things we must, without distinction of social rank and personal means, unite to do, if we would render music a popular pastime, rather than a costly and occasional pleasure for the few. We must have Opera Houses holding four or five thousand persons, and we must offer these at low rates to the manager who will give regularly the best performances at prices to suit the many. —*Philadelphia North American.*

## DEATH OF TIECK, THE GERMAN POET.

The last arrival from Europe brings us the intelligence of the death of the venerable German Poet, LUDWIG TIECK, which took place at Berlin, on the morning of April 28. Tieck has been justly called "the last of the great poets of the great poetic age of Germany." He was born in Berlin, May 31, 1773, and had accordingly nearly completed his eightieth year at the time of his death. He received his academic education at the Universities of Halle, Göttingen and Erlangen, where he devoted himself with the greatest interest to the study of history and the poetical literature of ancient and modern times. His first production in poetry, "Abdallah," appeared when he was about twenty years of age, and was rapidly followed by "William Lovell," "Peter Leberecht," and "Peter Leberecht's Popular Stories." Several other original works succeeded each other, which stamped his reputation as a writer of peculiar genius and singular fertility. He was an ardent admirer of Shakspeare, several of whose plays he translated into the German language, with masterly skill. The first complete collection of his poems was published in 1821, and passed to a new edition in 1841. Tieck was no less distinguished as a romance-writer than as a poet. His "Novellen," containing his principal prose fictions, the production of a later period of his literary activity, were published in an edition of twenty volumes, between 1835 and 1846. Tieck exerted a marked influence in the literary and dramatic affairs of Dresden, during his residence in that city, where he passed many of the best years of his life. His Shaksperian readings to a select circle of friends, were among the principal intellectual at-

tractions of Dresden, and have become widely celebrated through the descriptions of American and English travellers. The latter part of his life was spent in Berlin, his native city, and was subject to severe and protracted sufferings from disease. "His death," says a German paper, in announcing the event, "had been long anticipated, yet came unexpectedly at last. Every one remembers with deep emotion, his acquaintance with the departed; he will never be forgotten by those on whom the mild ray of his fine, sagacious eye has fallen—who have seen the venerable form broken with age and disease, seated erect in the arm-chair, while a bright, impressive smile played around his beautiful lips, and the glory of thought radiated from his high, proud forehead."

## THE FLOGGING OF A PRINCE.

The London correspondent of a North German paper relates a story with regard to the way in which Prince Albert disciplines his children, which the Tribune translates as follows:

"The young prince stood one day in his room in the royal palace at Windsor, at the window, whose panes reach the floor. He had a lesson to learn by heart, but instead was amusing himself by looking out into the garden and playing with his fingers on the window. His governess, Miss Hillyard, an earnest and pious person, observed this, and kindly asked him to think of getting his lesson. The young prince said: 'I don't want to.' 'Then,' said Miss Hillyard, 'I must put you in the corner.' 'I won't learn,' answered the little fellow resolutely, 'and won't stand in the corner, for I am the Prince of Wales.' And as he said this, he knocked out one of the window panes with his foot. 'At this, Miss Hillyard rose from her seat, and said, 'Sir, you must learn, or I must put you in the corner.' 'I won't,' said he, knocking out a second pane. The governess then rang, and told the servant who entered to say to Prince Albert that she requested the presence of his Royal Highness immediately on a pressing matter connected with his son. The devoted father came at once, and heard the statement of the whole matter, after which he turned to his little son, and said, pointing to an ottoman, 'sit down there, and wait till I return.' Then Prince Albert went to his room and brought a Bible. 'Listen, now, he said to the Prince of Wales, 'to what the holy Apostle Paul says to you and other children in your position.' Hereupon he read Galat. iv. 1 and 2: 'Now I say that the heir, so long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, though he be loved of all; but is under tutors and governors until the time appointed of the father.' 'It is true,' continued Prince Albert, 'that you are the Prince of Wales, and if you conduct yourself properly you may become a man of high station, and even after the death of your mother, may become King of England. But now you are a little boy, who must obey his tutors and governors. Besides, I must impress upon you another saying, of the wise Solomon, in Proverbs xiii. 24: 'He that spareth his rod, hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes.' Hereupon the father

took out a rod and gave the heir to the throne of the weightiest empire of Christendom a very palpable switching, and then stood him up in the corner, saying, 'You will stand here and study your lesson till Miss Hillyard gives you leave to come out. And never forget again that you are now under tutors and governors, and that hereafter you will be under a law given by God.' This, adds the correspondent, is an excellent Christian mode of education, which every citizen and peasant who has a child may well take to his heart as a model."

It may be proper to add that the youngster who is represented to have received this paternal admonition is but eleven years old.

### ANECDOTE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

I well remember hearing my father tell the following anecdote, illustrative of the early genius of that great man whose loss a mighty nation mourns:

Ebenezer Webster, the father of Daniel, was a farmer. The vegetables in his garden had suffered considerably from the depredations of a woodchuck, whose hole and habitation was near the premises. Daniel, some ten or twelve years old, and his older brother Ezekiel, had set a trap and finally succeeded in capturing the trespasser. Ezekiel proposed to kill the animal, and end at once all further trouble from him; but Daniel looked with compassion upon his meek, dumb captive, and offered to let him again go free. The boys could not agree, and each appealed to their father to decide the case. "Well, my boys," said the old gentleman, "I will be the judge. There is the prisoner, (pointing to the woodchuck,) and you shall be the counsel and plead the case for and against his life and liberty."

Ezekiel opened the case with a strong argument, urging the mischievous nature of the criminal, the great harm he had already done, said that much time and labor had been spent in his capture, and now if he was suffered to live and go again at large, he would renew his depredations, and be cunning enough not to suffer himself to be caught again, and that he ought now to be put to death; that his skin was of some value, and that to make the most of him they could, it would not repay half the damage he had already done. His argument was ready, practical, to the point, and of much greater length than our limits will allow us to occupy in relating the story.

The father looked with pride upon his son, who became a distinguished jurist in his manhood. "Now, Daniel, it is your turn; I'll hear what you have to say."

'Twas his first case. Daniel saw that the plea of his brother had sensibly affected his father, the judge; and as his large, brilliant black eyes looked upon the soft, timid expression of the animal, and as he saw it tremble with fear in its narrow prison-house, his heart swelled with pity, and he appealed with eloquent words that the captive might again go free. God, he said, had made the woodchuck; He made him to live, to enjoy the bright sunlight, the pure air, the free fields and woods. God had not made him, or

anything in vain; the woodchuck had as much right to life as any other living thing: he was not a destructive animal, as the wolf and the fox were: he simply ate a few common vegetables, of which they had a plenty and could well spare a part; he destroyed nothing except the little food he needed to sustain his humble life; and that little food was as sweet to him, and as necessary to his existence, as was to them the food upon his mother's table. God furnished their own food; He gave them all they possessed; and would they not spare a little for the dumb creature, who really had as much right to his small share of God's bounty, as they themselves had to their portion? Yea, more; the animal had never violated the laws of his nature or the laws of God, as man often did, but strictly followed the simple, harmless instincts he had received from the hand of the Creator of all things. Created by God's hand, he had a right, a right from God to life, to food, to liberty; and they had no right to deprive him of either. He alluded to the mute but earnest pleadings of the animal for that life, as sweet, as dear to him, as their own was to them; and the just judgment they might expect if in selfish cruelty and cold heartlessness they took the life they could not restore again, the life that God alone had given.

During this appeal the tears had started to the old man's eyes, and were fast running down his sunburnt cheeks; every feeling of a father's heart was stirred within him; he saw the future greatness of his son before his eyes; he felt that God had blessed him in his children beyond the lot of common men; his pity and sympathy were awakened by the eloquent words of compassion, and the strong appeal for mercy; and forgetting the judge in the man and the father, he sprang from his chair, (while Daniel was in the midst of his argument, without thinking he had already won his case,) and turning to his older son, dashing the tears from his eyes, exclaimed, "ZEKE, ZEKE, YOU LET THAT WOODCHUCK GO!"—*Boston Traveller.*

### THE WOODEN SPOON.

[The following is an extract from a Swedish tale published in Chambers' Repository, and has an important moral, as the sequel will show.]

Once a wooden spoon, that was so fine, so neat, so pretty, made of the best wood, and carved in the most beautiful manner—one could never see a more delicate and tasteful wooden spoon; and no one took it up without saying: "Ack, how pretty it is!" Thus the little spoon soon grew vain and proud. "Ah," thought the beautiful wooden spoon, "if I could only be like a silver spoon! Now I am used by the servants alone: but if I were a silver spoon, it might happen that the king himself should eat rice-milk with me out of a golden dish; whereas, being only a wooden spoon, it is nothing but meal porridge I serve out to quite common-folk." So the wooden spoon said to the meat-mother: "Dear lady, I consider myself too good to be a simple wooden spoon. I feel within myself that I was not meant to be in the kitchen, but that I ought to appear at great

\* Mistress.

tables. I am not suited to the servants, who have such coarse habits, and handle me so rudely. Dear mistress, contrive that I shall be like a silver spoon." The meat-mother wished to satisfy her pretty wooden spoon, so she carried her to a goldsmith, who promised to overlay her with silver. He did so. The wooden spoon was silvered over, and shone like the sun. Then she was glad and proud, and scorned all her old companions. When she came home, she lay in the plate basket, and became quite intimate with the family silver, wished the teaspoons to call her aunt, and called herself first cousin to the silver forks. But it happened that when the other spoons were taken out for daily use, the silvered wooden spoon was always left behind, although she took the greatest care to render herself conspicuous, and often placed herself uppermost in the basket, in order not to be forgotten, but to be laid with the rest on the great table. As this happened several times, and that even when there was company, and all the silver was brought out, the poor wooden spoon was left alone in the basket; she complained again to the mistress, and said: "Dear lady, I have to beg that the servants may understand that I am a silver spoon, and have a right to appear with the rest of the company. I shine even more than others, and cannot understand why I should be thus neglected."

"Ah," said the mistress, "the servant knows by the weight that you are only silvered."

"Weight! weight!" cried the silvered spoon. "What, is it not by the brightness alone, that one knows a silver spoon from a wooden one?"

"Dear child, silver is heavier than wood."

"Then, pray, make me heavier!" cried the spoon. "I long to be as good as the rest, and I have no patience with the sauciness of that servant." The mistress, still willing to gratify the desires of her little spoon, carried her again to the goldsmith.

"Dear heart," she said to him, "make this silvered wooden spoon as heavy as a real silver one."

"To do that," said the goldsmith, "it will be necessary to put a piece of lead here in the handle."

"Ah," thought the poor spoon, "then must he bore straight into my heart"—for the heart of a wooden spoon always lies in the handle; that is to say, when wooden spoons *have* hearts—"but one must bear all for honor. Yes, he may even put a bit of lead in my heart, if he only makes me so that I shall pass for a real heavy silver spoon." So the goldsmith bored deep into her heart, and filled it up with melted lead, which soon hardened within it. But she suffered all for honor's sake. Then she was silvered over again, and brought back to the plate-basket. Now the servant came and took her up with the rest of the spoons, and saw and felt no difference; so she was placed with the rest on the great dinner-table, passed for a real beautiful silver spoon, and would have been as happy as possible, if she had not got a lump of lead in her heart. That lump of lead caused a great heaviness there, and made her feel not quite happy in the midst of her honors. So time went on, and the wooden spoon continued to pass for a silver one, so well was

she silvered, and so heavy had she been made. But the meat-mother died. At that, the silvered spoon, instead of sorrowing, as she once would have done, almost rejoiced; for every time she had lain shining on the great table, she had recollected that the meat-mother was the only person that knew that she really was nothing more than a simple wooden spoon; and so, if her mistress took another spoon instead of her, she became quite jealous, and said to herself: "That is because she knows all about me: she knows I am a wooden spoon silvered outside and with a lump of lead within me." But when the mistress was dead, she said to herself: "Now I am free, and can enjoy myself perfectly; for no one will ever know now that I am not quite what I seem." The goods, however, were now to be sold. The family silver was bought by a goldsmith, who prepared to melt it up, in order to work it anew. The unhappy wooden spoon was bought with the rest; she saw the furnace ready, and heard with dismay that they should all be cast therein. She was dreadfully alarmed, exclaimed against the cruelty practised towards the friendless orphans who had so lately lost their good protectress, and began to appeal to her companions in rank and misfortune, who lay calmly within sight of the furnace. "They will burn us up!" she cried. "They will turn us to ashes! How quietly you take such inhuman conduct!"

"O no!" said an old silver spoon and fork who lay composedly side by side—they had been comrades from youth, these two, and had already gone through the furnace, I know not how often—"O no! they will do us no harm. They may willingly melt us; the furnace will do us good, rather than harm, and we shall soon appear in a more fashionable and handsome form."

The silvered wooden spoon listened, but was not comforted. It did not comfort her to find that silver would not burn, for she knew well that wood would do so.

"Ah," sighed the silly little spoon, "I see it is not by brightness only, nor only by weight, that real silver is known." The silver was cast into the furnace; but when the goldsmith came and took her up, she cried, in great excitement, and with a trembling voice: "Dear master, I certainly am a silver spoon; that is seen both by my appearance and weight; but, then, I am not of the same sort of silver as the other spoons; I am of a finer sort, which cannot bear fire, but flies away in smoke."

"Indeed! What are you then? Perhaps tin?" "Tin! can the dear master think so unmeanly of me?"

"Perhaps even lead?"

"Lead! ah, the dear master can easily see if I am lead."

"Well, that will I do," said the master, and began to bend the handle, when snap it went in two, for wood will not bear bending like silver, any more than it will bear melting. The wooden handle broke in two, and out fell the lump of lead. "So!" cried the master; "only a common wooden spoon silvered over!"

"Yes," cried the poor spoon, which, so soon as the lead fell from her heart, grew quite light and happy—"yes, I am only a common wooden

spoon. Take away the silvering, dear master; cause me to be mended, and set me in the kitchen again, to serve out meal porridge for the rest of my life. Now know I well how stupid it was for a wooden spoon to want to pass for a silver one!"

MORAL.—Persons who are discontented with their proper positions, and who, with a view to pass for more than their real worth, resort to subterfuges, are sure to meet with disappointment, and to be reduced to an inferior position. Wooden spooneys, with lead in their hearts, are frequently visible in these days of silver, tinsel and gilt.

### ANECDOTE OF OLDEN TIME.

The following good story is taken from a New Hampshire paper, bearing date nearly twenty years ago:—

Mr. S—, a reputable and thrifty merchant of the last century, was possessed of a great deal of natural shrewdness, together with a tact for turning every circumstance to his own advantage. We have heard many anecdotes of him, and among others the following, which, perhaps, will better show off his peculiarities than a labored description. He kept a grocery store near Spring Hill, which like the grocery stores of that period, was filled with a variety of *notions*; among other things, he was famous for the good quality of his cotton, an article, which at that time was very scarce and high. One day a customer from the country drove up to his door, and inquired the price of his cotton.

"Three and sixpence per pound," replied S—.

"Weigh me a dozen pounds," says the countryman, at the same time stepping into the store with a large bag to put it in.

The cotton was weighed and put into the bag, and Mr. S— stepped into the counting-room to make a bill, leaving his customer busily engaged in tying it up. Now, it so happened, there was a small lot of good-looking cheese near the spot, and the countryman, though right from the land of milk and honey, could not resist the propensity to crib one of them. He accordingly took one up, and after looking about to see that none were observing him, slid it into the bag, which he immediately tied up, and patiently awaited the return of S—, who soon after came out, and presented the bill, which the countryman paid.

Now Mr. S— was one of the most polite men of the age, and at once his quick eye had detected the abduction of a cheese. He was at no loss to account for its disappearance, and instantly prepared himself to act as circumstances might require. The countryman, after one or two unimportant observations, was preparing to depart. S—, who we before observed was excessively polite, would by no means suffer him to carry his own bundle but offered his services, and at the same time took up the bag to carry it out. He had proceeded nearly to the door of his shop when he stopped.

"This bag is very heavy—I must have made a mistake in the weight of the cotton."

"I—I—I guess not," says the countryman.

"But I have, certainly," says S—. "I can hardly carry it—we must weigh it again."

By this time S— had it brought back to the counter, and was preparing to untie it. Here was a dilemma. If the bag was untied the theft would be discovered, and if weighed as it was, it would be paying monstrously high for the cheese. The countryman hem'd and ha'd, and scratched his head, but without getting a step out of the difficulty. To complete his consternation, at that moment another person entered the store; this decided him, and after drawing a long breath he stammered out,

Mr. S— don't trouble yourself to untie the bag, it weighs just a pound—I've weighed it a hundred times."

"No consequence," said S—, and he put the whole into the scales—"I knew I must have made a mistake. It weighs thirty-eight pounds—blockhead that I am! Let me see: twelve that you paid for, and one for the bag is thirteen—thirteen from thirty eight leaves twenty-five.—Twenty-five lbs. at three shillings and sixpence is £4 7s. 6d. 'Wait a moment; I will make another bill."

The countryman did wait, received the bill, and paid £4 7s. 6d. for his cheese. He then flung the bag into the wagon—jumped in and drove off, with a face glowing like ignited charcoal. Mr. S— remained in the door until he had bowed his customer out of sight, then turning round he coolly observed to the person within, "Our friend there has a fine horse; good George! how fast he trots!"

### BE GENTLE WITH CHILDREN.

"Now be quick, Mary, and come right back; you know what will come if you don't!" These words, spoken in no very pleasant tone, fell upon my ear, as I passed through the hall to my study. They were addressed by Betsy, the house-maid, to a sprightly, but not very thoughtful child of seven summers, whom she was sending with a message to a farm-house, some quarter of a mile distant. Mary set out at once, and, taking a seat a moment after, near a window which overlooked the road, my eye caught the form of the child, bounding away on her errand.

There is hardly anything in this cold world, like the feeling with which a father regards a bright, affectionate daughter. I doubt whether the much and justly eulogized love of a mother, strong as it is, is just *such* a feeling. Prompted by the recollection of what I had just heard, or by the dim remembrance of some of my own childish experiences, or perhaps by both combined, I determined to watch the movements of the little messenger. For the first few moments, the memory of the charge which she had received, seemed to give energy to the child's purpose, and she skipped along as if determined to obey to the letter. But, in passing the door of a neighbor, something attracted her attention. She paused—then ran into the yard, and it was some minutes before she re-appeared. Again on her way, it was not long before something new arrested her steps. It might be the sight of birds, or their music, or the discovery of the far-famed butterfly, which



so many children have chased. At all events, it was soon pretty clear that Mary had quite forgotten the impressive injunction of the house-keeper. "Ah, child!" thought I, as I turned from the window, "thou art a type of myself, thou art a true representative of thy kind!"

"Weak and irresolute is man;  
The purpose of to-day,  
Woven with pains into his plan,  
To-morrow rends away."

It might have been an hour or more later, when the door of my room was somewhat suddenly opened, and Betsy appeared, leading the little culprit. "Mary is a very bad girl," she said, in an excited tone. "I sent her to Mrs. K.'s, to get some things for her sick mother, and she has been gone these two hours, and lost her basket besides." So saying, she drew the reluctant child into the room, and went away. This introduction to me, then, was one of the afore-threatened consequences of disobedience.

"Mary," said I, "what does this mean?" Mary raised her eyes timidly to mine, but said nothing. Her countenance wore an expression of mingled shame, grief, and perplexity. "Come here, my child," I continued, "and tell me why you have been so naughty."

"I don't know," she said, after considerable hesitation, "but Betsy is so cross to me," and she burst into a passion of tears. This was evading the point, and I was about to say, with some severity, "But, child, you *do* know, and you must tell me," when the thought occurred to me that there was more truth in her answer than I was willing to give her credit for.

A little exercise of kindness and tact, on my part, drew from her the history of her little expedition. She had been sent away feeling that it was quite a relief to be out of sight of her harsh mentor; with no explanation of the necessity of "being quick" except a threat; and consequently no real respect for the authority which sent her. She had stopped to play with the children in the yard, from natural love to society. She had lingered to watch the birds, and listen to their songs, because she loved them, and was curious to see their movements. When coming back, she had set down her basket to pick some pretty flowers, and then forgotten it. I saw how it was, and received a lesson.

Mary perceived clearly enough the general idea that she had done wrong, but could not see where the wrong lay, or how, or why she had done it. She had never been taught that it was wrong to play, or to love the birds and the flowers, but, on the contrary, she had learned to think that these things were all right. Her error was that she had taken the wrong time to indulge in these innocent inclinations. On this point she had received little or no instruction. No wonder she could not tell why she had been "so naughty." The fault was partly in her instructors, and it was the consciousness of something of this kind which made her look so perplexed, and led her to say "I don't know."

This "I don't know," so often taken as an evidence of sullenness on the part of children, has more of truth and reason in it than many pa-

rents and teachers are aware of. Too often we deal with the child, just as if it know as much and could reason as well as ourselves.

*Be just to the children. Be gentle with the children.*

[*Mother's Journal and Family Visitant.*]

## THE EXCITEMENT OF SUSPENSE.

Willis somewhere relates the following incident:—There are circumstances in which the simplest sound becomes awful. I once watched with a dying friend in a solitary farm-house. It was a clear, still night in December, and there was not a sound to be heard beyond his just audible breathing. It wanted but a quarter to one, and I began to anticipate the striking of a large clock which stood in the farthest corner of the room in which I sat. It was, at first, simply with reference to my friend's comfort, for he was in a gentle doze, and fearing it might wake him from the only sleep he had got that night, I sat looking at the clock. I began to feel a nervous interest in its progress, and, as it advanced visibly, I leaned over and grasped closer and more firmly the arm of the huge chair. As it grew nearer, a strange fear began to curdle my blood, and I could feel my hair stand, as if each individual filament were withering at the root. It crept on—and on. There was but one minute left! I felt a smothering sensation at my heart, and it seemed to me as if my life must stop. But that one minute seemed to me an hour. Before it had expired every event of my life rushed through my memory, and the awful responsibility of time, and the aggregate of pain, and despair, and agony that was felt by the hundreds who were dying at that moment, and the guilt that was festering in the darkness the hearts of those who may not sleep, and, over all, my own thoughtless and immeasurable prodigality of time, and health and opportunity, crowded into my soul as if its capacity were equal to the concentrated anguish of a demon. The machinery at last began to stir. It seemed to me as if every vein in my body was an icy worm. My nerves stretched to an intenser pitch—large drops of sweat rolled from my forehead, and my heart stopped—almost. It struck!—and I fell back in my chair in a paroxysm of hysterical laughter! I have watched often since, and have been in situations far more calculated to excite terror, but nothing ever overcame me like that solitary vigil. I had been up night after night with my friend, and was certainly much enervated by fatigue and exhaustion; but the circumstance furnishes matter of speculation to the inquirer after the phenomena of human nature.

### A NOBLE ANSWER.

Robert Dormer, Earl of Carnarvon, a general of horse, in the service of Charles I., being mortally wounded, just before he expired, a nobleman came to him from the King, telling him, if he had any particular favor to ask of his Majesty, to name it, and he might depend on its being complied with. "No," replied he, "I will not die with any petition in my mouth, but to—the King of kings!"

## INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

**PAYING LIKE A SINNER.**—Several years ago, in North Carolina, where it is not customary for the tavern-keepers to charge the ministers anything for lodging and refreshments, a preacher presumingly stopped at a tavern one evening, made himself comfortable during the night, and in the morning entered the stage, without offering pay for his accommodations. The landlord soon came running up to the stage, and said, "There was some one who had not settled his bill." The passengers all said they had, but the preacher, who said he understood that he never charged ministers anything. "What, you a minister of the Gospel—a man of God?" cried the innkeeper; "you came to my house last night—you sat down at the table without a blessing; I lit you up to your room, and you went to bed without praying to your Maker (for I stood there until you retired); you rose and washed without prayer, ate your breakfast without saying *grace*; and as you came to my house like a sinner, and eat and drank like a sinner, you have got to *pay* like a sinner!"

The Wilkesbarre (Pa.) Gazette relates the following story, which it has from a gentleman in that vicinity, who had been seriously plagued by rats about his barn, all attempts to catch them proving fruitless.

The trap used was made of wire, and was so constructed that on a rat entering and nibbling at the bait, the trap would spring and cage the intruder. Frequently finding the bait gone, the man concluded he would watch the trap. Soon half-a-dozen rats made their appearance, and among them one that seemed to have more years than the others. He advanced slowly and cautiously towards the trap, and when the others made a move as if intending to rush to the bait, the old fellow would wag his tail, and they would fall behind him.

After viewing the trap closely, the old fellow approached the back part of it, and getting on it, shook the raised part until the trap sprung, and then put a paw through one of the openings between the wires, and taking the bait off made his retreat with it. The same thing was repeated the same afternoon.

Our neighbor, determined not to be out-generaled by a rat, set a common trap in a keg, and covered it with Indian meal. In due time, the old culprit entered the keg and was secured.

The Rev. Robert Hall, on being asked if Dr. Kippis was not a clever man, said, "He might be a very clever man by nature, for aught I know; but he laid so many books upon his head that his brain could not move."

Disgusted, on one occasion, by the egotism and conceit of a preacher, who, with a mixture of self-complacency and impudence, challenged his admiration of a sermon, Mr. Hall, who possessed strong powers of satire, which he early learned to repress, was provoked to say, "Yes, there was one very fine passage in your discourse, sir." "I am rejoiced to hear you say so—which was it?" "Why, sir, it was the *passage from the pulpit into the vestry.*"

When we were boys, little fellows, our father began to teach us to work, and we were anxious to perform the allotted tasks. We were splitting wood. A rough stick with a most obstinate knot, tried all the skill and strength of a weak arm, and we were about to relinquish the task when father came along. He saw the piece of wood had been chipped down and the knot hacked around, and took the axe, saying, "Always strike the knot." The words have always remained safe in memory. They are precious words, brethren. Never try to shun a difficulty, but look it right in the face; catch its eye and you can subdue it as a man can a lion. It will cower before you and sneak away and hide itself. If, you dread difficulties, difficulties will grow upon you till they bury you in obscurity.—*California Christian Advocate.*

"Di Tanti Palpiti" is called in Venice, "l'Aria dei Rizi," and for this reason. In this country, all dinners, whether of the rich or poor, commence with a dish of rice, which is eaten little dressed, after being put down to the fire a few minutes before serving. Rossini had entered his inn for the purpose of dining. He had taxed his genius in vain—nothing pleased him—all his efforts proved abortive. "Bisogna mettere i rizi" (shall I put down the rice?) said the cook; who wished to know by the question, whether he was ready for dinner. "Do so," said Rossini; and in the meanwhile he sat down to the piano. The fortunate moment arrived; the rice had not been brought up before the aria "Di tanti palpiti" was set to music.

Joseph Brasbridge, writing in 1824, says:—"I recollect the first broad-wheeled wagon that was used in Oxfordshire, and a wondering crowd of spectators it attracted. I believe at that time there was not a post-chaise in England, except two-wheeled ones. Lamps to carriages are also a modern improvement. A shepherd, who was keeping sheep in the vicinity of a village in Oxfordshire, came running over to say that a frightful monster, with saucer eyes, and making a great blowing noise, was coming towards the village. This monster turned out to be a post-chaise with two lamps."

The editor of the Palmer Journal has been mixing with a circle of rappers, and made a dollar-and-fifty cents out of the operation, as follows:—"We accepted an invitation to a sitting of a circle of spiritualists the other evening, and were not a little surprised when the following message was spelled out to the company—'*Pay the Printer!*'" It was subsequently explained through a medium, that the message was from the spirit of a delinquent subscriber, who owed us a dollar and a half. The friends of the departed paid us without hesitation, and the joy of a relieved spirit was manifested by raps, tipping the table, &c."

When about the age of seventeen, Madame de Stael was placed at a convent in France. She was in the habit of visiting a friend who lived across the square on which the convent was situated. The brother of her friend always insisted on escorting her home, and led her around the two sides

of the square. But as his passion decreased, he gradually shortened the route until he led her home by the nearest way. The witty lady remarked—"By this I learned that his passion diminished in the exact proportion of the diagonal to the two sides of a square." Probably the most accurate calculation of waning affection that maiden ever made.

When that vacancy happened on the Exchequer Bench, which was afterwards filled by Mr. Adams, the Ministry could not agree among themselves whom to appoint. It was debated in Council, the King, George II., being present; the dispute growing very warm, his Majesty put an end to the contest by calling out, in broken English, "I will have none of dese, give me the man wid de dying speech," meaning Mr. Adams, who was then Recorder of London, and whose business, therefore, it was to make the report to his Majesty of the convicts under sentence of death.

Joe Spiller, the comedian, having to give out a play on a Saturday evening, addressed the audience in the following manner:—"Ladies and gentleman, to-morrow"—but was interrupted by a person in the pit, who told him to-morrow was Sunday. "I know it, sir," replied the droll, and gravely proceeded: "To-morrow will be preached, at the parish church, St. Andrew's, Holborn, a charity sermon, for the benefit of a number of poor boys and girls; and on Monday will be presented in this place, a comedy, &c., for the benefit," &c.

On the occasion of Kepler's second marriage, he found it necessary to stock his cellar with a few casks of wine. When the wine-merchant came to measure the casks, Kepler objected to his method, as he made no allowance for the different sizes of the bulging parts of the cask. From this accident Kepler was led to study the subject of gauging, and to write a treatise on it, published at Linz, in 1615, and which contains the earliest specimens of the modern analysis.

A loquacious lady, ill of a complaint of forty years' standing, applied to Mr. Abernethy for advice, and had begun to describe its progress from the first, when Mr. A. interrupted her, saying he wanted to go into the next street, to see a patient; he begged the lady to inform him how long it would take her to tell her story. The answer was, twenty minutes. He asked her to proceed, and hoped she would endeavor to finish by the time he returned.

Sir Godfrey Kneller latterly painted more for profit than for praise, and is said to have used some experimental preparations in his colors, which made them work fair and smoothly off, but not endure. A friend noticing it to him, said, "What do you think posterity will say, Sir Godfrey Kneller, when they see these pictures some years hence?" "Say!" replied the artist: "why they'll say Sir Godfrey never painted them!"

"Hello, I say, what did you say your medicine would cure?" "O, it'll cure everything; heal everything." "Ah, well, I'll take a bottle. Maybe it'll heal my boots; they need it bad enough!"

## FEEDING-TIME IN WINTER. A FARMER'S LAY.

BY THOMAS E. VAN BEDDER.

I.  
Fierce wintry winds but little heeding,  
The farmer trudges off to feeding.

II.  
From the barn-door in the second story,  
He views a scene of purple glory.

III.  
All day the clouds looked cold and leaden,  
But now along the sky they redden.

IV.  
Across their colors bright and listed  
He sees black trees all gnarled and twisted.

V.  
He hears below him cattle lowing,  
And marks how well his colts are growing.

VI.  
Home trots his mare; the smith has shod her,  
His farm-boys toss about the fodder.

VII.  
His grooms rub down the horses' haunches;  
The cock and hens creep up the branches.

VIII.  
Ere stars their radiance shall be shedding,  
Each beast shall have good food and bedding.

IX.  
Nor does the farmer leave the stable  
Till candles light his supper-table.

X.  
Thence to his home so snug and cozy,  
To greet his wife and children rosy.

## PLEASANT CHILDREN.

Every where—every where—

Like the butterfly's silver wings,  
That are seen by all in the summer air—  
We meet with these beautiful things!  
And the low, sweet lisp of the baby child  
By a thousand hills is heard,  
And the voice of the young heart's laughter wild,  
As the voice of a singing bird!

The cradle rocks in peasant's cot,  
As it rocks in the noble's hall,  
And the brightest gift in the loftiest lot  
Is a gift that is given to all;  
For the sunny light of childhood's eyes  
Is a boon like the common air,  
And like the sunshine of the skies,  
It falleth everywhere!

They tell us that old earth no more  
By angel feet is trod,  
They bring not now, as they brought of yore,  
The oracles of God.  
Oh! each of these young human flowers  
God's own high message bears,  
And we are walking, all our hours,  
With "Angels, unawares!"

By stifling street and breezy hill  
We meet their spirit mirth;  
That such bright shapes should linger, till  
They take the stains of earth!  
Oh! play not those a blessed part  
To whom the boon is given  
To leave their errand with the heart,  
And straight return to Heaven!

## DESTRUCTION OF LIFE ON OUR RAILROADS.

The Rev. E. H. Chapin, of New York, made reference, in a discourse, to the fearful loss of life by recent accidents on railroads; and, in doing so, urged, eloquently, considerations of public duty.

"I do not wish," said he, "to forestal any legal judgment, and to excite bad passions, is as contrary to my intention as it would be to my office. But I believe that the teaching a sacred regard for human life is a function of that office: and if the Divine Master walked over earth with solicitude for every bodily ill, may not the servant who professes to preach His Word be justified in endeavoring to strengthen the securities of life and limb? I do not wish to excite vindictiveness, but there is an honest indignation that has a right to express itself under the conviction of recklessness and ruin. And to those who say, 'Do nothing under excitement;' I reply, excitement may not be the time to complete measures, but it is the time to *start* them. Wait until the excitement passes away, and away ebbs all practical effort until some new mode of desolation re-awakens the desire for it.

"Pass the measures deliberately, calmly; but start them now. Pronounce no final judgment under excitement. For this specific case, I do not presume to determine who is to blame, or whether anybody is; but surely now is the time, as far as may be, to provide against such results in the future. And the possibility of such provision is founded in our conviction of man's recklessness—man's recklessness, not God's decree. When the stroke of calamity descends upon us from that mysterious depth, which the ancients called 'Fate,' but which we call Providence, we bow in submission to its inevitability. But it cannot be denied that the list of genuine 'accidents' is much more limited than the use of the term. Casualties in travel, which have their origin in causes beyond man's control, are comparatively few. Nature seldom deceives us in her conditions, if man is vigilant on his part. A wheel breaks; but who questioned its soundness? An axle snaps asunder, but how was the iron tested? A collision takes place, but was time punctually observed? A train plunges into the river, but was every responsible agent watchful at his post? If not, then life was not destroyed by accident, but by murder; not malignant assassination—not that kind of murder which comes from active passion, but from the next thing to it—*indifference*.

"And against this recklessness, I repeat, provision should be made by every measure which will enforce respect for human life—a sentiment which, I am grieved to say, needs to be more widely and deeply felt in our age and our country. Life is precious. It is a priceless freight which you bear in those rushing cars, oh! driving engineer—a freight of warm blood, and beating hearts, and dear relations' lips. The engine that pants before with throbbing breast, and arteries of fire, is but a poor symbol of the precious vitality and curious workmanship of the meanest

life that it drags along. An unsteady brain, a deceit of the eye, a slight risk, and the wealth of existence committed to your charge is shattered to ruin. And is it not right that community, that fathers and wives, and brothers and sons, should hold you stringently bound to all the responsibilities of your office, and refuse to cast upon Providence the burden of your fault? Something besides profit and the price of stock must enter into your account, O! iron-hearted corporation. Against dollars you must balance life; and if a little gain is of more consequence than a bolt more firmly driven, or an additional officer at a dangerous point, say not that that community acts merely under excitement if it cuts the nerves by which corporations do feel.

"Yes, the very time to rebuke that carelessness which holds us so often at its mercy, and for which human hearts and human lives are so often sacrificed, is a time like this, when the public mind is intensely excited, stirred up by the horror and the agony to make some provision for future safety. In the name of the dead and of the living, let there be judicious, just, yet prompt action upon this matter."

## IT'S WHAT YOU SPEND.

[Under this caption, the Ledger makes some very sensible remarks which we copy, and to which we especially refer all who are just setting out in life. A wise economy is a very different thing from sordid penuriousness; while the latter should always be condemned, too much cannot be urged in behalf of the former.]

"It's what thee'll spend, my son," said a sage old Quaker, "not what thee'll make, which will decide whether thee's to be rich or not." The advice was trite, for it was but Franklin's, in another shape: "Take care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves." But it cannot be too often repeated. Men are continually indulging in small expenses, saying to themselves that it is only a trifle, yet forgetting that the aggregate is serious, that even the seashore is made up of petty grains of sand. Ten cents a day even is thirty-six dollars and a half a year, and that is the interest of a capital of six hundred dollars. The man that saves ten cents a day only is so much richer than him who does not, as if he owned a life estate in a house worth six hundred dollars. Every sixteen years ten cents a day becomes six hundred dollars; and, if invested quarterly, does not take half that time. But ten cents a day is child's play, some will exclaim. Well then, John Jacob Astor used to say that when a man, who wishes to be rich, has saved ten thousand dollars, he has won half the battle. Not that Astor thought ten thousand much. But he knew that, in making such a sum, a man acquired habits of prudent economy, which would constantly keep him advancing in wealth. How many, however, spend ten thousand in a few years in extra expenses, and when, on looking back, cannot tell, as they say, "where the money went to." To save is the golden rule to get rich. To squander, even in small sums, is the first step towards the poor-house.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.—No. 1.

BY THOS. E. VAN BEBBER.

A PEDESTRIAN EXCURSION FROM  
PARIS TO BRUSSELS.

Has any one of my readers ever taken a pedestrian excursion through any part of a foreign land? Has he taken it when in the first bloom of his youth, when any land must have looked new and bright to him, and even home scenes had not lost their novelty? Has he taken it, not alone, or by the side of a hireling guide, but in company with one bosom friend, or rather with *two*, the little party thus making up that more complete and mystic number, in which there is a brisker interchange of mirth, observation or argument? If he has, he must assuredly have laid up a store of reminiscences which will freshen the remainder of his life.

But if in addition to the mere passing enjoyment of the moment, he has taken care to jot down his impressions on the spot—however rudely—or has sketched the prominent objects of interest—however imperfectly—these rough memorials will be dearer to him afterwards than the most elaborate sentences he may have penned, or the most finished designs he may have committed to the canvas.

The author of the following tour had, during the course of it, his pencil constantly in his hand, not to draw but to write. The rough sketches thus hastily scrawled are now lying before me. To my eye they call up many a scene, the interest of which has never faded, though it would be impossible by means of words to impart that interest to the mind of another. Often these sketches are mere diagrams, mere rough outlines, rude etchings without shading or color; often things uninteresting in themselves are detailed at length, merely because they happened at the time, or because in recording them the writer had more leisure than usual, and the very act of writing was an amusement. To bring them before the public in so crude a form would never answer. Many gaps are to be filled up; many excrescences to be pruned away. Inner pictures obtain their due correctness of perspective and mellowing of tint not at the moment immediately after observation, but when viewed from a stand-point more distant and elevated. To remove the rawness and imperfections of the first record without rubbing away the gloss and freshness of the first impressions, is a task not altogether unattended with difficulty. I will perform it to the best of my ability.

My travelling companions were two in number; one an English student of theology, who was residing on the Continent because he could live cheaper there than at home; the other, far nearer and dearer to my heart, was my own countryman and kinsman. Of the first I have never since heard, and know not whether he be now alive or dead; the other has been snatched from me by an early death, and his bones now repose in the same church-yard in which I expect my own to be deposited.

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At that time both were young and joyous—both buoyant with health and exuberant with spirits. And in preparing the following pages for the press, how many a bright smile lay dawn upon the writer's inner eye, of which the reader must know nothing; how many a little incident of travel too trifling to be committed to paper, but which at the time constituted the magic of the passing moment, must be left unrecorded—the free, innocent outburst of youthful gaiety—the running joke picked up by the wayside—the flashing sally of mirth too evanescent to be retained by aught but the magic mirror of memory—these, dear reader, will attend me in my passage along this narrative—they are not for *you*. I journey on surrounded by visions unseen by all except myself. These sometimes cause me to smile, and sometimes fill my eyes with tears. The changing play of features; the varying tone of voice; the laugh; each peculiarity of gait and carriage; each simple look and word that served to lighten the fatigue of travel, and often enlivened the road when our feet were sore with journeying—these, reader, I cannot communicate—I see them—yes, my two friends are again with me, one on either side—I see them as plainly as I do this paper—you never can.

Although I had pedestrianised on former occasions, I never before was so well equipped for this exhilarating method of travel. Our costume was somewhat similar to that worn by the German students when they journey on foot, except that we carried our smoking-tobacco in our pockets instead of having it hung before us in a pouch. It consisted of "blouse," girdle and haversack, the two latter of nicely glazed leather, the last sufficiently capacious to contain all the wardrobe needful to a pedestrian. And as we passed on towards the Barriere St. Denis, about sunrise on the first day of the most fickle month of all the year, our appearance attracted some observation even in such a city as Paris, but though many stared, no one so much as whispered either in French or English, anything like "April-fool."

Treading the magnificent avenue which received us as soon as we passed the city-gate, and which delighted us with a grand row of trees on either side, we reached St. Denis in good time for breakfast. Here we did not fail to visit the famous church which owes its existence to King Dagobert in 631. Long and in bewildered astonishment did we stand gazing on the grotesque sculptures in stone which ornament the facade. They looked to me like petrifications of some of Dante's wildest conceptions. No frenzied monk ever peopled the solitude of the cloister with a more amorphous or bewildering assemblage of monsters in every conceivable attitude of grimace, pantomime and distortion. It almost made the eye ache to look upon them. It seemed as though the denizens of hell had suddenly been turned to stone and fixed there in mid-air for ever. Some of them seemed crouching under intolerable weights, some were trodden under foot by bishops and cardinals, some wrestling and tugging at each other in deadly warfare. Anything more thoroughly Dantesque in spirit and creation it would be difficult to conceive.

On entering the church itself, we heard on one



side the chanting of priests, and on the other the sound of hammers made by the workmen who were repairing the edifice. To my ears no unpleasing mixture. Why should not labor and worship go on contemporaneously in the same place? Why should they not mingle their voices together in the same building as well as in the same heart? What can be sweeter than the chime of bells rising above the hum of a populous city?

Near the door we observed some sculptured relief executed in the same grotesque style as that which had arrested us outside. Here they seemed out of place. No image of goblin or demon ought ever to find its way inside a sacred edifice. Here we should have something to attract, not to frighten and repel. Ideas of grace and beauty, forms of faultless proportion and symmetry, angels, cherubs and innocent doves, these, if any, should soothe and tranquilize our hearts, as we turn our faces towards the altar. But we are obliged to take the centuries as we find them. The Middle Age had a different mode of thinking. I would not have it otherwise. It is pleasant to study the spirit of those strange old times. Europe was then in the gray twilight which precedes the dawn of a bright morning, and in the dusky air men saw monstrous and ghastly forms. Earthquakes had shaken the world to its centre; graves had burst open, and rueful apparitions were flitting about on vampyre-wings.

We then examined the superb cenotaph of Francis the First, remarkable for its masterly workmanship. He died in 1547. On the opposite side is also one to Henry II. and Louis XII. A churlish sexton then led us through the subterranean vaults in which are contained the bodies of a long race of kings; but as he hurried us through with great rapidity, and would not permit us to take notes on the spot, but few distinct impressions were left on our minds. This I lamented the more, as it is one of those places in which, as in Westminster-Abbey, a contemplative spirit might have mused for hours. The burial place of kings! the very sound has fascination in it. And the stone effigies of a long line of kings and queens, standing, kneeling or reclining on their tombs, in the very same costume in which they once lived and moved upon this earth! Even yet I have a dim vision of the fat, puffy cheeks of Philippe Le Bel, and of the saintly Marie de Bourbon *la religieuse*, standing upright in the habiliments of her order, very sweet and nun-like in the expression of her countenance.

But such solemn reminiscences accord not with the frolic archness of the First of April. I for one would rather play the fool on such a day beneath the blue eye of Heaven, than mope like an owl in the dusk of clustering columns and Gothic arches. Are not sweet airs wooing us abroad into the open roads? Are not the swallows twittering and crossing each other's path in sight-bewildering curves? Are not cloud-shadows chasing each other over green wheat fields? Do any violets grow among the tombs of those dead kings? No daffodils or butterflies there. Then up and away! the fresh April-showers will soon wash away all melancholy fancies.

We dined that day at a village called Echuon.

The village, as is very common in France, has an old castle standing near it. In the castle nothing is worthy of note save an ancient and almost obliterated fresco above the fire-place of one of the chambers. It represents King Pepin le Brave killing a mad bull by a blow of his dagger, whilst the admiring courtiers are ranged around to witness his prowess. He is depicted in the act of throwing himself upon the neck of the infuriated animal.

The next day, about one o'clock, we arrived at Chantilly, where, after dining and refreshing ourselves with a bottle of wine, we sallied forth to examine the curiosities in its vicinity. A few hundreds yards from the village stand the stables which once belonged to the great Condé.

An American is accustomed to associate anything but ideas of elegance with a stable; how would he be surprised then to find a building appropriated to the accommodation of horses, adorned with some of the finest embellishments of architecture? The eye is first struck with its great magnitude, and then by the beautiful reliefs which decorate, without overloading it. The building is of yellow freestone, and the ornaments have all of them some relation either to war, the chase, or the race-course. On the top a horse's head for a weathercock, turns with every blast, and indicates, by its apparently snorting nostrils, every change in the winds: an alto-relievo above the principal door represents an animated boar-hunt; another on one of the wings presents to view three prancing horses, whose heads, breasts and forelegs project beyond the wall, and who seem ready for an aerial gallop. The windows and entablatures are ornamented with helmets, spears and instruments of knightly warfare. On each side of the main entrance is seen a dog-head, with a ring in its mouth: to the ring are artfully suspended bows, arrows, skins, horns, tusks, claws, and all the boasted trophies of the chase. In short, it is a magnificent palace for gallant steeds, with every appropriate appointment and ornament. In the centre of the building is a circular space formerly used as a riding-school, and for training horses.

The grounds around this once splendid establishment are watered by means of the little rivulet Nonette, which, by being dammed up above, affords at the same time both a reservoir and a cascade. On the banks of an artificial lakelet are seen statues: on its surface pleasure-boats and swans; whilst light bridges here and there spring across the water.

The castle itself is partly old and partly new. It belonged first to the family of Montmorenci, then to the great Condé, and at the time I saw it was the property of the Duke d'Aumale. Within sight of it stands the castle of the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien, which, like the memory left by its master, is sombre enough. Its closed window-shutters, its gloomy, uninhabited appearance, and the associations which clustered around it, produced none but mournful impressions.

Taking leave of Chantilly early in the morning, we pursued our road through a forest so extensive as to bear some resemblance to the woodlands of America, except that it was cut in every

direction by roads as straight as a line. This wood used to be the hunting-ground of the great Condé. In the centre of this magnificent forest is a circular place called "le Rendez-vous des Chasseurs." And in the centre of this sylvan circle, "edged round with dark tree tops," is a large, round stone—a sort of woodland centre-table. It seemed to me a spot of unwonted beauty. Avenues radiate in straight lines towards all points of the compass, and open beautiful vistas, to the extremity of which the eye in vain endeavors to pierce. It must have been a gallant sight when on some day of gathering for the chase, jolly huntsmen were seen collecting about that round stone, or prancing up the different avenues, their horns sounding, their plumes waving, their steeds ramping, and the whole woodlands shaking with halloos and bugle-blasts.

We chose the avenue leading to the château de la Dame Blanche, and journeying on with light hearts and nimble heels, we soon reached it. It is a hunting-seat, and at that time, like the forest we had just traversed, belonged to the Duke d'Aumale. It lies romantically embosomed between two woody hills. The Dame Blanche from whom it has received its name was the mother of St. Louis. The building is a "refacimento" of the old château which once stood there, with many modern and flashy ornaments intermixed, which somewhat mar the effect. It is a bad imitation of the ancient Gothic style, and the artist in striving after the antique has, like Chatterton in his poems, somewhat overdone the thing.

From this spot to the town of Senlis, the road still conducted us through the same extensive forest. At Senlis I saw the ruins of what had once been a fine Gothic church converted into a barn. Straw, potatoes, and implements of husbandry assorted, but poorly with the ribbed nave, the clustered columns and the solemn vaulted arches which still resisted the influence of time.

And so we sauntered on, from village to village, laughing much, and eating our lenten dinners with unusual zest and appetite. One thing we were always sure of meeting—fresh eggs and plenty of them. And what cup or saucer in the world is as clean inside, or ever contained more savory pabulum than a newly laid egg-shell? At night, too, we were always certain of good beds; in the very meanest villages we were in this particular never disappointed. We had, as may well be supposed, an eye ever open for the fresh-looking country girls, who charmed us by their native vivacity, and who in spite of the coarse materials of which their dress was composed, and the great wooden "sabots" in which they clattered about the house, had a certain trigness of figure and gracefulness of motion, not common in other countries to poor village maidens. Some of the most pleasant moments we spent during the excursion were around the kitchen-fire, chatting away in such French as we could command, and watching the innocent romps which took place between the young men and the girls. And on the hills and roadsides, where in this country we might see a solitary ploughman plodding behind his horses, we would behold groups

of cheerful peasants, each furnished with a spade, and tilling the soil of the field with as much care as we bestow upon our gardens. No farm-houses are to be found in this part of France; the people all cluster in villages. There are their barns; there they keep their agricultural utensils. They cannot endure the solitude of the open country. These villages only appear well in the distance. No grass-plots, no clumps of trees, no flower-pots about the windows, no vines covering the nakedness of the ugly gables. They abound too in miserable "drinkerries," with signs, the inscriptions of which are sure to be mis-spelt, it being very common to see the word "*audevi*" in large letters above the door.

We often passed on the road a curious nondescript species of vehicle, something between a cart and a drag; it has a long body, broad wheels, and is drawn by four, sometimes six horses, one before the other, and altogether forms the most ungainly and grotesque moving thing I have ever yet met with. As for turning, an alligator is beyond dispute its superior. And such harness! But it was something new to look at, and we enjoyed the sight of it amazingly.

For the first fifty miles after leaving Paris we passed over what seemed a series of sloping or rolling elevations, rising behind each other, at nearly equal distance, and presenting gracefully curved outlines, so that we often found ourselves standing in the centre of a circle of hills, the summits of which were surmounted by villages and windmills. These ridges, thus forming "cycle in epicycle, orb in orb," ingirdle rich valleys, each watered by its streamlet, and all in a fine state of cultivation.

Soon after leaving Senlis we crossed the river Oise, which is here spanned by a fine stone bridge, with three arches. On the stream we saw some small vessels of Flemish build and appearance.

At Etré, where we spent the night, we had a fine opportunity of observing the manners and domestic life of the French peasantry. Exchanging our boots for slippers, lighting our clay pipes, and seating ourselves in the chimney corner, we silently and tranquilly watched the scene around, through clouds of fragrant smoke, which softened the features of the picture, without obscuring them. There was the busy housewife, (she was a fresh-looking matron, with rosy cheeks and clattering wooden shoes) bustling about the room, brimful of work and cheerfulness—the sportive children, twining wreaths of spring flowers—the lazy dog, reposing before the fire—the huge black pot, steaming and fuming above the flame, and giving promise of a hearty meal. This was better than being in a restaurant at Paris. There was a homely and hearty smack of fireside enjoyment about it, which no Hotel Garni or city inn ever yet furnished.

During these preparations we observed the rosy mother often throwing large slices of bread into a vessel of water which hung above the fire, and on enquiring what she was making, she answered that she was preparing soup for the calf, and concluded with the shrewd apothegm, "*chacun a son potage particulier.*"

## CURE FOR ENNUI.

BY NELEH R. CELTIN.

"Good evening, Ella, I am glad to see you. I was just thinking that perhaps you would be in, the evening is so fine."

"It is beautiful, Mary," answered the young girl addressed, "and then I was so tired moping at home alone. But *you* have been walking; have you not? I saw you pass a little while ago."

"Yes, I have been down to farmer Lane's."

"To farmer Lane's! Why what induced you to take so long a walk as that? It is almost two miles—is it not?"

"Nearly that. But I enjoy walking this fine weather, and am so much accustomed to it, that a few miles does not fatigue me. And if it did so, I should be amply repaid for it by the pleasure I derive from spending a few hours at the Lanes. There is one of the few family circles where perfect peace and harmony preside, and love and confidence in each other always the same. I once spent several months in their family, and know such to be uniformly the case with them. No effort is ever visible to bring this about, but every thing moves on so smoothly and harmoniously—and it is so seldom that the wheels of domestic life are free from friction, that it is quite refreshing to witness it."

"And you," said Ella laughing, "being about to commence domestic life on your own account, wish to take lessons in the art of bringing about this desirable state of things? But you are a strange girl, and certainly unlike those bees of Trebizond, that draw poison from the sunniest flowers, for you derive pleasure and improvement from what would seem to me irksome and annoying, and find enjoyment and instruction in the society of the dullest, prosiest people in the world."

"But these people are *not* dull and prosy as you call them, and you would say so, if you were thoroughly acquainted with them, and should see the daily beauty of their lives. They live rationally and talk sensibly, it is true, but their conversation is not dull. It is not only intelligent, but is enlivened by pleasantry and seasoned with wit."

"I own," said Ella, "that perhaps I do not do them justice—I am so tired of this dull country life, that I am aware that I look at everything through dismal spectacles. I don't know why aunt ever came here to live."

"But you need not be wretched here," said Mary, "though you do not find the excitement to which you have been accustomed. There are many sources of enjoyment if you will only find them out and put them to use. And those who do so, though you think their existence dull, live much more rationally and enjoy a greater amount of real happiness, than those in cities, who live in a constant whirl of excitement; though I own, a little more variety would be desirable. To live sensibly, I think, a portion of our time should be given to something useful, and by doing so, we enjoy amusement and relaxation with a much keener zest, and would find little time for ennui or the blues."

"I am often troubled with ennui," said Ella, "and become weary with myself and all the world.

I have sometimes resorted to your remedy of doing something useful, but I did not succeed very well; I never could feel sufficient interest in whatever I tried to experience much relief from it, and I came to the conclusion that such things were for dull, plodding people."

"That," said Mary, "was because you did not persevere in such a course till it became a habit. Should you do so, you would derive substantial pleasure from it, and would wonder how you ever could have given all your time to idleness and frivolity, when your own happiness and that of others could be so much better promoted by spending a portion of it in a different manner."

"I am far from happy now, that is certain," said Ella, "and I have a great mind to try the experiment. But I don't see what I can do to benefit the world. You will have to point out a course for me, suitable to my talents."

"I do not suppose," said Mary, smiling, "that it will be necessary for you to set off on a mission to teach the Chinese the folly of wearing tight shoes, or anything of that kind. There is no need of travelling to another planet to find employment, nor to a remote quarter of this. There are innumerable ways in which persons can render themselves useful if they sincerely desire to do so. They can become so by making *themselves* better. The influence of a correct example in all things, has an incalculable influence for good on those around. Some persons, you know, it is said, 'pay for living in the world, by what they *are*, not by what they *do*,'—and most of us can find plenty of employment in self-improvement, if we have nothing else to do. And then if you have not the talent to make people *wiser*, you can make them happier. Smiles and pleasant tones, and words of sympathy, do much towards making earth brighter and better. There are no persons more useful in the world than those who diffuse around them the sunshine of cheerfulness wherever they go. There is enough to do. It has been well said by some one, that if you wish to make yourself useful in the world, the best way is to begin where you are. Begin at the centre and work outward."

"The truth is," said Ella, "I have never lived for any definite object: I have often wished I could do so, but thought some great change must be effected in my life to enable me to do this. I am resolved to try the experiment. At any rate, the trial will afford a little variety, and give some aim to my existence. As you hint, I will not despise small beginnings, and as my circle enlarges, who knows what I may yet effect? I hope I shall not have to wait very long for a harvest of happiness from this course, when I once set about it in earnest."

"I suppose," said Mary, "you will be happier from the very moment of resolving on a right course, and your happiness will increase in a ratio corresponding to the faithfulness with which you carry out your resolution."

"Well, I will try—and as you say, I will 'begin at home' first, and I will report to you how I succeed. I will not thank you for your kindness, for I know it is a sufficient reward for itself. But I must hasten home; aunt will be looking for me. Good evening."

## THE YOUNG CHILDREN.

"Their angels do always behold the face of my Father in Heaven."

And who art thou, beautiful child,  
With thy bounding feet and laughter wild?  
Whence is the wonderful light that lies  
Like "illuminated scripture" within those eyes?  
Whence are the truths they discoursed but now?  
Beautiful darling, who art thou?

I have hearkened long—was it echoes stirred  
By the harps of thine angel guards, I heard?  
Was it far-off "speech of wisdom," taught  
By them in thy heart, I had almost caught?  
And they, ah, they! have they such might,  
Such wealth of heavenly grace,  
Such holiness, it giveth light  
To see "the Father's face?"

"Always?"—so spake the Prince of Peace,  
His glory *always* see!  
Hath He appointed such as these  
To keep and counsel *thee*?

Then, then, indeed, is thy errand blest,  
They are "words of life" thou interpretest;  
We thought to have caught them ourselves, but  
no—

We had lost the science long ago;  
We have wandered far from *thy* sinless track;  
We are weak and blind, wilt thou guide us back?  
A. P.

## HETABEL.

There's a deep pond hid in yon piny cover  
That's garlanded with rose-blooms wild and  
sweet,  
Enwreathed with pensile willows, hanging over  
Green, bowery nooks, and many a soft retreat  
Where Hetabel and I did often meet.

There the brown throistle sings, there skims the  
swallow,  
There the blue-budded ash its foliage weaves  
From deep-struck roots, brodered with sedge and  
mallow;  
Fair lies the pool, beneath its ridgy eaves,  
Blotted with waxen pods and ornate leaves.

There workless rests the mill; each withered  
shingle  
Lets through the sun-threads on the knotted  
floor;  
There, where the village hinds were wont to mingle,  
Tall weeds upspring; and in the cob-webbed  
door,  
One sees plain written, "They shall come no  
more!"

There the white cottage stands! shadow'd and  
sullen,  
Its ruined porch, with fruitless vines o'erclung;  
In beds, and pebbled paths, the vagrant mullen  
Tops the rank briars, where once musk-roses  
sprung;  
Heart's-ease, and slender spires with blue-bells  
hung.

There, in that solitude, deserted, lonely,  
Closed in a little Eden of our own,  
Unvisited, save by the wood-birds; only  
Ourselves (sweet Hetabel and I) alone,  
Our very trysting-place unsought, unknown,

Wandered; sometimes beneath the pine's dark  
shadow,

Sometimes, at evening, when the mill's thick  
flume

Trembled in silver, and the distant meadow  
Was half snow-white—half hid in sunken  
gloom,

Even as our own lives—half joy, half doom.

Half joy—half doom! the blissful years are faded,  
And the dark-shadowed half is left to me;  
By grief, not time, my scattered hairs are braided  
With silver threads. And Hetabel? Ah! she  
Sleeps by her babe beneath the cypress tree!

## GATHERED FRAGMENTS.

## TENDENCIES TO GOOD AND TO EVIL.

Much, or most, of the good which we enjoy  
comes to us through our own exertions. Our  
whole constitution is framed on this idea of our  
own working to secure needed and desired good.  
The Supreme Disposer has dealt with us in the  
inner world of our souls, as in the outer world of  
nature. He has not made creation a garden of  
ever-produced and undecaying fruitage, but rough  
with weeds and woods. He has written the hard  
soil and the rude forest all over with the same  
sentence that is recorded in the Bible, "In the  
sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." So a  
like decree, stamped in the constitution of the  
soul, commands us to earn spiritual good by our  
own labor. We are made not good, but to be-  
come good. Various tendencies to good and evil  
struggle together in the human breast. *There* is  
a wilderness to be subdued and made fruitful,  
tempests of passion to be calmed, luxuriance of  
worldliness and sensuality to be lopped off.  
There must be tendencies to evil, else there would  
be no virtue, no merit in being good. Thus only  
could our spiritual power be brought forth, and  
our highest glory consummated. He only is great  
and good who has overcome evils and foes. Is  
not man a nobler being for having had the mater-  
ial world to subdue and cultivate? And may he  
not be a nobler being also for the inward rough-  
ness of his own nature, for the very wildness of  
his passions, for the very hardness of that soil  
where his virtues are sown? Yes; here is an-  
other region for labor more severe, and dominion  
more extensive. Here are chances for glory be-  
yond all the dreams of ambition; for "he that  
ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that  
taketh a city."

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE IN HER PROPER  
SPHERE.

Woman's influence, as presented in the habits  
it has moulded, and the graces it has fostered,  
and the charities it has guarded, and the aspira-  
tions it has inspired, shines out from its own  
quiet and retired sphere of the household life,  
with steady, cheering, untroubled beam, upon  
the dark and outer sea of public life. The great  
English statesman, Burke, alluding to the singu-  
lar felicity of his own married life, amid all the  
vexations and storms of his political career, said  
all his cares deserted him the moment his foot  
crossed his own threshold. Thus indirectly,

and by her influence on her husband, in soothing and sustaining him, the wife of the great English orator was most fitly and most beautifully influencing the circles of political activity, through which Burke moved with such dazzling radiance.

### EDUCATION.

This is the great benefit of all education—not the positive knowledge it bestows, however useful and convenient, but the elevation of mind and the sense of character derived from the possession of any kind of useful knowledge, from being placed in constant communion with nature, with kindred mind, with the spiritual world, and with God Himself. On the other hand, the utterly ignorant person leads the existence of a brute beast, of a poisonous weed, of a dull clod. True charity, therefore, is not so much to feed the hungry as to impart spiritual and wholesome food to the starving mind.

### IMPORTANCE OF PARENTAL DUTIES.

Every parent ought to remember that his children are committed to him, that all their interests are put into his hands, that to train them up to virtue and usefulness, to habits of filial and reverential love and obedience and of fraternal beneficence, is ordinarily the chief duty required of him, and the chief good which he can ever accomplish. If he neglects this duty, he ought not to expect that it will ever be accomplished. It requires well-directed and persevering effort, and, therefore, neither chance nor those destitute of that fountain of persevering effort, a parent's love, can be expected to perform it. If he fail in his duty to his children, no one will ever supply his deficiencies. Generally, where parents neglect their duties, the children are lords of themselves—"that heritage of woe;" they become the associates of evil companions, the victims of unbridled passions, the slaves of unrestrained and low propensities, the sources of annoyance and unhappiness in families and neighborhoods. Such are some of the sad consequences of the neglect of the parental duties.

Parents should also remember that childhood is the seed-time for all good; the season when every desirable impression is most easily made; the time when almost all that can be done for a child is to be done. They should remember that the encouragement is very great. For experience abundantly proves that well-governed children are almost always well-behaved men. The mother of Washington had learned this lesson taught by experience. When informed of one of the many worthy deeds of her son, she remarked that it was not any more than she was well prepared to expect, "for," said she, "George was always a good boy."

### THE FRUITS OF LOVE.

Beautiful it is to contemplate the work Love does for this world only. How it moves to effort, spurs to success, kindles the desire of gain, else sordid, and cherishes a tenderness for reputation. It dignifies even the gaudy show of earthly luxury and splendor to remember how far this is the gift of a prompting affection; how many of the beautiful adornments are tokens of love;

how much that would be folly, if spent on selfish and sensual desires, is sanctified and immortalized by disinterested kindness; for how much lavish profusion a true sentiment gravely pleads; how it alone keeps the splendor undimmed on the diamond's point, and the fine gold unchanged in the bracelet's polish, and allows us to keep, wear, or enjoy what we should be ashamed to procure! Love prompts us to toil, to endure, to forego and to sacrifice. Its children are Patience, Devotion and Heroism. Second only to Religion is its motive and inspiration. How it surrounds the dear object with every comfort, privilege, and social advantage; with all the means of solid education and various accomplishment! How it builds up the precious heart with the granite strength of principle, and on the front of sincerity shapes the ornaments of grace!

### UNBELIEF IN IMMORTALITY.

When a man, whose life has been devoted to pleasure, who has had, morning, noon and night, only the one thought of riches, or who has been assiduously all his days climbing up the ladder of earthly ambition—when such a one tells me he does not believe in the immortality of the soul, I am not at all surprised. I believe it none the less, nor is it the less credible, for his disbelief. *The wonder would be if he did believe it.* His scepticism is his inward condemnation; it is the retribution and punishment of his selfish, fleshly course. His ability to discern or appreciate a spiritual life is buried beneath a thick crust of animalism. So the tribes of the field walk about untouched, and in dull stupidity behold with the outward eye those splendors of creation, whose matchless order thrills the musing and devout human heart with utmost rapture.

### THE MAGIC OF CHEMISTRY.

Chemistry is one of the most attractive sciences. From the beginning to the end, the student is surprised and delighted with the developments of the exact discrimination, as well as the power and capacity which are displayed in various forms of chemical action. Dissolve two substances in the same fluid, and then by evaporation, or otherwise, cause them to re-assume a solid form, and each particle will unite with its own kind, to the entire exclusion of all others. Thus, if sulphate of copper and carbonate of soda are dissolved in boiling water, and then the water is evaporated, each salt will be re-formed as before. This phenomenon is the result of one of the first principles of the science, and as such is passed over without thought; but it is a wonderful phenomenon, and made of no account only by the fact that it is so common and so familiar.

It is by the action of this same principle, "elective affinity," by which we produce the curious experiments with SYMPATHETIC INKS. By means of these, we may carry on a correspondence which is beyond the discovery of all not in the secret. With one class of these inks the writing becomes visible only when moistened with a particular solution. Thus, if we write to you with a solution of sulphate of iron, the letters are invisible. On the receipt of our letter you rub over the



sheet a feather or sponge, wet with solution of nut-galls, and the letters burst forth into sensible being at once, and are permanent.

2. If we write with a solution of sugar of lead, and you moisten with a sponge or pencil dipped in water impregnated with sulphureted hydrogen, the letters will appear with metallic brilliancy.

3. If we write with a weak solution of sulphate of copper, and you apply ammonia, the letters assume a beautiful blue. When the ammonia evaporates, as it does on exposure to the sun or fire, the writing disappears, but may be revived again as before.

4. If you write with oil of vitriol very much diluted, so as to prevent its destroying the paper, the manuscript will be invisible except when held to the fire, when the letters will appear black.

5. Write with cobalt dissolved in diluted muriatic acid: the letters will be invisible when cold, but when warmed they will appear a bluish green.

We are almost sure that our secrets thus written will not be brought to the knowledge of a stranger, because he does not know the solution which was used in writing, and therefore knows not what to apply to bring out the letters.

Other forms of elective affinity produce equally novel results. Thus, two invisible gases, when combined, form sometimes a *visible solid*. Muriatic acid and ammonia are examples, also ammonia and carbonic acid.

On the other hand, if a solution of sulphate of soda be mixed with a solution of muriate of lime, the whole becomes solid.

Some gases when united form liquids, as oxygen and hydrogen, which unite and form water. Some solids, when combined, form liquids. Nitrate of ammonia and sulphate of soda, when rubbed together in equal proportions in a mortar, become fluid. Acetate of lead and sulphate of zinc, in equal proportions, rubbed in a mortar, produce a fluid; and so will acetate of lead and Glauber's salts. The union of other substances produces a wonderful change of temperature. Sulphuric acid poured into water will so increase the temperature as to make it uncomfortable to hold the vessel containing it. If one part of ice is dropped into four parts of sulphuric acid cooled to the freezing-point, 32 deg., the mass will suddenly rise to the boiling-point.

Certain other mixtures produce an intense cold, and are called *FREEZING MIXTURES*. Among these are the following: To 32 drams of water add 11 of muriate of ammonia, 10 of nitrate of potash, and 16 of sulphate of soda, all finely powdered, and immerse your thermometer and note the result. If equal weights of muriate of lime, finely powdered, and fresh-fallen snow are mixed, a similar result is produced: 13 lbs. of each have frozen 56 lbs. of quicksilver into a solid mass.

Sometimes a change of color is produced by similar means. Thus, dissolve copper in sulphuric acid, the solution is blue. Dilute one part of nitric acid with five or six parts of water, and throw in some copper filings. After a few moments,

if you pour off this colorless fluid and add a little liquid ammonia, the mass will become blue.

By similar processes, odorous substances become inodorous, and the reverse; and other changes equally remarkable are as familiar to the chemist as the alphabet of his native tongue. But the most astonishing exhibitions are witnessed, we think, in combustion. A great variety of experiments come under this title, presenting very dissimilar appearances. The comparatively slow process of fermentation by which the interior of your compost-heap is made hot, is one form of combustion. So is the glow-worm light of phosphorous exposed to the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere.

Other exhibitions in this department present an almost infinite variety of form and condition. From the dim light but powerful heat of burning hydrogen or alcohol, to the insufferable light and heat of burning iron under the compound blow-pipe; from the bright light but scarcely perceptible heat of phosphoric oil (with which boys sometimes *light up their own hands and faces*) to the powerful action of that same substance, phosphorous, when immersed in oxygen gas, we have a series of developments as various in appearance as they are wonderful. All these phenomena differ only in their conditions, and not in their essential characteristics.

Can you really believe that the heat (we use the word in its popular sense) by which your house is warmed is actually in the coal or the wood while it is piled up in your cellar or out-house? Yet so it is. Were its latent heat called into a sensible state where it lies, your buildings would catch the infection, and all consume together. Why does not the fuel burn in the wood-pile as it does on the hearth? Something sets it on fire! What is that "something?" Is anything added to the wood not in contact with it before? Whence comes the heat of the mixture of sulphuric acid and ice, before named? Is that set on fire by some other burning body? How does phosphorous get on fire, when left exposed on your table? These processes are alike wonderful. The phenomena exhibited by setting free this latent heat—the heat not cognizable by the senses, not even by the nicest instruments at a previous moment—are utterly astonishing. Throw a little phosphuret of lime into a vessel of water, and it takes fire on the surface. Throw a little potassium into water, and it burns rapidly *under water*. The water sets it on fire.

Were all the latent heat which now pervades the substance of the earth suddenly made free—as it might be by mere chemical action, without the application of any foreign burning body—the whole globe, with all its mountains of rocks, its iron and other metals, and its mighty seas, would be consumed.

We do not undertake to explain the phenomena we have described, but only suggest them as incentives to lovers of the marvellous to examine the subject in a systematic, scientific manner. The merely curious mind will find more to feed upon in this department of natural wonders, than in all the fictitious stories which the press has ever issued. "Truth is more wonderful than fiction."—*The Plough, the Loom and the Anvil*.

## WE ARE LED BY A WAY THAT WE KNOW NOT.

We are to consider the facts and circumstances which confirm the doctrine that the Lord's providence is at once universal and particular; and indeed that He leads us by a way unknown to ourselves.

And who that has reflected upon his own life, or upon the life of others, or upon the current events of the day, will not bear witness to the universal application of this principle?

Look to the affairs of the world, to the nations and governments of all the earth, and tell me, where is any thing turning out according to the forethought and prudence of man?

Look to the movements of our own country, and say whether human prudence ever devised what we behold? What party or what individuals have ever, in the long run, brought things about as they expected? And how is it in our own city, and under our own eyes?

In the societies of the church, and in organizations for church-extension, the same rule applies. And I might ask, where does it not apply? I might give examples. But this is unnecessary, when they are so numerous, and so fresh in the memory of every one.

But when we turn to the experience of individuals, we meet with the most unlimited application of our subject. The life of every one is a standing memento of its truth. For who is there, that has come to his present stand-point in life, by the route that he had marked out for himself? I will imagine that ten, fifteen, or twenty years ago each one of you fixed on your plan of life, for a longer or shorter period. It matters not what the original plan was. It matters not what prudence, sagacity, and forethought were employed in making it. It matters not how much money and power have come to the support of it. Still its parts have never been filled up, as you originally sketched them.

Many particulars were altered and amended, from day to day, as you went along. Some things were abandoned as useless; some as hopeless; some as impossible; some as injurious; some things were neglected, and others forgotten. An unknown hand now and then interposed, turning the tables entirely. An unaccountable influence was found operating on certain individuals, changing their tone, and modifying their conduct. An unknown individual has come alongside of you, and has become your friend. He has mingled his emotions and his plans with yours. You have modified your plans. He has changed his. Business and commerce have taken an unexpected turn. You are the gainer or the loser, it matters not; your plans are changed by the event. An intimate friend has left you and become your open enemy; an open enemy has been reconciled and has returned to the affection and confidence of your heart. Your plans in life have to be changed to suit such events as these. Several friends and relatives, that were near to you, have been removed into the spiritual world. It may be that by such providences, your feelings, thoughts and actions have been changed—changed

utterly and for ever. Darkness of mind, gloominess of life, and anguish of spirit, may have come upon you, by some such unexpected providence, and thus your plans may have been changed, or even utterly abandoned.

But beyond matters of this description, which are somewhat external, and as we say accidental, and certainly incidental, to a life in this world, and in all of which we are led in a way that we know not: there are unexpected changes of another kind, that we all have experienced. I now refer to changes in the inner man, and in the inner life.

For there is a Divinity within us, that shapes our ends, and while the things of the outward life remain much the same, we experience changes of the inner life, that are at times amazing and terrible. They come like the swelling of the tide, and like the beating of the waves rolling on from a distant ocean; the deep emotions of the soul arise and swell and sweep away; the fire of thought is kindled; the imagination paints the canvas; the tongue stands ready to utter the influx of love and wisdom; and the hand to illustrate it.

As these internal states of the soul change, by conjunction with the Lord and communion with Heaven, on the one hand; or by opposition to God and alliance with Hell, on the other, we see all things of the outward world in a different light.

The changes of our internal man are, to appearance, much more directly of the Lord's Divine Providence, than the events of the outward life. Nevertheless, the two are so related by the constitution of the mind, that each individual determines, in rationality and freedom, which of the emotions and thoughts of the *inner life*, he will bring forth into *ultimate acts*: and it is here that the man may ally himself with the good and the true on one hand, or with the evil and the false on the other; and in this manner determine his destiny for Heaven or Hell.

The practical bearings of our subjects hinge chiefly on this: we are to confide in the Lord; lean upon His great arm; and look to Him, with the assurance that although He leads us by a way that we know not, nevertheless, He is leading us aright; and if we trust to Him and do His will, He will finally bring us to Heaven.

Casting our eyes from one extreme of the Lord's vast dominions to the other, we find the same Divine Providence everywhere operating and operative. The angels of Heaven, from the highest to the lowest, are continually led by the Lord in paths that they have not known; darkness is made light before them, and crooked things straight. Nevertheless they are not led into infinite good nor infinite delight. For this would be impossible. But constantly they are led into a higher degree of good than they would naturally choose; and they are defended from evil into which they would naturally subside. So also it is with us.

Hence we may rest assured, that however meagre may be the good we experience, it is vaster by far than we should inherit, if we had been permitted to carry out our own plans and to have our own way in those numerous particulars in which we have been frustrated in our plans and disappointed in our hopes.

THE MAIDEN AND THE HAND-  
MAIDEN.

A TALE OF HOME-LIFE IN NEW-ENGLAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L—'S DIARY."

## CHAPTER I.

On a certain day—and it was twenty-four years ago this day—a young girl and her handmaiden were married, both by the same clergyman, both in one hour, both in one room. The young girl was tall and delicately framed, and as white as a lily. She wore white satin and blonde, and orange flowers. The handmaiden was short and round, with rosy cheeks, with black and shining hair and eyes. She wore white lawn and bobinet-lace; and had her hair in heavy braids, with white and red roses, broken in the yard, on one side. A middle-aged gentleman, who was in black—save his white waistcoat and neck-cloth—and who had a courtly bearing, gave them both away. He was the father of one bride, the master, so called, of the other. He gave one bride to a young man of polished address, of winning sweetness, both in the tones of his voice and in the glance of his eye; who had commingled with his elegance a certain impulsiveness and irregularity in his words and movements, as if somewhere in his head or soul he needed more ballast. His name was Cyrus Cunningham. He sits at this moment that I am writing, in a far corner of the room, and reads the morning papers. He is fifty now; is still an elegant man; and he is my father.

He, the father of one bride, the master, so-called of the other, gave the handmaiden to Alfred Stone. He wore a common suit of blue broad-cloth; and had a grave, manly way of carrying himself, as if he would see well to himself, to her, to whatever belonged or would thereafter belong to them.

They, Alfred Stone and Matilda Mason, were the children of poor parents; and when very young, were adopted into my mother's family, where they remained until their marriage. Mr. Stone purchased his farm, which in a few years came to be the pleasantest and most valuable in the neighborhood, and Mrs. Stone furnished their house, which ere long was teeming with plenty, all of the wages and gifts put into their hands by my grandfather Barton. Grandpapa purchased the house and beautiful grounds of the attorney whose successor papa was to be at Piscataquog, and gave the whole to mamma for her dowry. He gave her money besides, with which to fit the whole up suitably.

Thus the newly married couples settled down for life, side by side: Mr. Stone in his blue frock to till his grounds, papa in his rich black cloths to administer the laws. Still were they equals from the beginning; for if papa brought education and natural versatility and generosity to his profession, so did Mr. Stone bring stores of agricultural knowledge, experience and great enthusiasm to his farming life. Mr. Stone had indeed the advantage of poor papa in this; he came of a vigorous, hard-working race. He had himself been inured to a busy life in the good air and sunshine, so that he had nerves and sinews of iron; and a principle and will, which kept him collect-

ed and firm, whatever went on around him. On the other hand, great wealth had been in papa's family for several generations, and luxury and ease. Grandpapa met some heavy losses, that brought him down a little from the high estate of his fathers; still he was a wealthy man, and papa had an indolent and pampered boyhood. It was not until his father died without a will, leaving a widow, three sons and three daughters, that papa began to look upon the world as a field in which he too was to work with his fellows.

Well, years passed, and one fair-haired little girl was growing up to womanhood in the home of the Stones; in the home of my parents there were two; fairer, a little more delicate, both of them, than the little Charlotte, but not so strong, so elastic and happy. She was always well, always bounding. They, poor things, were often glad to sit and rest in the easy chairs; often had heavy eyes, quick pulses, cheeks pale and flushed by turns, tokens of sore throat, or ear-ache, or head-ache or fever, or two or three of these ailments together. Year by year they grew stronger, however; for, although their soiled frocks, sunburnt faces and wild manner, often shocked their mamma, she knew what was good for them, and let them go here and there with the little Charlotte for their guide and keeper. They found out all the shady places, and dressed and undressed their dolls in them; made burdock cots and carpets for them, and coverlets of the broad elecampane leaves.

At length they—that is, Charlotte Stone, sister Sylvia and myself—were young women. Manchester sprang up over the river as if by magic, and the value of Mr. Stone's farm was quadrupled; but papa was going down hill slowly all the while. He hated accounts; he, moreover, even after he had been many times cheated, went on trusting in every man's word, and thus had loss upon loss; first by the failure of the Lovelaces, whose security he was to a large amount; then by purchasing of Harrison Phelps valuable landed property already mortgaged to another, and by other delinquent or positively fraudulent proceedings on the part of those he esteemed and trusted. He was fretted and disheartened by his losses, and especially by the injustice that occasioned them. To repair the misfortunes, if possible, and no longer having indulgence for Morrill and Patterson and others, since the Lovelaces, Phelps and others had shown no justice towards him, he instituted a suit at law against the first-named gentleman, for the recovery of a large tract of land lying partly on the Uncanoonuc, and partly on the plain below, and which was once the property of his father. From a wilderness, the fathers of those farmers and the farmers themselves had brought it to blossom as the rose, and to bear fruit and grain in abundance. They claimed their farms on the ground of long undisturbed possession: and the law favored them. They kept their lands; and papa came out of the prosecution with an empty purse, a deeply mortgaged estate, and a soul still more embittered, and at a loss.

"My luck!" he said, when each reverse fell; and we would as lief have heard a dirge.

If, when a man were defrauded out of a few hundreds, or a few thousands, if his pockets were

lightened a little, and his business movements impeded more or less, if he might all the time keep the same cordial, loving and calm heart, it would matter little as far as he came in. And thus it is sometimes with those who weigh deeds and words with the far-sighted Christian philosophy which takes all their springs and issues into its estimates; who trust still in God, in the good, the force of their own souls. But oftener, darkness comes upon the wronged man, so that he sees nothing clearly, neither his own duties, nor the palliating circumstances attending his brother's injustice toward him. A palsy gets hold of him. Life and hope go almost out of him. He neither knows nor cares what he does, and so he puts his lips to the wine-cup. Then it is better! Then, *Io triumphe*, how bright, how dazingly clear is the life that a minute before was so dull, so heavy! *Io triumphe*; he will taste the wine cup again and again. And so he does. So papa did at length. He drank more and more; neglected his business more and more; and but for the busy services of his student, Garland, his affairs must have been ruined utterly. Mr. Stone also held him back by his great love for him. Mrs. Stone kept hopeful eyes on his face; and when he would have complained of his lot, took him and us all over across the gardens to her sitting-room that was always so shady and cool in summer, so warm, so genial in winter, and set the dishes that we all loved, and especially the dishes that papa loved, before us; or she brought the dishes in to us, the steam shut in by the snowy napkins; and sat and ate and chatted merrily with us. Charlotte sat with us often; but ate little. She wrangled constantly with papa; often laughing heartily, often with tears in her eyes; but always with the loving, earnest heart that *could* not let him go on suffering and yielding to the tempter.

Papa was never brought down one inch in his social position by his habit. In all political, church and social movements, people came to him and said:

"What is it best to do about this, Esquire Cunningham?"

Hair-cloth, velvet, gilding and marble faded and lost their polish all through our house; but the best people still came to us and we went to them. Papa kept his animation while they remained; but when they were gone, sent troubled glances here and there through the room. He sat perhaps and brooded an hour with his head bent over a book, but never once turning a leaf, unless Charlotte came in and laid her hand on his shoulder and let him hear her cheerful voice. There was, by-the-by, a time when her voice was no longer cheerful as of yore; when, if she spoke of courage and patience, and manly trust, it was with tearful agitation, as if at the same time that she cried peace! courage! to my father, she cried it also to her own suffering heart. It was about the time of Sylvia's betrothal to Horace Babcock. This we remarked at the time. We remarked also that she had nothing to say of this same betrothal; and that she no longer came in when it was likely that she would meet Babcock there. At last, with tears and choking grief, she bade us all good-by, one dull Autumn day, and went to spend several months with friends in the south

part of the State. Papa fretted about her going, for his own sake. We missed the dear girl, who, as we now felt more than ever, had always been a good angel in our midst. But chiefly we were uneasy on her account, until her letters, taking a character of strong vivacity, made us sure that the cloud was passing. She came back with delicately rounded cheeks, in which the pretty dimples set back whenever she spoke, and especially whenever she smiled. She had new dignity and grace in all her words and ways, and the readiest, warmest sympathies for all our cares, all our pleasures, and for the cares and pleasures of every mortal that came near her. "Perfect through suffering—perfect through suffering"—this was what we thought as often as we met the deep friendly glance, or felt the soft hand, or marked the gentle bearing.

#### CHAPTER II.

Sylvia and Babcock had been betrothed a twelvemonth. In one year, he said, at the time of their betrothal, he would have his affairs well in train, and then he would claim her for his own. And when once she was his, when her father was his father, he would lift him out of all his difficulties, redeem all the mortgages on his property, would find a rich husband for me—for instance, old Esquire Wilson, a bachelor, and the richest man in Manchester—would, would, in short, there were few things he would not do for us when the year came round. He rubbed his hands, and was an inch taller than his wont, when he talked about it. He had so little tact, his mind was so essentially vulgar compared with Sylvia's, I fear we all despised him a little, or all but Sylvia, and deserved that his assiduities should cool, his promises die away, as the year was drawing to its close. He had been building a beautiful house near ours. He began and went on for some time with a dozen workmen, and taking counsel of papa and Sylvia at every step. By-and-by, as the year was coming round, he dismissed one workman after another, so that soon only a solitary hammer was to be heard now and then. Papa took quick steps about the premises in those days, and when Babcock looked for praises of his mahogany hand-rails along the stair-case, said—

"Yes, yes, it is very well; it is a fine house; but, Babcock, your workman there is a drone. Your house will never be done, at this rate."

Babcock received suggestions of this sort rather stiffly. He knew the cause of papa's haste; knew that unless several hundreds came into papa's hands, before that day two months, he must sell all these to pay off mortgages. And if it now and then occurred to him that Sylvia had a share in papa's interested motives, it cannot be reckoned a proof of any wonderful acumen on his part; for, although very friendly and considerate towards him, very submissive to all his opinions and wishes, she was yet still, when he was present, and seemed never to know what to say to him; whereas to Garland, who looked to papa's concerns and to ours, and was like a son and brother in the house, she poured out her thoughts, her best thoughts and her purest thoughts, as if they were two children together.

Papa was concerned about this. Garland was the best fellow there was on the earth. He wished Babcock were half as good, as manly and as talented. Else he wished Garland were richer, a great deal richer, and then things might go on between him and Sylvia. He would be the last one to hinder them. Mamma listened with flushed cheeks and a kindling eye. She praised Garland in a few, soft, slow words, but said nothing of Babcock.

"Margaret," said papa, turning to me, and looking me searchingly in the face, "what do you think? you say so little about this business, you should think a great deal. In one word, do you think Sylvia loves Babcock? or does she love Garland?"

"She only thinks of Garland as a brother, papa," I answered, confidently; and it was true. It was true, moreover, that she loved him better than she could have loved forty Babcocks. Of this I was sure, but I said nothing of it to papa. "I asked her the other day," resumed I, "if she was sure that she really loved Babcock well enough to be his wife. She told me that she supposed she did; she knew nothing to the contrary."

"Knew nothing to the contrary!" repeated papa, laughing heartily. "What a baby she is! Well, at any rate, it sounds as though she could manage to live without him. She isn't likely to have her heart broken by his delays; that's a comfort, isn't it, my wife Helen?"

He kissed his wife Helen on her still fair and beautiful forehead, took me in his arm, and led me out into the yard, where the roses were blooming and the birds singing, called mamma out to hear how her favorite bird was "pouring its throat" up in the elm, then bowed and smiled to us many times, and was gone.

### CHAPTER III.

One evening, Sylvia and Garland stood together at a west window, looking out upon the glorious sunset sky. They had been a long time silent, and I had been looking at them from my seat on the sofa, and thinking that there could be nowhere else so well-matched, so beautiful a pair, when Garland said, in the rich tones peculiar to him in speaking to Sylvia—

"If this might last, Sylvia."

She still had her eyes on the sunset clouds, and said, with a sweet smile—

"Perhaps they will come again to-morrow."

"I mean," said Garland, "if it *all* might last. I care less for the pleasant sky than—in short, Sylvia, in short, Margaret," turning and bowing to me a little, with a smile, and, beyond this, with a look of pain, "I was thinking that if it might *all* last, the sunset out there, and if I might keep my place here by Sylvia! But, to-morrow, Babcock will be here, and then my place is in the office, or anywhere—no matter where—anywhere but here."

"You shall sit here by me, then," said I, laying my hand on the cushion by my side. He came and sat down by me. Sylvia kept her face at the pane a moment, and then went out, saying, in an indistinct way, something about Charlotte.

"If I could believe that he would make her happy!" said Garland, with his eyes on the door where Sylvia had disappeared. "If he were good enough for her!"

"She thinks he is very good; she praises his goodness to papa not a little," said I, taking up my sewing.

"His goodness to your father!" said Garland, with a bitter voice. "He will relieve your father the day Sylvia will marry him; not a day, not a minute earlier; not if your father is on the rack every moment until then! Ha! I would despise myself for such stupidity. If I had a tithe of his wealth! But I haven't. I need not be thinking of this. I will just go to the office, and do the only thing that is left for me—work, work, work."

"And remember as you work, my brother Garland, that you are, after all, a happier man than he is, or ever can be, because you have that in your brain and heart worth ten thousand fortunes like his."

"I will try to believe it. Good night, good Margaret." He bowed and was gone. He did not come in again for many days.

The next morning, Esquire Wilson called on papa, at his office, and proposed in a regular way for my hand; enumerating, as his recommendations, his houses in the town, his farms in the country—saying, of course, not a word about how they came mostly by extortions upon his loans—and his large income as law-practitioner.

Papa came in with quick steps, and laid the matter before me, hoping, as I saw, that I would take the man for the sake of the money. But I was aghast at the bare thought.

"No, indeed, papa!" said I. "Not if he were made of gold—that is, if he were capable, at the same time, of being the disagreeable, unprincipled man that he is."

"Then there is the end of it!" said papa, speaking with a sternness very unusual to him; for, although often petulant, he was never tyrannical, never really unkind. "But I tell you, Margaret," added he, "we are not the ones to throw away chances like this, because people who are no better than Wilson is, have taken it into their heads to speak of him always as an unprincipled man. They would give their daughters to him any of them; and especially if they were in my position. For, I tell you, Margaret, if you throw away your chance, you throw away Sylvia's too, I have not one doubt. I can see that Babcock dislikes the incumbrances she will bring, and very naturally too, as Heaven knows. But if you marry Wilson, all will be easy. I dreaded speaking of it to you," resumed papa, after a pause, finding that I did not speak; "but something must be done, and that soon; for I am on the rack continually. I don't attend to anything. If it were not for that Garland, even the office would not stand in its place."

He walked the room; I sat still, ready to sink and die.

"I shall say 'no' to him, then?" asked papa, taking up his hat to go.

I could not speak. I could only weep—not for the utter poverty that was coming; for I had always the feeling that I could live in a garret and



be happy, if papa would keep his strength, if we would love one another and have patience; and especially if we would have less pride, so that we might use our hands and brains in the way of bringing comforts into our home. I believed that troubles, difficulties, of whatever shape, paralyse us, or nerve us with energy and clearness, according as they leave us more or less freedom to struggle and combat with them; or, rather as they leave us more or less free to go forward in our work, putting the troubles, the difficulties far behind us. Ours, in the character we allowed them to take, bound us brains, hands and feet, and held us to wait for relief to come in with another; and thus they were altogether hateful to be endured.

"I shall say 'no,'" papa repeated.

"Yes, papa, you must," said I, going to him, and laying a hand on each shoulder. "I will—I would die for you, willingly, willingly! if this would make you happy. But I can never marry him! Let him go, papa. Let Babcock go; let this house go, if it must. We can live without it. We will teach; Sylvia will teach music; I will teach the languages. Our friends will all help us to pupils. Sylvia and I have talked this over, dear papa, and we have said to each other that we want nothing better."

"Nonsense!" moving away from me, and preparing to go. "You and Sylvia are two babies. You have read of Fortunatus' purse, Aladin's lamp, and of the fairies who scatter roses and pearls in the path of the good children who do great things for their parents. So you think Sylvia has only to touch the piano keys patiently a few times, and you to run over your *amos vel amours*, to make us richer than any Jews. I am going now to see Babcock. Have coffee for dinner; no boiled-over stuff. Let it be strong enough to bear up a heater."

He came late to dinner, and then ate nothing, only drinking coffee immoderately. And when he came home at night, and for many nights, he made us, oh, so hopelessly miserable! He had never drank so deeply as he did that week and the next. And see how it was at the end of that fortnight, when he stopped and looked about him on his affairs. At home, mamma's cheeks and her beautiful, soft eyes were sunken, as if she had just come out of a raging fever. Sylvia and I had eaten enough to keep the breath from going quite out of us, and were so spiritless; and Sylvia had such large, mournful eyes, such wax-like paleness! We kept ourselves as cheerful as possible by day for poor, dear mamma's sake; but how dark were our nights! what hopeless tears we shed! yet, in a still way, each of us, so that the other might not hear and be distressed on their account. Abroad, papa had lost two valuable cases. The depositors were papa's good friends; they sincerely regretted withdrawing them; but there was no other way.

Babcock had not once called in that fortnight, either at the office or house. But he had written to Sylvia, professing unabated friendship, regard, and so on; but dwelling chiefly on the hardness of the times; on his own difficulties, in common with others, in meeting his obligations of trade so promptly as to avoid a crash. He had given

the subject long and serious thought, he said; and had come to the conclusion, that, if she were willing, they would defer their union—at least, until business took a more favorable turn. In that way his house could remain as it was at present. He would also be saved other contingent expenses, by which he meant, as she would understand, furnishing house, &c., &c. He broke the affair to her in writing, he said, because he could not bring himself to do it in any other way.

In conclusion, he would repeat his assurances of undiminished regard. She was beautiful, he said, she was good; much too good and beautiful for him, as he had always known. She must think kindly of him. They would wait and see how he prospered; and meanwhile he would subscribe himself hers, as ever.

She did think kindly of him. She shed many tears: but in her heart was no bitterness.

"The toad!" said Charlotte, spitting the words out of her mouth, as it were, when the circumstances came to her ear. "But you can't reckon it a loss, dear. Gentle as you are, you could never have been happy with such an arbitrary creature. You don't wish him back, Sylvia?"

"No, it isn't that," said the bird-like voice. "I am thankful to be free, whenever I think it all over; and I am strong, and like a new creature. But again, before I have time to reason with myself, there comes a sudden, crushing sense of desertion and wrong; that quite overpowers me for a minute. It is only a minute, and then I am strong again. If papa can get along"—

Garland worked early and late in papa's affairs; and through his hands fees came in. He was not often at the house; and when he came, it was only for a few minutes, to say some pleasant, cordial things to mamma, sitting close by her side. He had little to say to Sylvia, in those days; but I often saw lingering, and not unhappy glances going in her direction. She was very busy always with her sewing, and kept downcast eyes; but I saw that she looked well-pleased to have him there.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"Helen! girls!" said papa one day as he came in and looked around upon our parlor furniture, "I've advertised this house and all there is in it, for sale at auction—if not previously disposed of, of course—on the fifteenth of next month, September."

By the way, papa was himself again. He seemed stronger, every way, and calmer, than we had ever seen him; so that we had trust in him; still his sententious announcement made us quite out of breath.

"Or, all but so much of the best," resumed papa, "as it will take to furnish the bird-house on my Lincoln farm. Pick out what you like for this. Only let it be of the best. I have a fancy to see how a bird-house will look rigged out with carpets, piano and pictures, and so on."

"Do you mean what you say?" asked mamma, with questioning eyes on his face.

"Certainly I do! I have never seen the place; but I wrote to the postmaster of Lincoln to en-

quire about it. He is an obliging man. He took my letter to a Mr. Harson, whose farm joins mine; and he wrote me a good thee-and-thou letter, giving me all the particulars that I need. The farm lies a part of it on the sides of the mountains, he says, but most of it is in the narrow strips of interval land running along the branch—as they call it up there. It is one of the head streams of the Pemmigiwasset. There is a good barn, he says. The bird-house is of logs with three rooms on the ground, and a loft. This story agrees exactly with that of the man I bought it of. I doubted his word, because, with most men, whether saints or sinners, the falsehood that helps them to sell a farm, or an ox, is strictly canonical. The sinners are just as merry-hearted after it, and the saints so-called make just as long prayers. A fact, my wife, Helen," seeing that mamma shook her head. "The Quaker I can trust. All Quakers, everywhere, can be trusted; for they have consciences stronger than all the other faculties and senses. I am attracted that way, by knowing that the only neighbor there is a Quaker. I have a presentiment that the gospel-like 'thee' and 'thou' is the only man I shall have near me, in his speech and his deeds, will make a Christian of me."

"And so you would move away from us, as if we were Arabs, or Hindoos, to be near that Quaker!" said Charlotte in reproachful tones. She had come in with her father, in the midst of papa's story.

"I would move away from the wine-cellar here, and in Manchester," said papa, with hope and strength dying out of his eyes.

"Let me see to that," said Mr. Stone.

"And let me see to that," said others who came to us; and they went from papa to the prosecuting committees. But papa was fully decided what he would do. He would go forth from the old scenes to the new, from the old life to the new life far away from all temptation, so he said to the dear ones who would hold him back. They were grieved; many of them wept for us. We wept for ourselves; but we wanted to go for papa's sake. He was so dear to us in that day of his renunciation and high resolves! We would have gone anywhere on earth with him, and counted it a blessed thing to go.

#### CHAPTER V.

"Clap on your bonnet and shawl and ride home with me this morning, that's a good girl," said a bustling little body, in a clean, light gingham dress, cape and sun-bonnet. She was heaping a great dish with the raspberries she would give us for our preserves.

She had been a domestic in our house for several years before her marriage. Now she was the wife of Mr. Berry, a prosperous farmer at Lake Massabesic. She came into the town to do her trading; and often rode over to our village to bring us the different kinds of berries in their seasons, and balls of golden butter, pieces out of the freshly cut cheese and bottles of cream. She came oftener and oftener with her gifts, as year after year we declined in our prosperity. That day she brought a large market-basket full of delicacies.

"Bring another dish, dear," she kept saying, as she took out one thing after another. "Another dish, Sylvia, dear—I brought you a dozen eggs to go with the cream and maple sugar, Mrs. Cunningham. Our family is so small; only two of us, you know. We can't begin to eat all the eggs our hens lay. There they are; not one broken. Margaret, you'll go with me, I know. I will have some of the little hot biscuit you love so well, with eggs and cream in them, at every meal; and plums and cream; there is no end to the plums and cream you shall have. I've got a bucket of white sugar on purpose. I've got a deep custard, and two brown loaves are in the oven baking, and the smallest one will come smoking to the table for dinner."

I looked to my parents and Sylvia. They too urged me to go, and our dog Beppo, who understood a little that was going on, began springing about me, as if he too would go with Mrs. Berry and taste her loaf of corn-meal.

"Beppo shall go," said the kind woman, patting his shaggy head. "I've got the very dish he ate his bread and milk in when he was over there before. He shall go over and have some more."

Beppo gave thanks by jumping to her head almost, kissing her hand, and giving a few joyful yelps.

As for myself, I was accustomed to say in those days, that it mattered little what food was provided for the stomach, if it was only simple and wholesome; but that the aliment of the soul should be plentifully, albeit, carefully supplied. But I found that I rejoiced not a little over the cream and egg biscuit, the deep custard and the steaming brown loaf. I felt light and airy as a bird, as, followed by Sylvia, I ran to my chamber to slip on an afternoon dress. Only I wished that Sylvia were going, for we hardly knew how to live apart a day.

"But I will stay with our parents," replied Sylvia, as I sighed the wish. "There, now you look fresh as a rose. Don't fall into any love adventures over there, Meggy. 'Tis so near the lake, and there is no knowing what hero may be staying there at the Massabesic House. But don't fall in love. You and I will have nothing more to do with lovers and betrothals. We will live for each other and for our parents."

I wonder if my sister Sylvia really had presentiments of the pleasant little adventure I would meet at the lake. She said she had. If she had, I wonder if she really never had similar ones before! She said she never had! But I presume she had forgotten; or at any rate, I doubt if the affair had sufficient importance to give it place beforehand, in the shape of a presentiment, in any one's brain. Sylvia did not doubt it in the least. The hot loaf, the mealy baked potatoes and savory meats, the deep custard, and all the little dishes, such as pickles, butter, apple-butter, tomato-sauce, cheese—for Mrs. Berry could never get enough upon her table when we were there—the berry hunt along the inside of the stone walls, where the bushes were borne to the turf by the abundance of pulpy fruit; the supper afterwards, where everything was, oh, so good; partly because it was at Mrs. Berry's table, and partly because the long walk in the fields had given me such greediness;

let me skip these and go on to the time when I went out at sunset to stroll alone with Beppo. We went through the orchard, Beppo springing about me one moment, and the next scrambling along the path before me; we crossed a stile into a pasture, where moss-covered rocks, huge and little, were in every direction. I sat down on one of these. It had a shape as if it were made for a lounge of the wood-deities, and was gracefully embowered by a clump of birches growing close beside it. I would make a vase for Mrs. Berry in the morning, I thought, and began gathering the many-colored mosses beside me for this purpose. I was not near the lake; but I could see it shining here and there through the trees. Gorgeous clouds were in the west. These also were half-hidden by the slightly undulating branches of the intervening tree-tops. Dark knots of hazles were here and there; and here and there were grand old trees, gnarled and seamed by centuries. I looked them over and deciphered the seams, as if they had been hieroglyphics. It was sad work for me: especially when the whip-poor-wills, that one no where hears on every hand as one does at the lake, began to sing. My home, my parents, so weary now in the middle of their journey, and my young sister, how my heart yearned over them, and prayed that as the earthly goods went from them, the heavenly might come. I thought of the uncertain future, and felt a cold, sick dread creeping into my heart. I lost my strength; I wished with my whole heart that the time had come when God would take us all together to His rest.

But I would arouse myself, I thought. I would go back to the house and see how far Mrs. Berry's cheerful face would re-assure me; and to this end I began gathering the mosses into my handkerchief.

Beppo had been off chasing a squirrel; but now he stood demurely at my side; and when I put my hand out to gather my moss, slipped his silky head under it for a caress.

"Poor Beppo!" sighed I, stroking his head. "Tis a poor, uncomfortable world, isn't it, Beppo?"

Beppo wagged a lively dissent. This did me a little good; I trusted a little in Beppo; and was praising him heartily, when I heard a step near me in the cow-path. I did not turn round; but looked after my bonnet, which I had laid on the rock behind me. It was gone; and I knew that Beppo had carried it off, for he had been accustomed from a puppy to do such things.

"Beppo, Beppo, where is my bonnet? Go and get it."

"Pardon me, ma'am."

I looked round now at the sound of the voice, and saw a man of thirty, or thereabouts; a quiet looking man, fit for a part in a much finer incident than this I have to relate. He bowed a little as I sprang to my feet, letting all my moss fall to the ground; and had a very grave, respectful bearing withal, that instantly quieted me.

"You were enquiring for your bonnet: I found it back there beside the path. Your mischievous dog. Byron—Byron? Is that his name?"

"Beppo, sir."

"Ah, yes. Well, I presume Beppo ran away with it. He looks like a roguish fellow."

"Yes, indeed he is. Where is the bonnet, sir?"

"I hung it on a limb. I will bring it."

"No, sir, don't let me trouble you. Tell me where it is, and I will bring it."

He answered by smiling a little, by putting out his hand, signifying that I was to remain where I was, and by starting himself to get my bonnet.

"You are a bad dog!" said I to Beppo. But he took it for so much praise, and snapped at the moss which I had began picking up again, taking it out of my hand, out of my handkerchief, and behaving every way like a crazy dog. Looking out the path, he saw the strange gentleman, who was returning with my bonnet in his hand. Now, Beppo ordinarily waited to be formally introduced to strangers, and was strictly decorous. In this instance, he knew the bonnet, of course, and started swiftly along the path to see to that. He jumped at the strings; he barked at them; he settled down with his nose thrust forward, as if he were arranging it to go over the gentleman's head. The gentleman laughed aloud and heartily.

"He is a fine fellow," said he, giving me my bonnet, and at the same moment stooping to stroke Beppo's head.

"He don't behave very well, this evening," replied I, turning to pick up the rest of my moss. I should never have got my moss together if he hadn't taken it into his head to go and see to my bonnet. "Go away, Beppo!" for he was again springing into my mosses.

"Let me help you," said the stranger, still laughing outright at the dog's graceful pranks. I stood back a little, and hugged Beppo close to keep him out of mischief. Meanwhile, the stranger dexterously gathered the moss into my handkerchief, saying, at the same time, without looking up from his work, "I am afraid you are not strict enough with your dog. I have one of the Newfoundland breed, and he obeys me like a child."

"You would find a dog of this breed less tractable, sir. Besides, we keep Beppo for a plaything, and are quite willing to be plagued a little by him. I will take the mosses. Thank you for helping me."

He bowed to the thanks; but, when I would have taken the mosses, said—

"Not if you are going to the house that I see through the orchard. My own path lies that way."

So we walked on slowly, side by side; and Beppo trotted before us, grave now as a magistrate.

"I like that dog of yours," remarked my companion, after we had taken a few steps in silence. He withdrew his eyes, as he spoke, from Beppo to me. I bowed a little in reply.

"He looks like a contented, happy sort of dog," added he, with his eyes again on Beppo. "He don't believe all his mistress tells him of the world he lives in, probably." Again he looked at me, and a quiet smile lighted up his fine features.

"I don't understand you—altogether, sir," an-

swered I. But I think my heightened color revealed to him that I understood in part.

"I think I heard his mistress saying to him that this is but a poor, uncomfortable world. Did I not?"

I blushed still deeper; for his smile brightened and brightened; and thought I—

"He takes me, no doubt, for one of those silly damsels who doat on moonlight, and such things; who go long rambles with the last novel in their hands; or, worse still, with Byron; and who sigh and weep like the rain, and find fault with the world, and with their lot, without knowing why. But if I were all this," I thought further, "he has no right to be laughing at me."

"Well, and if you did—" I replied, aloud, speaking gravely.

"If I did, and if Beppo did, we would both like to put in a plea for this same world. It is certainly a very calm and beautiful world, to-night."

"Yes, to-night; and here alone with the trees. But there is enough that is uncomfortable in the world, even if you and Beppo feel none of it."

We were near the stile; and, at this moment, we saw that Mr. Berry was already there, letting it down for us to pass out. He knew my companion, it appeared. He said—

"Good evening, Mr. Woodbury! good evening!" and put out his bony hand, adding, "This is our friend, Margaret Cunningham, Mr. Woodbury."

Mr. Woodbury, in a few polite words, expressed pleasure at the introduction. I bowed, blushed again—although I am sure I don't know why; that is, why I blushed again; and then, finding that the gentlemen were inclined to stop, as they went along, to taste the fruit under one tree and another, and to talk of Baldwins and Pippins and Golden Pippins, I bowed to them, and hastened to the house. I was in the right time, Mrs. Berry said, and so I was; for there stood the row of bright tin pails full of the foam-covered new milk, and Mrs. Berry, with a glass in her hand, ready to strain some out for me. A full basin already waited on the floor for Beppo.

We had been some time seated in the parlor, when we heard the voices approaching. They came slowly. They halted awhile on the smooth lawn before the door; and, when Mr. Woodbury started away, Mr. Berry kept along with him, and they still went halting and talking until they reached the road. There they parted, and Mr. Berry returned to the house. He began joking me a little, but I put a serious, honest face—a face that corresponded exactly with my feelings—upon the subject, and then he was ready to answer his wife's questions, and to go beyond them.

"His name is Woodbury, Luther Woodbury. You know, 'Gusta, I've brought letters and papers over for him, since he's been at Mr. Olsted's. He come up for his health," again turning to me. "He had got all run down with slow fever. He had his horse along in the cars, and goes galloping off, like a general, somewhere every day. He knows more than anybody that ever I see. And it is a good kind of knowledge, too, that he don't grudge to anybody, any more than God does His rain and His dew. I somehow

always feel that it has done me good, if I hear him say ever so little. He's about well now, and is going home in a day or two."

"Where is his home?" asked Mrs. Berry, at the same time, that, with a smile in her face, she gently removed his hat from his head. "You see I can't break him of wearing his hat in the parlor, yet, Margaret. It looked so odd to me, at first, because your father never wore his a minute in the house, you know."

"I forget," said he; his good-natured look lingering on the doorway, where she had disappeared. "Our folks were old-fashioned people. My father always had his hat on in the house, and we boys did the same. But I try to leave it off now, because she"—pointing with his thumb back to the kitchen, where we could hear his wife stepping nimbly about and singing—"because there ain't one thing she *can* do to make me comfortable, and to help me along in getting property together, that she don't do, and without ever fretting, either; and this is the best of it."

"Where did you say he belongs?" again asked Mrs. Berry, re-appearing at the parlor door.

"I don't know, I'm sure, for certain. But in Cambridge, Charlestown, or some of them towns near Boston."

"Did he ask you anything about Margaret?" asked Mrs. Berry, laughing.

"No, he didn't. I couldn't help thinking, though, that he'd like to get another peep at her. He kept looking at the windows, as if he'd like to find something he couldn't. But he's a great deal too much of a gentleman to ask questions about any such a thing."

"Some way, Margaret, I thought about you, the other day, when he was telling me about this Mr. Woodbury," said Mrs. Berry, speaking in hearty tones. "I don't know what made me, I'm sure. But I guess it means something. I guess you'd better keep these." I sat at a table, looking my mosses over. "You had better make a vase for yourself out of them. We'll go out to-morrow, and get some more for my vase."

"No, Mrs. Berry," replied I, throwing the mosses a little from me. But I honestly confess I had been thinking the same thing—that I had better keep them. The vase made of them would keep a pleasant memory fresh for me; would be well worth having about, when I became an old, solitary lady. For marriage was not for me, I reflected. I had said to my own heart, and to Sylvia, that I would live for my parents while they lived. I had rapid thoughts of what I would do beyond. If Sylvia married—as her exceeding great beauty and attractiveness made me believe she would, in spite of the twin resolution of my own—I would love her children, and keep them a great deal near me. Birds, contented and happy birds, and rare plants, should be in each of my windows. Mementoes and wonderful things should be in my cabinet. Without my doors, doves, ducks and pet-lambs, should hasten to meet me when I came in sight, should take their meals out of my hand and love me. I would have garden resources; and among them should be flowers and strawberry and asparagus beds, from which I would gather beauties and dainties for my own table, and especially for the table of

those who had no spot of God's earth on which to raise the like. And the vase of mosses should always be near me, and I would go out every day, and gather fresh flowers to fill it. Thus I would decline. And, before I was very old, I would go to my parents, and to my Heavenly Parent in the other world, I hoped. And I hoped that then there would here and there be gentle looks of sorrowing; here and there one who would say—

"How I miss Margaret; I miss her more and more every day."

#### CHAPTER VI.

Would I not like to walk out to the lake? I had not been near it since I came, Mrs. Berry said, the next morning, when we were preparing to go out.

No. I would rather go into the woods, where the larks were singing. I wanted to find delicate wild-flowers to put into our vase when it was made.

"Just like you, Margaret," said she, laughing a little, but, at the same time, looking a little disappointed. "The truth is, I wanted you and Mr. Woodbury to meet again, some way. But you always have the most becoming way of doing things. I won't find a bit of fault with you."

There were never such rich mosses as we found that day, nor such delicate flowers. The birds never before sang so divinely, and the very things Mrs. Berry wanted for the beer she would make after we got home, were there, on our right hand and on our left. When we came out of the woods into the road, there was Mr. Berry, just going home from his field. There was never anything so lucky, Mrs. Berry thought. Then we could all go home together, and have dinner as soon as we were there, even if it was not quite noon. We would all be hungry enough to make the pudding and beans taste good, she would warrant that.

"There he is, Margaret!" said she, suddenly breaking off in the midst of her gratulations. "There is Mr. Woodbury, on horseback, coming step and step, reading a newspaper. He's been over to the city, of course. I'm glad he's coming! downright glad!"

The little woman was in quite a flutter. So was Beppo. He ran back to meet him, frisked about the horse, sprang up to the extended hand, until, after having made a few paces, the rider dismounted, threw the bridle back on the neck of his horse, and caressed the dog without stint. Then they came up with us, the noble horse walking behind, with a mien and step as if he loved his master, and were proud of him. But Beppo kept up such a capering as to throw our meeting quite into confusion, and mix laughter with everything that was said.

At length we proceeded regularly homeward, Mr. Woodbury and myself having the outside of either side of the road. Mrs. Berry kept up a strong chat with the gentlemen across the way; but I did not often speak; in the first place, because I was not ordinarily a talker; and, in the second place, because as often as I did speak, if it were only to Mrs. Berry, a head was bent for-

ward, over the other side, and a pair of very cheerful, very penetrating eyes were directed to my face, as if to understand perfectly what I would say, and my manner of saying it. Seeing this, disconcerted me; and I left off speaking altogether, until Mr. Berry looked over, and said—

"Where's Margaret? Margaret, why don't you talk?"

Mrs. Berry saved me the difficulty of answering.

"Oh, Margaret is no chatterbox like me, you know, Berry. Berry laughs at me," she added, speaking to Mr. Woodbury. "He calls me 'an everlasting talker,' and he says it is because I am a woman. But he can't say that all women are everlasting talkers. He can't say that Mrs. Cunningham and Margaret and Sylvia don't know how to keep still, as well as how to talk, in the very best way. I tell him that, sometimes."

"He can't say that Miss Margaret Cunningham don't know how to keep still. I can vouch for that," replied Mr. Woodbury, looking over to me with a smile. Just then he espied a tuft of wild lupines growing close to the roadside. He plucked the flowers, and brought them to me.

"Now let me hear you speak," said he, offering them.

"Thank you, sir."

"You are right welcome."

His horse had followed him, and now walked with grand steps behind us. The master looked back and spoke to him.

"You see, Miss Cunningham, that I must be a good master. You see how much better my horse behaves than your dog Beppo does."

Beppo was in the edge of the wood, trying to drag a dead branch from beneath its covering of dried leaves, and making tearing work of it.

"You say you like my dog Beppo, however," I replied.

"Yes I do—I like these blue flowers, too, that you have in your hand. I like this day! this place!" sending his eyes abroad upon the fine landscape that opened before us, and into which glimpses of the lake came. Mr. Berry began relating to his wife the progress that his corn and potatoes, and pumpkins, and divers kinds of rare squashes, were making. Mr. Woodbury and I, therefore, talked by ourselves; and were not once done, until the time came to separate at the foot-path leading up to Mr. Berry's door.

"I go home to-morrow," said he, speaking to us all together. "And I hope we shall meet again." He was breaking a harebell from the bunch in my hand.

"Miss Cunningham, I hope I shall sometime, in some place, have the pleasure of meeting you again." He bowed, gave Beppo's head a stroke or two, mounted his horse, and was gone.

I wanted those mosses, and the wild-flowers; especially the lupines. But I would have left them out of regard to Mrs. Berry's railery, if she had not brought them fresh from the cellar just as we were ready to go.

#### CHAPTER VII.

Uncle Leonard, who was mamma's only brother, came up to see us before we left Piscataquog. He was a clergyman of Roxbury, Massa-

chusetts, and one of the best men I ever knew. He was as kind as an angel to us all, and especially to poor, self-reproaching papa. But when our friends and neighbors said to him—"Help us to keep them, Mr. Barton—join your voice with ours in persuading them to stay;" he smiled on them and on us, and let it be seen that he was willing to have us go. I heard him saying to papa, when the two were talking earnestly together—

"You are doing a noble thing, Cyrus. I, too, see your redemption up there where there will be no tempting sights and flavors, and where the air and labor will be so invigorating."

He would have taken me home with him. He brought petitions from aunt and the girls to this effect. But papa turned tearful, loving glances to me and to mamma, and said—

"She is our main stay. We can't spare her now. Sylvia is a dear girl; but she is not our oldest, our first-born; we can spare her better."

Sylvia went to Roxbury. It was difficult for her to go; she went at last with many tears, and declaring that we would see her at the door of our bird-house at Lincoln, in less than a month. On the same day, our furniture was sent forward; and we went to Mr. Stone's to stay a few days, that we might be sure of finding our things at Lincoln when we reached that place. They were happy days; for our friends came and went, and let us see clearly how dear we were to them; how we were even dearer than in our adversity, than we had been in our prosperity.

It was balm, thinking and talking of those days, in the long autumn and winter months that followed. We had, besides, numerous other pleasures. The Harsons were like good angels of peace to us. A love passing the love of brothers was soon between Mr. Harson and papa. They worked, rode, and strolled over their grounds together; and sat in the long evenings with clear eyes on each other's face, and talked of what they had been reading, at odd intervals of leisure through the day, in the "Tribune," in the "Reviews" (for papa had several of these sent by Garland and uncle Leonard,) in the lectures, essays, and historical works they read, one after another. Political action at home, congressional action at Washington, diplomatic action abroad—they sifted it all in the clear light of religion and common sense; rejecting a vast amount of it as poor and unworthy, but without bitterness; and looking forward to the fulness of times, when there would be less hindrance in the way of a consistent and enlightened course, both in public and in private life. We all—that is mamma and Mrs. Harson, Hetty Harson and I—had part in the reading and the discussion; so that, in the midst of our dearth of what we call "privileges," we were gratefully conscious of going forward. Hetty had a voice of bird-like compass and flexibility. I taught her many fine songs, and how to sing them as I played. I taught her French, moreover, and crochet-work. We made cottages, and crosses and vases together, besides doing plain and fine sewing with our mammas, and plain and fine cooking. No birds in any bird-house were ever busier than we in ours.

We had letters often from our friends at Roxbury and Piscataquog.

"Don't let the bears eat you, if they are inclined, when they grow hungry this fall," wrote uncle Leonard's second daughter, the lively, ever amiable Helen Louise. "Don't freeze next winter, even if you see the mercury in your thermometer doing it, as they say you will. Heu! how I dread it for you! I am glad your bird-house is so tight. I am glad you have got a stove in every room, and flannels and furs, and brave warm hearts. And I am thankful as can be that the good Harsons surround you so with kindnesses. These are the best of anything for keeping one warm. God bless you. God bless dear uncle and aunt. God bless us all! Thus, with a light pen, but a loving, sincere heart, prays your

"HELEN LOUISE."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

Spring came, and the sound of the birds, of the leaping waterfalls, and the soft beauty of the many-colored buds.

Papa was very busy. He made an addition to our house—of logs without, like the rest; but within neatly plastered and painted. By the way, the old rooms had been snugly fitted up, plastered and painted, in the fall. We wrote to our friends at Roxbury what we were doing—and, in a few days, the stage-driver left a huge deal-box at our gate; and on taking it in and opening it, we found wall paper for all the rooms, busts of several statesmen and poets, besides books and tropical fruits and letters.

They were all coming to Lincoln on the very first pleasant day of the mountain-going season, the letters said. Helen Louise wrote—"There now, my best cousin Margaret, let me tell you something. I can't keep it any longer, and shan't. Let them surprise uncle and aunt with it, when we come, if they will; but I shall tell you all about it. I am the more beset to do it, because they have all been as sly with me as with you. They tried to keep it from me; and put their heads so knowingly together. They said I wasn't steady enough to help any body keep a secret. I think we are all, very often, what people make us by their suspicions or trusts, don't you? I mean to remember this, and trust everybody; and if they are mischievous, it will make them harmless as the doves are, perhaps. But the secret! I guess at it all, Margaret dear, or nearly all; but I am sure that I guess right. Sylvia, then, has found a lover here, the very prince of all lovers and men; and his name is Luther Woodbury. He's the handsomest man and the best man in Roxbury; and I myself have been thinking what a nice husband he would make for me, by-and-by, when I am old enough. But I don't mind giving it up. I would take out a piece of my cheek for her, any time. They sit together and talk, and talk and keep their eyes on each other's face as only lovers do. He waits on her everywhere; they are going into Boston to-night to hear Whipple lecture. He is to go up with us, of course. How happy we shall all be! 'It claps wings to me!' thinking of it. There was never so good a time as we will have,—this I know. And *this* I know, too,



that I love you all, and the Harsons, dearly, and am,

Your good-for-nothing,  
HELEN LOUISE."

The birds and all the sounds of the Spring mocked me after this. The light that had been round about me on the mountains, on the sky, on the fresh young foliage, was suddenly turned to darkness. My heart felt as if it were becoming iron; and I had every hour struggles as if for life with it, chiefly to dislodge therefrom the coldness towards Sylvia, that went creeping through and through my being. I could not bear to feel the coldness and live. Therefore did I reason with myself, and pray and strive continually for the pure, unselfish heart, that would forget its own cares and burdens, in its gladness for others and in its labors for them. I brought myself to walk a great deal in the cool, bracing winds; I worked vigorously about the house, turning every corner of it into elegance and neatness, and as the season advanced, laid borders in the yard and sowed the whole multitude of seeds we had sent to us along with perennial roots and shrubs, by our friends at Piscataquog. Papa made the enclosure. It was a lattice-work of unwrought spruce and firs. Papa brought trees and planted them before the house; and wild grape-vines in such abundance, that when July came, the bird-house was as green as a bower. Perennials bloomed along the walks and in the middle of the plots, and half-open rose-buds of many colors, and green leaves passed through the lattice.

One day, about this time, the stage-coach stopped at our gate, and Garland alighted, and came with quick feet to meet us all on our way to him. There was never such rejoicing. But when it was over a little, I saw—why, I saw that he had been improving every hour. One does not often see so fine a head and eye, so easy and dignified a carriage. But his aspect was grave and collected, as if he had been exerting a mastery over himself, as if he was still at all times exerting it. The child-like vivacity was gone; but, thank Heaven, the child-like affection and earnestness were there, making us feel how good it was to have him once more sitting in our midst, opening his heart to us. He had his eyes often on Sylvia's instrument, I saw; and then his head was bent and averted a little, as if in pain.

Cream and eggs and the delicious maple sugar abounded in our supper; but he ate little, and when papa pressed him, he said with moistened eyes:—

"It is meat and drink to me being with you once more, my good friend. In the morning I shall be ravenous enough."

Neither could we any of us eat. We could just look on each other and talk. This was his great piece of news—Babcock had offered himself to Charlotte Stone and been rejected.

Garland had learned Sylvia's engagement through Julia Leavitt, a young lady at Manchester, to whom cousin Rufus was betrothed. He communicated this to me as we took a little walk by ourselves in the soft starlight.

"I am sorry! I am sorry!" said I, with a choking voice and eyes full of tears. "I am as sorry as you can be, for what has happened at Roxbury; because you are like a brother to me, like a son

to my parents. And I really thought that she loved you."

He pressed my hand close, but shook his head in reply.

"But we will let it pass, Garland; and trust that it is best as it is, and keep our strength. My parents as yet know nothing of it," added I, lowering my voice, for we were at our gate; "although they soon will."

Garland had friends with him, who went forward to put up at the next hotel for the night. He was to join them by the morrow's stage. We expected Sylvia that day; papa and mamma urged and entreated him to wait. He stooped to stroke Beppo's head as he again plead his promise to his friends. He did not agree implicitly to stop when he came back. He would come up next winter and go deer-hunting, and stay a week with us, if he did not stop on his return. He would bring new books; he would have a perfect appetite then for our good dishes! No cub among the mountains would be half so hungry as he!

Ah, that would be good, we all said. We exulted already over the wintry time that would be made so genial by his presence there with us. Still papa and mamma must again come back to Sylvia; and the enthusiasm all died out of Garland's eyes at the name. They did not perceive it, and so it was Sylvia, Sylvia to the last. Sylvia would probably come that very day. If she did not, she would certainly come within the week. And she would regret it so much if she did not see him then, or on his way back. Sylvia must see him; he must see Sylvia.

He wrung our hands, and had the reddest of all faces on going.

#### CHAPTER IX.

Well, they came in a day or two. Sylvia held first one and then the other of us in her arms; and all the while had great shining tears running down her cheeks.

"Miss Cunningham!" said Mr. Woodbury, when at last we came together. And his was a warm grasp. It was a clear, beaming face into which I just glanced, as we met. I trembled and could hardly breathe. I had little command over my brain or my tongue; and thus whatever I said had better have been left unsaid, as I was painfully conscious the moment my words had passed my lips.

"It has been a warm, wretched day," remarked I, to Mr. Woodbury.

He stood before me with his eyes on my face, as if he were expecting me to say something.

"Can it be that you think so?" with surprised tones.

I did not look up fairly; but I saw, as it were, a halo of good humor about his face.

"Yes, it has been so warm!" I replied, blushing.

"We had a glorious breeze as we rode. I thought it the best day God ever made."

I did not answer; for others came in with praises of the day. But—"Yes!" thought I. "This is the way he rebukes me, if I find fault with the world or the day. Because he is at his ease, with not one thing in the world to trouble him; because he chooses among all the daughters of men which he will have for his bride; and has chosen the

loveliest and the best, and had her by his side all day in the open breeze; because of all this, the world is such a dear good world!—the day has been, oh, such a glorious day!"

I sighed heavily and turned to Sylvia. "Sylvia, do you know who has been here?"

"Yes," answered the sweet, dove-like voice. "Mamma has just been telling me."

The color came to her cheeks, and her eyes were bent to the floor. When she raised them, they sought Mr. Woodbury's immediately, I noticed.

There were such vigorous stir and bustle, and joy all through the house and yard and garden, that there was no room for me and my stupidity. I took numberless turns, feeling that if I might be alone a little time, I could then look composedly about me and find my old equanimity. But I could nowhere reach a nook where I could be alone a moment. Sylvia or Woodbury, or some one followed me, to say numberless things to me there, else to bring me back to the company. It was the worse for me, that they all saw that something was going wrong with me; that they all plied me with attentions and questions, and sympathies, and especially that whenever attention, or question, or sympathy came, Mr. Woodbury looked at me, as if to see in what mood I would receive it.

"He will see in what a miserable humor I am," thought I, more than once, "and be glad that he has Sylvia instead of me."

He and cousin Rufus rode up to Knight's, two miles above, to lodge. And when the sound of the carriage-wheels was out of my ears, then for the first time I drew long, natural breaths, and was myself once more. No one had so much to say and hear then, as I. And dear papa, too, it was such a happy thing to look in his earnest, thoughtful face, lighted up with inward thankfulness, and to hear him tell all that had been done for his soul up there. We all wept; we drew more lovingly together. We talked of Mr. Harson; of what he had been to papa and to us all. Helen Louise was sure she would go on her knees to him and kiss his feet, if his sandals were of cowhide, and covered with the dust of the furrowed fields. That was such a man as she loved, wherever and in whatever garb she found him. Such a man made her think of the Saviour, and feel as if He were again on the earth. God bless such men! God bless them!

She sat on a footstool at papa's knees, twisting his fingers in hers, as she talked, and with tears going unheeded down her cheeks.

This conversation did me good. It quieted my mind. I could pray now from the depths of my heart, and feel that my prayer was answered. I could love the Good One, who all day stretched out His hand to me, saying—"Daughter, give Me thy heart." I could feel that He was great and kind, infinitely above all others; and that He was sufficient for me.

Sylvia and I opened a cot that papa had brought into the parlor for us, and slept there. She took me in her arms, and would have talked with me of Mr. Woodbury.

"How do you like him, Meggy?" she asked.

"Very well. He is a fine looking man. But,

pray, Sylvia, don't it make you as happy and thankful as a bird, to see this change in papa?"

"Yes; as you wrote, 'I could have died to bring it about; and it has come without a single sacrifice,' at least, on my part. With you and dear, good mamma, it has been different. I used to pity you so, when I first went to Roxbury, that I could have no peace; at least, not until I saw how strong and cheerful your letters were. Then how I loved and admired you! 'There is no sister like my sister!' I would keep saying in my heart, and with my lips, too; and uncle's folks and Mr. Woodbury said the same. And now to have you once more in my arms, to come home after being gone so long, and find you all alive and well, and papa so happy, and home so pleasant—I can't be thankful enough, although God knows that I do thank Him with my whole heart. Only there is one thing, Margaret, dear; it seems to me that something troubles you, or that you are not well, or something."

"I am worn and tired; it has been so warm in the house to-day. Besides, we sat up almost all night to talk with Garland, night before last. Last night a headache troubled me."

"And I am keeping you awake all night, tonight. Don't speak another word, Good night!—my pillow is a little too low. Pleasant dreams!—there, that's all right. Dream of Mr. Woodbury if you can; for I assure you he is well worth dreaming about. Good-night!"

"Good-night. But I shan't dream of Mr. Woodbury. I like Mr. Garland better; I dare say he is better worth dreaming about."

"You do? Ah! I guess you say it to be obstinate. At any rate, tell me in the morning what you dream. Good night—good night! Let me now put one hand on your lips, thus; and another on mine, thus."

We still laughed, however; and were so long going asleep, that we heard the clock strike two before we could shut our eyes.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## SIMILITUDES.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

### THE LAUGHING WATER.

Minnie—ha, ha!—Laughing Water! Most fitting and beautiful of Indian names!

You may find the cascade which Nature's red-complexioned, unmitred priest thus long ago christened far up in the North-west, where the Minnesota runs hastily down to take a Gulf-ward journey under the protection of the Father of Waters.

But first you come upon a lake, blue, rippling and translucent, and just so wide that the fawn cropping the herbage under the walnut trees on yonder bank, fell by the arrow of the Sioux hunter on this, without hearing his moccasined foot slip among the pebbles, when he stooped to take aim.

In this lake's side one small vein is opened; and the azure fluid glides across a prairie, over which the peaceful South wind hums a constant lullaby, no longer disturbing its green repose with echoes of war songs and murderous yells, borne from the conflict of Dahcotah and Chippewa braves.

Following this thread of sapphire, thrown as a

clue at your feet, you presently meet a dance of eddies, hither, thither, and around, like a troop of children hurrying to whisper in each other's ears some ripe plan of daring fun—a step more, and the waters are leaping, with a laugh, over a jutting rock, which looks into a narrow abyss, scores of feet below. They slip off in a close, quick embrace, then bursting apart into a thousand diamond drops, they are set in the glory of a rainbow crescent, half-way down the chasm.

If, while your eye chases the Laughing Water down into that sheeny bow, which rests on either bank, among tree-tops dark with boreal verdure, so sombre a thought as that of death should glance across your mind, it would be fringed with a misty brightness, like an object beheld through a prism.

You would tell yourself that it were no sad transition, to pass suddenly, like those joyous waters, from a cheerful and stainless course, letting the pureness of your life weave you a halo, a rainbow-crown, as you fall into the dim chasm of the grave.

#### LILLA'S LILIES.

Lilla, a healthy country child, ran with bare feet into the water, to gather pond-lilies for a fair lady who was strolling by.

"Ah," said the lady languidly, "would I were as brisk and as happy as you! And I was when like you, a careless child."

"Don't you wish," asked the simple Lilla, "that you had always remained a child?"

"I will answer you thus," said the lady, drawing a full-blown lily and a bud from the bunch that she held. "The flower is mine, the bud yours; and you see that the last is shut up in its thick calyx, and has no fragrance."

"But, dear lady," rejoined Lilla, "do you see those many small black insects that are eating up the petals of your flower? I think I prefer to keep my close little bud, since I know that all is sound and pure inside."

#### GIRLS' HEADS AGAINST VEST PATTERNS.

"TICKLED TO DEATH—Boys when they arrive at age, and girls when they first lay their heads against a vest pattern."—*Public Ledger*.

At least, we first saw it in that paper. As we never were a boy, we cannot attempt to speak of the sensations one would experience at any age, but we are somewhat curious about that other matter. Can any girl remember how she felt when she first laid her head "against a vest pattern?"

How old is she, usually, at that particular and important time? Can you inform us, Mr. Editor? We had always before supposed that little girls had papas who loved and caressed them, and that their heads were laid against vest patterns a thousand times before they could talk. We are certain they have a right to that place for their heads while their fathers live; and where there is a proper state of feeling existing between the parties, they will often be laid there.

Mr. Smith, is that tall and elegant daughter of

yours in the habit of it? Have you become so accustomed to it from her childhood, that you do not go home at night from the business of the day with one half the pleasure, when you know she is out of town, or visiting her cousins? It is your own fault if it is otherwise. Your little girl, of eight or ten, watches the hour for your coming, and stands with longing heart and wistful eyes; how she would love to bound into your arms, and lay her head there. But your brow is knit, and your head is full of bank stock and merchandise; you do not even notice her, and she glides away with a quivering lip, and an aching void within. Father, how can you thus defraud your daughter? You think of her sometimes with affection, when your business is not very pressing! Occasionally, once a year, perhaps, you bring home a present for her, and she thanks you, and gives the required kiss very respectfully and timidly. At some of these times it may, perhaps, strike you that she is cold. Alas! you yourself, with your chilling indifference, have frozen over the gushing fountain that would else have fertilised your heart with its overflowing freshness; you have dimmed the brightness of that jewel, whose sparkling rays would have enlightened and vivified your life; you have crushed the tender flower, whose fragrance would have penetrated to, and gladdened your very soul. Ah, father! how can you thus have defrauded yourself?

There is often too little manifestation of affection in the family circle. This is something peculiarly necessary to the happiness of girls; if they do not receive it at home, they will be tempted to accept it elsewhere, and you may some fine day find your daughter's head laid against the vest pattern of one whom you would be far from choosing as her companion for life.

George, or Henry, you really love that pretty sister of yours, and are often proud of her when in company together. Why do you, when-at home, assume an indifference in your manner to her, amounting almost to contempt? Or notice, only to tease her? Think you by this to establish your superiority? Would it be derogatory to your incipient manhood to caress and speak kindly to one who loves you devotedly, and who would repay you a thousand-fold for every attention you might bestow. You live in the same house; sit at the same table. *Brother and sister*. Yet are you companions? I had almost said friends, even. You have your own affairs, which you do not condescend to communicate to her, unless it is in a general boastful kind of a way, to illustrate the above-mentioned superiority, and you will not listen if she attempts to enlist your sympathy in any of hers.

Suppose you try the experiment for once. On coming home, to-morrow, seat yourself by her side, with the remark that you have something to tell her.

She may, perhaps, be startled, and think you are at some of your old tricks, but let her see you are in earnest. Relate a pleasant scene, or ask her advice about something, and before you have done, if you tell your story well, you can have your arm round her waist, and her head against your vest pattern. It will do *yourself*,

as well as her, more good than you can well imagine. You will feel that you have a treasure, a source of delight, unthought of before.

From that time consult with her frequently upon your plans and projects. You will find her faithful, sensible, and quick to arrive at a correct conclusion; grateful for your confidence, and ready to do anything in her power to assist you. I once knew a brother who said to his sister, in a half-sportive way,

"You are very pretty—prettier than any of the girls I see around, and I believe I will court you"—as the term was then used—"for my wife."

"Very well," said she, in the same strain; "come on, and see if you can get me."

From that time, he redoubled his attentions to her; and what was the result? Why, the interchange of kindly acts, and the never speaking to each other except in words of affection, strengthened and increased their attachment for each other to a remarkable degree, and they remained through life connected by the strongest and purest ties of friendship. So true it is, that where love is expressed that love will increase, and where it is repressed or neglected, it will diminish and die.

Fathers! Brothers! The salutary influence of those heads, beautiful in their rich and glossy ringlets, often laid against your vest patterns, against *your hearts*, will be felt by you in the counting-room, in the street, and in the public assembly, inciting you to good, and turning away your feet from the path to ruin.

HORTENSIA.

## ANECDOTE OF MR. CLAY.

The following is related by a highly respectable Baptist minister of Kentucky, illustrative of a very important duty. We recommend it, says the German Reformed Messenger, to the careful perusal of all our "men-fearing" heads of families.

He had just commenced preaching, and had for a few years been married and keeping house. He was in humble circumstances, and of a limited education—modest and retiring to a fault. It was with great difficulty that he could summon resolution to address a congregation. Mr. Clay, in the discharge of his duty as a lawyer, came to the neighborhood of our informant ('Clover Bottom,' Woodford county,) to have surveys made of some land then in litigation. He was accompanied by another lawyer of note. They made the humble cabin of brother B. their home. On the first night they stayed with him, our brother was reduced to great extremity. He was in the habit of holding family worship morning and evening; but he trembled at the thought of doing so in the presence of guests so distinguished as Mr. Clay and his friend. His little children were becoming sleepy, and his wife, by significant gestures, suggested that the time for prayer had come. Brother B. hinted to his guests that perhaps "they would choose to go to bed." But Mr. Clay, with great politeness, said that "he did not feel at all sleepy, and that, unless it were intrusive, he would be happy to enjoy his society longer." Of course brother B. could not object. Still, the matter of prayer could not be postponed

without sending the children to bed in advance, which was contrary to his settled principles of procedure. At last, with considerable trepidation, he stated to Mr. Clay and his friend what was his custom, and said that they could stay and unite with his family in their devotions, or retire, at their option. Mr. Clay promptly, and with some feeling, replied that "they would remain by all means; that the earliest recollections of life where associated with such exercises; that his father was a Baptist minister, and his mother was still a member of that communion, and that they had taught him to reverence the institutions of religion, and none more so than that of family worship."

Brother B. then proceeded with his wonted exercises, but with much fear and trembling. He says that he never felt so much embarrassed in his life. When the season of prayer was passed, Mr. Clay approached him and said:

"Mr. B., never again feel the least hesitation in the discharge of your duty to God on account of the presence of men. I saw your embarrassment, and remained on purpose that you might never feel it again. Remember, my dear sir, that every man of sense will respect the individual who is not ashamed to acknowledge his dependence upon his Maker; and he deserves only contempt who can cherish any other feeling than reverence for 'the consecrated hour of man in audience with the Deity.' And what are myself and friend here but frail and feeble mortals, like you and your little children, indebted for all that we are to the great Fountain of Good, and dependent on Him for every blessing of life! We and you are destined to the same grave, and to the same final retribution. The king upon his throne and the beggar in his rags are the same in the eyes of the Omniscient. Think of this, Mr. B., and you will never hesitate again to engage in prayer to God on account of the presence of men. For myself, I would rather know that the prayers of a pious man, no matter how humble his position in life, were ascending in my behalf, than to have the wildest applause of listening senators."

Mr. Clay and his friend then retired for the night. Mr. B. says it was the best lesson of his life. He afterwards heard the great statesman in all the grandeur of his eloquence; but he insists that in no effort he ever heard, was he so impressive as on the occasion named.

## A PARISIAN DENTIST.

One M. Duchesne has been driving about Paris, in a gaudy wagon and with a band of music, taking out teeth. He stops in some frequented place, collects a crowd by means of the cymbal, and then invites the afflicted to apply at once for extraction and relief. A notice on the side of the wagon reads thus:—"5000 francs if I miss a tooth." Each applicant mounts on the seat with M. Duchesne, who demands the coin before proceeding. The head is then inclined backwards, the mouth opened, the tweezers inserted and the tooth snatched from its gory bed. It is held up in the air an instant for the admiration of the multitude, and at each extraction the drum gives a bang of triumph.

## EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

It is the vice of the age to substitute learning for wisdom; to educate the head and forget that there is a more important education necessary for the heart. The reason is cultivated at an age when nature does not furnish the elements necessary to a successful cultivation of it; and the child is solicited to reflection when it is only capable of sensation and emotion. In infancy, the attention and the memory are only excited strongly by the senses, and not the heart. The father may instil more solid and available instructions in an hour spent in the fields where wisdom and goodness are exemplified, seen and felt, than a month spent in the study, where they are expressed in stereotyped aphorism.

No physician doubts that precocious children, fifty cases for one, are much the worse for the discipline they have undergone. The mind seems to have been strained, and the foundation for insanity is laid.

When the studies of mature years are stuffed into the head of the child, people do not reflect on the anatomical fact, that the brain of an infant is not the brain of a man; that the one is confirmed and can bear exertions, and the other is growing and requires repose; that to force the attention to abstract facts; to load the memory with chronological and historical or scientific detail; in short, to expect a child's brain to bear with impunity the exertions of a man's, is as irrational as it would be to hazard the same sort of experiments on its muscles.

The first eight or ten years of life should be devoted to the education of the heart—to the formation of principles, rather than to the acquirement of what is usually termed knowledge. Nature herself points out this course, for the emotions are the liveliest and most easily moulded, being as yet unalloyed by passion. It is from this source the mass of men are hereafter to show their sum of happiness or misery. The action of the immense majority are under all circumstances determined much more by feeling than reflection; in truth, life presents a happiness that we should feel rightly; very few instances occur where it is necessary that we should think profoundly.

Up to the seventh year of life, very great changes are going on in the structure of the brain, and demand, therefore, the utmost attention, not to interrupt them by improper or over-excitement. Just that degree of exercise should be given to the brain at this period that is necessary to its health, and the best is moral instruction, exemplified by the objects which strike the senses.

It is, perhaps, necessary to add, that at this period of life special attention should be given, both by parents and teachers, to the physical development of the child. Pure air and exercise are indispensable; and wherever they are withheld, the consequence will be certain to extend themselves over the whole future life.

The seeds of protracted and hopeless sufferings have, in innumerable instances, been sown in the constitution of the child, simply through ignorance of this great fundamental physical law; and the time has come when the united voices of these innocent victims should ascend "trumpet-

tongued" to the ears of every parent and teacher in the land. Give us fresh air and wholesome exercise, leave our expanding energies to be developed in accordance to the laws of our being, and full scope for the elastic and bounding impulses of our young blood.—*Quarterly Review*.

## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

So far as we are willing to surmount our lower propensities, we are enabled to associate with our fellows on higher principles.

The love of ruling and the love of accumulating are the two furies which torment mankind beyond all others.

You are at all times what God sees you to be; you are not at any time what man judges you to be, only so far as his judgment is in agreement with the Divine light.

The fireside is a seminary of infinite importance; it is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the texture of life.

No one can be habitually and uniformly polite, without insensibly contracting somewhat of good. Whatever in any degree counteracts selfishness, so far lets into the mind its opposite—benevolence.

The judicial blindness of pride is seen in this, that those are the proudest who have nothing to be proud of. Such pride is the manifestation of essential self-love—of that love of self which exists where self is most vile and unlovely.

What a beautiful virtue is benevolence! It is a precious tie existing between man and man, as children of one common Father—a tie wholly unaffected by difference of age, station, kindred, or country, and over which the artificial distinctions of a vain world have little power.

How can any sincere Christian doubt that where he is, there Providence has placed him? In deciding where we will go and what we will do, we decide as if human prudence were everything; but, having so acted, we cannot but know that Providence, at the least, permitted our determination; and then, and thus, it appears impossible for any true Christian to be out of his place.

IS RELIGION BEAUTIFUL?—Always! In the child, the maiden, the wife, the mother, religion shines with a holy, benignant beauty of its own, which nothing of earth can mar. Never yet was the female character perfect without the steady faith of piety. Beauty, intellect, wealth! they are like pit-falls, dark in the brightest day, unless the divine light, unless religion throw her soft beams around them, to purify and exalt, making twice glorious that which seemed all loveliness before. Religion is very beautiful—in health or sickness, in wealth or poverty. We never enter the sick chamber of the good, but soft music seems to float on the air, and the burden of their song is, "Lo! peace is here."

## INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

## MANNERS OF THE TURKS.

In a new work just published in England, entitled "Rambles in Southern Slavonia," by Neigebaur, a German traveller, is the following description of an incident, illustrative of the manners of the Turks:

Landing at Belgrade, he found, for the first time in all his traveling experience, no officious hand ready to seize his baggage. A few paces off in front of a tavern, sat several Turkish porters smoking their long pipes. The Doctor doubtless looked helpless enough, standing beside his portmanteau, but not one of them rose to offer his services.

"Will no one earn a piece of money?" I at last called out to the smokers, as I observed that my waiting was likely to lead to no other result than carrying my own baggage.

"All of us, willingly!" replied the porters, almost with one voice, but without stirring from their seats. "But which of us shall serve you? Whom do you wish?"

"Come who will," was my reply.

The porters puffed hard at their pipes and looked at each other in silence. At last one of them, seemingly the oldest, spoke:

"Allil," he said, "have you had a job to-day?"

"No," was the reply of a slender young Moor, attired in white turban, white jerkin, and large red trousers.

"Then carry the gentleman's baggage," rejoined the other; and the Moor rose from his stone seat to take possession of my portmanteau.

As active now as he had previously seemed apathetic, Allil led the way to the Zuania, (literally the building, *par excellence*,) an hotel which may vie with the best in Europe as regards structure and appearance, but where Dr. Neigebaur had great difficulty in finding any one to receive him and attend to his wants.

## QUAKER SHREWDNESS.

An aged Quaker, who kept a grocery in the vicinity of Albany, at one time became notorious for selling small eggs. The village gossips were ready to testify that they saw the eggs he bought, and found them to be very large and fine-looking, and where he could find so many small-sized eggs as he daily sent out to his customers, was a mystery that even the Mrs. Grundys could not fathom. There were two mysterious looking holes in his counter, about the size of an egg, and public curiosity was excited to the highest pitch to ascertain what use they were put to; no one ever saw him use either in any way, and he seemed desirous to keep them covered with wrapping paper constantly.

This fact only excited the curiosity of his good neighbors the more. Some said he had some way of squeezing the eggs through these holes, to subtract, in a slight-of-hand manner, the substance therefrom for his own use. The only answer anybody could get from the old man, when questioned concerning the use of the holes, was, "My friend, if I tell thee the truth it would not benefit me or thee, and I don't wish to lie. It is a pity that lying is a sin, for it comes so easy in

trade." At last it was resolved by some of the spinsters to watch his actions through the cracks of his shutters after he had closed his shop for the night, and thus endeavor to find out their use.

This resolution was put into execution one night, and sure enough they caught him actually passing eggs through the holes, by the light of a penny dip. All those that would pass through the smallest one he placed in a basket; and those that passed through the other he put into another; and all that would not pass through either he placed in a tin pan and took them to his house, which was at the rear of his shop. On his way thither he heard the rustling of women's dresses, and in an instant he was caught; so he called them to him, and in the blandest manner said, "Sisters, ye have given yourselves much trouble to appease this curiosity, and I will therefore tell all to ye. Ye see I sort my eggs into three sizes by means of those holes. The largest I use in my own family; the next size I sell half penny cheaper on a dozen than any of my neighbors, for cash, the smallest I send to those who will buy no other way than on credit." The ladies were satisfied with the lesson in trade, and spread the news abroad till we heard it.

## AMUSING ANECDOTES.

A scrawl is the perfection of modern penmanship, on which many individuals value themselves. Speech, Talleyrand remarks was given to man to conceal his thoughts; a plain and honest man would have said that it was rather given to express thought. So with letter or business writing. It seems, in the philosophy of some, that writing was invented to puzzle readers, rather than anything else.

I knew an eminent physician in Philadelphia, who was notorious in this respect. On a certain occasion, having an unusually bad pen, he wrote a recipe which was taken to the apothecary who usually made up his prescriptions; which the boy to whom it was handed could not, with all his efforts, decipher. He gave it to his principal, who was also at fault. The message was sent back to the physician who wrote it. The whole case had passed out of his mind, and after repeated scrutiny, he was obliged to confess that he could not read it. In this dilemma, he inquired into the case of the invalid, and as soon as he was able to identify the man and his sickness, the prescription became perfectly legible, and being read off to the messenger, and by the messenger to the apothecary, the patient got his medicine.

An anecdote, somewhat similar, is told of our fellow-citizen, Mr. Longworth. He wrote an order for his carpenter to get a supply of shingles, who sent it by the drayman to the lumber-yard. The lumber man failed to decipher it, and inquired of the drayman what the order was for, and who sent it. The drayman knew who had written it, but had not been told what it was for. In this difficulty the drayman returned to Longworth, and said that they could not read the order at the board-yard, and asked him what he was to get. Mr. L. put on his spectacles, and pored it over very deliberately, but with equal ill success. "Did I write this?" at last he in-



quired of the drayman. "I suppose so," was the reply, "for you handed it to me." "Well," said he, "I doubt it. I can't read a word of it, at any rate. Don't you know what it is for?" The drayman answered, of course, "No;" and it was not until the carpenter came home to dinner, and inquired for the shingles, that Mr. Longworth was able to ascertain the purport of the order. Pulling it out of his pocket-book, and re-perusing it, "The man," said he, "doesn't know how to read—five thousand shingles—it's as plain as words can make it."

Justice Baldwin, of the United States Supreme Court, was another individual of this class of writers. During the agitation of the tariff question, in 1816, he was Member of Congress from Alleghany and Butler districts in Pennsylvania, and generally wrote home to his constituency at Pittsburg twice a week, to advise its progress. When a letter of this kind came, a general gathering was held of his intimates, each being expected to contribute a large share to the deciphering. Having often witnessed this, I can safely aver that I ever knew a letter of his read through, short of the labors of five individuals, at least.—*Cincinnati Advertiser.*

#### TREASON IN A POODLE.

The following, from a foreign paper, is a most remarkable dog story. True or not, it is a capital illustration of the suspicious nature of tyranny:—

"The severity of the Roman police has even gone so far as to take notice of a little dog, belonging to an English lady, who was taking a walk in the Villa Borghese on Saturday. The lady had taken a sprig of myrtle from a tree, and twined it round her favorite's neck; after finishing her walk, on coming to the gateway to meet her carriage, her servant was peremptorily ordered, by some police stationed there, to take the green wreath from the dog's neck—an order which the lady immediately directed her servant to comply, supposing that no flowers or plants were allowed to be abstracted from the villa; but she was not a little surprised when, on inquiring from her servant whether that really was the motive of so uncourteous an act, he gave her to understand that the dog was white, his tongue red, and the wreath green, thus completing the Italian tri-color, and rendering the unconscious little favorite a canine-revolutionist."

#### ANECDOTE OF DAGUERRE.

M. Dumas related the following anecdote of Daguerre:—In 1825, he was lecturing in the Theatre of the Sorbonne, on chemistry. At the close of his lecture, a lady came up to him, and said:—

"Monsieur Dumas, as a man of science, I have a question of no small moment to me to ask you. I am the wife of Daguerre, the painter. For some time, he has let the idea seize upon him that he can fix the image of the camera. Do you think it possible? He is always at the thought; he can't sleep at night for it. I am afraid he is out of his mind. Do you, as a man of science, think it can ever be done, or is he mad?"

"In the present state of knowledge," said

Dumas, "it cannot be done; but I cannot say it will always remain impossible, nor set the man down as mad who seeks to do it."

This was twelve years before Daguerre worked his idea out, and fixed the images; but many a man so haunted by a possibility has been tormented into a mad-house.

#### VARIETIES.

"A lass I am no more," as the girl said when she got married.

When is a candle like a tomb-stone? When it is set up for a late husband.

The easiest and best way to expand the chest, is to have a good large heart in it. It saves the cost of gymnastics.

Why should sailors, shoemakers and milkmen be classed together? Because they all work at *pumps*.

Why was the language of the ancient Germans not wholesome to some persons? It was Teutonic (too tonic.)

Why is the handsomest carpenter that ever lived, uglier than the ugliest man of any other trade? Because he is a *deal-planer*.

Fighting is the poorest way to settle a quarrel, because it does nothing to show which is in the right.

Turkey is not much of a country for drink; but it appears that France and Russia have been very nearly quarrelling over their *Porte*.

Humbbug—the great source of all our eloquence. Drive humbug out of the market, and our Senators would be struck as speechless as statues.

A tree was blown down lately by a strong newspaper puff. The roof of the printing office suffered much damage at the same time.

A modern writer has discovered that the human hair is a vegetable. He does not say how it should be cooked.

The Boston Atlas, in the account of a riot, says: "The Irish *maintained* their ground, *retreating* inch by inch!"

The words of the widow of Helvetius to Napoleon are worth remembering: "You cannot conceive how much happiness can be found on three acres of land."

A nurse, wishing to give a very polite answer to a gentleman who inquired after the health of a sick baby entrusted to her care, said, "Oh, sir, I flatter myself the child is going to die."

A clergyman, being complained of by another for drawing away his parishioners on Sunday, made this reply:—"Feed your flock better, and then they won't stray!"

Plant a tree—train a vine—foster a shrub—deposit a flower-seed, and nurture its blossom—paint the fence—"slick up" the yard—fix the sidewalk—in short, give heed to the little things that constitute the grand aggregate for public beauty.

## EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

## FOREIGN POLITICS.

By last arrivals, it appears that Europe still remains in that peculiar condition of political calm, which may possibly continue for some years yet to come, and yet is quite as likely to result in a sudden outbreak. Any one, who closely scrutinizes the movements of the different monarchical governments, may readily perceive among all of them a growing feeling of uneasiness and distrust. In the first place, Louis Napoleon, though recognised by his fellow potentates as Emperor of France, has by no means succeeded in winning their friendly regard. In their hearts, they still look upon him as an usurper, and are quite ready to assist in deposing him whenever a fitting opportunity shall arrive. The hereditary rights of the Bourbon and Orleans families being alone acknowledged by the European powers, it is very easy to see that nothing but incessant watchfulness will guard Louis Napoleon from their machinations. Already certain tendencies indicate the commencement of a combination against him. Policy has dictated a reconciliation between the houses of Bourbon and Orleans, and while their adherents in the provinces are quite numerous and enthusiastic, the French Assembly formed, at least, in part, of the creatures of Napoleon, are beginning to evince some degree of opposition to his measures. As regards the attitude of Russia, at this time, it is difficult to understand how far she will succeed in enforcing her demands against Turkey. The whole negotiations are very evidently involved in profound mystery. The Russian ambassador still remains in Constantinople, and it appears to be certain that Turkey will be supported against undue concessions by the Governments of England and France. If the question is reduced merely to a simple control over the holy places, it is, comparatively, a matter of indifference with the Moslems whether that domination shall be exercised by the Greeks or the Latins; but if Russia persists in demanding the exercise of authority over the whole Greek priesthood in Turkey, the alarming increase of power, which would be acquired by such a grant, would be subversive, at once, of the little independence which yet remains to the government of the Sultan.

While all parties thus continue jealous of each other, there is scarcely any likelihood of an immediate recourse to arms. When, however, hostilities do again take place, the war cannot other-

wise than become a general one, and will involve so powerfully the questions of liberal government on the one hand, and despotism on the other, as to make it of more importance than any contest which has arisen within the present century.

## DURATION OF COPYRIGHT.

An agitation is springing up among the literary and dramatic writers of France in favor of a more extended period of copyright. The present law in that country limits the duration of copyright in works for the stage to twenty years after an author's death—a period not considered sufficient to give to a writer's family or executors such beneficial interest in his productions as they ought to receive. The case, as between the individual right and the public right, is one of great nicety—and public opinion will perhaps become more favorable to the claims for an extended property in intellect as it learns more and more to appreciate intellectual excellence.

In the United States, the duration of copyright is twenty-eight years, with the privilege of renewal for fourteen additional years. This privilege extends only to the author, his widow, or children. How far the original alienation of an author's copyright, by sale to a publisher, affects his interest in the renewal, is a question which has not, as we are aware, been legally settled. The wording of the law is very explicit, and, as far as we can judge of the significance of words, gives the benefit of the renewal to the author, or his widow and children. An author can only sell to his publisher the legal right existing at the time being, and this, at the first entry of a work, is only the right to publish for twenty-eight years. As literary property is becoming more and more valuable in this country, and some few books must live and be widely circulated far beyond twenty-eight years, it is time this matter was settled by legal precedents. The brief period of fourteen years beyond the first provision for an author's benefit, flung out as a kind of gratuity by law-makers, whose estimate of brain work was exceedingly low, ought at least to be saved to the worn out literary man, who has been forced to part with his copyrights through the pressure of existing wants.

The time is not far distant, it may be hoped, when, a higher estimate being placed on intellectual productions, the benefit derivable therefrom will be secured in something like perpetuity to the author and his heirs at law. This would be only common justice.

## MEXICO AND SANTA ANNA.

Already, since his recall, Santa Anna has assumed dictatorial powers. The exercise of this high-handed authority is justified by his adherents on the plea that the deplorable condition to which the country is reduced, requires the adoption of most stringent measures to save it from utter ruin. The excuse, though plausible enough, is nothing more than that which is always used by men who aim at despotic power. It was alleged by the Bonapartists that the danger with which France was menaced justified the coup d'état of Louis Napoleon, and they glorified the act accordingly as having saved the country from anarchy. As no one dared to enquire, with a bayonet at his breast, whether it was really true that France was in a perilous condition, the act, and the laudation which followed it, have both been suffered to pass for what they were worth without much audible comment.

Like Louis Napoleon, Santa Anna has muzzled the press, and free discussion of political questions is no longer allowed in the Republic of Mexico. The Mexican dictator, for such he already is in effect, acting in a spirit of bitter hostility to the United States, has denounced all those Mexican officers and soldiers who voluntarily surrendered themselves prisoners-of-war during the campaign of 1847, and dismissed them from the service.

From his known sympathy with the freer institutions of this country, and from his desire to see them carried out in his own, General Arista has been ordered into exile. On the eve of his departure, he addressed a manly letter to Santa Anna, boldly declaring his sympathy for North American institutions, and his willingness to promote, if necessary, the happiness of Mexico by annexation to the United States. That General Arista does not stand alone, in supporting these views, is evident from the leniency of the sentence which has been passed upon him. Indeed, it has long been known that a large portion of Northern Mexico would willingly come under the jurisdiction of the United States, and there can be but little doubt that a similar feeling prevails even in the "terra caliente."

It is not at all remarkable that Spain should sympathise with Santa Anna in his attempt to centralize the power of Mexico, and the probability is that he will receive, if not open yet indirect, support from that quarter. The official journal at the Havana, contrary to the usual custom of that paper, expresses a peculiar satisfaction at the new order of things in Mexico, and justifies the late acts of Santa Anna with as much zeal

as any one of his most rabid partisans. These indications are not without their own peculiar significance, and it will probably be but a short time before our own government will be called upon to adopt the doctrine they professedly repudiated in the case of Kossuth, and "intervene" in a manner most likely to produce important results.

## CIVIL WAR IN CHINA.

For upwards of two years past a remarkable rebellion has existed in China, which, commencing in the southern provinces of Quang-tai and Quang-tong, has been slowly moving northward, beating back the imperial troops, and, by repeated successes, increasing in numbers and confidence, until it has become sufficiently formidable to threaten the extinction of the Manchoo dynasty, and the elevation to the Imperial dignity of Tien-teh, the present powerful rebel leader. As usual, in Chinese diplomacy, large rewards and various honors and dignities have been repeatedly offered for the head of the audacious chief whose triumphant progress has thrown the whole empire into commotion; but no one has yet been found bold enough to attempt a compliance with the imperial edict. This rebellion, springing, doubtless, from oppression and misgovernment, appears to be popular with all those who are most likely to have suffered from undue exactions, and the partial administration of justice by those at present in authority. As Tien-teh promises to redress the evils under which the swarming millions of that country have so long labored, our best wishes ought to be for his success, if we could be brought to believe that his elevation to the imperial throne would be advantageous to popular liberty. Unfortunately, there is but little reliance to be placed in the promises of one who comes of a nation prone in the highest degree to deceit, and we fear that continued victory to the rebel cause would only result in a change of masters.

In the meantime, the rebel army, moving northward from the vicinity of Canton, has taken possession of Nankin, the ancient capital of China. This famous city, variously reported to contain from half a million to upwards of a million inhabitants, is situated about three miles south of the Yang-tse-kiang, the great central river of China, and in the vicinity of the grand canal which traverses the whole eastern border of China, from Nankin to Peking, the present imperial city, five hundred miles further north.

By this it will be seen that the rebels, at the

latest advices, had already penetrated, by a rough computation, nine hundred out of the fourteen hundred miles which originally lay between them and the capital; and, so far as the eastern provinces are concerned, are in possession of the finest portions of the Empire. Roused at length to the danger which menaces him, it is said that the Emperor has called together an extraordinary military force for the purpose of checking the further advance of Tien-teh and his victorious followers.

Whether the sentiment of loyalty is sufficiently strong, in the ancient Chinese population, to sustain the present Tartar dynasty, remains to be seen; but fears are expressed among resident foreigners that the rebellion will eventually prove successful, unless some "outside barbarian" power shall come to the assistance of the struggling Emperor, and reinstate him firmly upon his tottering throne. A few thousand European soldiers could very easily turn the scale either way; for the Chinese are more remarkable for sound and fury than for vigorous warlike operations. Still, opposed to each other, they are tolerably well matched; but, as against a barbarian antagonist, the opium war displayed their effectiveness as soldiers in a most contemptible light.

Letters and papers from Hong Kong call upon England to interpose, and by relieving the reigning Emperor from his powerful adversary, acquire the advantages which would naturally result from so friendly an act. As a stimulant to intervention, hints are thrown out that if England draws back, Russia may perhaps embrace the opportunity of obtaining a foothold in China, and by this means threaten at any moment the integrity of British India. The London Times, however, does not seem to apprehend any such movement on the part of the Czar, and seems disposed to let the Chinese fight out their quarrel among themselves. This is doubtless the present purpose of the British ministry, though the Times intimates that any interruption of commercial relations, between England and China, might lead to more active movements on the part of the royal marine.

The aspect of affairs certainly appears very threatening among the Celestials, and as the interests of America are also very extensive in that quarter, it would not be amiss if a sufficient squadron was ordered to cruise in the Chinese waters, in order to watch the progress of affairs. Commodore Perry, during his Japan expedition, will not, indeed, be far distant; but it is possible he may find himself engaged in a very pretty quarrel of his own before he opens the port of

Nagasaki, or is allowed to anchor unmolested in any other harbor in Japan.

#### FOREIGN SINGERS.

We notice that the press in this country is beginning to speak in grandiloquent terms of Mario and Grisi, who are expected shortly to make a musical tour in the United States. Some skilful manager is at work, pulling the editorial puppet wires.

How adroitly this thing of getting up a furore in favor of foreign singers is done. A paragraph is quietly inserted in some respectable journal, as a mere piece of news, and then away it goes through the length and breadth of the land, copied from paper to paper, and read as disinterested, and, therefore, truthful testimony. This is repeated again and again, until the whole musical and fashionable circle is in a fever of anticipation. At the right moment, along comes the singer with a blast of trumpets, and the golden victory is won. We are an easily duped people in all matters connected with music, and the *modus operandi* is now thoroughly understood. How long will the present order of things prevail?

#### MEN FOR THE TIMES.

We have indications or signs sufficiently plain and abundant that there are times not far distant when the best interests of the inhabitants of these United States will need and demand men of principle, and firmness, and inflexible integrity,—men many degrees above the expediency—worshippers and office-seekers who have so prominently figured in recent times. The foes of Freedom and Republicanism have not yet concentrated all their forces, nor exhausted all their skill in strategy. When they make their next assaults, let us have no traitors within the American camp, no scheming demagogues nor blind partizans, who for a few more votes will grant the desire of our enemies. Let us have public men far above the level of political partizans, rising to the dignity of American Statesmen.

The times demand, both in public officers and private citizens, more than we have ever yet had—individuality of character, and depth and fixedness of opinion, purpose and principle. Party leaders have heretofore done all the thinking for a whole party. Now, we need men who can form rational and firmly grounded opinions for themselves. Heretofore too many have been at no pains to discern, judge and determine for themselves. The mass has generally taken one side or the other of a question, as the leaders of their party dictated, without any deliberate inves-

tigation, candid hearing of the other side, or independent judgment of their own. Creeds and customs have heretofore been adopted with little or no inquiry. There has been too much blind following of the opinions and customs of clique, sect, party, or majority, without trying them by the standard of truth and right. Men have too much suffered their minds and conduct to be influenced by most unworthy considerations. Flattery and cajolery, hope of office or reward, have been more powerful than the strongest arguments, or the plainest dictates of pure patriotism. Now all these lamentable exhibitions which men have made of themselves in their political relations and movements, we would ascribe not so much to want of honesty as to the want of well pondered, well settled convictions, the product of the independent action of their own minds. And hence, we are led to infer that individuality and independence of judgment are things of first importance in that type of character which the times demand of all citizens, both public and private.

The more our citizens use their own minds, their own moral discernment, their own conscience, the better prepared will we be for any emergency which may happen to our country. The more they submit to be dictated to, the less are they to be depended on to work for the best interests of the country, as they are much more likely to be used as tools by base and wheedling demagogues, than to be reached by the rational appeals of truly patriotic and high-minded politicians. Let us have more men who have opinions of their own, and can give reasons for them; who will yield to competent authority, but not to dictation, to testimony in matters of fact, but not to other men's judgments in matters of opinion.

There is another quality which we need more in all who vote or are concerned in public affairs. We might have voters and legislators who are more given to individuality and independence in their judgments, than politicians have lately been, and yet the country might be little benefited, so far as its best interests are concerned, if they should not have courage sufficient to avow, advocate and adhere to their convictions. Of what avail were it that my opinions were ever so correct in reference to any question or matter concerning the public weal or interests, if any party or selfish considerations could prevail with me to deter me from avowing or maintaining my convictions? The public weal is a thing of sufficient importance to inspire that degree of courage which should prevent me from resorting to any subterfuge or concealment, even if by the avowal

of my convictions I should inflict pain or disappointment, or expose myself to some loss or peril. The voter or public servant should be above that weak and selfish cowardice or fear which dreads to encounter an unpleasant look by adhering to the plain and necessary truth. Besides the injury to public interests which may arise from such cowardice, there is another injury of no small consideration. That reverence for truth and right which ought to be inviolably maintained, is thereby trampled under foot, and the sacred principles of veracity, honesty and self-respect are thereby undermined. The way is entered upon which, like a descending slope, leads on to greater and still greater meanness. A habit of subterfuge, of resort to expedients, is commenced, which will gradually lessen the disposition to pursue a straight-forward and honorable course.

#### WOMEN IN THE COUNTRY.

On all sides we have suggestions on the subject of enlarging the sphere of woman's duties and productive industry. Among others, the editor of the Country Gentleman answers the question—"What shall the ladies do?" and in doing so, says:—"They may cultivate Rural Taste; this they can do without sacrificing any of the modesty which graces the sex; without coming in contact with the coarse, revolting side of humanity; without going beyond the precincts of their own homes without neglecting a single duty. The ladies are allowed, on all hands, to possess a more universal and delicate appreciation of the beautiful than man. They love it for its own sake, and seldom mingle with it that critical, fault-finding taste which often characterizes the æsthetics of the sterner sex. From their infancy they have loved flowers; they played with them at home; they carried them to school; they crowned the Queen of May with a coronet of them, as the only means of adding to her beauty; they wear them at the bridal, they scatter them on the tomb. But how many love to cultivate them? How many feel any enthusiasm in watching the progress of a plant, and that intense enjoyment at the expanding of a favorite flower, which the artist feels, when the last touch of his pencil has made his ideal real? They love the fragrance of flowers, to twine them in their hair, to arrange bouquets for the centre-table; but do they love to study vegetable physiology and botany, or to be seen at work in the garden? Mr. Coleman, in his European Tour, tells us of English ladies of rank who are familiar with horticulture and farm work; who pride themselves on

their skill in cultivating superior plants, and who are not deficient in the mysteries of the kitchen, or in grace and intelligence. There are such ladies in our own country, and their number is rapidly increasing—ladies whose love of nature has survived the romantic fever of the boarding-school, has increased amid household cares, and ripened into a constant affection which has become a part of their being.

"Believing, as we do, that the social well-being of the community is intimately connected with the progress of rural taste, we ask the attention of all ladies, who are desirous of aiding in reform, to the considerations thus briefly presented. Would it not contribute more to the sum of happiness to strive to woo men from the war of words to the calm pleasures of a quiet, lovely, country home, than to mingle in a fight in which the conquerors are often the losers? But if you refuse the office thus offered, and reject the enjoyments which wait your acceptance, do not complain that the avenues to usefulness are all closed against you—that there is nothing which calls for your efforts, or promises you a reward."

#### SINGLE TRACKS ON RAILROADS.

One of the most fruitful sources of accidents on railroads, is getting behind time on a road which has but a single track. This danger is increased in a ratio with the frequency of the trains. If one of these is a few minutes late in reaching a certain point, where an approaching train is to be met and passed, the engineer of the latter train is considered entitled to the road, and dashes on toward the next "turn out," where he expects to find the due train quietly awaiting his arrival. But if from a slight misunderstanding in regard to time, this train, instead of being on the "turn out," is also rushing forward, a collision and fearful loss of life is inevitable. That we have not such collisions weekly on our Camden and Amboy Railroad, is a remarkable fact, and to be attributed solely to the prudence of those having charge of the trains. But, the lives of hundreds of passengers are in daily jeopardy on the route between this city and New York; and unless the Company—one of the richest in the United States—is compelled to lay a double track, terrible scenes will yet be witnessed. Now that eight or nine daily trains are flying each way between the cities of New York and Philadelphia, the risk has become imminent in a most fearful degree. Will the public wait until an accident, involving from thirty to a hundred lives, spurs them on to demand a double track on this road? or will they require it to be laid at once?

The public require it! What can that portion of the public, most interested, do, while a majority in the New Jersey Legislature remains the creature of the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company? So far as the Company is concerned, it has no moral sense. It cannot be moved by a regard to public good or public safety; and its passive tool, the New Jersey Legislature, is yet as far beyond the reach of unselfish considerations. There is little to hope in this case, we fear, from any exciting cause, less than that of a wholesale murder, such as may be looked for daily. When this takes place, the people of New Jersey may be so aroused as to demand of their law-makers the coercion of the Company into laying a double track.

No Railroad Company, we hold, should be allowed to make a dividend until a double track is laid from starting point to terminus.

#### PANORAMA OF NIAGARA.

We learn that Mr. G. A. Frankenstein is now at work, in New York, upon a magnificent panorama of the Falls of Niagara, from the smooth water above the falls, down to the mouth of the river at Lake Ontario. The panorama includes all the finest aspects of the great cataract, with views of the whirlpool, the rapids, and the surrounding scenery. A number of the celebrated Niagara winter scenes will also be given, showing the huge masses of ice which are gradually formed in the winter season by the freezing of the spray as it falls upon the rocks and trees, some of the masses almost equalling in height the cataract itself. No artist in the country is better fitted to do justice to such subjects than Mr. Frankenstein, as he has long resided at Niagara, and has both a mind to appreciate its beauties and grandeurs, and a skilful hand to convey them to canvas. The Panorama of Niagara will be ready for exhibition about the first of July.

#### THE AMERICAN ART UNION.

After a long and wearying investigation, by a Legislative Committee, of the charges brought against the managers of the American Art Union of New York, the result is the entire failure on the part of the individuals, who boldly asserted dishonest and dishonorable practices, to sustain their allegations. The New York Courier and Enquirer, in speaking of this result, says:—"Those who read the daily report of the proceedings could not have been surprised that the Committee, upon the close of the examination of the principal witness for the petitioners, informed the representatives of the Art Union Committee that a defence was needless, and that the investigation



might then be properly closed. But the defendants claimed their right of replying, and by a few witnesses and vouchers extinguished for ever slanders that, in truth, needed no refutation. The evidence of the principal witness for the petitioners, by whose revelations so much iniquity was expected to be brought to light, elicited day after day only the derision, the scorn, and the contempt of the whole community; until finally it became so absurd that the public mind was in doubt whether to consider it most a bore or a joke. The other witnesses put upon the stand for the prosecution proved to be the very best evidence for the prosecuted; and from the mouths of artists who had been selected as being those most wronged by the managers of the Art Union we heard only solemn asseverations of the generosity with which they had been treated, and the establishment of the truth that the only compulsion which they were under to receive the prices offered them by the managers, was that from them better terms could be obtained than from any other purchasers. On the other hand it appeared that the gentlemen charged with wrongfully obtaining the magnificent sum of eighteen dollars for commissions, appropriating one hundred dollars for champagne, getting rid of their own poor pictures, worth three hundred and fifty dollars, &c., &c., were continually advancing tens of thousands of dollars to the Institution, besides giving a large portion of their time to the gratuitous direction of its complicated affairs. Fortunately the evidence was at hand for the full refutation of even such petty, miserable slanders as these; and those who uttered them were brought to confusion; to shame, no earthly power could bring them."

#### YOUNG AMERICA.

When "Young America" becomes a competitor in any field, he is sure to distance the fleetest. Not satisfied with the new and progressive, he must occasionally step aside and try his powers of inflation on old forms. A notable case in point, illustrating both propositions at once, is that of Mr. Charles Astor Bristed, the dashing grandson of John Jacob Astor, who has been running a wild round of fashionable dissipation abroad, after having exhausted all sources of excitement in this country. J. Ross Brown, in his "Yusef," thus draws his picture:

"When I first saw him, he was on the way from Florence to Milan, in quest of a pair of pantaloons of a particular style. No man in Europe understood cutting except Pantalotti. There was a set in Pantalotti that made him indispensable. He had tried the Parisian tailors, but they were deficient in the knees. It was his intention to

proceed at once from Milan to Leipsic for boots; the Germans were the only people who brought boots to perfection, and decidedly the best were to be had at Leipsic. He expected to be obliged to return to Paris for shirts; there was a set in the collar of the Parisian shirt that suited him. His medicines he always purchased in London; his cigars he was forced to import from Havana; his Latakia tobacco he was compelled to purchase himself in Smyrna, and this was partly the occasion of his present visit. As to wines, it was nonsense to undertake to drink any but the pure Johannisberg—which he generally saw bottled on the Rhine every summer, in order to avoid imposition. His winters he spent chiefly in Spain; it was the only country where good cream was to be had; but the coffee was inferior, and he sometimes had to cross the Pyrenees for want of a good cup of coffee. No mode of traveling suited him exactly—in fact, he disliked traveling. Riding he hated, because it jolted him; walking, because it tired him; the snow, because it was cold; the sun, because it was warm; Rome, because it was damp; Nice, because it was dry; Athens, because it was dusty. (By the way, I disliked Athens myself; chiefly on that account; Bimby was right there.) But it was impossible for him to live in America again. What could any man of taste do there? No pictures, no ruins, no society, no opera, no classical associations—nothing at all, except business; and all sorts of business he despised. It was a ridiculous as well as a vulgar way of spending life. In fact, the only decent people he had met with were the French; a man might contrive to exist a while in Paris. Not that he approved altogether of the French language; it wanted depth and richness; the only language worthy of a man of sense was the Sanscrit. As soon as he had suited himself in boots at Leipsic, he was going to perfect himself in Sanscrit at the University at Berlin; after which he hoped to recover the effects of a hard study by a tour through Bavaria, which was the only country on the face of the earth where the beer was fit to drink."

☞ The following amusing story is told in a German newspaper:—"Several young painters, at Heidelberg, were listening to an account, read by one of their number, of a famous case of *Tischrucken*, reported in an Augsburg paper. The idea came into their heads to try a similar experiment. As no table was at hand, they substituted a wooden mannikin, such as is used by artists, placing it on its hands and knees in the middle of the studio. In the first quarter of an hour it began to tremble. The magnetizers, encouraged by success, redoubled the efforts of their wills, and charged the mannikin so strongly with the mysterious motive fluid, that it squirmed, and wriggled, and hopped, and presently starting to its feet, dashed round the room in pursuit of the accidental young Frankensteins, who only saved themselves by bolting out of the door, and slamming it in the face of their wooden persecutor."

## HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

Mrs. Denison, in one of her capital editorials for the Boston Olive Branch, presents the following striking contrast between two homes and two husbands:

"I wish I *could* see a pleasant face when I come home. Tired! Yes! that's always the cry. I never get tired—oh, no! Customers to please—clerks to overhaul—accounts to cast up! Hush! I shall hate that child. Now walk the floor and spoil him. Bill, hunt up my slippers. Mary, draw up the rocking-chair. Other men have these things ready for them. There's Saunders, he takes comfort. His wife is as handsome as she was the day she married. If there's anything I hate it's a faded woman. Light the lamps and give me my newspaper. If I can't read here in peace I'll go over to Saunders's."

"Mary, dear, how tired you look. Give me that great strapping boy. No wonder your arms ache. Oh! never mind *me*. I'm always O. K. at home, you know. Take the rocking-chair *yourself*, and just be comfortable. Ain't I tired? Why yes, I am—a little, but then I've feasted on fresh air and sunshine to-day, which you haven't. Besides, I don't have such a lump of perpetual motion as this to manage.

"Bless my soul—how do you live these hot days? Never mind the room! everything looks well enough—you included—except that you are looking a trifle better than well. How do you manage to keep so young and pretty, bonny wif?"

Well might the smiling answer be, "*the freshness and fulness of my husband's love keeps my heart green.*"

## TERRIBLE DESECRATION.

By letters from Jerusalem, of the 24th March, we learn that on Palm Sunday there was a battle between the Greek and Armenian Christians, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, about a lamp. Several persons were wounded. The Catholics remained neuter. "The English missionaries were turned out of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre because they behaved in an unseemly manner when the procession passed on Good Friday." A missionary named Crovford (Crawford?) preached a sermon outside the synagogue while service was going on within, and indulged in invectives against the Talmud. One of the children of Israel, incensed at this, hurled a dead cat in the face of the reverend gentleman; Mr. Crovford's friends came to the rescue, the Jews supported the defender of the Mosaic rites, and a regular fight ensued. "It rained stones and mud," and the missionary and his friends were obliged to seek safety in flight.

Is it any wonder that being frequent witnesses of these disgraceful squabbles, both Jews and Mahommedans should regard the Christian religion with contempt? Not only do annual contests take place between the Greeks and Arme-

nians for possession of the Holy Sepulchre, but street brawls, and unmeasured vituperation of each other, are of almost weekly occurrence. It is a most humiliating fact that the Christian religion displays itself to the worst advantage in that Judean city where the Saviour taught and suffered.

"It's our opinion," says a cotemporary, "that if a number of gentlemen are sitting together, talking sensibly upon some sensible subject, and a lady enters, they immediately commence talking foolishly, and keep it up until she makes her exit."

The writer of this paragraph is mainly correct in his observation. But the fact does not so much illustrate woman's lack of intelligence as it does man's inadequate perception of her character. It is this miserable "talking down" to woman, so common in the male sex, that depresses her capabilities, and gives an enormous idea of her mental wants and appreciations. Let woman rebuke with grave and dignified silence the small talk and light frivolities of conversation made for her especial benefit, and she will soon find herself treated with a more just regard. Most women take interest in the intellectual conversation of men, though not in the weak, interminable political discussions with which they manage to fill up so much of their leisure time.

☞ The Christian Inquirer has this fine remark:—"The giddy *belle* and the over-worked seamstress are extreme forms of the same mental impoverishment." The Inquirer further observes:—"To our view, the worst thing in American society is the studied indifference of female education to everything truly useful and exalting. Ostentation in high life is a fair match, in point of degradation, with grinding want in low life."

## VOLUME SECOND.

With this number of the Home Magazine, which begins a new volume, we commence giving varied illustrations, both on steel and wood, and this without any increase of subscription price, which, at the club rates, makes our Magazine, for the amount and variety of reading and illustration it offers, the cheapest magazine in the world. In one or two instances, enquiry has been made as to the time at which subscriptions to the Magazine, commencing at No. 1, expire, seeing that our first volume includes nine instead of six numbers. We reply, that a year's subscription always entitles the subscriber to receive *twelve numbers*. Subscribers from the commencement will, therefore, receive the work up to September, when we hope for a renewal in all cases.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

— *Fern Leaves, from Fanny's Portfolio.* Auburn: Derby & Miller. (For sale by all the publishers.) Who has not heard of Fanny Fern, the arch, daring, vivacious paragraphist? Now amusing her readers by her bold and rough, yet broadly humorous "hits" of life and character; and now winning upon their affections as a tender, thoughtful and pathetic moralist. For ourselves, we prefer Fanny Fern best when she presents herself before us in the latter mood. We know that antic and grimace catch the world's eye soonest; and that some latitude must be allowed to a writer desirous of attracting attention in these "fast" times. Still saucy and dashing as Fanny doubtless seems to the superficial, we look deeper, and through this masquer's disguise see the pensive features of one who feels warmly, and has a tender sympathy with human suffering. The great success of Fanny, as a writer, springs from her vigorous naturalness. She gives vent to her thoughts upon paper as an independent woman might be supposed to speak; freely, a little pertly at times, and occasionally with a dash of recklessness. In these remarks, we refer more particularly to Fanny Fern's newspaper contributions. In the book before us, she has rigidly excluded every article that might have been calculated to give the reader an erroneous impression, and has admitted nothing but what is "right womanly." We need scarcely wish such a book a successful sale, for that, in our opinion, it cannot fail to have.

— *The Course of Empire, Voyage of Life, and other Pictures, of Thomas Cole, N. A. With selections from his Letters and Miscellaneous Writings. Illustrative of his Life, Character and Genius.* By Louis L. Noble. New York: Cornish, Lamport & Co. (For sale by Lippincott, Grambo & Co.) It is not often that the genius of our modern painters receives so appreciative a token of regard as is evinced by the production of a book commemorative of their life and works. Nor is it always that the events of their lives are sufficiently above the level of common-place occurrences to admit of their being rendered interesting to the ordinary reader.

The biography of a man of great purity of moral character will always be found susceptible of conveying useful lessons to others; and when to this spotless integrity is added undoubted genius, and a resoluteness earnestness of purpose to attain eminence in the path he has marked out for himself, the narrative of his struggles, his aspirations and his signal achievement of success in his vocation, affords a valuable lesson to all who desire to profit by the teachings of experience.

Those who have seen the fine pictures by Cole, and more especially the series referred to in the

title page, have doubtless only thought of him as an eminent artist, rich in friends who appreciated his talents, and occupying that position in respect to his art, which commands rather than solicits patronage. Perhaps few knew through what extreme poverty and privation he had to pass before his merit as a painter became recognised. It is the relation of these trials, the cheerfulness with which they were borne, and the indomitable perseverance by which they were surmounted, that makes the personal history of Cole as a fit subject for the pen of the biographer.

Besides a biography of Cole, judiciously told in part by his own letters, the book contains full notices of his greater pictures, with such selections from his poems and prose writings as were best calculated to display the admirable character of the man.

— *The Old and the New: or, The Changes of Thirty Years in the East, with some allusions to Oriental Customs as elucidating Scripture.* By William Goodell. New York: M. W. Dodd. (For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston.) Under the auspices of the American Board of Foreign Missions, many pure-minded and energetic men have embarked for foreign lands, and devoted themselves among strangers to the promulgation of the truths of the Gospel. From these sources we have been enabled to obtain a very thorough knowledge of foreign manners and customs; and especially as respects those of Eastern nations. The memoirs of Dr. Grant, lately published, made us much better acquainted with the Armenian Christians than we had been previously; while the present work, by Mr. Goodell, gives us a very clear view of the changes which are rapidly taking place throughout the whole Turkish empire.

Such works as these are calculated to do good. They are the product of thoughtful minds, are well digested, and, being the result of a thorough knowledge of the people among whom the missionaries have lived and labored, are to be considered as far more reliable than the hasty conclusions of travellers who dash through a country post haste, and on their return home, deliberately pronounce judgment upon it as if qualified by the experience of years.

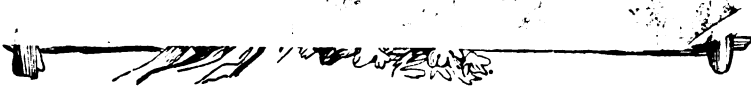
— *Cyrilla. A Tale.* By the Author of the "Initials." New York: D. Appleton & Co. (For sale by Henderson & Co.) Under this simple and unobtrusive title, the author of the "Initials" has produced another work of extraordinary interest. Taking for his text, "many also have perished, have erred and sinned for woman," he has followed it out in a story of uncommon power and pathos. Books like these are teachers, for beneath the guise of a fiction, many profound truths can be brought home to the heart, which, delivered from the pulpit, would have passed unheeded.

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Engraved by A. D. B.

PAUL & VIRGINIA.





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PAUL & VIRGINIA



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THE ENRAGED COOK.

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# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: AUGUST, 1853.



## OLIVIA AND THE SQUIRE.

[All who are familiar with the Vicar of Wakefield, remember the scene in which the careful mother uses her arts to entrap the young Squire into a declaration of love to Olivia. One passage in this scene the artist has happily illustrated.]

Whatever might have been Sophia's sensations, the rest of the family were easily consoled for Mr. Burchell's absence, by the company of our landlord, whose visits now became more frequent and longer. Though he had been disappointed in procuring my daughters the amusements of the town, as he designed, he took every opportunity of supplying them with those little recreations which our retirement would admit of. He usually came in the morning, and while my son and I followed our occupations abroad, he sat with the family at home, and amused them by describing the town, with every part of which he was particularly acquainted. He could repeat all the ob-

servations that were retailed in the atmosphere of the play-houses, and had all the good things of the high wits by rote, long before they made their way into the jest-books. The intervals between conversation were employed in teaching my daughters piquet; or, sometimes, in setting my two little ones to box, to make them *sharp*, as he called it; but the hopes of having him for a son-in-law in some measure blinded us to all his imperfections. It must be owned, that my wife laid a thousand schemes to entrap him; or, to speak it more tenderly, used every art to magnify the merit of her daughter. If the cakes at tea ate short and crisp, they were made by Olivia; if the gooseberry-wine was well knit, the gooseberries were of her gathering; it was her fingers which gave the pickles their peculiar green; and in the composition of a pudding it was her judgment that mixed the ingredients. Then the poor wo-



man would sometimes tell the Squire, that she thought him and Olivia extremely of a size, and would bid both stand up to see which was the tallest. These instances of cunning, which she thought impenetrable, yet which everybody saw through, were very pleasing to our benefactor, who gave every day some new proofs of his passion, which, though they had not arisen to proposals of marriage, yet we thought fell but little short of it; and his slowness was sometimes attributed to native bashfulness, and sometimes to his fear of offending his uncle.

## THE HAPPY HOME.

BY MRS. EMELINE S. SMITH.

(See Plate "Contentment.")

I saw a scene, where Joy's bright hues were blended

With the serener tints of Peace and Love;  
It seemed a group of fairy forms, descended  
From the bright realms where poet-dreamers rove.

But though, all beautiful as some ideal,  
Wrought by the artist in his happiest hour,  
'Twas but a page of life, the true and real,  
The life made lovely by Affection's power.

The evening sunlight, through the casement streaming,

Made the sweet picture more divinely fair,  
Yet were the rosy rays less glad and beaming  
Than the fond eyes that smiled and sparkled there.

Three radiant faces! radiant with a pleasure  
Known, in its fulness, to the good alone—  
Three happy hearts—to one delightful measure  
Thrilling in perfect harmony of tone!

As summer stars, in their serenest splendor,  
Shine down on Earth's fair flowerets from above,  
So shone the mother's eyes—so fond, so tender—  
On her young child—the first fair flower of Love.

And, proudly as the morning sun advances  
To look on earth, when she is glad and bright,  
The happy father turns, with radiant glances,  
To the two forms who make his world of Light.

Well may he proudly gaze; the blessings near him  
Were won by years of patient toil and care;  
In the dim, clouded past, there came to cheer him,  
A vision of this hour serene and fair.

With fortune lowly, but with soul aspiring—  
Left lone and friendless in his boyhood's day—  
He yet, with step unfaltering, heart untiring,  
Launched boldly forth upon life's devious way.

Patient and frugal when stern want assailed him;  
Fearless and tireless in the darkest hour,  
He still toiled on—and hopes that never failed him  
Were crowned, at last, by honor, wealth and power.

And now, 'mid all the world's alluring pleasures,  
No higher, holier recompense can come,  
Than these communings with his household treasures,  
These joys serene that bless his happy home.

## PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

(See Plate.)

[Those who have read this charming work, (Paul and Virginia) will need no explanation of the scene portrayed. They will immediately recognise the two lovely children returning from the Blank river, whither they had gone to intercede for the forgiveness of a poor fugitive slave, whom they persuaded to return to her master, a rich planter of the Island.]

They climbed the precipice they had descended, and, having gained the summit, seated themselves at the foot of a tree, overcome with fatigue, hunger and thirst. They had left their cottage fasting, and walked five leagues since the break of day. Paul said to Virginia—

"My dear sister, it is just noon, and I am sure you are hungry and thirsty; we shall find no dinner here; let us go down the mountain again, and ask the master of the poor slave for some food."

"Oh, no!" answered Virginia; "he frightens me too much. Remember what mamma sometimes says—'The bread of the wicked is like stones in the mouth.'"

"What shall we do then?" said Paul; "these trees produce no fruit, and I shall not be able to find even a tamarind or lemon to refresh you."

They walked on slowly through the woods, but from the height of the trees, and the thickness of their foliage, they soon lost sight of the mountain with the three peaks, by which they had directed their course, and even of the sun, which was now setting. At length they wandered, without perceiving it, into a labyrinth of rocks and trees, which appeared to have no opening. Paul made Virginia sit down, while he ran backwards and forwards half frantic, in search of some path which might lead them out of the thick wood; but all his researches were vain, and he began to weep.

"Do not weep, my dear brother," said Virginia, "or I shall die of grief. I am the cause of all your sorrow, and of all that our mothers suffer at this moment. I find we ought to do nothing, not even what we think is good, without consulting our parents. Oh! I have been very imprudent," and she burst into tears. But in a moment she raised her head, and said to Paul—"Let us pray to God, my dear brother, and he will hear us."

Scarcely had they finished their prayer when they heard the barking of a dog. "It is the dog of some hunter," said Paul, "who comes at night to lay in wait for the stags."

Soon after the dog barked again, with more violence. "Surely," said Virginia, "it is Fidele, our own Fidele. Yes, I know his voice. We are at the foot of our own mountain! We are near home."

A moment after, and Fidele was at their feet, barking, howling, and crying, and devouring them with caresses. Before they had recovered from their surprise, they saw Domingo, their old faithful negro servant, running towards them! Oh! what joy was this!



The Mirage of the Desert.

## ATMOSPHERIC ILLUSIONS.

The following description of a certain class of wonderful and romantic scenes reported by travellers is from the pen of Thomas Milner, M. A. A series of curious and interesting phenomena, involving the apparent elevation and approach of distant objects, the production of aerial images of terrestrial forms, of double images, their inversion and distortion into an endless variety of grotesque shapes, together with the deceptive aspect given to the desert-landscape, are comprehended in the class of optical illusions. Different varieties of this singular visual effect constitute the "mirage" of the French, the "fata morgana" of the Italians, the "looming" of our seaman, and the "glamour" of the highlanders. It is not peculiar to any particular country, though more common in some than others, and most frequently observed near the margin of lakes and rivers, by the sea-shore, in mountain districts, and on level plains. These phantoms are perfectly explicable upon optical principles, and though influenced by local combinations, they are mainly referable to one common cause, the refractive and reflective properties of the atmosphere, and inequalities of refraction arising from the intermixture of strata of air of different temperatures and densities. But such appearances in former times were really converted by the imagination of the vulgar into supernatural realities; and hence many of the goblin stories with which the world has been rife, not yet banished from the discipline to which childhood is subject—

"As when a shepherd of the Hebride Isles,  
Placed far amid the melancholy main,  
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,  
Or that aerial beings sometimes deign  
To stand, embodied, to our senses plain)  
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,  
The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,  
A vast assembly moving to and fro, [show.]  
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous

Pliny mentions the Scythian regions within Mount Imaus, and Pomponius Mela those of Mauritania, behind Mount Atlas, as peculiarly subject to these spectral appearances. Diodorus Siculus likewise refers to the regions of Africa, situated in the neighborhood of Cyrene, as another chosen site. "Even," says he, "in the severest weather, there are sometimes seen in the air certain condensed exhalations that represent the figures of all kinds of animals; occasionally they seem to be motionless and in perfect quietude; and occasionally to be flying; while immediately afterwards they themselves appear to be the pursuers, and to make objects fly before them." Milton might have had this passage in his eye when he penned the allusion to the same apparition:

"As when, to warn proud cities, war appears  
Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush  
To battle in the clouds; before each van  
Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their  
spears,

Till thickest legions close, with feats of arms  
From either side of Heaven the welkin rings."

The mirage is the most familiar form of optical illusion. M. Monge, one of the French savans, who accompanied Bonaparte in his expedition to Egypt, witnessed a remarkable example. In the desert between Alexandria and Cairo, in all directions green islands appeared, surrounded by extensive lakes of pure, transparent water. Nothing could be conceived more lovely or picturesque than the landscape. In the tranquil surface of the lakes the trees and houses with which the islands were covered were strongly reflected with vivid and varied hues, and the party hastened forward to enjoy the refreshments apparently proffered them. But when they arrived, the lake on whose bosom they floated, the trees among whose foliage they arose, and the people who stood on the shore inviting their approach, had all



vanished; and nothing remained but the uniform and irksome desert of sand and sky, with a few naked huts and ragged Arabs. But for being undeceived by an actual progress to the spot, one and all would have remained firm in the conviction that these visionary trees and lakes had a real existence in the desert. M. Monge attributed the liquid expanse, tantalizing the eye with an

unfaithful representation of what was earnestly desired, to an inverted image of the cerulean sky, intermixed with the ground scenery. This kind of mirage is known in Persia and Arabia by the name of "serab" or miraculous water, and in the western deserts of India by that of "teuittiram," a picture. It occurs as a common emblem of disappointment in the poetry of the Orientals.



Atmospheric Illusion.

In the Philosophical Transactions for the year 1798, an account is given by W. Latham, Esq., F. R. S., of an instance of lateral refraction observed by him, by which the coast of Picardy, with its more prominent objects, was brought apparently close to that of Hastings. On July 26th, about five in the afternoon, while sitting in his dining-room, near the sea-shore, attention was excited by a crowd of people running down to the beach. Upon inquiring the reason, it appeared that the coast of France was plainly to be distinguished with the naked eye. Upon proceeding to the shore, he found that without the assistance of a telescope, he could distinctly see the cliffs across the channel, which at the nearest points, are from forty to fifty miles distant, and are not to be discovered from that low situation, by the aid of the best glasses. They appeared to be only a few miles off, and seemed to extend for some leagues along the coast.

At first the sailors and fishermen could not be persuaded of the reality of the appearance, but they soon became thoroughly convinced by the cliffs gradually appearing more elevated, and seeming to approach nearer, that they were able to point out the different places they had been accustomed to visit, such as the Bay, the Old Head, and the Windmill at Boulogne, St. Vallery, and several other spots. Their remark was, that these places were as near as if they were sailing at a small distance into the harbor.

The apparition of the opposite cliffs varied in distinctness and apparent contiguity for nearly

an hour, but it was never out of sight; and upon leaving the beach for a hill of some considerable height, Mr. Latham could at once see Dungeness and Dover cliff on each side, and before him the French coast from Calais to near Dieppe. By the telescope the French fishing-boats were clearly seen at anchor, and the different colors of the land on the heights, with the buildings, were perfectly discernible. The spectacle continued in the highest splendor until past eight o'clock, though a black cloud obscured the face of the sun for some time, when it gradually faded away. This was the first time within the memory of the oldest inhabitants, that they had ever caught sight of the opposite shore. The day had been extremely hot, and not a breath of wind had stirred since the morning, when the small pennons at the mast-heads of the fishing-boats in the harbor had been at all points of the compass.

Professor Vince witnessed a similar apparent approximation of the coast of France to that of Ramsgate, for at the very edge of the water he discerned the Calais cliffs a very considerable height above the horizon, whereas they are frequently not to be seen in clear weather from the high lands above the town. A much greater breadth of coast also appeared than is usually observed under the most favorable circumstances. The ordinary refractive power of the atmosphere is thus liable to be strikingly altered by a change of temperature and humidity, so that a hill which at one time appears low, may at another be seen towering aloft; and a city in a neighboring valley, may from a certain station be entirely invisible,



or it may show the tops of its buildings, just as if its foundations had been raised, according to the condition of the aerial medium between it and the spectator.



Fata Morgana at Reggio.

Of all instance of spectral illusion, the *fata morgana*, familiar to the inhabitants of Sicily, is the most curious and striking. It occurs off the Pharo of Messina, in the strait which separates Sicily from Calabria, and has been variously described by different observers, owing doubtless to the different conditions of the atmosphere at the respective times of observation. The spectacle consists in the images of men, cattle, houses, rocks and trees, pictured upon the surface of the water, and in the air immediately over the water, as if called into existence by an enchanter's wand, the same object having frequently two images, one in the natural and the other in an inverted position. A combination of circumstances must concur to produce this novel panorama.

The spectator, standing with his back to the east on an elevated place, commands a view of the strait. No wind must be abroad to ruffle the surface of the sea; and the waters must be pressed up by currents, which is occasionally the case, to a considerable height, in the middle of the strait, so that they may present a slight convex surface. When these conditions are fulfilled, and the sun has risen over the Calabrian heights so as to make an angle of forty-five degrees with the horizon, the various objects on the shore at Reggio, opposite to Messina, are transferred to the middle of the strait, forming an immovable landscape of rocks, trees and houses, and a movable one of men, horses and cattle, upon the surface of the water. If the atmosphere, at the same time, is highly charged with vapor, the phenomena apparent on the water will also be visible in the air, occupying a space which extends from the surface to the height of about twenty-five feet.

Two kinds of *morgana* may therefore be discriminated—the first, at the surface of the sea, or

the marine *morgana*; the second in the air, or the aerial.

The term applied to this strange exhibition is of uncertain derivation, but supposed by some to refer to the vulgar presumption of the spectacle being produced by a fairy or magician. The populace are said to hail the vision with great exultation, calling every one abroad to partake of the sight, with the cry of "*Morgana, morgana!*"

Aerial images of terrestrial objects are frequently produced as the simple effects of reflection. Dr. Buchan mentions the following occurrence:—"Walking on the cliff about a mile to the east of Brighton, on the morning of the 18th of November, 1804, while watching the rising of the sun, I turned my eyes directly to the sea, just as the solar disk emerged from the surface of the water, and saw the face of the cliff on which I was standing represented precisely opposite to me, at some distance from the ocean. Calling the attention of my companion to this appearance, we soon also discovered our own figures standing on the summit of the opposite apparent cliff, as well as the representation of a windmill, near at hand. The reflected images were most distinct precisely opposite to where we stood; and the false cliff seemed to fade away, and to draw near to the real one, in proportion as it receded toward the west. This phenomena lasted about ten minutes, till the sun had risen nearly his own diameter above the sea. The whole then seemed to be elevated into the air, and successively disappeared. The surface of the sea was covered with a dense fog of many yards in height, and which gradually receded before the rays of the sun."

In December, 1836, a similar circumstance excited some consternation among the parishion-



ers of Mique, in the neighborhood of Poitiers, in France. They were engaged in the exercises of the jubilee which preceded the festival of Christmas, and about three thousand persons from the surrounding parishes were assembled. At five o'clock in the evening, when one of the clergy was addressing the multitude, and reminding them of the cross which appeared in the sky to Constantine and his army, suddenly a similar cross appeared in the heavens, just before the porch of the church, about two hundred feet above the horizon, and a hundred and forty feet in length, of a bright silver color tinged with

red, and perfectly well defined. Such was the effect of this vision, that the people immediately threw themselves upon their knees, and united together in one of their canticles. The fact was, that a large wooden cross, twenty-five feet high, had been erected beside the church as a part of the ceremony, the figure of which was formed in the air, and reflected back to the eyes of the spectators, retaining exactly the same shape and proportions, but changed in position and dilated in size. Its red tinge was also the color of the object of which it was the reflected image. When the rays of the sun were withdrawn the figure vanished.



Spectre of the Brocken.

The peasantry in the neighborhood of the Hartz Mountains formerly stood in no little awe of the gigantic Spectre of the Brocken—the figure of a man observed to walk the clouds over the ridge at sunrise. This apparition has long been resolved into an exaggerated reflection, which makes the traveller's shadow, pictured upon the clouds, appear a colossal figure of immense dimensions. A French savan, attended by a friend, went to watch this spectral shape, but for many mornings they traversed an opposite ridge in vain. At length, however, it was discovered, having also a companion, and both figures were found imitating all the motions of the philosopher and his friend.

The ancient classical fable of Niobe on Mount Sipylus belongs to the same category of atmospheric deceptions; and the tales, common in mountainous countries, of troops of horse and armies marching and countermarching in the air, have been only the reflection of horses pasturing upon an opposite height, or of the forms of travellers pursuing their journey.

On the 19th of August, 1820, Mr. Menzies, a surgeon of Glasgow, and Mr. Magregor began to ascend the mountain of Ben Lomond, about five o'clock in the afternoon. They had not proceeded far before they were overtaken by a shower; but

as it appeared to be only partial, they continued their journey, and by the time they were half way up, the cloud passed away, and most delightful weather succeeded. Thin, transparent vapors, which appeared to have risen from Loch Lomond beneath, were occasionally seen floating before a gentle and refreshing breeze; in other respects, as far as the eye could trace, the sky was clear, and the atmosphere serene. They reached the summit about half-past seven o'clock, in time to see the sun sinking beneath the western hills. Its parting beams had gilded the mountain tops with a warm glowing color; and the surface of the lake, gently rippling with the breeze, was tinged with a yellow lustre. While admiring the adjacent mountains, hills, and valleys, and the expanse of water beneath, interspersed with numerous wooded islands, the attention of one of the party was attracted by a cloud in the east, partly of a dark red color, apparently at the distance of two miles and a half, in which he distinctly observed two gigantic figures, standing, as it were, on a majestic pedestal. He immediately pointed out the phenomenon to his companion; and they distinctly perceived one of the gigantic figures, in imitation, strike the other on the shoulder, and point towards them. They then made their obeisance



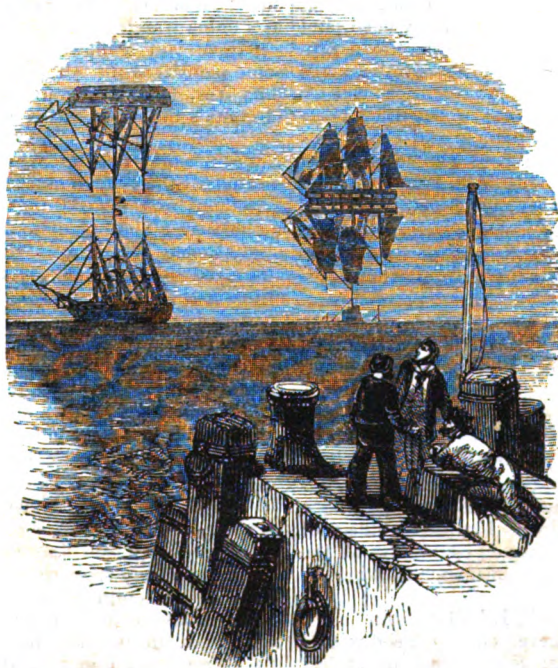
to the airy phantoms, which was instantly returned. They waved their hats and umbrellas, and the shadowy figures did the same. Like other travellers, they had carried with them a bottle of usquebaugh, and amused themselves in drinking to the figures, which was of course duly returned. In short, every movement which they made, they could observe distinctly repeated by the figures in the cloud. The appearance continued about a quarter of an hour. A gentle breeze from the north carried the cloud slowly away; the figures became less and less distinct, and at last vanished.

North of the village of Comrie, in Perthshire, there is a bold hill, called Dunmore, with a pillar of seventy or eighty feet in height built on its summit, in memory of the late Lord Melville. At about eight o'clock of the evening, on the 21st of August, 1845, a perfect image of the well-known hill and obelisk, as exactly as the shadow usually represents the substance, was distinctly observed projecting on the northern sky, at least two miles beyond the original, which, owing to an intervening eminence, was not itself at all in view from the station where the aerial picture was observed. The figure continued visible for about ten minutes after it was first seen, and was minutely examined by three individuals. One of these fancied that there was a projection at the base of the monument, as represented in the air, which was not in the origi-

nal: but, upon examining the latter, the next morning, the image was found to have been more faithful than his memory; for there stood the prototype of the projection, in the shape of a clump of trees, at the base of the real obelisk.

In northern latitudes, the effect of atmospheric reflection and refraction are very familiar to the natives. By the term "uphillanger," the Icelanders denote the elevation of distant objects, which is regarded as a presage of fine weather. Not only is there an increase in the vertical dimensions of the objects affected, so that low coasts frequently assume a bold and precipitous outline: the objects sunk below the horizon are brought into view, with their natural position changed and distorted.

In 1818, Captain Scoresby relates that when, in the polar sea, his ship had been separated for some time from that of his father, which he had been looking out for with great anxiety. At length, one evening, to his astonishment, he beheld the vessel suspended in the air in an inverted position, with the most distinct and perfect representation. Sailing in the direction of this visionary appearance, he met with the real ship by this indication. It was found that the ship had been thirty miles distant, and seventeen beyond the horizon, when her spectrum was thus elevated into the air by this extraordinary refraction.



Sometimes two images of a vessel are seen, the one erect and the other inverted, with their topmasts or their hulls meeting, according as the inverted image is above or below the other. Dr. Wollaston has shown that the production of these images is owing to the refraction of the rays through media of different densities. Look-

ing along a red-hot poker at a distant object, two images of it were seen, one erect and the other inverted, arising from the change produced by the heat in the density of the air.

A singular instance of lateral mirage was noticed, upon the Lake of Geneva, by MM. Jurine and Soret, in the year 1818. A bark, near Bel-



lerire, was seen approaching to the city by the left bank of the lake; and at the same time an image of the sails was observed above the water, which, instead of following the direction of the bark, separated from it, and appeared approaching by the *right* bank—the image moving from east to west, and the bark from north to south. When the image separated from the vessel, it was of the same dimensions as the bark; but it diminished as it receded from it, so as to be reduced to one-half when the appearance ceased. This was a striking example of refraction, operating in a lateral as well as a vertical direction.

## THE STORY OF THE BROKEN FLOWER-POT.

FROM "THE CAXTONS."

[Pisistratus, the young hero, pushed his mother's favorite flower-pot out of the window, in mischief, and told the truth about it.] From that time I first date the hour when I felt that I loved my father, and knew that he loved me; from that time, too, he began to *converse* with me. He would no longer, if he met me in the garden, pass by with a smile and nod; he would stop, put his book in his pocket, and though his talk was often above my comprehension, still, somehow, I felt happier and better, and less of an infant, when I thought over it, and tried to puzzle out the meaning; for he had a way of suggesting, not teaching; putting things into my head, and then leaving them to work out their own problems. Not long after this, Mr. Squills made me a present far exceeding in value those usually bestowed on children; it was a beautiful, large domino-box in cut ivory, painted and gilt. This domino-box was my delight. I was never weary of playing at dominoes with Mrs. Primmins, and I slept with the box under my pillow.

"Ah," said my father, one day, when he found me ranging the ivory parallelograms in the parlor, "ah, you like that better than all your playthings, eh?"

"Oh, yes, papa."

"You would be very sorry if your mamma was to throw that box out of the window and break it, for fun?"

I looked beseechingly at my father, and made no answer.

"But, perhaps, you would be very glad," he resumed, "if, suddenly, one of those good fairies you read of could change the domino-box into a beautiful geranium, in a beautiful blue-and-white flower-pot, and that you could have all the pleasure of putting it on your mamma's window-sill?"

"Indeed, I would!" said I, half crying.

"My dear boy, I believe you; but good wishes don't mend bad actions; good actions mend bad actions."

So saying, he shut the door, and went out. I cannot tell you how puzzled I was to make out what my father meant by his aporism; but I know that I played at dominoes no more that day. The next morning, my father found me seated by myself under a tree in the garden; he

paused, and looked at me with his grave, bright eyes, very steadily.

"My boy," said he, "I am going to walk to —, (a town about two miles off.) will you come? and, by-the-bye, fetch your domino-box; I should like to show it to a person there."

I ran in for the box, and, not a little proud of walking with my father upon the high-road, we set out.

"Papa," said I, by the way, "there are no fairies, now."

"What then, my child?"

"Why, how then can my domino-box be changed into a geranium and a blue-and-white flower-pot?"

"My dear," said my father, leaning his hand on my shoulder, "everybody, who is in earnest to be good, carries two fairies about with him; one here," and he touched my heart, "and one here," and he touched my forehead.

"I don't understand, papa."

"I can wait till you do, Pisistratus. What a name!"

My father stopped at a nursery gardener's, and, after looking over the flowers, paused before a large double geranium.

"Ah, this is finer than that which your mamma was so fond of. What is the cost, sir?"

"Only 7s. 6d.," said the gardener.

My father buttoned up his pocket. "I can't afford it to-day," said he, gently, and we walked out. On entering the town, we stopped again, at a china warehouse.

"Have you a flower-pot like that I bought some months ago? Ah, here is one marked 3s. 6d. Yes, that is the price. Well, when your mamma's birth-day comes again, we must buy her another. That is some months to wait. And we can wait, Master Sisty. For truth, that blooms all the year round, is better than a poor geranium; and a word that is never broken is better than a piece of delf."

My head, which had drooped before, rose again, but the rush of joy at my heart almost stifled me.

"I have called to pay your little bill," said my father, entering the shop of one of those fancy stationers, common in country towns, and who sell all kinds of pretty toys and nicknacks; "and, by the way," he added, as the smiling shopman looked over his books for the entry, "I think my little boy, here, can show you a much handsomer specimen of French workmanship than that work-box which you enticed Mrs. Caxton into raffling for, last winter. Show your domino-box, my dear."

I produced my treasure, and the shopman was liberal in his commendations.

"It is always well, my boy, to know what a thing is worth, in case one wishes to part with it. If my young gentleman gets tired of his plaything, what will you give him for it?"

"Why, sir," said the shopman, "I fear we could not afford to give more than eighteen shillings for it, unless the young gentleman took some of these pretty things in exchange."

"Eighteen shillings!" said my father. "You would give *that*? Well, my boy, whenever you

do grow tired of your box, you have my leave to sell it."

My father paid his bill, and went out. I lingered behind, a few moments, and joined him at the end of the street.

"Papa! papa!" I cried, clapping my hands, "we can buy the geranium—we can buy the flower-pot," and I pulled a handful of silver from my pockets.

"Did I not say right?" said my father, passing his handkerchief over his eyes; "you have found the two fairies!"

Oh, how proud, how overjoyed I was, when, after placing vase and flower on the window-sill, I plucked my mother by the gown, and made her follow me to the spot!

"It is his doing and his money!" said my father; "good actions have mended the bad."

"What!" cried my mother, when she had learned all, "and your poor domino-box that you were so fond of! We will go back, to-morrow, and buy it back, if it costs us double."

"Shall we buy it back, Pisistratus?" asked my father.

"Oh, no, no, no! it would spoil all!" I cried, burying my face on my father's breast.

"My wife," said my father, solemnly, "this is my first lesson to our child, the sanctity and the happiness of self-sacrifice; undo not what it should teach to his dying day."

And this is the history of the broken flower-pot.

## IS WORK DEGRADING?

BY MRS. MANNERS.

May I claim your attention again, young friends, to a subject which is often very erroneously considered by persons of your age? I have referred to it in my letters and little sketches; it is based on the golden rule of "Do as you would be done by," and it is for the consideration of the girl in the embroidered muslin as much as for her in the calico dress and check apron.

*Is service degrading?* By *service* is meant any kind of aid or assistance which can be rendered to those around us. Is it *vulgar* to be usefully employed? Is it menial to take care of your own room, to aid in keeping the house neat, even to go into the kitchen to cook, if necessary, or to iron, or to clear-starch your own muslins when you get old enough for such things? I think not. I call the *pride* which disdains such things *vulgar*, and the indolence which fears the effort contemptible.

I do not think it of much advantage to the intellect to engage in such occupations, but it is a healthful recreation *after* study; it has its own beneficial effect in conquering self-indulgence, and in exercising the faculties of observation and judgment. It makes people considerate, thoughtful, careful; which are womanly attributes; it encourages neatness and order, which are lady-like. It promotes good-will and kindly feelings, and answers and strengthens loving impulses. It is a moral and physical influence for good.

I have a friend who has not the means of hiring a servant; she does everything for her household

that can contribute to their health or comfort or happiness. Her house is neat, her table well supplied, her children properly cared for; and when evening comes and she sits by her little work-table repairing the wardrobes of the family, while her husband reads aloud to her some well-written book, I will dare say her appreciation of it is equal to that of the most refined and elegant lady you can name. Indeed, the healthy tone of her mind, its strong, clear sense, its quickness and freshness, lend a zest to the pleasure which I fear the languid lady can never know.

When such service is not needed, it is no sin not to give it. But the less you do for others or yourself, the less you are inclined to do. It is so much easier to ask a servant for a glass of water, or to get you a book; it is so much easier, aye, and more *lady-like* you think, I know, to ring a bell for a servant to bring your guest refreshments, or to assist her in removing her things. "It is a servant's place to do such things; it is ungraceful and *fussy* and vulgar to do them yourself," you say. I think the most graceful thing in the world is the yielding of such service to one you love or respect. I think the lady who *degrades* herself by such service has a very thin covering of lady-hood over an innately vulgar nature. She is afraid to stoop lest this vulgarity be exposed. If she is too much of a lady to take care of her own room, if necessary, she is sufficiently vulgar to be willing to be surrounded by slovenliness.

"The windows might be so dirty that I could not see through them, and I would never wash them," said a young girl one day.

"My dear"—I thought she would not brook my saying it to her—"your dirty windows are vulgar, not your friend who desires to make them bright and clean."

Which is the lady, she who sits by an untidy hearth all day, or she who brushes or wipes it clean before she will sit by it?—she who carefully dusts her room, or she who puts on a dress which has left "*carelessness*" written upon the half-wiped chair or bedstead where it hung?

"Politeness is to do and say  
The kindest thing in the kindest way."

Which is the lady, she who calls up the weary maid-of-all-work from the kitchen to wait upon her, or she who goes into the kitchen and assists the tired girl at the ironing table?

I want to tell you of two circumstances which come to my memory to assist you in your decision.

I knew two young ladies, cousins, in the South. Their family was highly respectable, well connected, but impoverished. Ann was visiting at her uncle's. They could keep but two servants, who had all their time occupied by necessary household labor. The weather was such as belongs to July. Fannie went down to the ironing room one day in every week, and spent most of this day over Ann's ruffles, white muslin dress and innumerable skirts. They were equally well educated, and in the evening they were equally well-dressed and well-looking; but Fannie, whose active, energetic nature was quickened by her

healthful exercise—whose heart was glowing with true womanly life and love—was the charm of the group in the drawing-room. Fresh, vivid, sparkling, her clear, just ideas of life were charming, her piquancy most captivating. Was she less a lady than the gentle, languidly graceful Annie?

Once I had the happiness of spending an evening in a singularly-interesting family. The mother was a lady of noble foreign birth. She had been brought up at a court, educated with the king's nieces, married a man of equally noble family, her oldest child was born heir to a princely estate, and was cradled in princely luxury. But adversity came. The husband fell into disgrace, the estate was confiscated; he fled to save his life, and the lady and her little one fled with him.

When I knew them the husband was again in Europe, and Madame — sustained herself and her now three children in a happy competency by teaching. I met at her house—for she was recognized in the highest circles of the city as a lady—some of the most elegant and cultivated persons I have ever known. We had most excellent music of the harp, piano and violin; all the family excelled as musicians.

Madame — had collected a choice library of five hundred volumes in the various modern languages, in all of which she was skilled.

She conversed charmingly, and her daughters were becoming her rivals in accomplishments and graces.

There were two servants employed about the household, but none appeared in the drawing-room, that evening, except once. When refreshments were to be served, they deposited two trays on a side table, and from them Heinrich, Nina and Angelique supplied the company. They brought on smaller trays the dainty cups of chocolate, the delicate cakes and bonbons. A Southern lady, to whom this appeared strange, remarked it to another. Madame — heard this almost involuntary remark.

"It is a custom which I find to be peculiar to my own country, but it pleases me to retain it here. When we wished to show honor to a guest in our own chateau, my father, my husband, or myself, for I was an only child, served him with the wine-cup, and suffered no menial to do anything for him. My children allow the servants to do as little as possible for myself, and they reciprocate all kindly offices amongst each other."

I knew this family for several years. The eldest girl—she who had opened her eyes to this world under a silken canopy, and whose apparelings had been the richest laces and embroideries—she whom servants without number had vied with each other in serving—was now the little housekeeper. Every morning she went to market, she transacted for her mother all her outdoor business, kept her books of accounts, attended to the comfort of the boarding pupils, and to the family wardrobe.

In the course of a few years, Madame —'s health failed. Her girls kept up the school as well as they could, but the strictest economy became necessary. One servant was dismissed, and Angelique and Nina took her place about the

house. Angelique, the elder, became the milliner and dressmaker for the others. They were young, but they taught, worked, labored for their mother, each other, and their young brother.

They have become noble women in such a sense as mere accidents of birth or circumstance could never ennoble them. They are ladies in every sense of this word. What says the little miss whose white hands never touched a broom or a duster, whose delicate shoes were never soiled on a wet pavement, who is vainly ignorant of all kitchen details, who could not make up a fire, or brush up a hearth, or remove finger-marks from a door, or burnish the brass, or clear-starch her muslins? Which is the lady, she or Angelique?—*The Schoolfellow.*

### OFF WITH THE LIVERIES.

Under this title, the New York Tribune, in referring to recent instructions issued by the Secretary of State to Foreign diplomatic agents, says:

It is a paper whose tenor and language alike do honor to the Secretary whose signature gives it authority. In this memorable document each Envoy and Charge d'Affaires is directed, as far as may be practicable, without impairing his usefulness to his country, to appear at the court where he resides in the simple dress of an American citizen. In regard to the custom of wearing a diplomatic or court costume his sense of republican consistency and the illustrious example of Franklin are given him as standards; and where the character of the Government to which he is accredited would render such manly simplicity detrimental to American interests, his conformity in respect of tinsel, spangles and other barbaric guads, is directed to be the smallest possible. The Secretary believes that amicable, and, accordingly, all foreign relations, may be cultivated without putting Ministers in livery; former prescriptions with regard to a diplomatic uniform are abolished, and the representative of the United States abroad is left to regulate the matter by his own views of propriety, though, of course, with proper regard to the express wishes of his Government. Hereafter all courts where an American Minister appears in any more ornate and fanciful style of dress than he would wear in paying his respects to the Chief Magistrate of his country, will understand that it is a merely personal compliment, expressing his sense of the degree of barbarism and childishness in which such courts are still sunk; that he rigs himself out with livery in their presence, as he might conceive it advisable to do in order to please a Chief of the Foota-Jellahs or Flat Heads; and that the Republic he comes from tolerates the mummery from simple motives of policy in the one case as it would in the other.

It is impossible not to share the regret so well expressed by the Secretary, that the unostentatious and noble manners of Franklin have ever been abandoned by our diplomacy. Where he appeared, the Republic appeared with him, and he was recognized as the representative of an idea as well as of a country. His simple and unadorned presence, his honest courtesy and genial dignity, the energy of a great purpose and the

sweetness of a good heart, all made him the fit ambassador of a nation whose existence announced a new era in history. His personal qualities, his genius, his wisdom, we cannot require in the diplomatic agents, who, at so long an interval, succeed him. But we may and must require, that, like him, they should be utterly faithful to their country; that like him they should represent the Republic, and be known wherever they are seen as the servants of a Democratic people; that like him there should be in them and about them a sturdy republican spirit, a spirit of sympathy with the masses and of devotion to liberty. Then, without in the least giving offence to monarchical rulers or aristocracies, they will stand amid them as the bearers of the higher principle of popular self-government and political equality. America, the free, the young, the powerful, is not the same in ideas or in methods of government as any country of the old world, save perhaps Switzerland. The difference is radical, and let the external badges of her official representatives accord with it. At home they wear no liveries; the President wears none; the Prime Minister wears none: the members of Congress wear none: like republicans as they are, they would scorn to claim by gold lace and haberdashery any sign of personal functional superiority. For civil functionaries to put on a uniform would be to confess themselves ashamed of the Republic to which they owe all their honors, recreant to her aims, false to her institutions, not men but snobs. Why then should they do it abroad? Why should they defy common sense and insult Republicanism by flaunting in a garb whose only significance is a denial and a scoff at all that is characteristic and genuine in their country? Why should they afflict the heart of every lover of equality and democracy in Europe by the spectacle of the Ministers who represent the great democratic power of the world, attired in all the badges of a political system based on caste and the graduated degradation of the masses? There is no reason for such an absurd and incongruous thing—and the public gratitude is due to the Executive for having taken this step towards its extinction. The effect cannot be otherwise than beneficial both at home and abroad. And for our own part, as the early advocate of the measure, when nobody seemed alive to its nature and scope, we frankly congratulate republicans of all countries at its adoption. Important instructions have also been issued to the Consuls of the United States. Their official livery is likewise abolished, and they, as well as Envoys and Charge d'Affaires, are preremptorily required to employ only American citizens as clerks in their respective offices. The duty of sending home all the information they may be able to collect upon subjects of agricultural or industrial interest is also enjoined upon them, and they are informed that Congress will be asked to publish yearly a volume containing whatever facts and suggestions, that are likely to be of public utility, may be contained in their correspondence with the Government.

If a woman would have the world respect her husband, she must set the example.

## A HIDEOUS MONSTER.

There exists in society a hideous monster, known to all, though no one disturbs it. Its ravages are great, almost incalculable; it slays reputations, poisons, dishonors, and defiles the splendor of the most estimable form. It has no name, being a mere figure of speech, a very word. It is composed of but one phrase, and is called—*They say*.

"Do you know such a one?" is often asked, and the person pointed out.

"No; but *they say* he has had strange adventures, and his family is very unhappy."

"Are you sure?"

"No; I know nothing about it. But *they say*—"

"This young woman, so beautiful, so brilliant, so much admired—do you know her?"

"No. *They say* it is not difficult to please her, and that more than one has done so?"

"But she appears so decent, so reserved."

"Certainly; but *they say*—"

"Do not trust that gentleman. Be on your guard."

"Bah! his fortune is immense; see what an establishment he has."

"Yes! But *they say* he is much involved."

"Do you know the fact?"

"Not I. *They say* though—"

This "*they say*" is heard in every relation of life. It is deadly, mortal, and not to be grasped. It goes hither and thither, strikes and kills manly honor, female virtue, without either sex being ever conscious of the injury done.

## THE PAST EXHUMED.

The latest intelligence respecting the Archaeological Researches, Mons. Place, the French Consul at Mossoul, has long been pursuing on the site of the Assyrian palace of Khorsabad, is of some interest in connection with the previous report of Mr. Layard, the English explorer.

Following his trenches, he has succeeded in finding a wall of painted and enamelled bricks in fine preservation, representing men, animals and trees—the first specimen of Assyrian painting giving a complete and undefaced subject which has, up to this time, been discovered. He has thus been enabled to show the manner in which those immense heaps of enamelled bricks were used, which so abound in the neighborhood of Nineveh and Babylon.

These discoveries abundantly confirm the correctness of the descriptions of Ctesius and Diodorus regarding the palaces of the kings of Assyria, the walls of which they describe as covered with paintings in enamel, representing the various incidents of the chase. These first results are, however, eclipsed by another which gives us an entirely new phase of Assyrian art. Not far from the wall above described, M. Place was fortunate enough to find the first statue yet exhumed from these ruins. This figure, in admirable preservation, is represented holding a flask or bottle, and is about four feet and a half in height, chiselled from the same marble as the bas-reliefs already described by Layard. There are certain indications which render it probable that a pendant to this statue may yet be found at the opposite extremity of the passage.



### Philadelphia Navy Yard.

THIS national establishment is situated on the banks of the river

Delaware, in the District of Southwark. The grounds embrace about twelve acres, which were purchased by the General Government, in 1801, for the sum of \$37,500. The present assessment is \$250,000. By an act of Assembly, passed in 1818, no street is to be run through the property, while occupied for its present purpose. The area is enclosed on three sides by a substantial brick wall; the fourth side fronts on the river. The various buildings are the officers' residence, quarters for the marines, &c., the moulding-lofts (the most spacious in the country for modelling ships of war), work-shops and store-houses, and two ship houses, one of them being the largest in the United States. It is 270 feet long, 103 feet high, and 84 feet wide. The other house is 210 feet in length, 80 in height, and 74 in width.

To the south of these houses are the United States Dry Docks. They consist of a Sectional Floating Dry Dock, of nine sections, capable of raising the largest steam vessels and ships of the line. Nine years' experience, in the harbor of New York, has proved that this dock for the repairing of vessels possesses the greatest facility for docking, and that it has many advantages over the ordinary stone dock. When the vessel is raised from the water, she rests upon keel and bilge blocks, her entire length being supported by them or by shoring, if desirable, upon a floor as long as may be required, and 105 feet wide. Her keel being above the surface of the water, her whole bottom and bilge are exposed to light and dry air, enabling mechanics to work at a much less cost, and with less danger to health, than when confined to the narrow and wet bottom of

a stone dock, rendered dark by the projection of the bilge and guards of a vessel.

In connection with this Floating Dry Dock, a basin and two sets of level ways have been constructed, multiplying the capacity of the works to that of three of the largest stone docks in the world, each set of ways being fitted to receive the largest steam vessel or ship of the line. The bottom of the basin is horizontal, and 350 feet long by 226 feet wide, enclosed by a wall of granite, except upon the river front, three feet higher than ordinary high tides. The floor and the walls of the basin rest upon a pile foundation, capped with heavy timbers, covered with 6 inch plank, over which a granite floor, 10 inches thick, has been laid. The masonry of the works is all laid in hydraulic cement. The ways also rest upon piles, capped with timber, covered with large blocks of granite.

When a vessel requires extensive repairs, the floating dock, with the vessel on it, is made to rest on the solid floor of the basin, by letting water into it; a sliding frame, or cradle, is placed under her keel and bilges, and a powerful hydraulic cylinder, connected with the centre way, is attached to the cradle. She is then slid from the floating dock, by the hydraulic power, upon one of the sets of ways.

The contract price for the Sectional Floating Dry Dock was \$402,683; and for the basin, two railways, hydraulic cylinder, &c., \$411,059, making for the three capacities or docks the total sum of \$813,742.

These works were commenced in the month of January, 1849, and completed in the month of June, 1851. Colonel Burnett, United States Engineer, superintended their construction.

## TO A WHIPPOORWILL.

BY B. HATHAWAY.

Bird of the grief-toned harp, whose solemn strain,  
 Full oft hath soothed me with a plaintive hymn,  
 Thou, too, hast found thy summer home again,  
 In the calm quiet of the greenwood dim.  
 From out the twilight's still repose I hear  
 The swelling murmurs of thy mournful song;  
 Would I could greet thee with a note as dear,  
 Thou last lone comer of the minstrel throng.

How oft I listened in my boyhood's day,  
 The thrilling anthems of thy sober lyre;  
 More sweet its music to my heart always,  
 Than raptured members of the gayer choir.  
 There lives a memory in its every tone,  
 Of joy, though vanished I may ne'er forget;  
 Or grief, that darkened o'er the moments down,  
 Now softly tempered to a sweet regret.

I hear the piping of thy ceaseless plaint  
 Ring out at even from the dusky wild;  
 My soul outsoars time, tears, and sorrow-taint,  
 I roam a happy, simple-hearted child.  
 My feet are wandering on the hills away,  
 Or careless ling'ring by the meadow streams,  
 To pluck sweet garlands for the blushing May,  
 Through hours all golden with Love's wildering  
 dreams.

I hear again the voices of my youth,  
 Those mystic voices that have long been hushed;  
 Awhile relieving in its faith and truth,  
 Again am happy in that hope and trust.  
 While joys long shrouded with a gloom and pall,  
 Whose ashes darkly in the heart-urns sleep,  
 Rise in my bosom at thy magic call,  
 Like the winged Phoenix from the smould'ring  
 heap.

How well ye mind me of the far away,  
 Like dear memento of the years agone;  
 When oft I wakened at the peep of day,  
 By thy shrill matin heralding the dawn.  
 Oh! still as glad as in the olden spring,  
 My heart would tremble to some olden thrill,  
 If thou wouldst sing me as thou used to sing,  
 Thy mournful vesper 'neath my window-sill.

Why dost thou linger in the far-off land,  
 When the gay songsters of the wood are here?  
 What dreamy bowers, by spring's warm zephyrs  
 fanned,  
 Do make a glad, long summer of thy year?  
 Dost seek green haunts, where shadows of the  
 palm  
 Shut ever out the noontide's fiercer reign,  
 Mid spicy groves, all prodigal of balm,  
 That breathe a fragrance o'er the Indian main?

Dost wing thy way the billowy waters o'er,  
 To tropic lands that lie in Eden-sleep,  
 With many a reach of golden-fruited shore,  
 That bounds the seas of Polynesian deep?  
 And 'mid the glories that around thee throng,  
 Still thrills thy bosom to its lyre of pain?  
 Or wak'st some cadence of a joyous song,  
 The while forgetful of each saddened strain?

Dost find, amid the solitudes afar,  
 Some spot untrodden by the feet of Care,  
 Where Love might linger with no ill to mar,  
 No grief to darken, and no wrong to bear?

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Oh! could ye tell us of some fair retreat,  
 On sunny shore of far bright Southern Isles?  
 Where'er ye wander it were joy to greet  
 Each scene of beauty that thy wing beguiles.  
 LITTLE PRAIRIE RONDE, Mich., May, 1863.

## A JOURNEY OF LIFE.

BY MRS. P. FARMER.

Up life's steep and rugged hill-side,  
 Childhood slowly takes its way;  
 From the smooth and flowery valley,  
 Where the laughing streamlets play.

Free from care and free from sorrow,  
 Chasing butterflies with glee;  
 List'ning to the merry music  
 Of the birds and humming-bee.

Flinging on the glassy brooklet  
 Garlands for the naiads fair;  
 Gazing in the book of nature,  
 Conning many lessons there.

As the path more steeply windeth,  
 Looking forward hopefully  
 To a green and shady bower,  
 Which the fancy's eye can see.

Ever cheating and more fleeting,  
 Passes youth's light hours away;  
 Hoping, fearing, laughing, sighing,  
 Oft times serious, often gay.

Faster up the hill-side pressing,  
 Eager for the glitter prize;  
 Never dreaming 'tis unreal,  
 Till the phantom pleasure flies.

From life's cares or sterner evils,  
 Seeing there is no retreat,  
 For the conflict firmer girding,  
 Dark adversity to meet.

Skies clear up and fortune smileth,  
 Friends enliven all the way;  
 Clouds appear and fortune frowneth,  
 Mirth and friends no longer stay.

Peering through the misty shadows,  
 Mantling all life's hill-top o'er;  
 Sad and trembling gazing backward,  
 Looking hopefully before.

Wiser, and with fancy sobered,  
 By the fierceness of the strife,  
 Grave and calmly, meditating  
 On the vanities of life.

Stepping down with more of caution,  
 Looking carefully around,  
 Searching not for idle pleasure,  
 Seeking for the firmer ground.

With a calm and holy meekness,  
 Bowing 'neath the chast'ning rod;  
 Confidence from earth withdrawing,  
 Looking trustingly to God.

Now more swiftly gliding downward,  
 Gasping for another breath;  
 Entering on the golden valley  
 Through the sombre gate of death.

NEW IBERIA, La., May, 1863.



## THE MAN AND THE DEMON.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

## PART FIRST—THE MAN.

The air is soft and laden with fragrance from the newly-mown fields; amid the leafy branches of old trees are nestling the weary birds: the valleys lie in deepening shadows, though golden sunlight lingers yet upon the hill-tops. It is the closing hour of a lovely day in June.

Hark! a manly voice has broken the pervading stillness.

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."

How the fine tones swell upwards! How in every modulation is perceived some varied expression of the sentiment conveyed in the words. The man is singing from heart-fulness. Home is, to him, the dearest spot on earth; the loveliest place in all the wide, wide world, humble though it be! Listen!

"An exile from home pleasures dazzle in vain,  
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!"

There he comes, just emerging from that little grove of cedars, where the road winds by the pleasant brookside. How erect his form! How elastic his step! What a light is thrown back from his bare and ample forehead!

Yonder, where the valley seems to close, but, in reality, only bends around a mountain spur, to open in new and varied beauty, stands a neat cottage, its doors and windows vine-wreathed and flower-gemmed. Above this home of love and peace, are spread the leafy branches of a century old elm. In summer, this guardian tree receives into its ample bosom the fierce sun-rays, and tempers them with coolness. In winter, though shorn of its verdure, it breaks the fury of the strong northwest, so that it falls not too rudely upon the nestling cottage beneath.

In this sweet and sheltered spot, are the household treasures of Henry Erskine. He has gathered them here, because his love seeks for them all external blessings his hand can give. Years ago, this cottage was the home of his gentle wife. Here he had wooed her, and here won her trusting heart. Time wore on—death and misfortune scattered the old household, and the pleasant homestead passed into the hands of strangers. On the day it was sold, Erskine, coming suddenly upon his young wife, found her in tears. He pressed to know the cause. Half was revealed and half but guessed. Love prompted the resolution that was instantly formed. Three years afterwards, Erskine, through untiring labor and self-denial, had saved enough to purchase back the cottage, into which, with a new and higher sense of enjoyment, he gathered his fruitful vine, and the olive branches already bending above and around him.

The best husband, the kindest father, the truest man in all that pleasant valley, was Henry Erskine. He had been absent a few days on business, and now returning to his home-treasures, it was from the fulness of his heart that he sung—

"Home, home—sweet, sweet home!  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

And, as he sung on, and strode forward, quick, eagerly listening ears caught the music of his well-known voice, and ere he had reached, by many hundred yards, the little white gate that opened from the road to his dwelling, tiny arms were tightly clasping his neck, and soft lips pressing his cheek and forehead.

Oh! what gushing gladness was in his heart! How large it seemed in his bosom! How full of good desires and bounteous wishes for the loved ones who made his home a paradise!

"Dear Anna!" How many times he said this, as with both hands laid upon the fair temples of his happy wife, he smoothed back her raven hair, and gazed into the loving depths of her dark bright eyes.

The sunniest day in the whole calendar of their lives was this. As Erskine sat amid his children, with their gentle-hearted mother at his side, he felt that the cup of his happiness was full to overflowing.

And yet—ah! why are we forced to write it—ere the evening of that glad reunion closed, a faint shadow had fallen on the heart of Mrs. Erskine. She had been aware of an unusual degree of elation on the part of her husband in rejoining them after his brief absence, but thought of it only as an excess of gladness at getting home again. Two or three neighbors called in later in the evening, when, in agreement with a very bad custom then prevailing, something to drink was brought forth, and before the neighbors retired, the undue elevation of spirits noticed by the wife of Mr. Erskine had increased to a degree that left her in no doubt as to its source.

"How sober you look, Anna dear," said Mr. Erskine, with his usual tenderness of manner, on the next morning. "Are you not well?"

"Oh, yes. But what a strange and terrible dream I had. I can't shake off the effects. And yet I know it was only a dream."

"A dream!—Is that all?" said Erskine, with a smile. "But what was it, dear? It must have been something terrible, indeed, to leave a shadow upon your spirits."

"A very strange dream, Henry. I thought we were sitting at the table just as we were sitting last evening, with our pleasant neighbors around us. You had just taken a glass from your lips, after drinking my health, as you did then. You placed it near me, so that I could see into it to the bottom, where still remained a small portion of liquor. Something fixed my gaze, and, presently I saw in miniature, a perfect image of your face. Surprised, I looked up; but you and all the company were gone! I was alone, in a strange, desolate, meagrely furnished room. The table was still beside me, and on it yet remained the glass towards which my eyes turned with a fascination I could not resist. Into the liquor at the bottom I gazed, and there, more distinct than at first, I saw your face; but now the eyes had a sharp, eager look, that seemed to go through me with a sense of pain. The tender arching of your lips was gone, and they were drawn against the teeth with a cruel expression. I feel the shudder still which then ran through my heart. Oh, Henry! a look such as I then saw on your face, would kill me!"

And the wife of Henry Erskine, overcome with feeling, laid her head upon his shoulder and sobbed.

"Dear Anna! Forget the wretched dream!" said Erskine, as he drew his arm tightly around her. "I wonder that a mere phantom of the night can have such power to move you."

"But that was not all," resumed Mrs. Erskine, so soon as she had grown calm enough to speak. "The face now began to rise up from the top of the glass, rounding as it rose, until a head and well defined neck stood above the vessel: and all the while a malignant change was progressing on the countenance. More horrible still! The glass suddenly enlarged, enormously, its dimensions, and in it I now saw, in fearful coils, the body of a serpent, bearing up higher and higher the face and head of a man. Another instant, and horrid, slimy folds were around my neck and body! In their tightening, suffocating clasp, I awoke. Oh, Henry! was it not terrible? What could have excited such a phantasy?"

"A horrible nightmare," said Erskine, "a nightmare only. And yet, how strange it is, that such an image found entrance into your innocent, guarded mind!"

It was all in vain that Mrs. Erskine strove, throughout that day, to drive the shadow from her heart. The dream was of too peculiar and startling a nature to admit of this. Moreover, its singular connexion with the neighborly conviviality of the previous evening, when she was forced to observe the unusual elation of her husband's mind, gave food for questionings and thoughts, which in no way served to obliterate the dream, or to tranquilize her feelings. When her husband returned home at the close of day, he saw, in her countenance, for the first time, something that annoyed and repelled him. Why was this? What was the meaning of the expression? Did she doubt him in anything? Ah! How could she forget her dream—that malignant face and slimy serpent? The fatal cup and the death hidden in its fascinating contents?

It was later in the evening. The flitting shadows had been chased away by the sunny faces that gathered around the tea-table. Amid their children, all sense of oppression, of doubt, had vanished. The kneeling little ones had said, in low, reverent tones, "Our Father," and were sleeping in sweet unconsciousness. The evening had waned, and now, in accordance with habit, Mr. Erskine brought forth a decanter, and was about filling a glass therefrom, when his wife, laying her hand on his arm, said, with a sad earnestness of manner, which she strove to conceal with a smile—

"Henry, dear, forgive me for saying so, but the sight of that decanter and glass makes me shudder. I have thought all day about my dream. The serpent in the glass."

"Bearing your husband's face," said Erskine, quickly, and with rather more of feeling than he meant to express, "and you fear that he will prove the serpent in the end, to suffocate you in his horrid folds."

Henry Erskine! what could have tempted you to this utterance! Ah! the truth must be told. *It was the serpent in the glass! False friends, as*

he came homeward that evening, had drawn him aside to drink with them. Alas! a malignant demon was in the cup, and its poison entered his bosom. He did not drink even to partial physical intoxication; but far enough to disturb the calm, rational balance of his mind, and thus to change the order of mental influx. He was no longer the equipoised man, and, therefore, no longer in orderly association with pure angelic spirits. Just in the degree that he was separated from these, came he into association with spirits of an opposite character—demons in their eager desire to extinguish all that is pure and good in human nature. And thus it ever is, in a greater or less degree, with all who disturb the rational balance of their minds, either partially or permanently, by the use of what intoxicates. This is the reason why the way of the inebriate, even from the beginning, is marked by such strange infatuation. He seems to be in the power of evil spirits who govern him at will, and he is, in reality, thus in their power.

An instant pallor overspread the face of Mrs. Erskine, at her husband's cruel retort. What an age of wretchedness was comprised in a single moment of time! Erskine saw the effect of his words, and repented their utterance. He, even, for a moment, partially yielded to an impulse to put up the liquor untasted; but the demon tempter was too close to his side and too prompt to whisper that such an act would be an unmanly (!) concession to his wife's foolish weakness. And so, his mind already partially unbalanced, as has been seen, he completed the dethronement of manly reason by pouring out and drinking a larger draught of spirits than he was accustomed to take.

Alas! how quickly has the *man* become eclipsed—partially now, and to shine forth again in the unclouded heavens. Yet, to be eclipsed again, and again, until final darkness covers all.

Reader, we have shown you the *man*. When your eyes first rested upon him, at a single point of the orbit in which he moved, was not the form beautiful to look upon, and the ministry of his affections full of good to others? We have another picture. Not that of a *man*; but of a *demon*. Will you look upon it? Ah! if you turn your eyes away, we will not question the act. It is a picture upon which some need to look, and, therefore, it is sketched, though with a hurried and reluctant hand. Here it is.

#### PART SECOND—THE DEMON.

"Some brandy," said a pale-featured man, coming up hurriedly to the bar of a small country tavern, and reaching out his hand eagerly.

"Nothing more at this bar without the money. That's decided!" was the tavern keeper's firmly spoken answer.

"Just a single glass, for Heaven's sake! I'll settle all off to-morrow," urged the wretched man, as he leaned on the counter, and bent far over towards the shelves on which the bottles of liquor were ranged.

"Not a drop. And, see here, Erskine, I don't want you about here any more—so just keep away for good and all. If you'll do that, I'll wipe off old scores. If not, confound me! if I

don't clap you in jail for debt. I won't have such a drunken, good-for-nothing fellow hanging about my premises. It's disgraceful!"

"That's hard talk, Grimes—hard talk!" said the poor wretch; "and you with so much of my money in your till. But come! don't be so close with me. There—do you see my hand"—and he held out his arm, that shook with a strong nervous tremor—"I must have something to steady me, or I'm gone!"

"Not a dram more. I've said it, and I'll stick to it," coldly and cruelly answered the landlord. "And what's more, you've got to leave this bar instant." "

And as Grimes said this, he passed from behind the counter, with the evident intention of forcing his customer out of the house. A quick change was now visible, not only in the face of Erskine, but in his whole person. His hand, that lay trembling against the bar-railing, at once became steady, and gripped the railing firmly; his stooping body, in appearance so weak and unstrung, rose up erect, while a fierce, defiant scowl darkened his countenance. By this time the landlord had left the bar, and was within a few feet of him.

"I want you to leave here at once," said Grimes, sharply, waving his hand, and nodding his head towards the door as he spoke.

"I'm not just ready to go," was the cool reply of Erskine, as his low glittering eyes fixed themselves on the face of Grimes.

"Go you must! I've said it, and that ends it. And, see here, you loafing vagabond! If you ever set your foot inside of my house again, I'll cowskin you. Go!"

And he was about to lay his hand on Erskine, when the latter stepped backwards a pace or two, saying, as he did so—

"Don't touch me, Bill Grimes! I've got the devil in me now, and had as lief kill you as look at you. So don't tempt me."

"Bah!" ejaculated the landlord, contemptuously, advancing again upon the inebriate, and making an attempt, as he did so, to grasp him by the collar, for the purpose of choking him into submission. His hand had scarcely touched the person of Erskine, ere the latter, with a demoniac cry, sprung upon him with so sudden a shock as to bear him to the floor. As the landlord fell beneath his assailant, the grip of the latter was on his throat. To free himself from this, he deemed an easy thing; but for once he was in error. He was not now dealing, as he supposed, with a nerveless and exhausted drunkard, whom a child might overcome. The poor, despised wretch was suddenly transformed, through an influx of malignant passions into the disordered elements of his mind, to a fierce wild beast. There was an iron grip in his hand, as it tightened on the throat of his prostrate victim; while the terrible expression of his eyes and face too clearly indicated his purpose to commit murder. And fatal would have been the result, had not the timely entrance of a third person prevented the catastrophe.

"I told you the devil was in me," said Erskine, as he shook himself free from the hands of the man who had dragged him from the fallen body

of the landlord, and stood glaring a fiend-like defiance upon the now thoroughly frightened Grimes. "I meant to have killed you; and I feel like doing it yet. It would be nothing more than a just retribution. You beggar and destroy, body and soul, a poor wretch, while he has money to pay you for the hellish work; but, when every sixpence he had in the world lies safely in your till, you would thrust him out with biting insult, even though he stands shivering in nervous exhaustion before you, and almost begs for a mouthful of stimulant to save him from horrible madness. Bill Grimes! you may be thankful for your escape now, but the work shall be done more surely, if ever my hand reaches your accursed throat again. Give me some brandy!"

These last words were uttered in a loud, fierce, commanding voice. Grimes waited not for their repetition, but hurried into his bar, and taking a decanter of brandy placed it upon the counter. This was seized by Erskine, and a large glass filled more than half full of the drugged and fiery liquor, that poisoned while it fevered the system. At a single draught this disappeared, and his hand was on the decanter again, when both the landlord and the person who had just entered interposed to prevent his drinking any farther. Madly he resisted this interference, but there were two against him now, and, though he struggled desperately, he was soon hurled into the road, and the door barred against him.

Homeward the degraded man soon after turned his steps. Homeward! Had he a home? Reader, ten years have passed since you heard his mellow tones swelling upwards on the evening air, in heart-gushing thankfulness for the possession of a home. He was a man, then. A noble-minded, unselfish, love-inspired man, into whose arms, and upon whose bosom, were folded household treasures, more prized than all worldly wealth or honors. You saw the vine and flower-wreathed cottage nestling beneath the old elms, where a joyful re-union took place after a brief absence. You entered, gazed upon the happy group within, and called that home an earthly paradise.

Go home with Henry Erskine again. Only ten brief years have passed. Is he still in the cottage under the elms? No, no, reader. You will not find him there. Long, long ago, his wife and children passed weeping from its door. But yonder, in that old, dingy hovel, the windows shattered, the little enclosure broken down, and every sign of vegetation, except rank weeds, gone—there you will find the wretched family of Henry Erskine. Ah! no less changed are they. You will look in vain, on their countenances, for signs of gentle, loving affections. In the fall of him, to whom they clung, they have also fallen—not into the debasing slough of sensuality, where he lies prostrate and almost powerless; but evil affections have gradually prevailed, until the garden of their minds is overrun with thorns and briars.

You enter the wretched habitation. Surely, there must be some mistake! In twice ten years a transformation such as this could hardly have been wrought. That sharp-featured, hollow-eyed woman, who sits idle, and brooding there, as if all hope in life had faded, cannot be the once glad-hearted Mrs. Erskine of "Elm Cottage?"

These hungry, miserable clad, prematurely old looking children—are they the same we saw in that pleasant home, so gay and glad with their happy father? It is incredible. This cannot be the home of a man. Alas, no! It is the abode of a demon. And, see! he enters now, the dwelling accursed by his presence. Not as a man comes he, with blessings for the beloved inmates, but as a demon, scattering curses. The mother starts up, the children shrink away—all feel the shadow that rests upon their spirits grow darker.

From some cause the wretched being is in an unwonted state of excitement. There is something fearful to look upon his face—a demoniac expression that appals. He is angry with himself—angry with everything. In his heart is a fierce desire to commit violence.

“Ha! what are you doing here?” he cries, on discovering that his oldest boy is in the room. “Why have you come home?”

The frightened lad stammers out something about having offended his master, and being turned away from his place. Really innocent of any deliberate fault is the boy. He is not the wronger; but the wronged. He has tried to please a hard, exacting master, but failed in the earnest effort. All this the mother comprehends. But the insane father takes everything for granted against his son. Seizing him cruelly by the hair, he strikes him with his clenched fist, and assails him with curses. Maddened at the sight, the mother seizes a heavy stick, and, with a single blow, paralyzes the arm of her husband.

She might have spared that blow. Even as it was descending, the hand that clutched the hair of the boy was unloosing its grasp, and a paralyzing terror seizing the heart of the wretched drunkard. What has fixed his eyes? Why do they start thus, almost from their sockets? Is a lion in the door? Some appalling destruction at hand? Now he has sprung to his feet—an ashy pallor on his disfigured countenance—and both hands are raised to keep off some object that he sees approaching. You see nothing. No—your eyes are not opened; and pray to Heaven they never may be as his are at this fearful moment. But, as real to him as the open door itself, entering through that door, and approaching him nearer and nearer is the horrible form of a serpent, bearing upwards the head of a man. In the face, all malignant passions are in vivid play. Nearer and nearer it comes—nearer and nearer! Backwards the frightened wretch shrinks, almost howling in terror, until he crouches in a far corner of the room, both hands raised to keep off the monster that still approaches. Now, the serpent is on him! Now, its cold, slimy body is enwreathing neck and limbs! Oh, that yell of horror! Will it ever be done ringing in your ears? It was as the cry of a lost demon!

Come! come away! It is too horrible. We cannot endure the sight. There—shut the door—hide from all eyes but those of the wretched inmates, the appalling terrors of that room.

You breathe more freely—yes—but enough has been seen and heard to make you sad for days; to make you thoughtful at times, for life.

Oh, what a work! The transformation of a

man into a demon! And what, on this beautiful earth, has power to effect so fearful a transformation? Is the fatal secret known? Do fathers, husbands, councilmen, legislators, statesmen, know in what the terrible power lies? Ah, strange, yet true, and sad to tell, the monster whose breath poisons, whose touch blights every leaf of virtue, stalks daily abroad, his name emblazoned on his forehead. And, stranger far than this—councilmen and legislators, in nearly every State, take bribes from this monster, for the privilege of working these fearful transformations. They sell, for money—(can it be believed!)—yes, they sell for money, the right to curse the hearths and homes of their fellow men—to scatter destruction to souls and bodies, over the length and breadth of the land!

You have seen one man transformed to a demon! It is the history of thousands and tens of thousands. All around you are in progress, like transformations. When—when, will the work cease? When will the monster of destruction be bound?

Man, husband, father, citizen, sleep no longer! Up! arouse yourself! There is a terrible enemy abroad. Come up bravely, resolutely, to the battle, and lay not off your armor until the victory is won. Fear not—falter not. All the powers of Heaven are on your side, and if you fight on bravely, you will conquer at last. God speed the day of victory!—*Illustrated News.*

## COOKS.

(See Engraving.)

Mr. John Brown was a man of orderly mind and systematic habits. His business went on like clock-work; and he would have it so. If the least irregularity appeared, you may be sure he would see it and know the reason.

“All you have to do,” he would sometimes say, “is to will to have things right. A resolute purpose is everything.”

This doctrine he uniformly preached to Mrs. Brown on the occasion of every domestic irregularity; and especially when she complained that she could not make cook, nurse, or chambermaid do as she wished.

“Establish a certain rule, and see that it is obeyed,” he would say to her. “That’s my plan, and I have no trouble. An *employee* of mine knows that it is as much as his place is worth to go contrary to rule; and, if you made the keeping of a place in your household dependent on strict obedience to your orders, you would have far less trouble.”

“It is very easy to talk,” Mrs. Brown would generally reply to these suggestions.

“And just as easy to act,” would respond Mr. Brown. “I know. I’ve tried it. You have only to resolve to have a thing done right, and it is done. Nothing more easy in the world. There is Judson, my neighbor, an easy sort of a man, with no order in his mind. Well, of course, everything around him is at sixes and sevens; and he’s always complaining that he can never get anybody to do as he wishes. Give him the best clerk in the city, and he’ll spoil him in three months.

And why? There is no order in the man's business. He has no system. I have two young men in my store who were so worthless with Judson, according to his own account, that he had to send them off. I wouldn't ask for better clerks. In the beginning, I let them understand that I was a man who would have things my own way; and they soon understood that this was not a mere matter of words. It's the order, Jane—the order. Fix an order in your household, and all this trouble will cease."

"Order among intelligent clerks may be easily enough attained," said Mrs. Brown to her husband, one morning, after some remarks of this kind, which had arisen from the fact of company being expected to dinner: "but I'd like to see the order you would maintain with a parcel of subordinates like our Biddy to deal with. I imagine you'd find your hands full. Ignorant Irish girls are not so easy to bring into order."

"A good system and a good resolution are all that is wanted."

"You think so?"

"I know so."

"I wish you had the trial for a week."

"You'd see a different state of things," confidently replied the husband.

"No doubt of it," returned Mrs. Brown; who was hurt by her husband's rebuking manner, and showed it in her tone of voice.

Mr. Brown was a kind-hearted man—what cannot always be said of *very* orderly people—and was pained to see the effect of his words.

"Oh, well, never mind, Jane," said he, soothingly. "We can't all do alike. I know you manage excellently on the whole. But won't you, to-day, watch Biddy a little closer, and see that she has dinner at the hour? She is so apt to be late. I wouldn't like Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Agnew to notice anything irregular in our household economy."

"I presume our household arrangements are fully as good as theirs," said Mrs. Brown, a little sharply, for she was more fretted in mind than her husband supposed.

"That may all be; but won't you see that Biddy has dinner precisely at three?"

"I'll do the best I can, but can't promise anything," said Mrs. Brown, whose mind her husband had chafed so much that she did not attempt to conceal her annoyance.

Mr. Brown went away grumbling to himself, and Mrs. Brown went into the kitchen, and, in no very amiable tone of voice, said to Biddy—

"We're to have company to dine with us to-day, and Mr. Brown expects dinner on the table precisely at three. Now, pray, don't let it be a minute later."

Biddy always made it a point to be cross whenever there was company. This announcement alone, no matter in how amiable a tone it had been made, would have sufficed to arouse her ill-nature; but coming as it did, in a fretful voice, she was filled instantly with a spirit of opposition. Not the slightest reply did she make—not the smallest sign that she heard escaped her.

Mrs. Brown stood a few moments, and then said, angrily—

"Did you hear what I said?"

"I'm not deaf, marm," pertly returned Biddy.

"Then why didn't you answer me?"

Biddy turned away with a contemptuous toss of the head, and resumed her work.

"See here my lady!"—But Mrs. Brown checked herself, for she knew Biddy's temper, and understood that, in entering into a regular contest with her, the question of victory would be doubtful. In all probability, it would end in her being compelled to order the insolent creature out of the house; and, then, who was to cook the dinner? This thought caused Mrs. Brown to curb her feelings, and to put a bridle upon her tongue.

"Biddy," said Mrs. Brown, after pausing a few moments to compose herself—she spoke calmly—"we are to have company to-day, and I wish dinner on the table precisely at three o'clock."

Then Mrs. Brown left the kitchen, and went up to her sitting-room, feeling, as may well be supposed, no little "out of sorts." As to dinner being ready at three precisely, she had no expectation of the thing whatever. Mr. Brown would be seriously annoyed, and all her pleasures would, of course, be destroyed. No very agreeable anticipation this, in view of having company.

An hour after Mr. Brown went away, one of his men brought home a basket of marketing. On its arrival, Mrs. Brown descended once more to the lower regions of her house, in order to ascertain the nature of the provision that had been made, and to give some directions to her cook. Biddy received her mistress in no very amiable mood. In fact, she cast upon her a glance of defiance as she entered. The basket looked over, and a few brief directions given, Mrs. Brown retired. There was to be trouble that day with Biddy—nothing was more apparent.

About twelve o'clock, the ladies, who were engaged to dine, arrived. Their husbands would come at three, with Mr. Brown. Mrs. Brown's heart was full; and, as from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, she entertained her visitors during the first hour with her troubles with servants. The subject was an interesting one to them, for they were housekeepers, and prepared to sympathize. They had also their own trials to relate, and were eloquent upon their sufferings. As for cooks, they were all voted to be a most horrible set of creatures, and the authors of more domestic misery than was to be charged to any other account. In the midst of an interesting discussion of this kind, Mrs. Brown excused herself, and went to pay a visit of exploration into Biddy's department. Things didn't look very encouraging. She had been entrusted with the work of preparing certain articles of dessert; but Mrs. Brown saw at a glance they were destined to be spoiled unless she took charge of them herself. So, without remarking on the subject, she told Biddy to go up to her room and get her an apron.

This was done with a certain air, the meaning of which was not mistaken. But Mrs. Brown didn't choose to be drawn into a regular quarrel. She took the apron, and, tying it on, went to work at the puddings, and soon had them just to her liking. After giving careful directions to have the ovens in good order before they were put in, she went up stairs and rejoined her company. At

two o'clock, Mrs. Brown visited the kitchen again. Nothing was as forward as it should have been, and cook was in as bad a humor as ever.

"You'll be late, Biddy, after all," said Mrs. Brown. "This is no kind of a fire."

"The coal won't burn," replied Biddy.

"It always has burned. Strange that it doesn't burn now!"

And Mrs. Brown began to examine the range.

"No wonder," said she, "with this damper half closed. How could you expect coal to burn without a free draft? There, you can see the fire increasing already. Now do, Biddy, stir yourself; it's after two o'clock."

Biddy didn't deign an answer to this appeal; and Mrs. Brown, after standing as an observer of her movements for a little while, went up stairs, satisfied that no dinner would be ready at three o'clock.

Just at a quarter before three, Mr. Brown arrived, with Mr. Clark and Mr. Agnew, whose wives had already made their appearance.

"Dinner most ready?" said he to Mrs. Brown, whom he found in the dining room, soon after his entrance.

"I believe so," replied Mrs. Brown.

"It's ten minutes of three."

"I can't help it," said Mrs. Brown.

"But I hope, Jane, that dinner isn't going to be late." Mr. Brown spoke in a nervous manner.

"It won't be ready at three, that's certain. Biddy's been in a dreadful humor all the morning, and has done nothing right."

"Oh, dear! This want of punctuality does distress me! Why do you keep such a creature about you?"

"Do, Mr. Brown," said his wife, in an appealing voice, "go into the parlor and wait as patiently as you can until dinner is ready! I'm so nervous now that I can hardly hold a thing in my hands."

Mr. Brown did as he was desired to do; but his organ of punctuality was in a state of active excitement. Ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty, even forty minutes passed, and there came no welcome sound of the dinner-bell. Unable to curb his impatience any longer, Mr. Brown left the parlor, and once more sought his wife. She was still in the dining-room, where the table was set, but where no sign of the hunger-quelling banquet was discernible.

"In Heaven's name, my dear!" said Mr. Brown, "what has made all this delay?"

"Go and ask Biddy," replied the over-tired lady; "and, if you get any satisfaction from her on the subject, you will be more fortunate than I am."

Upon this hint, and acting on the spur of the moment, Mr. Brown hurried off towards the kitchen. He would regulate the matter in quick order! He would have dinner on the table in a twinkling, or know the reason! Such were his thoughts and purposes. Mrs. Brown, anticipating trouble, followed close after her husband.

"See here, my lady!" was the salutation with which Mr. Brown met Biddy, as he entered the kitchen. "What's the meaning of all this work to-day? Why isn't dinner ready? Are you to be the arbiter of affairs in my house?"

Now Biddy, as the reader understands by this

time, was in a defiant humor. The kitchen she felt to be her castle, and was ever inclined to dispute with any and every one the right of entrance. Had Mrs. Brown kept away during the morning, dinner would have been ready at the hour. But, every time the mistress appeared, the cook's temper was more and more ruffled, and her spirit of opposition more and more aroused. Since her husband's arrival, Mrs. Brown had manifested herself to Biddy not less than half a dozen times, and, at each appearance, made some fretful and irritating remarks touching the lateness of dinner. The climax to all this was the sudden entrance of the incensed Mr. Brown. As he came in, Biddy was in the act of turning from the range with a dish in her hands, on which was a large sirloin of beef. The words of Mr. Brown did not have the effect of subduing the spirit of Biddy, as he had anticipated. For a moment, she glared at him with a look of defiance, while her face grew scarlet with anger; then tossing the dish and its contents with a crash at his feet, and plentifully scattering the gravy over his pantaloons and the silk dress of his wife, who came to his side at the moment, she exclaimed, fiercely—

"There's your dinner! And I hope you're satisfied!"

There was a long pause of consternation on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, during which Biddy retired from the kitchen with a dignity that may be imagined, but not described. Mr. and Mrs. Brown also retired, and in a manner quite as indescribable; and, seating themselves in the dining-room, collected their scattered wits for a council of war. The lady's silk dress was a sight to be seen. It was perfectly ruined, large patches of grease being freely distributed over the front breadth for the distance of more than half a yard from the bottom. The gentleman's pantaloons were in no better condition.

"Oh, dear! what is to be done?" said Mrs. Brown, with pale face and panting bosom. "I declare, I'm right sick!"

"Well, if that doesn't get ahead of me!" exclaimed Mr. Brown, who, struck with the ludicrousness of the whole scene, hardly knew whether to laugh or to give an angry vent to his feelings.

"But what are we to do? It's nearly four o'clock now, and the beef is lying upon the kitchen floor!" said Mrs. Brown, in great distress.

Mr. Brown was a man for an emergency. He was not to be put down teetotally under any circumstances. He had met and conquered many difficulties in his time, and he was not to be overcome by this one.

"Do the best we can, Jane," said he, speaking with a sudden cheerfulness of manner. "Go and tell Nancy to come down and serve up the dinner, while you change your dress as quickly as possible. I will see our friends in the parlor, and make an apology for the delay. Put a good face on it. Laugh at the joke, and all will be well."

Mrs. Brown, after demurring a little, went up and did as her husband suggested, while he, becoming more and more alive every moment to the ludicrousness of the scene he had just witnessed, entered the parlor laughing. Here, to the amusement of all parties, he related, in his own way, what had just occurred, exhibiting, at the same



time, some evidences of the recent scene in his soiled garments.

"And now, ladies," said he, smiling, "if you'll take pity on my poor wife, who is changing her dress, and go down and see that Nancy, our good-humored chambermaid, serves up the dinner in some kind of order, you will help to turn a serious matter into a source of merriment."

Up sprang the two ladies at this hint, and were off to the kitchen in a jiffy, and, with such right good will did they go to work, that the dinner-bell rang ere Mrs. Brown had finished her toilet.

A pleasanter dinner-party never assembled at the table of Mr. and Mrs. Brown before nor since. There was good humor, and free and easy conversation in plenty. The cooking stories that were told, if written out, would fill a volume. Cooks were voted to be the veriest torments on the face of the earth. Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Agnew, in relating some of their experiences, frequently set the whole party in a roar.

### THE BOOK OF LIFE.

Life is a book, with the title-page and contents to be known, and read clearly and intelligibly in the spiritual world. It is being written now in this world, set up, revised, struck off, and bound up in its appropriate volume. The object is to make it as free from errors as possible, and to confirm only what is praiseworthy and excellent in the composition. Each man must be his own proof-reader, and be well versed in the laws of sound criticism besides.

Hence the book will exhibit the man, whether clear-headed, warm-hearted, active and efficient, or otherwise. It is the internal life, however, that is written, and not merely the external, except so far as the external is the prompting of the internal, and confirmed *there* upon the system. The life here spoken of is real life, not assumed; not the result of policy or expediency, of the desire of human approbation or the dread of censure; but the involuntary life that springs up from the hidden depths of being, when the man is off his guard before others, and betrays what he would be if left to the spontaneous exercise of his secret thoughts and wishes. This is what he would be if he could, and this is the written life that will go with him beyond the grave, however different may be its external aspect in this world.

In writing this book, therefore, it is very important to have clear and definite views of the ends or objects of life itself. Hence the necessity of an undisturbed centre to prepare the "copy"—i. e. of a clear head and a warm heart to write from, of self-discipline to compose accurately, and of an elevated rationality to revise or examine the original. The essential thing is this well-balanced mind to begin with, and then the series follows in orderly succession. But if the centre of life is disturbed, or if the mind is easily thrown off its balance, there is a disordered play of the faculties somewhere, and all that is written in this state of mind must be "revised and corrected" before the book goes to press, or before the spirit stands undisguised and revealed in the spiritual world. The truth is, that the book of life cannot be written at all acceptably in the Heavens, till the evil

spirits are rejected from the recesses of man's being; for while they dwell there, they will not only hinder what is good, but will most surely induce what is false and evil, and this influence will mar and disfigure all the pages of the book. Haste and hurry will be apparent throughout, and the whole composition will betray the existence of selfish and tormenting passions, and consign the author to a corresponding state of disquietude and uneasiness for ever.

We have spoken of the internal state of man, as constituting the book of his life, and not merely the external. It is very necessary to bear this in mind; for we are compelled to believe, on the testimony of Scripture, that the external may sometimes be apparently beautiful, when the inside is full of all uncleanness; and that there are many things highly esteemed among men which are an abomination in the sight of God. It is not, therefore, enough to have only an outside life, or to dwell merely in external decencies, but to have the inner recesses of the mind cleansed from their deep defilements. These forces are subtle in their action, and are continually resorting to the source within for renewed accession of thought and will; and if these forces are nourished and sustained, while the external acts are governed or coerced by the maxims of mere prudence or expediency, there will result a most fearful accumulation of evil to fill the pages of the written life within. These evils will become only the stronger for being restrained from mere selfish or unworthy motives, and the full result of such a life can be clearly recognized only in the spiritual world, when these evils break forth into undisguised expression, and present the alarming picture of a book written all over with the most frightful display of earthly, and selfish and conflicting passions.—*The Age*.

### A WONDERFUL BONE.

[In a small work on "The Intellectual and Moral Development of the Present Age," by Mr. Samuel Warren, Recorder of Hull, (Blackwood & Sons,) the author touches on the subject of Comparative Anatomy, and the pitch to which a study of it has been carried in this country. We gladly make room for the following passages.]

The incident which I am about to mention exhibits the result of an immense induction of particulars in this noble science, and bears no faint analogy to the magnificent astronomical calculation, or prediction, whichever one may call it, presently to be laid before you. Let it be premised, that Cuvier, the late illustrious French physiologist and comparative anatomist, had said, that in order to deduce from a single fragment of its structure the entire animal, it was necessary to have a *tooth*, or an entire articulated *extremity*. In his time, the comparison was limited to the external configuration of the bone. The study of the *internal* structure had not proceeded so far.

In the year 1839, Professor Owen was sitting alone in his study, when a shabbily-dressed man made his appearance, announcing that he had got a great curiosity which he had brought from New Zealand, and wished to dispose of it to him. Any one in London can now see the article in

question, for it is deposited in the Museum of the College of Surgeons, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It has the appearance of an old marrow-bone, about six inches in length, rather more than two inches in thickness, *with both extremities broken off*; and Professor Owen considered, that to whatever animal it might have belonged, the fragment must have lain in the earth for centuries.

At first, he considered this same marrow-bone to have belonged to an ox—at all events to a quadruped; for the wall or rim of the bone was six times as thick as the bone of any bird, even the ostrich. He compared it with the bones in the skeleton of an ox, a horse, a camel, a tapir, and every quadruped apparently possessing a bone of that size and configuration: but it corresponded with none. On this, he very narrowly examined the surface of the bony rim, and, at length, became satisfied that this monstrous fragment must have belonged to a bird! to one at least so large as an ostrich, but of a totally different species; and, consequently, one never before heard of, as an ostrich was by far the biggest bird known.

From the difference in the strength of the bone, the ostrich being unable to fly, so must have been unable this unknown bird; and so our anatomist came to the conclusion that this old, shapeless bone indicated the former existence, in New Zealand, of some huge bird, at least as great as an ostrich, but of a far heavier and more sluggish kind. Professor Owen was confident of the validity of his conclusions, but could communicate that confidence to no one else; and notwithstanding attempts to dissuade him from committing his views to the public, he printed his deductions in the Transactions of the Zoological Society, for the year 1839, where, fortunately, they remain on record, as conclusive evidence of the fact of his having then made this guess, so to speak, in the dark.

He caused the bone, however, to be engraved; and having sent one hundred copies to New Zealand in the hopes of their being distributed, and leading to interesting results, he patiently waited for three years, namely, till the year 1843, when he received intelligence from Dr. Buckland, at Oxford, that a great box, just arrived from New Zealand, consigned to himself, was on its way, unopened, to Professor Owen: who found it filled with bones, palpably of a bird, one of which was three feet in length, and much more than double the size of any bone in the ostrich! And out of the contents of this box the Professor was positively enabled to articulate almost the entire skeleton of a huge wingless bird, between ten and eleven feet in height, its bony structure in strict conformity with the fragment in question; and that skeleton may at any time be seen at the Museum of the College of Surgeons, towering over, and nearly twice the height of the skeleton of an ostrich; and at its feet is lying the old bone, from which alone consummate anatomical science had deduced such an astounding reality; the existence of an enormous extinct creature of the bird kind, in an island where previously no bird had been known to exist larger than a pheasant or a common fowl!

## INFLUENCE OF KINDNESS.

The following account of the reformation of a convict, published in the Prisoner's Friend, gives a very forcible illustration of the power of love to reform even the most hardened of our race:—

"Many years ago, there was brought to the State Prison, in Connecticut, a man of giant-stature and of desperate character; one whose crimes had been for seventeen years the terror of the country. The warden was a Christian—a Christian not in name only, but in 'deed and in truth'—one who had more than usual faith in the power of kindness! When the prisoner came, he took off his irons, and addressed him thus:—'Friend, you are now placed in my care: it will be best for us to treat each other as well as we can. I shall try to make you as comfortable as possible, and shall be anxious to be your friend; and I hope you will get me into no difficulty on your account. There is a cell here for solitary confinement; but I have never used it, and I should be very sorry ever to turn the key upon any human being in it. You may range the place as freely as I do; only trust me, and I will trust you.'

"The desperado, though evidently surprised, appeared but little affected by this kindness, and for weeks seemed to soften very slowly. True, he was not violent, but sulky; at length word came that he had attempted to break prison! The warden called him, and charged him with it, but he gave no reply; his face was darkened by a ferocious scowl, and his lips sealed with sulky silence. He was told it would now be necessary to put him in the solitary cell. He was desired to follow the warden, who went before him, carrying the lamp in one hand, and the key in the other. In the narrowest part of the passage, the warden, a little light-built man, turned short around, and, with an eye beaming with kindness, looked up full into the face of the stout criminal, and said, 'I want to know if you have treated me as I deserve. I have done every thing to make you happy. I have trusted you, but you have never given me the least confidence in return. And you have even planned to get me into difficulty. *Is this kind?* And yet I cannot bear to lock you up. If I only had the least sign that you cared for me'—he had no need to say more—it was a *dead shot!* it had gone through the tough rind of his depravity, and had reached his very heart! The strong man was subdued; bursting into tears he wept like a child. 'Sir,' said he, 'I have been a very devil these seventeen years; but you treat me like a man, and I can't resist it.' 'Come,' said the victorious warden, 'let's go back!' The free range of the prison was again given him, and from that hour he became a *new man*; opening his whole heart to the kind warden, and fulfilling the whole term of his imprisonment with cheerfulness and content.

"The world is just beginning to understand the meaning of the passage, 'We love Him because He first loved us.'"

"My principal method for defeating heresy," says John Newton, "is by establishing truth. An individual proposes to fill a bushel with tares; now if I can fill it first with wheat, I defy his attempts."

## ORIENTAL JUSTICE.

BY F. H. COOKE.

"This present writer does not say nay. He protests most solemnly he is a Turk, too. He wears a turban and a beard like another, and is all for the sack practice, Bismillah!"—  
THACKERAY.

She came, that stately Georgian maid,  
A queen in her despair,  
Veiled only by the loosened braid  
Of her abundant hair.

In its rich rich waves one little hour  
Had done the work of time,  
Yet looked she like a stainless flower  
Too beautiful for crime!

Her lip was firm, though well she knew  
The fatal doom was near;  
On her white cheek the marble hue  
Was not the gift of fear.

And yet, on every visage there,  
And in each ruthless eye,  
That met her gaze of calm despair,  
Was written—She must die!

A boat, well manned by sable slaves,  
Rows from the smiling shore;  
A dark form parts the heaving waves,  
They close, and all is o'er.

Back to the feast, whose mirth and wine  
Might deeper memories drown!  
What reck we that within the brine  
An erring heart went down?

Long, long ago, in those dark eyes  
The flash of guilt was o'er,  
And voices murmured from the skies,  
"Come, sister, sin no more!"

WENDELL, MASS.

## GO FORTH IN THE MORNING.

BY ELIZABETH C. H., OF TENNESSEE.

Go forth—go forth in the morning,  
The morning, so fresh and so bright,  
Where dew-props, the flowers adorning,  
Are shining like gems in the light.  
Like stars on the herbage they twinkle,  
Like jewels they hang on the trees,  
Here and there the soil they besprinkle,  
Shaken down by the light morning breeze.

Look around you—the landscape is wearing  
A beauty, which gladdens the hour,  
And silken-winged zephyrs are bearing  
Sweet odors from garden and bower;  
Look up to the blue dome of heaven,  
With heart-warm devotion,—and then  
Utter praises to Him who has given  
This earth to the children of men.\*

The lambkins are skipping and playing  
In yon pasture so verdant and fair,  
And rosy-cheeked children are straying  
And plucking the bright flowers there.  
Not only our gracious Creator  
Makes beauty to gladden the sight,  
But voices He gives unto nature  
Which the ear and the spirit delight.

The streamlet goes leaping and dancing  
On its way to the brook in the lea,  
(On whose waters the sunlight is glancing;)   
O sweet are its murmurs to me!  
The breeze's soft music is soothing  
As it stirs the green leaves and the corn,  
To all who in sadness are musing,  
In the evening, at noon or at morn.

Hark, hark, how the woodland is ringing  
With notes of sweet melody clear;  
The birds in their gladness are singing,  
And we linger, delighted to hear  
These sweetest of all nature's voices;  
Come, let us unite with their lays,  
And sing, while each bosom rejoices,  
A song of thanksgiving and praise.

\* Psalm cxv. 16.

## JUDGING FROM APPEARANCES.

BY A LADY OF BALTIMORE.

"I heard something, this morning, that surprised me very much," said Mrs. Melville, one day, to her husband, whilst they were at dinner.

"Indeed! what is it?"

"Charles Grafton is supposed to have been stealing."

"Oh! no; I can't think that."

"I am afraid it is so; circumstances are very strong against him."

"What has he been stealing?"

"Why, it seems, about a week ago, Mrs. Rupert asked him to take a letter to the post-office for her, which he did very readily. The letter was for her daughter, and contained a small amount of money. Yesterday, she received an answer, stating that the letter bore evident marks of having been opened and resealed, and that the money which was stated to have been there, was gone."

"All that might have been, and he have had no more to do with it than you or I," said Mr. Melville.

"Very true," replied his wife, "but it is certain that whoever did it was a new hand at the business, or else they would not have sent the letter, stating as it did that there was money enclosed; they would have destroyed it—at least, I should think so."

"Did Charles know it contained money?"

"Yes. Mrs. Rupert mentioned it to her husband before him, and asked him whether it would be safe to send a couple of gold dollars in that way. She intended them as presents to the children."

"Did she send them?"

"Oh! yes; and then there were some notes besides."

"It's a pity they were so imprudent as to speak of it before him."

"So it is; but then who would have thought that he would have been guilty of such a thing? I'm sure I should not."

"Nor I either," responded her husband, who seemed more than half inclined to agree with his wife that the boy was actually guilty of the imputed theft; "and yet," he added, after a pause, "he may be innocent for all that."

"I should be very glad if such might be the case," replied Mrs. Melville, "but Mrs. Rupert says, the morning after she received her daughter's letter, she mentioned to him, while he was eating his breakfast, that some one had opened the letter he took to the post-office, a few nights ago, and had taken the money out. He got quite confused, and merely said, 'Who told you, Mrs. Rupert?' and when she replied that she had received a letter from her daughter, he said no more, but hastily finished his breakfast, and left the room."

"What a pity!" ejaculated Mr. Melville; "if he is addicted to such practices now, what will he be by the time he becomes a man?"

"Sure enough; and Mrs. Rupert says that she recollects, now, that often times when she has sent him for anything, he has brought less change than she thought he ought to; but still she never said anything, thinking that, perhaps, he might have had to pay more than she expected. But she thinks, now, it's very likely he kept it himself."

"Well, really! I am very sorry he is turning out so. What does Rupert intend doing?"

"I don't know. I suppose he has hardly made up his mind yet. It wouldn't be hardly right to charge him with the theft, as strong as circumstances are against him; for, as you say, notwithstanding all this evidence, he may not be guilty; and if not he would, of course, feel very bad to know that he was suspected of such a thing."

"So he would: but is there not just as much harm in telling it among their friends, and leading them to regard him with suspicion?"

"I don't know but what there is; but yet I do not suppose they speak of it everywhere as freely as they do here. Our two families have always seemed so much like one, you know, that speaking of it here hardly seems more than speaking of it at home. I do not suppose they would tell it anywhere else."

If the Ruperts did not, somebody else did; for it was not long before it was known, pretty generally, that Charles Grafton, Mrs. Rupert's orphan apprentice boy, had been commissioned to carry a letter, containing money, to the post-office; and that when said letter was opened, after having reached its destination, no money was there. With very few exceptions, the purloining of said money was unhesitatingly declared to be the act of Charles Grafton. If we were not writing a true story, we might, perhaps, by a little stretch of the imagination, imagine Charles dismissed from his place, and sent forth alone and unprotected into the world, only to become more skilled in such practices as the one imputed to him. But as this was not the case, we shall not so record it. Mr. Rupert, it is true, felt less confidence in him than before its occurrence, but thought it best upon the whole to let the matter rest until something might transpire to throw some more light upon the subject. Two or three weeks passed away, and then Mrs. Rupert received another letter from her daughter. The substance of it our readers may gather from the following conversation between Mr. Melville and his wife. Says the former, addressing the latter,

"You recollect that affair, two or three weeks ago, about the letter?"

"About the money, do you mean?"

"Yes. Everybody, I believe, and ourselves, too, suspected Charles Grafton of having stolen it. It was so plain to some people that they needed no other proof on the subject. But I suppose, if they were to be told that he had confessed it, they would be a little better satisfied any how."

"Has he done so?" asked Mrs. Melville.

"Not exactly," replied her husband.

"I saw Rupert, this morning, and he tells me they got a letter, last night, from their daughter, which explains all the mystery."

"How was it then?"

"Why, he says his daughter's letters are always placed in the box of a certain doctor in that town, and that the doctor's son had been in the habit of bringing the letters to her."

"And did he bring that one to her?"

"Yes."

"Ah! well then, it's very easy to tell where the money went to."

"You shouldn't be so hasty in forming your judgment, Jane," said Mr. Melville. "A little while ago you were certain in your own mind that Charles Grafton was the guilty one, and now you are just as certain that it was the doctor's son."

"That's all very true; but still if I had known how she received her letters, I should not have been so positive in regard to Charles. Yet as you say, I shouldn't be so hasty in forming my judgment. But tell me, are not my suspicious correct now?"

"Yes; they are."

"How came they to find it out?"

"They saw the postmaster, who said there was money in it when he placed it in the doctor's box; the doctor said there was money in it when he gave it to his son, and as there was no money in it when the son delivered it, it is but reasonable enough to suppose that he took it."

"And did they get any of it back again?"

"Yes; the doctor paid the whole amount."

"He would not have done it if he had not believed his son guilty."

"No, of course not."

"What a pity! how bad his father must feel! How old is he?"

"About fourteen, I believe."

"Dear! dear! Well I feel right glad to hear that Charles is clear of it, at any rate."

"I hope this may be a lesson to us in future," said Mr. Melville, "how we condemn a person. No doubt a great many persons have heard of the first part of this affair, that will never hear the last; and in consequence, poor Charles will ever be looked upon by them with suspicion and mistrust. It is much easier to rob an unprotected, orphanless boy like him of his character, than it is to restore it to him."

"It is indeed, and I feel as if I had done him injustice by harboring such thoughts of him myself—although it is some satisfaction to me to know that I never spoke of it to any one but you."

"I am glad you have not. I was afraid you might have done so."

"No. I've always felt bad about it ever since I heard it, for in my own mind I was satisfied that he had taken the money. Where everything seems so clear, it is hard sometimes to help forming an opinion, but I shall try in future to be more careful."

If all similar circumstances were recorded, reader, how many pages think you they would fill? Judging hastily from appearances, is by no means an uncommon practice among us. There is not, we admit, much novelty or romance in the little story we have related; it is merely a simple statement of facts, yet may not all learn a lesson from it? "Let him that is without sin in this respect cast the first stone."

### PROGRESS TOWARDS PERFECTION.

This is the sum, at once, of human duty, privilege and felicity. Unhappily it is not always thus regarded. Many are contented with an ignoble mediocrity. There is among our race much more of a contented and barely respectable virtue, than of insatiable thirst and aspiration after excellence. How many are satisfied to be as good as others, to reach the current medium of reputable character, to stand with the majority, that potent talisman in our community, and seek only such an amount of morality as may secure entrance into good society here and hereafter. Such men have not yet apprehended the great design of their Creator in regard to them, and His most precious revelations will remain a sealed book to them, until they perceive that continual progress towards perfection is the noble duty, privilege, felicity and destiny intended for His creatures, and till they pursue this as their glorious end.

Perfection, it might be well to remember, includes *all* the virtues. It suffers us not to rely on *some* good qualities to the neglect of others, or to hope that we can, by a partial innocence, compound for the commission of any wrongdoing. In the scales of impartial justice, generosity will not atone for intemperance, irritability, or dishonesty; but the virtues least congenial with our temperament, or most trying to our resolution, He requires us to cherish with the greatest care. Then, again, perfection requires that all these virtues should be expanded to an unlimited degree. Even the most faultless characters are feeble and imperfect, and need unfolding towards the perfection of moral stature and strength.

Immeasurable as perfection is, let it not discourage, but rather inspire us to make it the great end of life. See how everything great and good on this earth has grown out of the aim at perfection. Its fruits, if not in the departments of religion and morality, are everywhere else around us. Why do we live in such comfortable dwellings? Because men were not satisfied with a cave in the ground, or a rude fabric above it; but aimed at perfection, at something ever better and better, till the lowliest of the abodes of the present generation surpass in many respects those once occupied by kings and princes. Why

that proudest monument of architectural skill careering swiftly between continents, through the waste of waters? Because men were not satisfied with the creaking raft, slowly pushed upon the quiet stream, or with the timid boat that crept along the coast; but pressed on to perfection, till they came to span the breadth of the seas almost with the punctuality of the revolutions of the globe. Behold, in remote antiquity, a pale student, bending in tedious toil over a manuscript which he is transcribing upon parchment by a process so expensively long and laborious that a few books exhaust a fortune. But progress is made; perfection is aimed at; and now the treasures of thought, science, literature, are printed in a moment, and the shelf of the poor man lined with treasures of knowledge that once have excited the envy of monarchs.

What a lesson do these and many similar instances of *physical* progress administer for us in our moral and religious struggles! What a rebuke for our loiterings in the heavenward way! For there is no perfection, no progress, so glorious as that of moral and religious goodness. It were well, then, that none should satisfy themselves any longer with moderate attainments—that none should pause any longer upon the level where multitudes have hitherto rested content. It were well that every power of thought and feeling should be pressed to this end. Thus, however, far from perfection, if bent on progress, shall we have the approbation and the smile of the All-Perfect One.

### OVERDOING IT.

A well-known Methodist minister who was travelling on horseback through the State of Massachusetts, stopped one noon on a sultry summer's day at a cottage by the roadside, and requested some refreshment for himself and beast. This was readily granted by the worthy New England dame, so the parson dismounted, and having seen his horse well cared for, entered the cottage and partook of the refreshment which was cheerfully placed before him. For some time past there had been no rain, and the country around seemed literally parched up. The minister entered into conversation with the old lady, and remarked about the dryness of the season. "Yes," she replied, "unless we have rain soon, all my beets, cucumbers and cabbages will be good for nothing, and I think that all the ministers ought to pray for rain." The worthy divine informed her that he was a minister, and that he should be happy to comply with her wish. He accordingly knelt down and prayed fervently that the gates of Heaven might be opened, that showers might descend and refresh the earth. He then arose from his knees, and having kindly thanked his hostess, bade her good day, mounted his horse and departed. But he had not been gone more than an hour when the clouds began to gather and a tremendous shower of hail and rain descended, and with such force as to wash the contents of the old lady's garden clear out of the ground. "There!" said she, "that is always the way with those Methodists, they never undertake to do anything, but they always overdo it."

THE MAIDEN AND THE HAND-  
MAIDEN.

A TALE OF HOME-LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L—'S DIARY."

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 67.)

## CHAPTER X.

I know not in what way it was; but in the morning I was strong and cheerful. I could wonder now and laugh at the feelings of the day before, the dread of Mr. Woodbury, the fear of him, as if he were Jupiter, or Neptune, or even Pluto. I could believe now that he was altogether a common sort of man, who could by no means strike me dead, or run off with me to the caves, or leave me dying of jealousy and love if I saw him running off with another, even with my sister Sylvia—only I should almost die of grief at the loss of *her*.

"Margaret," called Mr. Harson, from his carriage, which was at our gate. I was standing at an open window.

"What say, Friend Harson?" replied I, going to the door.

"Come here, if thee will. I want to speak to thee. Thee will wish to send to the office this morning, I heard thee saying, last evening," he added, when I came to the gate.

"Yes, I shall. We were just talking about it."

"I will take thy letters, if thee would like to have me."

"This is very kind, Mr. Harson. Papa was on the point of sending George; but there is so much for him to do here now."

"Yea, yea; we knew how it must be here," gathering up the reins for a start. He looked up to the blue sky, abroad on the glorious landscape, and—"I am glad thy friends have such a good morning for their first, here in this wild land," said he.

"I am. They are delighted with this wild land; and, my good, kind Mr. Harson, they all want to see you. You have done so much for papa! so much. You are always doing something kind for us. I fear this will trouble you that you have undertaken this morning."

"Nay, my good Margaret, not at all. I have other business that takes me nearly there. Come in with thy friends; we shall be glad to see them. Come in, if thee should want anything, help, or anything. Thee shall be as welcome as we ourselves, to whatever we have."

"Thank you," said I, with swimming eyes; for there was even more in the clear, kind face and voice, than in the words.

"I want to see him! I want to speak to him!" said Helen Louise, coming through the yard to us, with a look of mingled earnestness and modesty which it was very pretty and engaging to see.

Mr. Harson heard her, as well as myself, of course. He smiled, and gave her hand a cordial shaking, upon being introduced to her.

"I wanted to speak to you, sir," said Helen Louise, not exactly knowing how to proceed.

"And what did thee wish to say to me, friend

Helen?" asked he, speaking in a lively manner that, at once, put her at ease.

"Why, that I like you the best of any man I have ever heard about," said she, speaking rapidly, and with filling eyes. "I like everybody who is kind. The greatest talent in a man, and wealth and a great name—I never care the snap of my finger for these in a man, if he isn't benevolent and kind; if he isn't doing something for his race; if he hasn't some great—*really* great—and Christ-like idea in his head. Do you, cousin Margaret? Do you, Mr. Harson?"

We both assured her that we did not. Mr. Harson assured her that he liked her quite as well, he would venture to say, as she did him, invited her to call, to "run in any time, and not make a stranger of herself," and then drove on.

Cousin Edith joined us with two sun-bonnets under her arm, putting on her long sleeves and buttoning them up under the little caps, as she came. She was not near so beautiful as Helen Louise, but she had a cordial face for those she loved, and a splendid figure. One does not often see so graceful, so dignified a step as hers; mamma's was like it, when she was not worn with care and hard work. She put one of the bonnets on her own head, and handed me the other.

"Let us walk, Margaret," said she; "let us walk out towards the man of these mountains. I long to come in sight of the human shape he wears."

"I would go, dear Edith, but the morning work—"

"Sylvia and I have just planned it that you are to have very little to do with the morning work, or any other work, while we stay—you have had so few pleasures! Helen, dear child, go in and put the parlor into the best shape that ever parlor wore. I have helped Sylvia almost through with the rest. You will walk, Margaret?"

"Gladly, I only wish all could go."

Helen Louise affected to pout; but she pinned flowers to the dress of each, and then ran back, singing, to the house.

We had walked more than a mile, stopping often to gather the plums that ripened at the wayside, and had just turned to retrace our steps when we heard a carriage; and, looking back, saw that cousin Rufus and Mr. Woodbury were coming. We did not expect them until eleven; for when they left the night before, it was their plan to spend the whole morning in fishing.

"Hallo!" That was a gleeful shout. It was cousin Rufus.

"Just what I wanted!" said Mr. Woodbury, springing to the ground. "How do you both do, this morning? Yes, one sees you are well by your looks. Margaret—Miss Fay—or *may* I call you Margaret?"

"If you wish."

"As I most certainly do. Margaret, I hope you like this day." He was standing before me looking over the wild flowers and plums in my hand.

"Yes, I do!"

"Well, come! come into the carriage. I want to argue with you about yesterday. I believe you called it a wretched day."



"And so it was. I will never give it up."

"We will see. Edith"—extending his hand to help her in. She had accepted it, and was preparing to mount.

"Will you ride, Edith?" said I, quite horrified.

"To be sure she will," replied he, helping her forward.

"There is no room," said I, putting my hands behind me; for he had his already extended, and had, besides, the look that one always feels it vain to oppose with ordinary means.

Rufus seated Edith on his knee, with a face as if it were "not of the least consequence," and laid his hand on the vacant half of the cushion, saying, "Come, Maggie dear, since you must—since we—two of creation's lords—have determined what it is best for you to do."

I sprang into the buggy without giving Mr. Woodbury a chance to help me. I sat down quickly on the seat, and spread my skirts a little, so as to fill it altogether and the front of the carriage, at the same time bidding Mr. Woodbury a good morning, as if we would leave him there. He liked this; and, as for cousin Rufus, he laughed so loud that he awakened the whole Echo family, children and all, and they straightway fell to doing the same—that is, to laughing as merrily as he. But these lords have such dominion over things, we "weaker vessels" inclusive, that it is never easy putting an abiding discomfort upon them. They can adjust and readjust to suit themselves. For example, Mr. Woodbury came into the carriage, put my skirts aside, and seated himself on his valise at my feet.

"Well, I am determined to quarrel with you, every inch of the way," said I. "Yesterday was a wretched day!"

"Because Edith, and Barton, and I were not here. To-day, you say, is better—is good."

"It was; but this—"

"Oh, I like it," said Edith; "the horse goes like a bird; and how good the air is. Did you go where you could see the Old Man's face?"

The Old Man of the Mountains, by-the-by, was only a few miles above us.

"Oh, no! one must go almost to Gibbs' for that," replied cousin Rufus. "Did you say, Margaret, that Garland and his party will stay, to-day, at the Notch House?"

"That was their plan."

"Woodbury and I couldn't remember just what you said about it. We should have rode up there this morning, if we had been sure of finding him. He's a capital fellow. I want to see him."

Thus it happened, that between Edith and cousin Rufus, the quarrel was taken out of Woodbury's and my hands, and we were riding along as amiable as two robins. He ate nearly all my plums, though.

#### CHAPTER XI.

But it was not good for me, riding with him, walking with him, being helped by his hand over the walls and brooks, over precipices and from rock to rock—sitting and talking with him in the still twilight, when others were sauntering here and there, else more disposed to reverie than to conversation—listening to him with my eyes on his bent face, while he read aloud to me. I

knew then that it was not good for me, but I could find no way of avoiding it; I tried to. Well as I loved being near him, I tried to avoid him by occupations in the kitchen or garden; but I was driven thence. Sylvia was in the kitchen when there was anything to be done there, to try whether she had forgotten how to make pastry, and gingerbread, and cup-cake. Edith was there learning how to cook trout, or to make a corn-meal pudding, or a farina pudding. Helen Louise was there, too, singing and frolicking, turning all the work into play by her merry ways and words; making pancakes for breakfast, and sandwiches; or seeing to the asparagus, and the cucumbers, and salad, for dinner. Aunt Margaret laid the cloth for our meals; and kept fresh water and flowers in the vases, picked up the withered leaves and flowers, together with the bits of sewing cotton and worsted, from the carpets; and every morning went round with her old gloves on, and with a ragged silk handkerchief, carefully wiping away every particle of dust from the furniture. Mamma, meanwhile, went quite at her leisure here and there, seeing to everything, especially to the bread, the sponge-bread, and the hot barley and buckwheat cakes. Papa, uncle Leonard, and the "boys," as they called Mr. Woodbury and Rufus, worked in the fields and in the garden; brought in fresh vegetables from the garden, berries from the fields, and trout from the streams. Thus the work within the house and without was shared by so many that it was burdensome to no one. On the contrary, it gave us strength, and appetite, and cheerful spirits. We commented on this, as we sat at our meals, and wished that it might always be so with us; that it might be so the whole world over; that each might bear his or her part of the labor, in the great human hive, so that no one need be overburdened with toil, so that no one need fall into ennui and mental and physical debility for want of it.

Thus the days passed. We wished to go directly to Mount Washington—the weather was so delightful, the air so clear! But we feared that, by going, we would miss seeing Garland on his return. His stay among the mountains must be very short, he said; he would be sure to return by way of Lincoln; and papa and cousin Rufus' plan was to watch the stage-coach for him, and hold him over one stage, if no more. This plan made our parents altogether happy. Sylvia made no remarks upon it—she did not seem dissatisfied about it; but I fancied that something often stuck in her throat. I fancied that she dreaded the meeting a little, because, although Garland had never made a formal declaration of love, she knew very well why he had not—she knew very well his sentiments towards her. I dreaded his detention, and grew quite nervous as the hour for the Friday stage drew near. It came in sight; it was close by; and cousin Rufus was at the road side to stop it. Garland was not there, and I drew a long, free breath.

"Garland? Garland?" a man on the middle of the back seat said, putting his head forward; "has he friends here?"

"Yes; friends good and true," replied cousin Rufus. "Have you seen him up along?"

"No, I hav'n't *seen* him, but—" The man drew back into his place, and settled down for a start.

"Hav'n't seen him! Have you been at the mountains?"

"I have been at the mountains; but I didn't see him. Will the driver go on?"

The driver went on; and cousin Rufus came slowly to the house, with his eyes on a leaf he had broken on his way through the yard.

"The man says he didn't see him," said he, evidently perplexed. "But I don't believe him; or, at least, I believe he saw him, or heard of him."

"I hope nothing has happened to him," sighed mamma. "He was not cheerful when he was here; and I have felt troubled about him ever since."

"If he don't come to-morrow, we will go up on Monday morning, with my horse and one of Mr. Harson's, and, probably, we can engage two at Knight's. We had better see about it to-night, some of us." Papa, too, was anxious, as I saw by his thoughtful face.

Sylvia's color came and went, as I felt that my own did; but Mrs. Harson happened in just then; and when we told her what troubled us, she said, with a good, cheerful face, "'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,' my friends. It may be that he is at this time very happy, and well; so, ye had best not let your hearts be troubled."

"Yes, that is true, Mrs. Harson," replied uncle Leonard, with a look as if Faith had come in unscathed with Mrs. Harson, and lifted his misgivings, and borne them far away from him.

Faith did something for us all, and soon we were talking with our own wonted cheerfulness. And if the undefined fears came back again to me, there came also the quieting words, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and my heart was still, and had patience to wait. I think it was the same with all the rest.

Mrs. Harson took us all over to drink tea with them.

"I love to go to friend Harson's—there's an easy spirit there," said a good lady of Lincoln to us one day. She had just been spending a few hours there.

We felt the same, that afternoon; and that it was also a spirit of beauty and of gentle power. Simplicity—the living Truth seemed to be inscribed all through that house—on the snow-white walls, the sanded floors, and especially upon the hearts and the lineaments of the inmates. We felt—as I always did there—how utterly foolish and contemptible a thing is vanity, and how false and artificial a great portion of the life of at least half of these who are on the earth. I saw my own faults, my feverishness, my propensity to be often "careful and troubled about many things," and, with tearful eyes and a lifted heart, I said, "Bring my wandering heart to Thee, thou Great and Holy One!"

We returned home at twilight.

"Let us who are so disposed, take a ramble," said Woodbury, as we were turning up to our house.

I assented with joy, for it was what I was at that moment wishing to do.

●Rufus excused himself. He would ride up to Knight's and see about some horses. By the way, he and Mr. Woodbury had lodged at Mr. Harson's since the first night after their arrival. My parents, uncle and aunt, urged their preference for sitting down quietly within doors; and Edith had better do the same, aunt Margaret thought—for she already had a bad cold. Helen Louise *certainly* could not go, she said. She must finish her letter that evening. Sylvia must likewise finish hers to Charlotte, so that hers could go to the post-office with Helen's, and that Charlotte need not write to her at Roxbury. I could see no force in their excuses, and endeavored to obviate them, but in vain. I then proposed to Woodbury deferring our walk until the next evening, when others could be at liberty.

"We will have another to-morrow evening," said he, making his bow to the girls, drawing my hand through his arm, and leading me away.

I was, at first, uneasy and stupid; and I beat about me in vain for something to say that was worth saying. But Mr. Woodbury was at no such loss. He never was. He was never at all garrulous, but quite the reverse. Nevertheless, he had a ready, quiet way of saying quiet things, which made him, as a companion, more agreeable than it had ever entered into my heart to conceive that mortal man could be. He had, beyond this, a power over me, by which he brought me directly into his vein; so that, all along, I should have felt it good being with him, but for the fear that he would at length become so dear to me, that I could not give him up to another without a painful struggle and sacrifice.

We had sauntered a long way, stopping many times to listen to the waterfalls, and to look up into the mountain recesses where the shadows of night were already gathering; *almost* stopping many times, as, in the earnestness of our conversation, we nearly forgot to move.

"Unsay that old libel against the world, Margaret," said he, on our way home, and taking my hand into his, "acknowledge that it is a good, comfortable world."

Now, if anything on earth could have brought me to the concession he asked, it would have been the friendly glance going down into my heart, the thrilling voice, and the hand taking mine closer to its wide palm.

"Yes, thou good one! better to me than to thee, even, now that I have thee so near me." This is what I thought. But listen to what I said, after taking a moment in which to get a tolerable command of my voice—

"No; I still say the same thing. It is only good and comfortable, sometimes, and for some persons."

"This is what your lips say, because you are a little obstinate," replied he, laughing, and with his glance still on mine. "Your face and your voice are on my side. And, now, Margaret, let your lips concede that it is good and comfortable, this evening, here, where we are. It is so good for me here, and everywhere, where I have you by my side."

He did not see my face, or hear my voice again

in a long time, not until he had said many unexpected things to me, and, among the rest, that I was dearer to him than all the world, inasmuch as the world would be empty and cold without me.

I made no development of the suppositions I had been entertaining so long regarding him and Sylvia; but these circumstances came out in the course of our conversation. He was strongly prepossessed in my favor at the lake. He made some enquiries of Mrs. Olsted; learned, among other things, that I was the niece of his pastor, and, upon returning to Roxbury, made known his impressions to uncle and aunt, the result of which was my invitation to their house. Upon Sylvia's arrival, the whole matter was laid before her; but, for the reason named by Helen Louise in her letter already quoted, it was decided to let things remain as they were, until it was seen what papa's exertions for himself would do, until they should all come North together.

"Now, here I am," said he, in conclusion, "in spite of your obstinacy, loving you more and more every hour. And you love me—this makes me the happiest, luckiest man on earth."

He pressed my hand close, and laid it on his beating heart, as he spoke.

I was too happy, too gratefully agitated, to speak, and we walked on some minutes in silence. We were now almost home. Woodbury aroused himself, and, with a smile and a gentle sigh, said—

"Margaret, isn't it a good, comfortable world for us?"

"Yes, a dear, good world!"

By the way, I brought my moss-vase back to the table, that evening, and filled it with wild roses.

#### CHAPTER XII.

Now I could let Sylvia talk to me of Woodbury; I could speak freely to her of Garland.

"Poor Garland," said Sylvia, in a voice of infinite pity and tenderness. And I heard her tears dropping on the pillow. "I am so distressed for him, Margaret," added she. "I have been so all day; or ever since the stage came down. I can't shake off the fear that something has happened to him; and the hours are so long—oh, so long; it is so long to Monday." Drop, drop, faster than ever, went the tears, and her breath was hot on my cheek. She did not sleep for the night.

Papa and Mr. Woodbury took a little turn before breakfast, on the following morning, and, on their return, they had a few words with mamma, who was in the garden, looking to the welfare of her celery and other savory herbs; so that, at breakfast time, it was known all through the house that, if it were according to God's good pleasure, Woodbury and I would go through the rest of our life here, side by side.

"I am glad," it was said, now and then; but there were tearful eyes and serious, thoughtful faces on every hand; and every soul there was melted by dear uncle Leonard's prayer for us.

Woodbury sat at my side at table. He did not often speak. When he did, it was with an agitated voice; but his face had quite a glorified

aspect. For myself, I wished not to speak at all; but to be near him, to drink in, now and then, his rich tones, to think of his strong, manly heart, his great kindness, and say to myself—

"And he is mine, and I am his!"

Sylvia's pale face and swelled eyes held my joy in check, and made me often sigh for her, and accuse myself of a most miserable egotism. At length I spoke openly of our fears, of Sylvia and Garland's mutual love. When she heard their words of loving sympathy, of hope, and, indeed, of belief, that he was safe, that we would see him there in our midst that day, she wept awhile freely; but she was more at ease afterwards, and waited less nervously the hour for the stage's coming.

She grew pale as death, however, at the first sound of the distant wheels, and appeared as if she were suffocating as they drew near, nearer yet, and stopped at the waving of cousin Rufus' hand.

We saw that Garland was not there; we would have known it by the slow shake of Rufus' head as he looked through the coach, and amongst those that were on the top.

"Driver, do you, or any of your company, hear anything of one Garland, at any of the hotels among the mountains?" asked Rufus, going nearer the coach.

"Garland! Yes; what was it you were telling about a Mr. Garland being lost, up there to Mount Washington?" said the driver, turning round to a gentleman behind him.

"Why, I don't know particulars," replied the man, leaning forward so as to speak to Rufus, "for he put up at Fabyan's, and I was at Crawford's. But I'll tell you what I heard. There were two of the Garlands, I believe, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"That was what I heard—one from this State, and one from Massachusetts. The way I heard the story was, that the one from Massachusetts wanted to walk up; he thought he should like it better. Well, he kept near the rest—there was a large party, they said—till they got pretty well over Monroe; and then he started on to get at the top before the horses. They said, up there, that he didn't realize anything about what he was undertaking; and it seems he didn't. He got lost. This is all I know about his part; or, only that he found his way to the bridle path, the next morning, and waited there for that day's party to come along—for parties go up every pleasant day, as he knew and calculated on. But, before he was found, the day that he was lost, in fact, they had gone hunting for him. The other Garland couldn't give up when the rest did; he went too far, too long, or something, and he got lost, or fell, as is more likely, and hadn't been found when I came from there, this morning—at least, not unless it was late last night."

"What are they doing?" demanded cousin Rufus. "Are they doing all they can to find him?"

"Yes; his party and Mr. Fabyan sends men; and, yesterday, some others, visitors, went."

"And this is all you know?"

"It is all I know."

"None of the rest of you know anything farther?" stepping back a little, and looking over the whole company.

They all shook their heads.

"I wish we did, something more favorable, if he has friends here," said a white-haired, good-looking old man.

"I wish to Heaven you did," sighed cousin Rufus. He thanked his informant, bowed to them, and returned to us with eager steps.

"Let's go, this hour, this minute, Woodbury," said he. "Isn't this what we had better do?" he added, looking at his father and mine. "You can all come, Monday."

"Yes," cried papa. "It distracts me almost, thinking—Sylvia, my good child, this is hard for you and your father—"

She threw herself into his arms, sobbing convulsively, and, one instant, the tears rolled down papa's cheeks, and fell on her head. But, in a moment, he dashed them away, spoke a few low words in Sylvia's ear, turned her over to mamma's arms, and hurried out to assist them in starting. In less than five minutes, the horse was at the gate, and they were ready to start; Rufus flurried, excited, hardly knowing what he was doing; Woodbury with a serious, but, at the same time, a quiet, hopeful look, that it did us all good to see.

"Don't venture too far," begged I, as he came and took my hand at parting.

"No, my Margaret."

He pressed my hand to his lips, bowed to the rest, and was gone.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

"Oh, the long, long hours!" said Sylvia, bursting into tears, when we were left alone that night. She had not wept before since they left; but she had been so pale, so ill at ease! going almost continually from spot to spot, "seeking rest and finding none!"

She slept soundly, at last; and awoke the next morning, strengthened and calm.

It was a clear, blue, splendid morning. We thought what a good day they would have for their search after the lost one—if it were so that he was not already found—and our hearts were, in a measure, comforted.

"Thy own horse is gone, friend Fay," said Mr. Harson, as he joined us all in the garden. "But if thee or any of thy friends would like to ride down to Woodstock to our Friends' meeting, my double wagon is heartily at your service, and the grey horse. He is strong, and can carry four or five down there without any faltering. We shall take the single wagon."

Uncle, aunt, and the girls, thankfully accepted his offer; but the rest of us preferred to remain at home. We had a secret hope every hour, that the next would bring our friends and Garland with them.

But the day passed, uncle's folks returned, the night closed in, and they had not come; and the next morning we had no spirit for the contemplated ride,—excepting papa and uncle; they were in haste to be gone.

Sylvia could not go; she shook her head mournfully, and grew paler than ever, when it

was mentioned. Mamma could not leave Sylvia; and, besides, she had already been there twice, and was not anxious to go again. Aunt Margaret had been there once. She would be pleased to go again, if all could go, and under propitious circumstances; but, as it was, she would much rather remain with mamma and Sylvia.

"And I would, too," said I, with my arms around Sylvia.

"No, my good Margaret," she said, putting my hair back and kissing my forehead. "I would rather you would go. You may think of something that can be done there." She gasped a little, and then proceeded. "And I long to be almost alone. I long to have it still, my head feels so bad." She pressed her hand on the top of her head, and with such a distressed look, that, for a moment, I was ready to die for her.

Neither would Edith and Helen Louise listen to my plan of remaining at home; and, added to all this, the thought of a very dear friend was drawing me mountain-ward; it was at once settled, therefore, that I should go.

I accompanied papa; Edith and Helen Louise, uncle Leonard.

Another pleasant day, only it was exceedingly dusty; there had been no showers for so long.

We were within a few miles of the mountains; and beside the road was a field, among whose blackened stumps and rocks a man and a bare-headed, white-haired boy were hoeing. Papa stopped his horse to enquire about Garland.

"I ruther guess they han't found 'im yet," said the man, with one hand on his hip, and the other on the top of his hoe-handle. "I ruther think they han't; for 'Nezer, here, was up ter Fab'an's yesterday arternoon—he an' Josh went up ter carry some trouts they'd caught—an' they said they heerd 'em talkin about it; an' they hadn't found 'im, ner wan't like to. Do you amongst you know 'im?"

"Yes, very well. Do you know whether he had provisions with him when he left?"

"No, I han't hearn. Did you hear anything about his havin' victuals with him, when he went, 'Nezer?"

"Yes, he did!" said the boy, blushing, but speaking with earnestness. "They said that he slung on his fishing-bag—you've seen 'em, father, a good many times, on the men when they were down this way arter fish—an' this was chock full o' victuals. They said he wouldn't starve in a number o' days."

"I thank you, my good boy!" said papa, with a hopeful face. "This is the best thing I have heard yet."

"You're very welcome," replied the boy in timid tones, and blushing at papa's praise.

"Is your farm a good one, sir?" asked papa, as he was preparing to start.

"Ruther a tough one ter work, sir; but 'Nezer here and I are strong; we make it turn out a pooty good crop of one thing an' another. We git a good livin' off of it."

"And you manage to take a newspaper or two, I suppose?" said papa, smiling.

"Not yit. This is what 'Nezer and Josh are sellin' the trouts and plums for. Sarah, two year older than 'Nezer here, and Ruth, two year

a'most younger, pick the plums. They want the newspapers, too."

"That's it, sir!" said papa. "You have struck the right track, no doubt. I will tell you, sir, I will make up a great bundle of papers, and send them up to you by the stage. You will find some one amongst them, I think, that you will like to subscribe for. I wish you a good morning, sir."

"Good mornin'; thank you! thank you!"—The man's eyes shone with pleasure, and so did the boy's.

"Now that's a great and a good man," said papa, after riding awhile in thoughtful silence. "I have been thinking of something I saw yesterday in Channing. 'A man is great as a man, be he where or what he may; the grandeur of his nature turns to insignificance all outward distinctions.' I don't remember his words, but their amount is, that if we confine man in dungeons, or chain him to slavish tasks, the light within him will still be burning, will still show him his way, and make it more or less clear and bright to him. I am glad that it is so," papa added, with moistened eyes, "but it makes me pity the poor, and all those who are chained to slavish tasks by the merely physical wants of life. I wish things could be different, especially here in 'the land of the free.' I wish that thousands and millions of acres of the richest lands need not lie a mere waste, while so many stay here in the crowded towns without one inch of God's broad earth, on which they dare to set a foot; nothing but the paved streets. Their souls are so dark, when with the fields about them, and for them, and with easier means of subsistence, they might be so full of God's own light! God help them! God help them, I say! And God help those men who have legislative power, and those who have wealth, and especially those who have great souls, to work for that which is worth working for, for that which will make the poor and the rich better and happier."

"And this," thought I, with a melting heart, "this is the man, who, one year ago, was so selfish, so narrow and so worldly-minded!"

But now we were drawing near Fabyan's; and Garland again took exclusive possession of our thoughts. With what strained eyes and brains we looked along the road before us! and, especially when we came within sight of the house, through the knots, great and small, of gentlemen who stood or sat in the piazza, or sauntered near the hotel! It was near the dinner-hour; those, therefore, who had not gone up the mountains, were all there, waiting the call of the bell.

Seldom is it the fortune of three dusty, way-worn damsels to be set down in such an assemblage of well-dressed, courtly-looking knights; and seldom, I dare say, do they—the way-worn damsels, that is—care so little for the eyes that take in all their appointments, from equipage to gaiters, inclusive. We were all trembling for the first words we would hear.

Fabyan came out immediately. He recognized papa and uncle Leonard, and shook his head slightly, as he gave them a cordial grasp of the hand.

"No Garland yet," said papa.

"I am sorry to say, no. But those friends of yours—this way, this way, if you please, ladies."

"Go directly to your room, girls," said papa, leading us forward toward the stairs. "Almost your dinner-hour; isn't it, Mr. Fabyan?"

"In fifteen minutes."

He rang for a waiter, who, with a portmanteau in each hand, conducted us away; but not until we heard papa say—"The search still goes on!"

"Yes; those friends of yours, and a number besides"—here their voices were lost in the distance.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

We could not eat—we could find no rest. Papa could find no rest, for the horrible uncertainty. He bore it an hour or two in the best way he could, and then he and uncle left with a guide, although, the most that they could hope to do, was meeting the return party, and thereby having their fears the earlier removed or confirmed.

The day waned—the pleasure party returned; and they had had little pleasure, they said, "for thinking of the lost gentleman. It was so horrible to be lost there in that wild place!"

We could no longer stay within. We took our bonnets and walked out in the direction of the mountains, occasionally sitting down on the road-side to wait their appearance; and when this watching and inaction became intolerable, again going forward.

We saw them at last—a large company; and were so faint that we hurried to the bank beside the road, and sunk down on the turf. Papa—we could distinguish papa's erect figure. Uncle Leonard, also; we could distinguish him by his jet black suit. Then, how we searched among the rest! How tantalising was the distance—the crowd in which they rode—the gathering twilight! But at last I saw Woodbury; and "there's Rufus! there's Rufus!" exclaimed Edith and Helen Louise.

"But Garland! but Garland!" groaned we all three; for now they came near, and we could nowhere see him.

And when they came up to us, and we saw the pale, shocked faces, and felt the trembling hand pressures, but heard not one word, we knew then that there was no hope, and wept without restraint.

Uncle would have comforted us with some words of heavenly wisdom and strength.

"But it is so horrible, papa!" interrupted Helen Louise, almost beside herself.

"And poor Sylvia!" murmured I, and again the tears sped.

"There is One who can take care of her, of him, and of us all, my dear Margaret," replied uncle, his face serious, but beaming with the Christian's hope.

"Yes, yes, that is true," sighed we; and we dried our tears.

The guide who accompanied papa, and uncle Leonard, and Garland's cousin, remained behind. They were to kindle fires, and discharge a rifle at close intervals through the night. In them, lay now, the only hope; and this hope was a faint one, for it was believed that he had missed his footing and fallen from some of the precipices, becoming thereby, at least, unable to proceed.

## CHAPTER XV.

"What's that? what's that?" we heard one say, in quick, sharp tones, in the piazza, on the following morning. The windows were open into the front parlor, where we sat waiting the appearance of some of the gentlemen of our party. As yet, we had seen none of them, but we had been only a short time below.

"What is it?" was again asked; and, on looking out, we saw that every eye was turned, with eager interest, along the road towards the mountains.

"A carriage—two horsemen," said one.

"And one on foot," said another.

"Slow as a hearse, step and step, they come." This made our hearts stop beating, and half distracted, we went through the rooms looking after papa, or uncle, or some one of our party; at least, for Fabyan. If we could get in sight of his face, we felt that it would be somewhat better with us. But we could not find him; and ready to faint and die, we tottered back to the parlor, and to the windows, to see if some of our people were not there. Every eye that we could see without, was still strained toward the east. No one spoke, or seemed to breathe now; but we saw many exchanges of doubtful, troubled glances; and Helen Louise sunk down on the carpet at our feet, covered her ears with both hands, and buried her face in our clothes.

"Hurra! hurra! hurra!"

Heaven and earth what a cry was that! It startled us, it thrilled us, and ran along our nerves as if the dead were rising.

"Hurra! hurra! hurra!"—louder and more joyful than before.

"And 'Hurra!' we heard it from afar; it was cousin Rufus' voice.

"Now, if I don't thank God, I *never* did!" said Helen Louise, springing to her feet, and dashing off the tears as fast as they came, while she listened keenly to what was said without, "I *knew* well enough"—and "I said all the time"—we heard; and we saw at a glance that the suspense had terminated rightly; for they spoke eagerly, with glad looks, and moved about, mingling group with group.

"I'm going!" said Helen Louise, making her way out into the piazza. We followed her; every lady in the room followed her; and the gentlemen who had remained near the door made room for us. Yes, there they were—Garland pale, and supported a little on Woodbury's breast, to be sure, while Rufus drove; but looking so thankful, so excited in his happiness. My father and Garland's cousin were on horseback; the guide was on foot. Oh! no one knew what one was about, or cared. No one could possibly know what to say or do, save this: we ladies all laughed and cried together, and in the same breath. Garland did not do much better; and many others had quivering chins, and would assuredly have let some tears fall if they had been women.

"My dear Margaret," said Garland, at length. He could not speak at first. "Edith, Helen Louise—my good ones—"

We were kissing his hands, and leaving the shining tears on them.

"Life is so good to me, this morning, Margaret!" said Garland, as he held my hand in his, and pressed it fervently; and then again the choking voice stopped him.

It may seem of little consequence in this place, but I must say that it was good touching Woodbury's hand again, looking into his clear, happy face, hearing his good voice close to my ear, and knowing that now he was safe.

Cousin Rufus was hurrying and ordering on every hand, in the way of facilitating Garland's descent from the carriage.

Meanwhile, questions poured down upon the vigorous looking guide. "He lost his grip on the rocks," said he, and all gathered about him to listen, except those why were busied with Garland. "And he fell then twenty foot or more. He didn't know any great thing for a spell, as you'd guess fast enough, if I didn't tell you; and when he did come to he was bruised, and e'en a'most broke in one of his hip bones; and couldn't get on much any more'n we could in the same fix. Wall, that night he took a terrible bad cold, and something like the rheumatiz clapped on to him. The next night he took another cold, and the next night another, and that makes three of 'em," holding three fingers up before the face of one who stood near him, smiling at his sententious way of telling a story. "But he kept a rubbin' himself—the best thing he *could* do, you know; and by n'by he could stir round some and eat some; and so by last night, he'd got, as it turned out, into jest the right spot to see our bonfires and hear our guns; and then he got along a leetle nigher and a leetle nigher, till he got where he could make us hear him. Then don't you guess our ideas went up? His cousin was more like a shiftless woman for a half a minute or so, than like the real Sampson he had been all along. Wall, we'd a tough pull getting him down, he was so weak and lame, you see. But he bore the gripes and twinges like a General. Afore we got down, fairly, we met them that went out this morning. The carriage was nigh, they said, and 'twas lucky it was, for the feller was weaker than ever, when he see them. Wan't it lucky, old feller?"—giving his "old feller" a hearty slap on the shoulder, on his way into the house.

Papa was full of his jokes, cousin Rufus of his. At breakfast, Woodbury told a story in his inimitably quiet way, that set people laughing all round the table—all but Garland, who seemed little inclined to merriment, although very happy; and poor Edith, whose cold and cough were so bad that she could only sit by and smile at all the nonsense that was going on.

Garland was unable to travel that day; the rest of us wanted to see Mount Washington; we therefore wrote hurried billets to send home by the morning stage.

"We are all crazy this morning, cousin mine," wrote Helen Louise. "We laugh, we run against each other, and then laugh again. I ran against a bilious, long-faced old bachelor there is here, and he started and said, 'Goodness, Miss!'"

"We all kiss Garland, and he kisses us back again. But do you never mind it, since he is hereby getting his lips into facile practice. He goes limping; yet there never was anybody so



charming as we all find him, because his adventure has made him a sort of Grand Lama for all in the house. Good bye!

"Thy cousin,  
"HELEN LOUISE.

"*Post Scriptum.*—Garland is writing to you, but I fancy his note will run mostly on love. Margaret and Edith are writing too; but I doubt if they or he have good sense enough to tell you that we shall all take our flight for your bird-house to-morrow morning; your papa and Garland in your papa's carriage, the rest of us by stage. I hope we of the stage may get there first; I am desirous to see how you like Garland's gait at first sight. Oh, dear! it is cough, cough, almost every minute with poor Edith! She took a new cold, I fear, when we were out watching for Garland. I hope good Mrs. Harson can think of something that will help her.

"Thine."

#### CHAPTER XVI.

Here are various familiar letters, through which my story shall awhile be carried forward to its close.

[From Helen Louise to Julia Leavitt.]

THE BIRD-HOUSE, Lincoln, July 20th

*My Dear Friend Julia:*—I wish you too had been holding your breath and growing thin these four or five days, because Garland was lost among the mountains. I wish you had been dreaming a-nights as I have, of seeing bears' eyes shining in the darkness of cleft rocks; and of slipping off from precipices, whose feet were so far below, that you could only see how a cavernous sullenness and snakes, and a bleeding body were there together, moving, intermingling, exchanging shapes, so that the bleeding body—occasionally showing Garland's face—was now writhing itself into real serpent coils, and anon was fading away into utter darkness. I wish you had been feeling that the sun had no business to shine; nor the birds to sing, nor the flowers and green trees to hold up their heads and mock you with sights of the brightness, the elasticity you could never, more feel—never! Then would I not delight myself and make you feel what an important personage I am in your affairs, by holding you back—as the manner of the legitimate story-tellers is—with episodes, with slow and eccentric approaches, with parentheses a half-page in length, with ohs! and ahs! and sundry other contrivances. Yes, indeed! and when I had brought you to a fine fever, there should be a dash an inch long—which, although you would be over it in the twinkling of an eye, you would yet feel to be a mortal hindrance; and then I would say—letting the wind out of my cheeks at the same time—"We've found him! Great joy be to thee and to us!" And then I would leave you as I now do, to get particulars from him, or if you are in haste, from Babcock, to whom he is at this moment writing.

The blessed man grew pale and thin and spiritual like one who is about to die; while he was among the mountains, and Sylvia did the same. Her eyes were such large, splendid ones,

when we returned! but then so glad! for Garland, who was at the bird-house before us, leaned on her, and looked in her face, even when he spoke to another.

I do honestly think, my friend Julia, that it must be a delightful thing having a lover, who is, at the same time, a glorious fellow; a fellow whose steps your glance can follow in pride, whose good eyes look out for your comfort, and whose strong hand is always ready to help you; a fellow, in short, like Garland; or, better still, like Luther Woodbury. For, although Garland may be the hero, just now, and although he is a good and an agreeable fellow at any time, and will make cousin Sylvia one of the best of husbands, Woodbury is my prince, of all the men on the earth; and, most beautiful of all, he is as meek, unconscious of his great excellences, as quiet as if every one, the poorest, the most ignorant, were of as much worth as he. I know he has this feeling, and that he acts on it continually. And I imagine, friend Julia, that is not far from being the right and true feeling. I imagine that one immortal soul which God has made is about as dear to Him as another, how much soever their various physical and social conditions may make them to differ externally.

I look at Margaret, and wonder that she moves so quietly; that she is not sometimes a little distraught in consideration of the fine eyes that turn to her, with an expression it is so good to her to see, when she speaks, when he speaks, or when anything goes on; and especially in consideration of her prospective high fortune and great happiness as his wife. I wonder that she knows her head from her feet, and that she attends to us all as she does. But it is like her. It is like him; for he does the same.

Well, heigho! In view of all these things, as they say in the pulpit, I have determined that, when I have a lover, he shall be just as excellent and noble, just as deferential to me, and, at the same time, just as thoughtful for others, as Woodbury is. I will be just as dignified and pleasant, as cordial to him and everybody, as Margaret is. She and I will now and then come together as they do, and touch fingers over a book or a flower; sometimes the fingers shall lock as theirs do; and the glances linger in their meeting, even if no book or flower is about, to account for the proximity; but, for the most part, we will each go our own way, until the words are spoken that make us—one.

We shall all start for home Monday morning, except Garland—who will not be quite well enough, probably, to travel so far, and so much of the way, too, in a crowded, jostling stage-coach—and my brother Rufus, who will wait to accompany him, and stop with him at Piscataquog. Of course you know nothing about this plan. Of course it is nothing to you: you won't see anything of him at your house. No, indeed; I want to stop, too, but he don't hear me, when I suggest this want. I see that he means to have you all to himself. But we shall not complain; for, in making you his, he will also make you ours. Thanks for this! you are so sweet! and we already love you so much!

Send me something, if it be only a piece of

bread and cheese, by Rufus. Send me a letter soon; and believe me

Now and forever, thine,  
HELEN LOUISE.

[From Babcock to Sylvia.]

PISCATAQUOG, September 10, 18—.

*Friend Sylvia:*—I don't know how to write to you, I have been such a dog in so many things. But I can write the easier, for you forgave me and were my friend, when you had reason to suppose me to be a meaner man than I really was. For instance, you probably thought I wanted our marriage put off almost wholly, if not quite wholly, because of your father's difficulties; making some allowance, perhaps, for my excuse of the bad times that crippled me. But it must have looked to you, on the whole, as if I turned off from you, because your father was so deep in the mire just then. But it wasn't that; for, didn't I know all about these things, when I first spoke of marriage to you? Certainly I did. What was it then? you will say.

I will tell you in my own, plain way. I loved Charlotte Stone before I ever knew much about you, or thought of looking up to one so much above me in agreeableness, and every such thing. And she knew that I loved her, or guessed that I did; and, for some reason or other, I don't know what, nor does she, as I guess. She liked me, and was pleased to see me at her father's, and to receive the little attentions I paid her. She expected, and had reason to, that I would soon offer myself to her in words.

Have you seen a little piece of poetry, going round in the papers, one verse of which runs like this:—

"Though ye never said a word, John,  
My trusting heart to win;  
Ye hae leed before the Lord, John,  
An' that is deeper sin;  
An' your step leed coming here, John,  
Sae aft in cauld an' rain,  
For mony a happy year, John,  
Whose memory is pain."

Well, I came across this sometime after I proposed marriage to you. I couldn't help reading it over and over again, till, by-and-by, it was running through my mind all the time, and Charlotte with it, and I could see then that I liked her as well as ever; and that I had left her, thinking that I could carry my affections wherever my feet went, and that, of course, I could soon love you better than I did Charlotte, because you were her superior in many things, and would make a more graceful mistress for my new house.

One thing that I missed most in Charlotte was independence of manner in her intercourse with me. She thought too much of me, this was the trouble, and not enough of herself; for, although I am of an arbitrary turn, perhaps because I am of this turn, I like people best when they have a pretty smart will and way of their own, and stick to it in spite of me. I missed this in Charlotte. And then, when you and I were engaged, what trouble I had—for I missed it in you.

When Charlotte came back, she suited me exactly. She was a thousand times more delicate and graceful, than before she went, some

way; and, besides, she held her head up and spurned me—a thing I worshipped in her.

Well, Sylvia, I couldn't marry you, feeling as I did. I didn't know as Charlotte would ever again give me a civil word, and so I made a false excuse to you; told lies to you, as I know many men in my place are accustomed to do, when the plain truth would not only be more manly, but more profitable every way. Now, in this case, I believe Charlotte could overlook the rest, and be my wife, if it were not for that foolish piece of business, my false excuses, and I don't blame her for despising me for it—I hate myself as if I were a toad. But I have worthy determinations for the future; that is, I am determined to speak and act the living truth, let what will come. And, Sylvia, I must have Charlotte, or never be really contented and at my ease. This is why I write to you: I know you are friendly to me, and that you will believe all I have said in this letter, little as my past conduct makes me deserve it. You are Charlotte's friend. There is no one she values so much, or who would be so likely to influence her in my favor as yourself. Will you write to her? I will not ask you to say this or that: say what you think best, and I have the confidence that it will help my cause.

God bless you, Sylvia. Whether you help me or not, I shall always admire and respect you above all others, save one.

I have heard Garland's happiness from his own lips. He is worthy of you in education and every respect, as I feel I never was and never could have been. You, Sylvia, will be happy, however it may be with

Your friend and servant,

GEORGE BABCOCK.

P. S.—I am without excuse, neglecting to mention your excellent parents and your excellent sister, down to this postscript. Assure them of my increasing respect and affection, and of the satisfaction with which I, in common with all others, look forward to the time when we shall see you and them here amongst us again. I did not know, until I was informed of it by Mr. Stone, last evening, that it was Margaret's intended, Mr. Woodbury, that bought your father's property. I have always supposed, before, that Mr. Olsted bought for himself. Tell Margaret that Esquire Wilson and I have been talking this matter over to-day. We came to the conclusion that we have acted the part of two fools. The old 'squire looks rather blue, and shakes his head at all advices to marry. Margaret must cheer him up when she comes.

Don't laugh at this postscript—at its length, I mean. G. B.

[Letter from Charlotte Stone to Sylvia Fay.]

PISCATAQUOG September, 20, 18—

*My Dear*—Yours of the 13th came last evening. Babcock brought it from the office, and sat at my feet with one of my hands in his, or at his lips, or his heart, while I was reading it. He sighed; I believe he was not very far from weeping. I pitied him, as I have this long while; but I no longer tormented him as for a long while I have done. Your letter seconded the requisitions of my own conscience and judg-

ment, and especially of my love for him; and before I was half through with it, I bent over him and left a kiss of peace and love on his forehead. He rose, then, and took me in his arms and wept over me like a woman. I was for a while no calmer than he; for I have suffered so much, dear Sylvia; and then I could believe that it was over. I know he is not a perfect man, by any means. I know just how I will have to manage him and tyrannize over him, at times, to keep it in his mind that I am precious to him; but he is the man that I love, the *only* man I have ever seen that I could love in the right way to marry. It will suit me to tyrannize—in my way, you know how that is—just as it will suit him to be tyrannized over; and thus it is seen that we were “made for each other.”

I can hear the hammers of the workmen on his house, this morning. Not a stroke has been given to it before since you left. He comes this way with quick steps, and with a look of goodness and comfort on his face, such as I have not seen there before—ever.

He has gone. He came to take me to ride. But see how it went between us.

“Let me carry you to ride this morning,” said he, standing before me, and with a hand of mine in each of his.

Now, thought I, he will swallow me whole straightway, and that will be the end of me, if I will allow it. But this I will be watchful not to do. I will deal out tiny bits to him; will often send him away without a morsel, that he gets no surfeits, that his appetite be kept in a condition of keenness and refinement; and above all, that he may not lose his relish for me until his or my dying day.

“I can’t possibly go this morning, I have so much to do.”

“What have you to do that can be so pleasant as riding this fine morning?”

“I am writing to Sylvia.”

“Oh, well, finish your letter afterwards,” tugging at my hands.

“No. I will go to-morrow morning if nothing comes to hinder me; but this morning I must be busy.”

“As I ought to be, I confess. I left a shop full of customers.”

“That was naughty. You must go back and attend to them. Barber is slower than any snail.”

“I know it. But you will ride to-morrow morning?”

“Yes, if you will come an hour earlier.”

“Yes. And now give me one kiss, and I will go.”

“No.”

“Yes, yes; and it will make me happy all day thinking of it. Give me one, or I will give you twenty.”

“That would be horrid. Takes this then and go.”

“Thanks, dearest, best! darling of my heart and life!”

The good soul held me to his heart an instant, and was gone.

We shall not be married until you are all back here in the dear old house, which has a lonely

look, as if it were conscious of waiting for you. I could not be married without you. Babcock also is willing to wait, “since it is to be soon,” he says.

I know I shall kiss your father ten times right off; tell him so. I never did long to see anybody as I do to see you all. And I am not the only one. My father has no calmness at all, especially when he prays for the dear friends who are absent, and gives thanks to God that He has kept them as it were “in the hollow of His hand.” My good, careful mother has fewer words; but her head is full of plans for filling your pantry beforehand, and I know not what else. I do not go anywhere that eager, glad faces do not appear, questioning me about your coming. If it were possible for us busy, straightforward New Englanders to have more than three holidays in one year—Thanksgiving, Christmas and New-Year—one would be brought about here when you come. As it is, I suppose everybody will think that “the work must go on.” And so it must; for Mother Earth shows but a hard, albeit, a beloved face, to our portion of her large family; and we are not the ones to dance and sing if wants are about us.

Love to the beloved of your household. My parents send love. I know not how many others have given me messages of love for you all. But this I know: I am and always will be,

Your affectionate, CHARLOTTE.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

PISCATAQUOG, June 12, 18—.

We left our dear bird-house on the first wintry day, when the leaves were black on the garden plants, and when they fell in showers from trees and vines. The winds moaned and sighed, the black clouds lay on the sides of the mountains and snow on the tops. We could hardly wish to stay there through the long bleak time that was coming; but we wept to leave the spot where we had known so many busy, happy days; and above all, we wept to leave our neighbors, the Harsons. Poor papa could not speak when the time came to enter the stage. He could just wring Mr. Harson’s hand; if he had spoken one word the tears would have been unloosed. For no mortal man can he and we all ever feel as we do for Mr. Harson. He is the best man I ever saw. But he is not very strong and well; and we have said many times that he is not for this lower world, that he will not long be here; and this feeling made it the harder for us to look and speak our last. But he promises to come to us; he promises to come with his wife and daughter next week; for then will Sylvia’s and my marriage be.

Uncle Leonard’s family will come—all but dear, noble cousin Edith. She is numbered with the dead; she has been with the dead two months; and, wrote cousin Helen Louise, in a letter that came this morning, “the wound is as deep as it was the bitter, bitter day on which she died. It is deeper, for every day, every turn I take, every little pleasure, and especially every little trial that I must meet now without her sweet company and sympathy, only impresses it upon me more and more what I have lost; what a solitary sick one I must always feel at every thought of her.”

We will go to your marriage, dear Margaret,

dear Sylvia; but with fast falling tears I say it. With tears shall I make the journey over the road that less than a year ago we passed, oh, so happy and full of life! Sylvia, how long we looked forward to that journey. How we laughed and sang and ran over the stairs as we made our preparations! As we rode, the many colored birds, the green earth, the clear sunshine were all for us! God had given them to us, and we were so happy in them! She was so happy! God knew better than we any of us did then, what reason we had to be happy, since the shadow of Death had never once fallen on our way.

Well, the dear girl is *supremely* happy now. She is where she longed to be for days before the summons came.

"Dear ones!" said she one day, "dear ones!—I shall soon go; and precious as you all are to me, good and quiet as my life has been here with you, to go and be with Christ is far better—far better!" And her eyes kindled like a seraph's. They kindled as she died. The light of another world than this was in them; the songs of the Redeemed were already on her lips. This is the only thing that can comfort me at all for her loss, her dying such a triumphant death.

We can go to you the more readily, because you, dear Margaret, will return with us, and because after this we can have you near us as long as we live, I hope. You can't know how thankful we are that you are coming; for, since Edith died, we look this way and that way for something that shall help fill the desolate places in our hearts. No other one can do so much as you; you were so dear to her; you are so dear to us!

Your new house is very beautiful, dearest, and fitted up in a beautiful way. Mamma helped him about the furniture; I about the garden. I know your tastes, and we have tried to have everything in a way that will give you pleasure. There are a great many perennial plants already in bloom; new ones are opening every day, so that a multitude of flowers will lift welcoming eyes to you when you come. I can see him, Margaret; your spouse elect is among them now; they are his "early visitation and his last." I can well conceive what comfort is reserved for you in that spot; and I—I foresee that often when I spy you through the trees, I shall run over and be awhile with you there.

My parents and Rufus send thanks for your kind invitation and loving greetings.

I send the same, and am, while I live,

Yours, most affectionately,

HELEN LOUISE.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

A few last words from the beloved old home. Regenerate and happy papa walks slowly through the yard with Mr. Harson at his side. They pluck leaves from the shrubbery and tear them as they go along the path. They talk earnestly; and through the open windows I hear papa say—

"That is true, Mr. Harson! We may have had ever so much sin and pain and trouble in our life; but it is never wise to look back and stop to brood over it. For Hope goes before us all, like the morning star, and it is best to be following her, always with courageous and diligent lives."

Dear mamma too believes in Hope and in the morning star; but she has tears coming up to struggle with every smile. She will have Sylvia still by her side. Her thought then is chiefly for me; that nothing tire me; that no draught of the evening air fall on me; that no weeping be done before me; yet I know that the weeping goes on in the still nights; and that, in poor mamma's heart it constantly goes on. She moves here and there. She sees to everything; and to every one that comes to say good-by to me; but her eyes turn every moment to me, with the expression we never see save in the eye of the mother—and of the rarely found one, who, although she is not a mother, can and does out of her abundant sympathies, love like her. Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Harson see to her; the latter that words of Heavenly strength are spoken to her now and then; the former that she does not work too hard and have too much care; that when she knows nothing about it, pies and loaves of cake beautifully made, beautifully ornamented, come to our pantry-shelves; and that Charlotte, leaving the contented Babcock to shift for himself in the best way he is able, is almost constantly going and coming, doing the things that no one else could possibly do as well.

Garland comes! He gives papa and Mr. Harson's hand a passing grasp on his way to the garden where Sylvia and Hetty Harson are cutting flowers for the wreaths and vases Hetty and Charlotte will make up early in the morning.

Soon *he* will come; and with him uncle Leonard's family.

LATER.

It has been still since they came. It has been something with us all, as if the dear Edith were sleeping in our midst. We have shed a great many tears. I still weep as I write—it is such a loss for her parents, for Helen Louise, and for all of us, who loved her! But the grief for her made it the dearer, being taken to the faithful heart, where henceforth is to be my rest, "in sorrow and in joy."

#### A QUICK REPORTEE.

The following anecdote of Gov. Morris is related by a correspondent of the New York Times:

He had a high respect for Bishop Moore, a man noted not only for the purity of his character, but also for the retiring modesty of his disposition, and for the general favor in which he was held. As the story ran—A dinner was given by some one of Governor Morris' friends, when he was about departing for Europe. Bishop Moore and his wife were of the party. Among other things that passed in conversation, Mr. Morris observed that he had made his will in prospect of going abroad; and, turning to Bishop Moore, said to him:

"My Rev. friend, I have bequeathed to you my whole stock of impudence."

Bishop Moore replied,

"Sir, you are not only very kind, but very generous; you have left to me by far the largest portion of your estate."

Mrs. Moore immediately added:

"My dear, you have come into possession of your inheritance remarkably soon."

## THE DEPARTED.

Our dear departed ones,  
Who but few days ago were with us here—  
By many a loving deed and kindly tone,  
Brightening earth's pathway drear,—

I know that they have found  
That realm, where all is beautiful and bright,  
For oft, as evening o'er our valley throws  
Its softened, shadowy light:

Upon the still air borne,  
Methinks my spirit hears an angel voice,  
That in soft accents whispers to my soul,  
"Look upward, and rejoice:

"For they—the friends so dear,  
That late you bade a weeping, sad farewell—  
Are there, where earthly ills shall never more  
With grief their bosoms swell.

"The well-beloved sire,  
With brow serenely calm, and locks of snow,  
And the fair, dark-eyed boy, whose mirthful  
tones

Were sweet as music's flow,

"Now dwell for evermore  
Where pure skies bend above unfading flowers,  
Employed in angel-duties—clothed anew  
With higher, holier powers.

"Nor do they there forget  
The loved and sorrowing ones they left on earth;  
For they pure waters drink from the full fount  
Where deathless love hath birth.

"And they are near you still,  
Tho', all unseen by your dim, earth-veiled eyes—  
Shedding their pure and gentle influence o'er  
Your way, where'er it lies—

"Luring your wayward steps  
To tread the Heaven-directing paths of love—  
Bearing, on angel-pinion, each pure thought  
And earnest prayer, above.

"And when, in some lone hour,  
The sad, regretful tear, unseen, you shed,  
As memory recalls the cherished joys  
And blessings, with them fled—

"They, to your yearning hearts,  
Oft whisper sweet of Hope, and Faith and  
Peace,  
And point you to that realm where vain regrets,  
And grief, and tears shall cease.

"Where—all earth's changes o'er—  
Its duties nobly done—its trials past—  
You too may enter on that higher life  
Whose years for aye shall last."

ELMISE.

## MERCY.

BY MRS. J. H. BRYANT.

It comes in varied form; sometimes with smiles  
Of love, it seems an angel; and again,  
More dark and frowning, we mistake its name,  
And call it poverty, misfortune, death.  
Yet mercy is an angel, whether drest  
In smiles or tears; whether she comes to give,  
Or take away. The hour of darkest night  
Precedes the day; and though all human hope  
Is shipwrecked, we may float upon the waves  
Of death and darkness, trusting Mercy still.

FERN LEAVES FROM FANNY'S  
PORTFOLIO.

[From FANNY FERN's new volume, just published by Messrs. Derby & Miller, we make a few choice extracts. The book cannot fail to have a wide popularity.]

## LITTLE CHARLIE, THE CHILD-ANGEL.

I am one of that persecuted class, denominated old maids. By going quietly about the world, taking care not to jostle my neighbors, or hit against any of their rough angles, I manage to be cheerful, contented and happy. In my multitudinous migrations, I have had some opportunity to study human nature. Lately, I have become a temporary inmate of a crowded boarding-house. My little room has already begun to look home-like. The cheerful sun has expanded the fragrant flowers I love so well to nurture; my canary trills his satisfaction in a gayer song than ever; and my pictures, books, and guitar, drive "dull care away," and beguile many a pleasant hour. And now my heart has found a new object of interest. I've noticed on the staircase, and in the hall and lobby, a lovely child, who seemed wandering about at its own sweet will; sometimes sitting wearily on the stairs, almost asleep; then loitering at the kitchen door, watching the operations of the cook; then peeping into the half-open doors of the different apartments. As, by a rule of the house, "no children were permitted at table," it was some time before I could ascertain who claimed this little stray waif.

One morning, attracted by the carol of my canary, he ventured to put his little curly head inside my door. He needed little urging to enter, for he read, with a child's quick instinct, his welcome in my face. An animated conversation soon ensued about birds, flowers and pictures—his large blue eyes growing bright, and his cheek flushing with pleasure, as story followed story, while he sat upon my knee.

At length I said to him, "Charlie, won't mamma be anxious about you, if you stay so long?"

"O, no," said he, "Lizzie don't care."

"Who's Lizzie?"

"Why, my mamma! She don't care, if I'm only out of the way. Lizzie made me this pretty dress," said he, holding up his richly-embroidered frock; "but Lizzie don't know any stories, and she says I'm a bore. What is a 'bore?' said the sweet child, as he looked trustingly in my face.

"Never mind, now," said I, tearfully; "you may stay with me whenever you like, and we will be very good friends."

The dinner-bell sounding, a gayly-dressed young thing vociferated, in a voice anything but musical, "Charlie, Charlie!" When I apologized for keeping him, she said, carelessly, as she rearranged her bracelets, "O, it don't signify, if you can have patience with him, he's so tiresome with his questions. I've bought him heaps of toys, but he never wants to play, and is for ever asking me such old-fashioned questions. Keep him and welcome, when you like; but take my word for it, you'll repent your bargain!" and she tripped gayly down to dinner.

Poor little Charlie! Time in plenty to adjust all those silken ringlets; time to embroider all those little gay dresses; time to linger till midnight over the last new novel; but for the soul that looked forth from those deep blue eyes, no time to sow the good seed, no time to watch lest the enemy should "sow tares."

From that time Charlie and I were inseparable. The thoughtless mother, well content to pass her time devouring all sorts of trashy literature, or in idle gossip with her drawing-room companions. The young father, weary with business troubles, contenting himself with a quiet "good-night," and closing the day by a visit to the theatre or concert-room. Poor Charlie, meanwhile, put to bed, for safe-keeping, would lie hours, tossing restlessly from side to side, "with nothing in his mind," as he innocently said to me. What a joy to sit by his side and beguile the lonely hours! There I learned to understand the meaning of our Saviour's words, "For of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

In his clear, silvery tones, he would repeat after me, "Our Father," asking me the meaning of every petition: then he would say, "Why don't you tell Lizzie? Lizzie don't know any prayers!"

One night I sang him these lines,—

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dressed in living green;"—

he raised himself in bed, while the tears trembled on his long lashes, and said, "O sing that again, —it seems as if I saw a beautiful picture!" Then, taking my guitar, I would sit by his bedside, and watch the blue eyes droop and grow heavy with slumber as I sang to him. And she, whose duty, and joy, and pride, it should have been to lead those little feet to Him who biddeth "little children come," was indolently and contentedly bound in flowery fetters of her own weaving, unmindful that an angel's destiny was intrusted to her careless keeping.

Little Charlie lay tossing in his little bed, with a high fever. It is needless to tell of the hold he had upon my heart and services. His childish mother, either unable or unwilling to see his danger, had left me in charge of him—drawn from his side by the attraction of a great military ball. I changed his heated pillows, gave him the cooling draught, bathed his feverish temples, and, finally, at his request, rocked him gently, to quiet his restlessness. He placed his little arms caressingly about my neck, and said, feebly, "Sing to me of Heaven." When I finished, he looked languidly up, saying, "Where's Lizzie?—I must kiss Lizzie!" and as the words died upon his lips, his eyes drooped, his heart fluttered like a prisoned bird, and little Charlie was counted one in the heavenly fold.

As I closed his eyes, and crossed the dimpled hands peacefully upon his little breast, his last words rang fearfully in my ears—"Where's Lizzie?"

#### THE INVALID WIFE.

"Every wife needs a good stock of love to start with."

Don't she?—You are upon a sick bed; a little, feeble thing lies upon your arm, that you might

crush with one hand. You take those little velvet fingers in yours, close your eyes, and turn your head languidly to the pillow. Little brothers and sisters—Carry, and Harry, and Fanny and Frank and Willy, and Mary and Kitty—half a score—come tiptoeing into the room, "to see the new baby." It is quite an old story to "nurse," who sits there like an automaton, while they give vent to their enthusiastic admiration of its wee toes and fingers, and make profound inquiries, which nobody thinks best to hear. You look on with a languid smile, and they pass out, asking, "Why they can't stay with dear mamma, and why they musn't play puss in the corner," as usual? You wonder if your little croupy boy tied his tippet on when he went to school, and whether Betty will see that your husband's flannel is aired, and if Peggy has cleaned the silver, and washed off the front-door steps, and what your blessed husband is about, that he don't come home to dinner. There sits old nurse, keeping up that dreadful tread-mill trotting, "to quiet the baby," till you could fly through the key-hole in desperation. The odor of dinner begins to creep up stairs. You wonder if your husband's pudding will be made right, and if Betty will remember to put wine in the sauce, as he likes it; and then the perspiration starts out on your forehead, as you hear a thumping on the stairs, and a child's suppressed scream; and nurse swathes the baby up in flannel to the tip of its nose, dumps it down in the easy-chair, and tells you to "leave the family to her, and go to sleep." By and by she comes in—after staying down long enough to get a refreshing cup of coffee—and walks up to the bed with a bowl of gruel, tasting it, and then putting the spoon back into the bowl. In the first place, you hate gruel; in the next, you couldn't eat it, if she held a pistol to your head, after that spoon has been in her mouth; so you meekly suggest that it be set on the table to cool—hoping, by some providential interposition, it may get tipped over. Well, she moves round your room with a pair of creaking shoes, and a bran-new gingham gown, that rattles like a paper window-curtain, at every step; and smooths her hair with your nice little head-brush, and opens a drawer by mistake (?), "thinking it was the baby's drawer." Then you hear little nails scratching on the door; and Charley whispers through the key-hole, "Mamma, Charley's tired; please let Charley come in." Nurse scowls, and says no; but you intercede—poor Charley, he's only a baby himself. Well, he leans his little head wearily against the pillow, and looks suspiciously at that little, moving bundle of flannel in nurse's lap. It's clear he's had a hard time of it, what with tears and molasses! The little shining curls, that you have so often rolled over your fingers, are a tangled mass; and you long to take him, and make him comfortable, and cosset him a little; and, then, the baby cries again, and you turn your head to the pillow with a smothered sigh. Nurse hears it, and Charley is taken struggling from the room. You take your watch from under the pillow, to see if husband won't be home soon, and then look at nurse, who takes a pinch of snuff over your bowl of gruel, and sits down nodding drowsily, with



the baby in an alarming proximity to the fire. Now you hear a dear step on the stairs. It's your Charley! How bright he looks! and what nice fresh air he brings with him from out doors! He parts the bed-curtains, looks in, and pats you on the cheek. You just want to lay your head on his shoulder, and have such a splendid cry! but there sits that old Gorgon of a nurse—she don't believe in husbands, she don't! You make Charley a free-mason sign to send her down stairs for something. He says—right out loud—men are so stupid! "What did you say, dear?" Of course, you protest you didn't say a word—never thought of such a thing! and cuddle your head down to your ruffled pillows, and cry because you don't know what else to do, and because you are weak and weary, and full of care for your family, and don't want to see anybody but "Charley." Nurse says "she shall have you sick," and tells your husband "he'd better go down, and let you go to sleep." Off he goes, wondering what on earth ails you, to cry! wishes he had nothing to do but lie still, and be waited upon! After dinner he comes in to bid you good-by before he goes to his office—whistles "Nelly Bly" loud enough to wake up the baby, whom he calls "a comical little concern," and then puts his dear, thoughtless head down to your pillow, at a signal from you, to hear what you have to say. Well, there's no help for it, you cry again, and only say, "Dear Charley;" and he laughs, and settles his dickey, and says you are "nervous little puss," gives you a kiss, lights his cigar at the fire, half strangles the new baby with the first whiff, and takes your heart off with him down the street!

And you lie there and eat that gruel! and pick the fuzz all off the blanket, and make faces at the nurse, under the sheet, and wish Eve had never ate that apple,—Genesis iii, 16; or that you were "Abel" to "Cain" her for doing it!

#### THOUGHTS BORN OF A CARESS.

"O, what a nice place to cry!" said a laughing little girl, as she nestled her head lovingly on her mother's breast.

The words were spoken playfully, and the little fairy was all unconscious how much meaning lay hid in them; but they brought the tears to my eyes, for I looked forward to the time when care and trial should throw their shadows over that laughing face—when adversity should overpower—when summer friends should fall off like autumn leaves before the rough blast of misfortune—when the faithful breast she leaned upon should be no longer warm with love and life—when, in all the wide earth, there should be for that little one "no nice place to cry."

God shield the motherless! A father may be left—kind, affectionate, considerate, perhaps—but a man's affections form but a small fraction of his existence. His thoughts are far away, even while his child clammers on his knee. The distant ship with its rich freight, the state of the money-market, the fluctuations of trade, the office, the shop, the bench: and he answers at random the little lisping immortal, and gives the child a toy, and passes on. The little, sensitive heart has borne its childish griefs through the

day unshared. She don't understand the reason for anything, and nobody stops to tell her. Nurse "don't know," the cook is "busy," and so she wanders restlessly about, through poor mamma's empty room. Something is wanting. Ah, there is no "nice place to cry!"

Childhood passes; blooming maidenhood comes on; lovers woo; the mother's quick instinct, timely word of caution, and omnipresent watchfulness, are not there. She gives her heart, with all its yearning sympathies, into unworthy keeping. A fleeting happy-moon, then the dawning of a long day of misery; wearisome days of sickness; the feeble moan of the first-born; no mother's arm in which to place, with girlish pride, the little wailing stranger; lover and friend afar; no "nice place to cry!"

Thank God!—not unheard by Him, who "wipeth all tears away," goeth up that troubled heart-plaint from the despairing lips of the motherless!

#### THE PROPHET'S CHAMBER.

My grandfather's house was, to all intents and purposes, a ministerial tavern:—lacking the sign. But though "entertainment for man and beast" was not written upon the door-posts, yet one might read it, in very legible characters, in the faces of its master and mistress, and in the very aspect of the mansion itself. At least, so the travelling world, especially the clerical part of it, seemed to think; for almost every steamboat, stage and railroad car brought them a visitor. They dropped their carpet-bags in the hall with the most perfect certainty of a welcome; and if the inmates were out, the fire was not, and the boot-jack and slippers of "Brother Clapp" were in the same old place. You should have seen the "Prophet's Chamber,"—that never, within my recollection, was unoccupied more than time enough "to clear it up,"—with its old-fashioned bedstead and hangings, its capacious old arm-chair, its manifold toilet accommodations, its well-furnished writing-desk, its large fire-place filled up—not with a black, gloomy, funereal-looking pillar of a stove, with an isinglass window about as big as a ninepence, mocking the chilled traveller with its muffled blaze—but great, stalwart logs of wood, laid over the large, old-fashioned andirons, that stood guard, like two brazen sentinels, over the bright flame that flickered and flashed, and leaped forth exultingly, lighting up the faces of the saints and martyrs that hung upon the wall, from the time of John Rogers down to the last poor missionary that was ate up by the savages in our own day. There was a very orthodox atmosphere in that room, you may be sure; and when my grandmother used to send me up—then a little girl—with some dainty morsel, prepared by her own skilful hands for the "good minister," I used to stop at the door till I imagined my little, round face was drawn down to the proper length, before I dared show it on the other side. How glad I was when that dyspeptic Mr. Ney's visit was at an end, with his "protracted" walkings up and down, and across the floor, and his sighs and groans, and "O dear me's!" and how grandmother used to shake her head at me, and pity him, with his

"big family, and large parish, and small salary." And when he went home, how full she used to stuff that old carpet-bag of his, which I used to think must have been made of India rubber, for it always held just as much as she had to put in it, more or less; and how I used to wonder if my heart was as "awful hard, and dreadful wicked," as he used to tell me! Poor Mr. Ney! I understand it better now; it was disease, not religion, that made him so gloomy. His sky was always lead color; no flowers bloomed under his feet: his ears heard nothing but "the thunder and lightning;" his eyes saw only the "thick cloud upon the mount."

But what a sunshine brightened the Prophet's Chamber when dear Mr. Temple came to stay with us! I used to think our Saviour must have such a smile when He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." How low and musical was his voice. How gently he would lay his dear hand upon my head, when I stooped to put on his slippers, and say, "'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'—God bless you, my daughter!" And when the excitement of preaching brought one of those cruel attacks of nervous headache, what a pleasure it was, when I stood up on the little cricket behind his chair, to pass my little hand slowly across his broad, pale forehead, till the long silken lashes drooped heavily upon his cheek, and he sank into a soothing slumber! How softly I would tip-toe back to my little seat by the fire-place, to watch for his waking, to gaze upon his sweet, quiet face, and wonder if he wouldn't look like that in Heaven! And, then, proud and happy I was, when he awoke refreshed, to be beckoned to my old place on his knee, and to hear the pretty story of the "Little Syrian Maid," or "Abraham and Isaac," or the "Resurrection of Lazarus," possessing some new charm for me every time he related them! And how soft and liquid his large, dark eyes grew, and how tremulous his low voice, as he told me of "the Crucifixion!" And how I used to think if I could always live with dear Mr. Temple I should never be a naughty, little girl again in my life—never! never!

And years afterwards, when I had grown a tall girl, and he chanced to come to preach in the place where I was sent to a boarding-school, he selected me from a hundred romping girls, and, laying his dear hand again on my head, said to my teacher, "This is one of my lambs!" Wasn't that a proud and happy day for me?

But to return to my grandfather's. You should have been there "Anniversary Week!" "Such a many ministers!" as little Charley used to say. How all of us children gave up our little bedrooms, and huddled, promiscuously, in one room! What nice things grandmother was getting ready, weeks and weeks beforehand! What appetites they did have, and how bright grandmother's face shone, the more they ate and drank, and the more they made themselves at home! And how pleasant it was to sit in the corner with my bit of gingerbread, and hear them talk! And how I used to wonder if they really were all "brothers"—as they called each other when they spoke;—and what they all meant by calling my grand-

mother "Sister Clapp." Well-a-day!—years have flown by, since then. Dear grandmother and kind Mr. Temple sleep quietly in the churchyard. Sacrilegious feet have trod the "Prophet's Chamber." Poor, gloomy Mr. Ney is walking the New Jerusalem, and a new song is put in his mouth—the song of Canaan. "Anniversary Week" is not now what it used to be then. People's hearts and houses have contracted; and, growing "forgetful to entertain strangers," they miss the presence of the "angel that cometh un-awares."

## THE STAR-MAIDENS.

### A LEGEND OF THE NORTH-WEST.

BY MRS. MARY H. EASTMAN, AUTHOR OF "AUNT PHILLIS'S CABIN," ETC., ETC.

There is a legend that is often told by the red man's fireside; but, sayest thou, reader, that the red man has in truth no fireside? That he lives with thoughts of death and blood for ever about his heart, knowing not the affections that cluster about home, a stranger to the ties and sympathies that soften the existence of the man who has heard the revealed will of God, and is thus gifted with a power of enjoyment that is his alone? Thou dost not understand the goodness of God! The savage has his own peculiar happiness, clouded though it be by a thousand sins. Guided by the voice of conscience, (too often deadened to insensibility), he is sometimes careful to follow its teachings, and the noble child of nature is true to the dictates of duty, and keenly alive to the sensibilities with which he has been endowed by a merciful Creator.

There is no amusement more cherished among savages than that of recounting the legends and traditions of their race. It is more than an amusement, for it is made the channel of warning and instruction—it keeps alive a love of country and a pride of race, a fear of the gods, a reverence for wisdom and old age. Thus are beguiled the long winter nights, when the house of buffalo skin totters with the angry blasts of the wind spirits, whose voices are heard from afar, appalling the tall pines that skirt the village, and rustling the smooth branches of the evergreens that bear, through the long cold season, on their bosoms, their light burdens of glistening snow.

Then, while firelight gleams across the wigwam, lighting up the faces of the sleeping infant and its watching mother; while the pipe is passed from guest to guest with friendly hospitality; while the young, heeding the fierce breathing of the storm spirits without, creep closer to each other, drawing their blankets about their heads to shut out the fearful sound—then will the silence be broken by the voice of some venerable man, who relates to them events, the memory of which infuses young blood again into his chilled and swollen veins, bringing the flash that of old lightened his now dimmed eyes, nerving with steadiness the shrill and broken voice of age. Many a lesson of bravery and wisdom does he inculcate as he tells them scenes that were written in the history of his heart, but which will be now cherished by his sons and

daughters, and thus transmitted through them to their children for ever.

Or, it may be, the sweet breath of summer is playing about the rugged bluffs that guard the banks of the fair Minnesota. Shadows of the still evening are resting on the prairies, and the stars are bending their soft and quiet glances on the young maidens that have collected in some favorite spot, and on the beautiful flowers at their feet, that have found their way even to the mossy rocks, and are sleeping on their dangerous sides.

Nor are the young alone, listening to the holy voices of nature. The drooping chest and the feeble step approach—many a warning precept rests on the tongue of the aged wise woman. She seats herself among them, and for a while turns from rock to river, and from the star-gemmed heavens to the sea of prairie that extends in immeasurable distance. Her thoughts are busy with the past; memories of the dead crowd around her soul's vision; she sees not the young and careless faces that are collected round her; she hears not the soft and musical chant that is sung in perfect time, blending with the gentle waving of the long grass, the tranquil breathing of the river, and all the sweet and harmonious "voices of the night."

"Tell us the story of the Star-Maidens, Harpstenah," said the Young Dove, placing her round hand upon the bony arm of the old woman; "we will remember all your words, as you will soon go to the city of spirits; it has been a long time since you have talked to us of the two maidens who went to live in the skies."

"It is easy to promise," said the old woman sternly, "but when did the young remember the words of the wise and aged? Look at my granddaughter; I bore her in my arms when she was young, though I was then old and feeble. I sang to her lullabys, though my heart was breaking, for her mother's spirit died away with the breath of winter; I closed her bright eyes, and laid her with the white snow in the branches of the trees. I taught my granddaughter to work mocassins, and to stain the sharp quills of the porcupine: day and night I worked for her. I said, when I am old, then will my child remember this; she will marry the brave man that I choose for her, she will take me to her warm lodge, she will feed me and guide me even as I did her, in her tender youth. So she promised me, but she has eaten her words; she will not marry the bravest warrior of his clan, who would bring plenty to her tee-pee, who would speak kind words to her old mother. She is ungrateful and obstinate; she will marry the cruel young man who drinks the white man's fire-water, and who hates me, because I give good advice to my daughter's child. He will tell me to kill my own venison, and to keep away from his lodge. The Singing Bird has forgotten her promise; she is breaking the heart of her aged mother with sorrow, and drying up the blood in her veins."

The Singing Bird looked into her grandmother's face, then sadly drooped her beautiful eyes—two tears like pearls trembled on her eyelids, and rested for a moment on her soft cheek; but she made no reply, while the maiden who had first

spoken turned to the wise woman again, and said, "Tell us, Harpstenah, the story of the Star-Maidens: the Singing Bird will listen and grow wise, you will yet sit by the fire of her lodge, with the man you have chosen for her. I wish the Brave Heart had loved me; he is so tall and handsome that any maiden would love him, if her eyes were not blinded by some bad spirit."

"Your words are good," answered the old woman; "sometimes wise words fall from the lips of the young, but the Singing Bird is foolish and obstinate."

Ah! Harpstenah!—you forget the days of your youth. When did Love sit lightly on the throne prepared for him? is he not ever prone to fly to a home of his own choosing? but listen! for Harpstenah speaks, while she raises her arm and points with her long finger to two bright stars that are hovering over them.

"There they are; the two stars that are now the homes of the maidens who would not listen to the words of the old Enah! My daughter, I will once more relate the legend, and it may be that the Great Spirit will put obedience in your heart, so that you may love me, and may weep by my body, when I go to the house of spirits—for I loved you, and watched over you when you were young and helpless."

Harpstenah looked towards the heavens. "Do you see them?" she said, while a multitude of young faces were upturned, and following the direction of her gaze—"Do you see them? The large and restless one, and the small and steady one, near by? Spirits are ever abroad when those two stars shine out so brightly; they are around us now—in the waters, in the rocks, in the trees, in the flowers, at our feet; but be not afraid, my children. They will not harm the young who are obedient to the words of the aged, though well may the maiden fear whose heart refuses to heed; the spirit of evil is about her, and he will bring sickness and trouble and death to her side." The Singing Bird tremblingly raised again her beautiful eyes to her grandmother's face, but they quickly drooped under that terrible look, and, as before, two tears rested on the soft, pale cheeks, though the maiden spoke not. The wise woman resumed her seat, and drawing her blanket about her, bent her head on her bosom. The young girls did not disturb her meditations; but, at last, sighing deeply, in a quiet tone of voice, she commenced the favorite legend:

"Many, many years ago, there came a young warrior among our people; he was proud and fearless, he wore the dress and spoke the language of the Dakotas, but he spoke other languages too, for when strangers came among us, it was noticed he could talk to them, whether they were enemies taken in battle, or friends come from afar to eat of our venison, and to warm themselves by our fires.

"We could not get him to tell us whence he came; there were those among our people who said he talked to the Great Spirit; that on dark and stormy nights he would pass from us, and stand on the high hills, listening to the mysterious words of the Father of Spirits; yet he never said how or why he came among us.

"We knew it was for good, for he led our young men to battle, and ever brought them home victorious; there were always fresh scalps in our villages—our enemies fell before us—so that we knew the gods had sent him. They called him the Wakun brave, even our oldest and proudest warriors were not ashamed to follow him to battle.

"Once, a terrible winter lingered with us. The snow drifted and was piled against our lodges, our good hunters toiled, but they could not keep their families from want; the snow fell again and again; our braves went forth with their bows and arrows, but their hands were cold, they had no skill left, their arrows would not fly; they prayed to the Great Spirit, but He would not hear them; so they came to their lodges with sad faces, and when their children cried with hunger, they said, 'The Father of Spirits is angry with us, we must all die. The mallard and teal are gone to the warm South, the buffalo flee from our sight, and we cannot follow them; we will go, my children to the city of spirits, where we will hunger and die no more.'

"Then did the Dakota mothers weep—for can a mother see the babe at her bosom starving, and not weep?

"There was stillness in the village that night. Our warriors knew they must die, so they wrapped themselves in their robes and laid them down, to wait until they should hear their names called in the far-off land of souls.

"But where was the Wakun brave? That night he went forth alone, with his bow and arrow in his hand; the Dakotas thought that, like the buffalo, he wanted to die in the woods where no eye would see the death struggle, so no one questioned him, or said where goest thou? as he left the village singing a song of triumph even when our bravest men had said, 'There is nothing for us to do but die.' The long night passed; the stars were going out, and the clouds breaking away, when a merry shout and laugh were heard; our people lifted the doors of their tee-pees to see who could be so happy when the Great Spirit had forsaken His children, and they were to die from cold and hunger.

"The Wakun brave was bounding over the snow-drifted paths of the village, laughing and dragging by its branching horns, a fat elk; every step he advanced marks of its red blood followed him. 'Come out, young men and maidens,' he called, 'we are not to die; let us leave this elk to the old women and little children, and we will go out and bring in the rest of the game that I shot with my Wakun bow and arrow.'

"The warriors came forth, and the maidens quickly followed them. The little children clapped their hands and shouted as the Wakun brave called again, 'Come on! come on!' The very sound of his voice brought strength and courage to the souls of our wearied ones. They went forth with bounding footsteps. Soon they came again with many a deer, with the tender wild pigeon, the mallard and the teal; the buffalo and bear. They eat and their hearts grew strong; the women dried the buffalo meat and tanned the deer skin. They sang and danced, and wept no more.

"All this time the Wakun brave had no wife.

He was gay and young and handsome, but he said no words of love. What maiden but sighed when he passed her by, hoping still that he would follow her when she went apart from her companions, and say, 'Come to my lodge and make it bright?' She hoped in vain; the heart of the Wakun brave was cold and hard as ice; he cared only for his bow and arrow. So feared the Dakota maidens, and they said they would think of him no more.

"There was then a great war chief who lived in the same village with the Wakun brave. He had a daughter, young, and good and beautiful. She was not like a Dakota maiden, but was white and drooping like the daughters of the pale faces; not one of whose hated race had ever then been seen among us. Her eyes were large and soft, and her lips red; there was always a smile resting on her face. Many of the young men had loved her, but she said, 'Leave me with my mother, I am not yet old enough to be a wife.'

"This great war chief said to the Wakun brave, 'The Great Spirit sent you among us; we love you and honor your words, but you are not one of us until you choose a wife from our maidens, and thus show that you will remain with us. When a stranger visits us, we tell him to take from our daughters a wife to work for him while he stays with us; this we do to show him honor; you have lived with us, have led us to battle, have saved all our lives: will you not take a wife to your lodge, and be to us as a brother!'

"The Wakun brave smiled:—'Give me your daughter,' he said. 'I love her, and will make her happy; call her and see if she will go with me.'

"The war chief called his daughter:—'Will you be the wife of the Wakun brave?' he said—'he loves you, and would take you to his lodge.'

"The face of the maiden lighted up. 'I know,' she said, 'that it would be so: for a large bear came to me in my dreams and said the Wakun brave would one day take me to his lodge. I will be his wife; for has he not saved all our lives? the Dakota maiden will be proud to be the mother of his children, and to keep his lodge warm and clean.'

"So she became his wife and was happy too. The Wakun brave brought no other to his lodge, and he spoke no angry words. He killed the young deer and brought it to her. After a while a daughter was born to them, dark and bright-eyed, like her father, and soon another, white and soft-eyed like her mother; and when the braves would say, 'the Great Spirit has sent you no son to follow you to battle'—the Wakun brave would reply, 'I am content; my daughters will be good and industrious, like their mother, and will one day make some brave men good wives.'

"This seemed strange to our warriors," continued Harpstenah; "for we know a Dakota wishes to have many sons; yet the Wakun brave was happy to have daughters only."

"Will you go to your lodges and sleep, my children," said Harpstenah—"the moon is rising, and if you say so, I will wait until another time to tell you what befell the Wakun brave and his beautiful wife."

"Go on, go on," said the young Dove—"go on, go on, good Harpstenah," said they all—all, save the Singing Bird, who only looked into her grandmother's face sadly, without speaking.

"Euah! my children," said Harpstenah, "the Wakun brave and his beautiful wife were very happy, but although the Great Spirit loves His children, He often lets sorrow fall upon them. One evening, when the first cold was coming, and the women were gathering wild rice and cranberries—the Wakun brave lay in his tee-pee, his two little daughters playing about him, when their mother entered the lodge—on her back was a heavy sack of cranberries; without looking up she unfastened the strap from her head and threw her burden aside—then sighing heavily, she came by the fire and sat close to her husband on the buffalo robe where he was lying.

"Her face was pale—pale. Deep shadows lay under her soft eyes, and the red hue of the strawberry had gone from her lips: her husband started and sat upright when he saw her.

"What is the matter, my wife?" he said: 'have you seen Unk-ta-he, the dread Water-god?'

"No, my husband," she said, again sighing deeply: 'but I have seen Death, and a glance of his eye has fallen upon me, and now I must go away with him and be his bride: I must leave you and my little girls alone in the lodge where we have been so happy.'

"You are sick," said her husband: 'but you will not die. I will go for our medicine men, and they will charm away this glance of the evil eye. Weep not, my young wife; we will be happy again.'

"Yes, we will be happy," she said, 'for though I know I must leave you, it will not be very soon; while I can stay with you and my little children, and my old mother, I will be happy even if I suffer pain, but the medicine men cannot cure me.'

"The Wakun brave said kind words to her, and her hands got warm and the color came back to her cheek. She slept a long time, and all thought she would be well again, all but her grandmother, for she was a medicine woman, and she knew that when the glance of an evil spirit had fallen upon the young, it was in vain to try to charm it away with the sacred medicine and the gourd; but she said nothing to the Wakun brave, who loved his wife, and who was angry if any one spoke to him of death.

"All through the cold winter they watched her; they made her soup of venison to bring back her strength. The medicine men would shut out every one from the lodge, and try to charm away the large worm that they said had found its way to her warm breast, and was gnawing at her heart.

"The Wakun brave went forth with his bow and arrows and killed the pheasant—he would say, 'Eat, eat, my wife, and grow strong again.'

"Once he looked at her and said, 'The ice is breaking away in the spirit lakes, and a few blue flowers are creeping up through the wet snow to catch the warm breath that comes from the sun—the cold winds and frost are going, and the wife of the Wakun brave will be well when summer comes again.'

"She smiled and said, 'I am only waiting for the first flowers, that I may know it is time for me to go to the land of souls.'

"The Wakun brave wept. Had any other warrior wept, he would have been despised, for tears are only for women; but who could despise the Wakun brave, whose head was adorned with feathers of honor; whose arms were red with the life blood of the enemies of our people?

"One night the two little girls laid down near their mother and fell asleep; the grandmother fastened down the door of the tee-pee, to keep out the damp winds, and the Wakun brave sat by the fire near his sick wife. Her eyes shone like the eyes of the deer when the hunter aims his arrow at her heart. Her breath came quick and hard: her bosom heaved as she lay panting on the buffalo robe. The Wakun brave sighed, for he knew now that she was going from him, that she was even then setting forth on her journey to the world of spirits. She spoke no more, but looked awhile at the two little sleeping maidens, then turned her eyes upon her husband. A long time she gazed upon him, while the brightness faded from her soft eyes; and not until the Wakun brave had placed his hand over her young heart and found it still—did he know that the wife whom he loved was a silent wanderer on the road that leads to the world of souls.

"Then her grandmother took some water and bathed her white face, and called upon the young maidens to plait her long hair, and to dress her in her richest robes. They put the bridal crown of eagle's feathers upon her head, and heaped their best ornaments as presents on her feet, while the Wakun brave took from its place his bow and arrows and left the lodge.

"It was a long time before he returned. The Dacotas thought he had gone to join his wife, or else to live with Unk-ta-he again; but he came back and asked for his daughters and said he should live with them; yet he never talked of his wife, who lay in the branches of the tall trees, wrapped in the embroidered skin of the white deer, with her face turned towards the rising sun.

"Many winters passed away, and still the two maidens lived in the lodge with their father. Always rich presents lay at the door, and night after night the young warriors played on the flute, but the maidens never came forth, though their grandmother shamed them that they were not long ago wives, with their young sons and daughters around them. Their father would say, 'Why do you not marry, my daughters? If you want to live together, you can both marry the Black Bear, who has offered to buy you both. Marry him then, or some brave man, that I may see you happy in your tee-pees before I die.'

"My father," said the dark-faced girl, 'we will not leave you: who would cook for you and make your moccasins? You have no wife either to cut your wood and bring it to you: we are happy with you and our grandmother, and so we will not choose a husband.'

"Besides, my father," said the younger maiden, 'the Dacota braves, when they get angry, strike their wives and speak terrible words to them, and this would make my heart die. So I and my

sister will stay with you, and not choose a husband.'

"One summer evening," continued Harpstenah, after a pause, "the father and the maidens sat outside the door of the lodge, looking at all the wonderful things the Great Spirit had made—the skies, the river, the mountains, and the hill under which the river-gods passed. The grandmother sat on a robe within, for she had now seen a hundred winters, and the night air made her limbs ache. The young warriors came near the tee-pee, laying on the grass and boasting of their strength and of the scalps they had taken, for they hoped the two maidens would bend their ears to hear, and thus learn to love them; but the maidens talked apart together, and did not notice them; so one by one the warriors arose and folded their robes across their bosoms—and the father and daughters were left together.

"My daughters," said the Wakun brave, 'listen to my words—they are good. I am an old man. I have not seen as many winters as half our wise men, but I grew old when your mother died. I had stood across my enemy's body and seen the life blood flow, drenching the ground. I had torn the reeking scalp from his head, and holding it high in my hand, shouted aloud the death cry. I had murdered the wife and children of the man I hated, and I gloried in death—my soul grew hot with the life I had taken. But when the evil-eye glanced upon your mother, when the life blood dried in her veins and oozed from her lips—when she smiled and said, 'I go to the land of souls,' then many winters passed over my soul. And now, my daughters, I die: I hasten to join the company of warrior spirits who dance to the Giant on the green prairies of the Great Spirit. Who will care for my daughters when I am gone?—let them be wise and hear their father's words. Let them choose a brave warrior for a husband, and be happy with him in his lodge.'

"The younger maiden said, 'I will do as my sister says; if she will marry the Bounding Elk, I will go to the lodge of the Branching Tree, and we will be good and happy wives.'

"I tell you what we will do, my father," said the tall maiden: 'we will marry the two stars that are bending over us. I will marry the large bright one, and my sister will marry the small one that is near.'

"Cease! foolish maidens!" said their grandmother: 'the spirits of the stars will hear you; obey your father's words, and go to the lodges of your husbands, and, like the women of your race, be proud to bring up sons to fight against their father's enemies.'

"The Wakun brave wrapped himself in his robe, and slept by the door, and the grandmother called the Dakota girls in. 'You must not sleep outside the lodge,' she said; 'do you want some wandering fiery man to carry you off to his distant home?'

"Do not fear," said the tall maiden; 'the stars, our husbands, will watch over us while we sleep; they love us too well to let the fiery men do us any harm.'

"Your words are foolish," said the old woman,

'but you will not obey your father, nor listen to what I say. The Great Spirit will not care for you; some trouble will come upon you, because you are disobedient and obstinate.'

"The night wore on; the blue heavens were full of stars as they are to-night," continued Harpstenah. "The distant cry of the wolves was heard as they howled for the buried bodies of our enemies. (For there had been a great battle, and the Chippeways were pursued by our people, so that they could not carry off their dead, and our women cut them in pieces, and buried them.) The big fish leaped in the water; the village was quiet as a new-born babe on its mother's breast.

"The grandmother slept within the lodge, and the Wakun brave by the door, while the two maidens lay together under the shining stars, and slept, too. The night wore on, and there was no sound to break its silence until the voice of the Wakun brave was heard, calling upon his daughters, while the cries of their grandmother were heard, too.

"Come back, oh! come back, come," the Wakun brave said. The Dacotas roused them from their sleep to find out the cause of the warrior's grief. There he stood, his arms stretched forth towards the heavens, his eyes fixed on the two stars; while away, away! the maidens were going through the air, their forms growing smaller and smaller every moment.

"There were many Dacotas standing with the Wakun brave, and they called to the maidens by their names. Their old grandmother tore her hair and wrung her hands, but in vain. The maidens were soon a mere speck to those who were straining their eyes to see them, and then there was a bright flashing about the stars, and they were seen no more.

"Then did the Wakun brave tell his friends that, as he slept, he heard a noise near him, and he awakened. There was a strange light about his daughters' forms, as they were suddenly lifted up, and borne away from him. He called and tried to reach them, yet they were quickly far away, and now he should die and see them no more.

"Bury me, my friends," said the Wakun brave, 'here, where they slept; then will they ever look down on my grave! for I must join the spirits of my forefathers, and shout with them loud cries of triumph in the land of souls.'

"On the robe within the door lay the old grandmother. She was gone where there were no more tears. In the morning they laid the dead warrior and the dead woman side by side in the lodge.

"When they came to bury the Wakun brave, by night, there was a great storm. The thunder birds arose and clapped their wings, and the water-gods were angry at the sound; they heaved their mighty breasts. The black clouds parted and the big rain drops fell, and with them fell tears from the eyes of the two maidens. They were now the wives of the star-spirits. They wept that they had refused the counsel of their father and their aged grandmother; now were they punished—shut up in the bright but cold and silent region of the stars for ever."



The Dakota maidens wept as Harpstenah finished. The Singing Bird again looked in her grandmother's face; two tears rested on her young cheek, but she said nothing.

"My children," said Harpstenah, "you must all go to sleep. The prairies are covered with red strawberries, and, before the sun is up, you must be gathering them for the wives of the pale faces. The Dakotas are no longer stronger than their enemies. We must give up our lands and our homes, and travel towards the setting sun, when the white man bids us so. We will need food and clothing, for we have no Wakun brave to bring plenty to our lodge when the winter's cold comes upon us. We must take to the pale faces the things they want, and get from them what will buy us food and clothing."

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"Grandmother," said the Singing Bird, as they stood in their lodge, ere laying down to sleep, "will you lend me your sharp axe, that you bought from the trader?"

"For what?" said her grandmother.

Once more the Singing Bird raised her beautiful eyes, but there were no tears resting on her soft cheeks; a crimson glow was there as she said—

"I will no longer be obstinate. I will marry the man you have chosen for me. I will go out and cut down the young trees for our lodge. I will love you and care for you, as you did for me when I was young, and we will be happy together."

"The Great Spirit is good to me," said the aged Harpstenah. "My daughter, I will sit by the fire in your lodge, and teach your children many wise things. No evil spirit will cast a spell upon you, now that your heart has listened to my words. I loved you, and worked for you when want and trouble were pressing upon me, but now have you made my heart glad, and my old eyes will weep no more."

## VETTIE'S GIEL.

### A NORWEGIAN SCENE.

In the eighteenth number of the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, a paper appears from the pen of a Norwegian clergyman, the Rev. U. F. Borgesen, giving an account of a remarkable pass in Norway, which bears the name of Vettie's Giel. Giel is the appellation of the country for a narrow glen, with steep precipices on both sides, and having the space between filled up by a stream. From the farm of Vettie, to which the Giel in question forms the only access, it has received the title of Vettie's Giel. Being appointed to the charge of the parish (in Bergenstift,) of which this Giel formed a part, and having heard much of its dangers and sublimity of aspect, M. Borgesen determined to visit the farm of Vettie. Such a visit, he found, had never been even attempted by any previous incumbent, nor, indeed, had the oldest peasant in Farnæs (the district nearest to it) ever been on the farm of Vettie. Men lived and died in close neighborhood to it, without ever having seen it.

Allured even by the very peril, M. Borgesen

found himself, on the morning of the 13th of June, approaching the under part of Vettie's Giel. The whole district around stands at a great height above the level of the sea; so much so, that notwithstanding the season, snow and ice were abundant on the sides of the precipitous hills. At the bottom of the Giel, the dale contracts itself more closely together, and the black mountain masses tower higher up on both sides, casting abroad their melancholy shadows. The Giel may be said to commence where a great mass of granite projects from one side of the mountains, and hangs over the river below. This rocky hill must be climbed by a steep path; and at the foot of it M. Borgesen, in addition to his first guide, got a farmer named Civind, and one of his servants, to join company. The clergyman had also to dismiss his horse here, for, though horses can pass the Giel, it is only such as are thoroughly accustomed to the path. "It is probably this hill," says M. Borgesen, "which has fixed the height of the path in the Giel itself; for, otherwise, you see no reason why it should have been cut out, at such a height, on the side of a frightful wall of rock, that the person who falls over it must be dashed to pieces before he reaches the surface of the water. When you have reached the top of this hill, you turn to the right hand, and enter into the Giel itself, by a bridge of pliant trunks of trees, laid over with birch-bark, and turf and gravel, that swing under your feet. The mountain here hangs a little over the passenger's head, and you willingly incline to it as to a friendly support, to avoid seeing, and if possible, to avoid thinking of the abyss you are swinging over, but of which the gravel thrown down by the motion of the bridge is all the way putting you in mind. You are now in the Giel. Traveler, God be with you!

"The path here is not broader than that a person can just stand on it with both feet beside each other. Sometimes you have only room for one foot; nay, at times, from the quantity of loose earth and small stones which are frequently tumbling down here, and covering the whole path, you find no place at all to stand on, but must, with your foot, in a manner scrape out such a place in these loose materials, which here lie over the surface of the whole precipice, the upper part of which forms a very sharp angle with your body, while the part below approaches frightfully near to a perpendicular line."

After about three-quarters of an English mile of painful travelling in this way, the traveller reaches a farm, formed by a cross valley, and the farmhouse belonging to which stands within a few yards of a cataract, two hundred fathoms in height. In continuing the journey up the Giel, a bridge consisting of a plank or two, without side-rail or any such defence, requires to be crossed, although it hangs over the cataract itself, and the passenger is constantly involved in the rising mists. After this perilous transit, "the further we advanced," says M. Borgesen, "our road became at every step the more difficult and the more frightful. At one time you were stopped by snow that had tumbled down, and where it was only by passing quickly over the loose heaps you could avoid sliding down the steep, at once to be dashed

against the rocks, and to be drowned: next you stood horrified at the sight of a wall of ice, the remainder of a frozen current, by which all further advance seemed to be rendered impossible. But for this Civind had prepared himself. With his axe he cut in the clear, solid ice a notch, in which he set one foot; then another, in which he set his other foot; and in this manner continued to cut and go forward till he had reached the other side. The rest of us followed in the steps which he had thus cut. You must put on resolution; there is nothing else for it. With the utmost caution, your eye fixed steadily on the point where you are to tread, you set forward foot by foot, without stopping to draw your suppressed breath. For more than half a mile (more than three English miles,) we went forward on the brink of a perfect abyss in this manner, sometimes passing masses of snow not yet melted, sometimes those huge frozen mirrors, which hung almost perpendicularly from the summit of the mountain to the gulf below, and over which the axe only, by steps scarcely a handbreath, could form for us a dangerous path. A slip, an unsteady step, or giddiness itself, which always threaten to overwhelm the unaccustomed traveller, and in a moment the torrent becomes the grave of your mangled carcass! But such is your whole course through Vettie's Giel, on a path where it is not often you can set down both feet beside each other.

"When overcome by the violence of the exertions I had to make, I stopped a moment. This rest, so far from being refreshing to me, was full of horror. It was better to go on, however exhausted. In doing so, your thoughts were so occupied with the place where you might find some footing, that you had but little time to observe the grimaces with which death seemed everywhere to gaze around you. But set yourself down, you cannot avoid seeing yourself sitting on the brink of an abyss; above you the high mountain ridge hanging over your head; below, the more frightful steep sinking perpendicularly from your feet; on the opposite of the Giel, the wildest torrents tumbling down hundreds of fathoms; whilst at the bottom, the river foaming and roaring with a deafening sound, rushes on with the rapidity of an arrow, and the road you have to go, bent still far upon the sides of the precipice which hang over it: in short, you see nothing but Nature in her terrors. I involuntarily shut my eyes; my heart beat, and that I might not be overpowered by these sensations, I stood up to expose myself to new dangers. I asked my guides if anybody had ever come to mischief on this way. They recollected only one person who, with a knapsack of birch-bark on his back, by a false step had tumbled over from about the very spot where we were standing. From an irresistible apprehension that I might be the second, I pushed forward from such a place, but yet I found no safer way.

"It began now to rain, and as the part of the path on which we were was considered as dangerous, from stones that tumble down, we made all the speed we could. The bottom of the Giel began at last to widen a little: and at Holifos, about half a quarter of a mile from Vettie (three-quarters English,) it becomes about one hundred and fifty paces broad. In other places, it is never

above thirty ells broad, and in some places not more than six or seven. Here my guide Civind left me, and went back alone with his axe, of which he had made such good use, telling me, that now all the difficulties of the way were past; and they were so in comparison of those we had come through.

"It rained now so hard, that the water ran across our path—I quickened my pace to reach the end of this fatiguing and dangerous excursion. With all my haste, however, I could not escape being thoroughly wet. The path now descended gradually towards the river. The mountain, to the side of which, as to a wall, we had been, as it were, fastened the whole way, now turned a little off from us, leaving a broader, though an irregular path. On a sudden it goes off entirely to the right, opening a new side-valley, and before I knew where I was, I stood on the fields of Vettie, only a little above the surface of the river. Heavy with my wet clothes, dropping with sweat, and exhausted by violent exertions, I was glad to reach the houseman's dwelling, which lay nearest us, there to repose a little, under cover, before I should attempt to mount the long and high hill on which stood the farm-house of Vettie.

"On the road to it I was met by Ole, the good man who conducted me up. The family had just risen from dinner. Everything was instantly carried off, as they did not think it good enough for me. On the table was immediately set their best butter and cheese, and smoked flesh and flour-bread; and in short, everything they had to please the appetite of the weary traveller. But as there was not a dry thread on me, I felt very uncomfortable in my wet clothes. The good man found a remedy for that; and from his chest I was provided with everything I required. Clad from top to toe in his Sunday clothes, I sat down, metamorphosed into a Leirdaller, amidst this friendly family, who could not cease from expressing their wonder at a visit as unexpected as unheard of before, and who did not know what kindness to show me; complaining from their hearts, that I had not given them notice, that they might have been better prepared to receive me. I asked his wife 'How she would get her child taken to church?'

"'Oh,' answered she smiling, 'when matters come that length, there will be no difficulty; the child is well wrapped up, and is carried to church, properly girt, on the shoulders of the servant-man.'

"'By the same way I have come?'

"'Yes; we have no other.'

"'Now, then, God be with both him and the child!'

"'Oh, we are not afraid of the way, we are so accustomed to it: and after a few weeks it will be better, when all the ice will be away. By God's help I shall soon come to church myself, when father\* shall lead me in.'

"I could not but think highly of her courage, her cheerfulness and composure. The good man

\*Meaning the clergyman to whom she was speaking. It is still the custom in the remote and simple districts of Norway, that when a woman goes first to church after the birth of a child, the parish clergyman meets her at the door and leads her into church.

told me, that at the best season in summer the Giel can be traversed by a horse, and that then everything is thus brought to the house on the back of his own horse, who is accustomed to this road. One is less surprised at this when he sees the lightness of the small Leirdal horses, and their most uncommon sure-footedness, by which they can go on the smallest paths, on the side of the most fearful precipices, setting one foot before another, in such a manner that no path can be too small for them. From the farm of Vettie, the Giel is continued upward, in a stretch of three miles, so that the whole length of it is more than four miles and a half (more than thirty English miles.)

"Above Vettie Farm, the good man told me it was more narrow, more difficult, and more frightful than the part of it which I had seen. He and his people had often to go up that way for small timber, and other things necessary on the farm. On the sides of it, too, were the finest valley and mountain pastures, of great value for their rearing of cattle. Their corn was sometimes destroyed in harvest by frost. For more than half the year, the two families living on this farm—the farmer himself, and his houseman—are cut off from all other human intercourse. In winter, the ordinary path is impassable from snow and ice, and especially from those frequent columns which leave traces of themselves a long way on in the summer, because the sun's rays, resting but a short time over this long, monstrous gulf, it is seldom before the month of July that this ice is all away. For a short time in winter, when the river Utledal is frozen, there may be a passage along the bottom of the Giel, but not without danger from the avalanches, which with tremendous violence tumble down into the deep. In the end of harvest and the spring, all approach to and from Vettie is barred; in the end of harvest particularly, from the falling of earth and stones, which are then loosened by the frequent rains.

"At a little distance behind the dwelling-house of Vettie, in the background of the dale, there rises up a large mountain-precipice, over which, where a new Giel begins, there rushes the highest waterfall I had yet seen, called Markefoss. High falls, indeed, are here so common, that they do not excite much attention, especially where the mass of water is not very considerable; but what seemed to me exceedingly singular in this one was, that the fall is so perfectly perpendicular, that not one drop of its water touches the whole side of the mountain. From the gap through which it issues, the mountain bends inward like the side of an arch, in such a manner, that if the place were accessible, one might make a passage between the mountain and the fall. As the mass of water here meets with no resistance, it makes no alarming noise; I only heard its distant sound in the bottom of the Giel, which it was impossible for me to see, as all view and all approach are barred by high sharp-pointed rocks and a chaotic assemblage of large blocks of granite. Over this precipice lie the pasture-grounds of Vettie, where are some of the finest patches of wood to be found perhaps in the whole province. Here grow the finest trees for masts, of uncommon height and thickness, unused and incapable of being used,

because they cannot be got down through the foss, without being splintered into a thousand pieces. It is difficult to get even common house-timber this way, for perhaps not one out of ten pieces remains of sufficient length. I saw a man going up the precipice which leads to this wood. At the distance at which I stood, he seemed like an insect creeping up a wall. By frequent turning from one hand to another, it is rendered possible to go up a path, from which, however, nothing is more easy than to break a neck. But born and brought up as the people are here amidst such dangers, they disregard or are not sensible of them. The boy, the youth, grows up amidst venturous feats, and courage is his life's constant guide.

"I spent the night at Vettie, and was next morning out with the good man to have a full view of his little romantic dale, where hill and valley, wood and water, the lofty black mountain masses, over which the majestic fall poured its foaming silver, were all grouped in the most picturesque manner, in a landscape in which the strongest features of Nature were wonderfully blended with her sweetest smiles. The severe and the gay moderated one another by being mingled in one look. The chorus of the feathered tribe only was wanting in wood and forest. The temperature here is too severe for the delicate songsters of the sky; nowhere does the lark mount in his airy flight; even the thrush flies to milder regions. The cuckoo only, with his monotonous song, for a short time enlivens the silence of the wood.

"I had learned from the good wife how they carry their children from this place to church. I was curious to learn of her husband how they got the dead carried from it to the church-yard. It is impossible that two people could go beside one another in the Giel; and I could not conceive that a coffin could be placed on horseback. He gave me the following account:—The dead body, wrapped in linen, is laid on a plank, in which are bored holes at both ends, to which are fastened handles of cord. To this plank the body is lashed, and is thus carried by two men, one before and another behind, through the Giel, till they come to the farm-house of Selde, where it is laid in a coffin, and carried in the common way to the church-yard. If any one die in winter, at a time when the bottom of the Giel is not passable, or in the spring or harvest, they endeavor to preserve the body in a frozen state, which is seldom difficult, till it can be carried off in the manner I have just mentioned. Still more singular, was the method which the good man told me was employed several years ago, to convey a dead body to the church-yard. This place lies in Utledal, which borders with the grave, from a houseman's place in Vormelien, fields of Vettie. It has a most frightful situation, deep in the Giel, by the side of the river, and, like Vettie, has no other road but a small steep path, on the side of the most dreadful precipices. As the inhabitants of this place have been often changed, there had been no deaths here. It happened, at last, for the first time, that a young man of seventeen years of age died. It never occurred to them to think how they should get him carried to the grave, and a coffin is prepared for him in

the house. The body is laid in it, and carried out; and now, for the first time, they perceive with amazement, that it is impossible in this way to get on with it. What is to be done? Good counsel is here precious. They leave the coffin as a *memento mori* at home, and set the dead body astride on a horse; the legs are tied under the horse's belly, a bag of hay is well fastened on the horse's shoulders, to which the body leans forward, and is made fast; and in this manner rode the dead man over the mountains, to his resting-place in Forthuus Church, in Lyster—a fearful horseman!

"After a long and fatiguing walk, I returned with the good man to his house. A rich soup, made from excellent wedder mutton, killed the night before, smoked from the white-clad table. And what is not excellent when it is presented to you by hospitable hands! So long as nature and generous simplicity are preferred to art and ceremony, so long will such a patriarchal meal, to which you are invited with a welcome from the heart, and which is gratefully received, be preferred to ostentation and extravagance. They wished me much to remain another day at Vettie; but as I had fixed to go that day to Afdal, and then over the mountains to some of the mines at Aardal Copper-works, I was obliged to bid farewell to the worthy people, whose extraordinary place of residence I had for the first, and I believe also for the last time, now seen.

"With my former guides, and a man-servant from Vettie, I set out on this fearful way back. From the heavy rain, much of the ice had disappeared; and I had the dangerous pleasure of seeing one of these masses of ice tumbling down in a thousand pieces into the gulf; over two only of the most obstinate were we obliged to cut our road over the ice. In good time I reached Ielde; and here, where nobody dreamed of danger, my horse tumbled with me over the side of a little hill. Thus ended an excursion, the whole object and the whole result of which was the view of Vettie's Giel."

## THE SHIRT-MAKERS OF NEW YORK.

[The New York Herald is giving a series of articles, detailing the condition of various industrial classes in the city of New York. In a recent issue of that paper, several columns were devoted to the "Shirt-Sewers." From this article we make a number of extracts, and commend them to the consideration of our readers.]

**THE WAGES OF SHIRT-SEWERS—HIGH PRICES AND LOW PRICES.**—So far as we have pursued our investigations into the condition of the industrial classes of New York, we know of none who are in a more destitute state, or who are paid less for their work, than a large proportion of the shirt-sewers. Their number is estimated at five thousand, and of these about one-fourth do not earn more than one dollar and a half a week at the utmost, while a still larger proportion cannot make more than two dollars. There are a few whose weekly wages amount to four,

five, and sometimes as high as six dollars, but not more than one out of every ten can earn so much. The average weekly earning of each shirt-sewer is about two dollars and a half a week, a sum barely adequate to the support of one person. Some of the work at which they are employed requires as much, if not more, skill than any other, with the exception of embroidery. We have seen shirts, in which there were at least twenty yards of fine stitching and sewing; and for one of these, which would require two days to make, the sewer has received only one dollar and a half. This is considered remarkably good pay; but when we contrast it with the price paid for other work, which is not by any means so laborious or unhealthy, it appears insignificant. For making a coat, a good tailor is paid five dollars, which he can earn in two days; while, at work which requires more neatness, a woman, who has, perhaps, a family to maintain, cannot make more than a dollar and a half, and, to make even that, she must work twelve or fourteen hours a day.

There are, properly speaking, two classes of shirt-sewers—one for coarse and the other for fine work. The former receive the lowest prices—from one to two dollars, while the latter earn three, four, five and six dollars, according to the amount of work they are capable of doing. Why there should be such a great disparity between their wages we cannot determine. Coarse shirts are easier made than fine ones, and a smart sewer can finish three in one day; but it takes two days to make one fine shirt. The cost of a fine shirt varies from two dollars and a half to four dollars, while a coarse one can be purchased at almost any retail store for eight or ten shillings. Now the profit realized on two or three of these is much larger than that obtained from the sale of a fine shirt, except where quick sales and small profits are more desirable; yet the woman who makes them does not get more than one-half the price given for fine shirts.

The following table presents the prices paid by different establishments in New York:—

For collars, per dozen,	8s.	7s.	6s.	5s.	3s.	9c.
For wristbands, per dozen,	6s.	5s.	4s.	3s.	2s.	18c.
For bodies,	4s.	3s.	2s.	1s.		4c.

For finishing the shirt—that is, sewing all its parts together—from twenty-five cents to a sixpence is paid.

There are four kinds of needle-work on shirts—the first is called plain sewing, and consists simply in making the bodies; the second is called stitching, and requires considerable neatness—the breasts, wrists and collars are stitched; the third is the finishing process, in which there is a great deal of gathering to be done, besides the stitching of the button-holes and the sewing on of the buttons; the fourth is embroidering. In some stores they give the entire shirt to one person to make, while in others they distribute them in parts, and classify their sewers into body-makers, stitchers, finishers, and embroiderers. There are very few of this latter class, but we believe they are paid better than any of the others. Their work is said by those who have been engaged in it to be more pleasant than stitching, which is regarded as the most tedious

and injurious to the sight. Some of these embroidered shirts sell for twenty dollars, but the average price is ten, and some of inferior workmanship can be procured for less.

**A CASE OF EXTREME DESTITUTION.—SOME FACTS WORTH KNOWING.**—As it would be impossible to describe all the scenes of poverty and destitution which we visited, in our endeavors to ascertain the true condition of this class of our needle-women, we will content ourselves with giving the result of our visit to two shirt-sewers, one of whom lives in Hamilton street, and the other in Mulberry. The first we found in the attic of a three-story house, whose appearance, to say the least, was anything but inviting. This woman occupied three rooms, at a rent of five dollars and a half a month, but they were so small that the whole of them would not make a respectable sized apartment. She had five children to support, two of whom were able to earn at least three dollars a week, at light work; but, unfortunately, they could not obtain employment at any for which they were suited. They were all, including the mother, very poorly clad; and, although bright, intelligent-looking children, the marks of destitution were visible in their faces. Their father died about two years ago, leaving them without any means of subsistence. Before his death they were in comfortable circumstances, and received the rudiments of a good English education. They both could read very well; and their mother showed us, with a feeling of maternal pride, some prizes they had received at school for advancement in their studies. "These," said she, "they got for good scholarship while at school, but when my husband died," she added, "I had to take them away, although it grieved me sadly to do so."

"How did you contrive to support yourself and your five children, after your husband's death?" we inquired.

"By sewing shirts, sir."

"You must have been paid well to enable you to do that. How much were you able to make every week?"

"Paid well!" said the poor woman, with a look of surprise; "I was paid fifty cents for five shirts."

"That is, fifty cents each?"

"No, sir; but ten cents a piece."

"How many of them could you make in a day?"

"Well, sir, if I sat steady at them from morning till night, I could sometimes make three in a day; but I was not able to keep up at that rate, and there were many days that I would not be able to earn more than a shilling a day."

"How many hours did you work to make that?"

"About ten, and sometimes twelve, hours a day; but I had, besides that, to attend to my house and my children. My eldest little girl—she is about twelve years old—used to help me. When I had the rheumatism, I don't know what would have become of me if Miss S. hadn't found me out, and given me some assistance. She was very good to me: I would never have been able to get along without her, and I know she has done a great deal of good to more than me, and I will always feel thankful for it." \* \* \*

"Well, sir," resumed the poor woman, "I could not get along at this work, so I had to give it up. I told the lady, who attended in the store, that unless she gave me something else I should never be able to support myself and my children—and, indeed, sir, we were on the brink of starvation at that time. I told her that I wanted some other kind of work, and so she gave me sheets to stitch, and some pillow-cases. They were very heavy linen sheets for the double berths of ships, and she told me to make them very neat, saying that she would give me a good price. She didn't tell me the price at the time, but I thought it would be better than I got for the shirts. I got a dozen altogether; but as I was in very necessitous circumstances, I could not wait to make a whole dozen, and I had to send in the half-dozen by my little girl. I thought I would get a high price for them, and was very hopeful, indeed, on account of her having told me so; but when my little girl came back, and told me that she would not give more than two-and-sixpence for the dozen, and that she had got no more than fifteen pence, my heart was nearly ready to break. I worked hard at them sheets because I expected I would be well paid for them, and I made them as neat as I could, and took great care with the stitching. But when my little girl said that was all she got, I didn't know what to do. At last, I went down myself, to know if she wouldn't give me any more, telling her that I couldn't make a living in that way; but, instead of giving me any more, she abused me in the most scandalous manner. Then I was so vexed, that I said she shouldn't get the other half-dozen until she paid be a fair price for what I had done; and, sir, if you were just to see the work, you would say that they were cheap at two shillings a pair, instead of two and sixpence a dozen."

"How much could you earn every week, sewing sheets like these?"

"I could not live at all, at this work; it would take two days to make a half-dozen."

"But you must have had some other means of support; surely you could not maintain yourself and family when you were paid so poorly."

"I had no other way but that, at the time; but I have had to give up needle-work altogether, and now I wash for a living. I get along better at this, although I don't make much over two dollars any week." \* \* \*

"Are there any others in this house who are as poor as you?"

"No, sir; all the women have their husbands, and live more comfortably than I do. Some months ago there were two shirt-sewers who lodged with me, and who paid me three shillings a week each for sleeping with me in the winter, and for whatever fire they used, which was very little. They did not make more than nine or ten shillings a week, and they worked hard to make that. They were both very good sewers, and did their work nice and neat. I have seen them sit and sew till they would be hardly able to rise. They were paid nine shillings a dozen for the shirts which they made, but these had yokes and full bosoms. After stitching for some time at them, the price was reduced from nine shillings

to six shillings, because the person for whom they were made said he could not afford to pay more. Before taking out this work they were obliged to pay a deposit of a dollar-and-a-half. One of them was a woman about forty-five years of age, and the other about thirty. They were both very quick sewers, and, if they got a good price for their work, they could have lived very comfortably; but after paying me three shillings a week, they had not more than five or six shillings for themselves, and with that they bought tea and bread. It was very seldom they could buy meat, and they had always to eat their bread dry, for they were not able to buy butter."

"How much did it cost them every day for food alone?"

"Well, sir, as near as I can judge, it took about ninepence every day; but some weeks they would not have enough to support themselves, and then they were compelled to borrow sixpence or a shilling to get a loaf of bread, and work hard the next week so that they would be able to pay it again."

"Where are those women now?" we asked.

"One of them lives close by here, and is still sewing for a living; but, on account of the reduced prices, she finds it harder to get along now than she ever did before." \* \* \*

**ANOTHER CASE OF DESTITUTION—THE RESULT OF THE LOW PRICE SYSTEM.**—In a rear house in Mulberry street, occupying two rooms, we found the second shirt-sewer whom we visited. One of the rooms was occupied both as a kitchen and a sleeping apartment, and the other, which was about six feet by nine, was used solely as a bedroom. Both of the rooms were of the worst description, yet the rent of them was four dollars and a half a month. The poor woman who occupied them said that she had herself and two children to support upon about two dollars a week. She was enabled to pay the rent, however, by taking in three lodgers, a young man, his wife and child, who paid them about four dollars a month. One of her daughters, a young woman, nineteen years of age, was at service, and rendered her some assistance. She worked hard, that she might be able to send her children to school, for she was anxious to give them some education, no matter how little. We inquired how long she had worked on shirts.

"Seven years," she replied; "and in all that time I never could make more than a dollar a week. I get four cents a shirt, without putting in the bosoms or the collars, which are done by the women in the store for which I work. Some days, by working from seven in the morning till twelve at night, I have made five shirts. The man who employs me is very good to me, and when I am in want of a dollar always advances it to me. By putting on the collar and the bosom I would get one cent more, but I could not make so much at that, so I had to give it up and keep to the bodies. One time I took some wristbands and collars, and got ninepence a dozen for doing them, but I couldn't make so much at them either as I did at the shirt bodies. When my daughter was at home she worked on caps, and made from twelve to fourteen shillings a week, but I thought

she would be more comfortable at service, so I let her go."

We looked at the furniture, which was on a par with the appearance of the house, and which we would suppose would not be valued at more than five dollars. There were four chairs, a rickety table, a looking-glass, some cups, saucers, plates, a pot and a kettle, which, with a few other kitchen utensils, were the only articles of furniture which appeared to be in the kitchen. The bedroom we did not examine, but from its general appearance we should think it was as destitute of furniture. We were told that only a part of this was her own, the remainder belonged to her lodgers. The person for whom this shirt-sewer worked had, she informed us, between three and four hundred persons employed in his establishment, only a few of whom he furnished with work to take home. "Sometimes," she said, "I get washing and scrubbing to do, and then I make more than I could at the shirts."

Desiring to know how she lived on two dollars a week, we asked what kind of food she bought.

"Sometimes," she replied, "I am able to get a little tea, and some days we have to do with bread and molasses. On Sundays we generally get a piece of meat, and live more comfortably than on any other day."

"Why did you not try to get better work?" we inquired.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I am not able to do fine work," she said; "and as Mr. — gave me steady employment, I did not like to leave him."

The shirts which she handed us to look at were certainly coarsely sewed and would not bear a close examination; but so far as we could judge, the work on each shirt was worth at least three shillings. There were about seven yards of sewing upon one, so that the poor woman in making four, sewed twenty-eight yards, which is at the rate of a cent for every two yards. \* \* \*

**FRAUDS AND CONDUCT OF EMPLOYERS.**—There is so far as we are aware, more deception and fraud practised upon shirt-sewers than upon any other class of operatives in the city. The majority of employers pay their workers their earnings regularly every week; but we are sorry to say there is a large number who resort to the vilest means to defraud those in their employment, and it is impossible for the poor women to obtain redress. \* \* \*

Among the many of which we have heard, and some of which have come under our own personal observation, we will mention a few of the most flagrant. It is customary with some establishments to advertise for fifty or a hundred shirt-sewers, promising permanent work and good prices to neat hands and quick sewers. The morning the advertisement appears the store is generally crowded with applicants, each of whom is required to furnish a specimen of her work before she is "permanently employed." The linen for a collar or a bosom is given to the woman, and she hurries home with it, full of hope for the future. That night she sits up till twelve o'clock, stitching away till her eyes grow dim, and early next morning, after a few hours' fitful sleep, she appears before her employer with beating heart. He



furnished her with the linen in the blandest manner he could assume, but when she returns with the work, he receives it with an air of dissatisfaction, says she has destroyed his goods, and flings it on the desk, telling her that she is not fit to sew sacks. The poor shirt-sewer leaves the store with tears in her eyes; and with her heart almost ready to break, returns to her miserable abode in a garret or a cellar, where she finds her children crying for bread. Is it any wonder that at such a moment the fortitude and strength of mind which sustained her under all her sufferings should forsake her, and that to procure bread for her starving children she should sacrifice herself?

When the poor, broken-hearted woman leaves the store, the miserable wretch who keeps it picks up the work which he had but the moment before thrown down with well-feigned disgust, admires the stitching, puts it by, and chuckles over the successful trick he has just performed. In this manner he gets fifty or a hundred shirt collars and breasts done in one morning for fifty cents—the price he pays for the advertisement. The advertisement is published every morning for a whole week, and every day the same scene is enacted in his store.

There are some stores which pursue a more profitable system of fraud than that we have just described. They require a deposit of a dollar on the material, with the understanding that it will be returned when there is no more work. Three or four shirts, or a large number of collars and breasts, are given to the sewer, with directions to return them with all possible despatch, and with the promise that she will get more work if they are neatly done. After a lapse of a few days the work is returned to the store; but, as in the former case, it is found fault with, and the store-keeper says the material is so badly damaged that she must keep the dollar to pay her for it. Numerous instances of the kind have occurred, and we deem it but our duty to expose them whenever they come to our knowledge.

**A WORD OF ADVICE TO SHIRT-SEWERS.**—The impoverished condition of a large body of the shirt-sewers has often excited the sympathy of the community, but no permanent means of relief have yet been devised. Associations have been founded for their benefit, but the little good they have thus far accomplished, after repeated trials, has proved to our minds, at least, that it is impossible to ameliorate the condition of the great body of the shirt-sewers through their means. Now, let us not be misunderstood—we do not censure, but rather award them our praise for the partial good they have done; but we say they cannot relieve one-tenth of the destitution that prevails among this class of our population. We know of only two associations of the kind in New York, and both of these do not employ more than one hundred and fifty women. Now, why can't the women work for themselves instead of working for stores? The dressmakers do so, and they can make four, five, six, and sometimes eight and ten dollars a week. • The plan is simple, and if adopted, we have no doubt will be of more real service to the shirt-sewers than any that has yet been presented to

their notice. In the first place we would advise them to place a sign on the fronts of their houses, somewhat after this style:

### SHIRT-SEWING DONE HERE,

ON THE MOST REASONABLE TERMS.

Or after this fashion—

### SHIRTS MADE IN EVERY STYLE,

WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

We have heard many of our friends say that they would not deal in stores for their shirts if they could only find persons to make them, and there are thousands of persons throughout the city who would rather pay one or two shillings more for the making of one, if they knew that it went directly into the pocket of the worker. But persons who keep shirt stores must have their profits, and they incur, besides, heavy expenses in the pursuit of their business. Now, all this must be paid out of the labor of the poor sewer; and consequently, for the support of one establishment, one or two hundred shirt-sewers must be kept poor. We do not find fault with the employer for this, but we see no reason why one or two hundred persons should suffer for the benefit of one. Now, we hope we have made ourselves clear on this point. Let us illustrate it by a few facts: For the making of one shirt an employer pays half a dollar, and receives three or four shillings profit upon the sale of it. If he has one hundred shirt-sewers employed, and each is able to make one shirt a day, he realizes from forty to fifty dollars daily. Out of this he has to pay perhaps a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars a year for the rent of a store, work rooms, and the salaries of his salesmen, or saleswomen, clerks, and whatever help he may require, while the residue, amounting to two or three thousand dollars a year, is required to support himself and family.

Now, we will present this proposition under another aspect. There are hundreds of married women in New York, who would willingly hire shirt-sewers to make up their linen, and board them in their own houses, besides paying them a better price than they could get from the stores. For young women who have none but themselves to support, engagements of this kind would be very acceptable, we have no doubt. A sign like the following would answer all their purposes:—

### SHIRT SEWING

DONE OUT ON REASONABLE TERMS.

A few shillings would purchase a sign like this, and the shirt-sewers might continue working for stores until they received sufficient custom to enable them to set up entirely on their own account.

**THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.**—We cannot better conclude our account of the shirt-sewers than by republishing Hood's "Song of the Shirt." It is peculiarly appropriate in this place; and our readers will find, from the scenes of destitution we have presented from real life among a portion of the shirt-sewers of New York, that the misery it describes is not exaggerated, but painfully

true. We hope it will not be read with a feeling of indifference, and that the facts which we publish to-day may be the means of relieving this oppressed class of our working-women. The best way to aid the shirt-sewer is by patronizing those who set up on their own account. Let those who have abundance of means, and who feel so disposed, furnish them with a sign, and, if necessary, a few articles of furniture to make their rooms look neat, and they will do more real good than they could in any other way. We hope many days will not elapse before we shall see signs, such as those we have suggested, posted up on every house occupied by a shirt-sewer:—

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread.  
Stitch—stitch—stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch  
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work—work—work!  
While the cock is crowing aloof!  
And work—work—work,  
Till the stars shine through the roof!  
It's O! to be a slave,  
Along with the barbarous Turk,  
Where woman has never a soul to save,  
If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work!  
Till the brain begins to swim;  
Work—work—work!  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!  
Seam and gusset, and band,  
Band, and gusset, and seam,  
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
And sew them on in a dream!

"O! men, with sisters dear!  
O! men, with mothers and wives,  
It is not linen you're wearing out,  
But human creatures' lives!  
Stitch—stitch—stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;  
Sewing at once, with a double thread,  
A shroud as well as a shirt.

"But why do I talk of death?  
That phantom of grisly bone;  
I hardly fear his terrible shape,  
It seems so like my own.  
It seems so like my own,  
Because of the fasts I keep,  
Oh God! that bread should be so dear,  
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!  
My labor never flags;  
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,  
A crust of bread and rags.  
That shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—  
A table—a broken chair;  
And a wall so blank my shadow I thank  
For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!  
From weary chime to chime,  
Work—work—work—  
As prisoners work for crime!  
Band, and gusset, and seam,  
Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd,  
As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work!  
In the dull December light,  
And work—work—work,  
When the weather is warm and bright—  
While underneath the eaves  
The brooding swallows cling,  
As if to show me their sunny backs,  
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but breathe the breath  
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—  
With the sky above my head,  
And the grass beneath my feet,  
For only one short hour  
To feel as I used to feel,  
Before I knew the woes of want  
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour!  
A respite however brief!  
No blessed leisure for love or hope,  
But only time for grief!  
A little weeping would ease my heart;  
But in their briny bed  
My tears must stop, for every drop  
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread—  
Stitch—stitch—stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—  
Would that its tones could reach the rich—  
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

## THE FIVE DOLLAR BILL;

OR, CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.

"Have you any money to spare, Henry?" asked Mrs. Williams, as her husband was about leaving the house to go to his daily employment. "The children are much in need of shoes and some other little things, and I owe a dollar to the young girl who has been sewing for me lately."

"Money is rather hard to get just now, Lucy," was the reply, "still the children must have shoes and honest debts must be paid. Here is a five dollar bill. Will that answer your purpose?"

"Perfectly well. I am glad to have it to-day, for I shall probably be at leisure to make my little purchases. Mary took cold yesterday from damping her feet, and Ellen's shoes are also far too thin for the season."

"By all means, attend to it directly," replied the husband. "Health is not to be disregarded. The seeds of many a fatal disease are often sown by a slight cold."

Mr. Williams departed, and his wife proceeded to attend to her domestic duties, which, owing to her husband's limited income, devolved in a great measure upon herself.

An hour passed in the busy round of the various cares of housekeeping, when a ring at the bell announced an early visitor.

Miss Jones, the lady who entered, belonged to that class of single maidens, who, being unburdened with cares of their own, charitably devote themselves to looking into the affairs of their neighbors. She was also a prominent member

of several benevolent societies, and was seldom without some new project for benefiting certain poor proteges whom she took under her own peculiar protection.

"You must really excuse my calling at this early hour, my dear Mrs. Williams," she exclaimed, as the lady of the house advanced to meet her with extended hand, "but my errand is an urgent one."

"No excuse is necessary, Miss Jones. You are too old an acquaintance to stand on ceremony."

"Thank you for saying so. And now I will state my business without delay, for I see you are busy this morning. I have recently met with a most touching case of poverty, a poor widow with five children, very feeble health, and quite unable to support such a family without assistance from the humane. I do not wish to beg for her, but have exerted myself to make a few little useful articles, which may be sold for her benefit. Will you allow me to show them to you and urge you to become a purchaser."

"Really, Miss Jones," replied Mrs. Williams, "I fear I must decline assisting you this morning. Mr. Williams has been obliged to meet several heavy expenses of late, and is somewhat troubled for ready money."

"Well, just look at the contents of my little basket," continued the persevering visitor. "It will give me pleasure to show you my handy-work, even if you do not purchase."

The basket was accordingly opened, and the usual stock of work-bags, pen-wipers, pin-cushions and infants' aprons, exhibited for the admiration of Mrs. Williams, who, being also of an exceedingly charitable disposition, began to feel a slight uneasy sensation in that part of her bosom where she had thrust the five dollar bill which her husband had given her that morning.

"I should like to take one or two little things, just for the sake of bestowing my mite," she said hesitatingly. "But unfortunately I have no change—nothing but a five dollar bill."

"Let me see," replied Miss Jones, drawing her purse from her pocket. "Perhaps I can relieve your difficulty. Yes, here is a three and a one. Now, if you will take that pretty cushion which you are just admiring, at fifty cents, two pen-wipers for your little girls, at twenty-five, and one of these useful work-bags for the other quarter, it will make all right."

Easily done, to be sure, but Mrs. Williams was rather startled at the idea of only four dollars for the necessary purchases which she had mentioned to her husband.

Hastily she ran it over in her mind. "One dollar for the sempstress, two for shoes, and one for flannel for the baby." Then she had intended purchasing materials for warm hoods for Mary and Ellen, but perhaps this might be delayed; their cape bonnets would do a little longer. The weather was not yet severe, and it was really uncharitable to refuse Miss Jones, who worked so disinterestedly herself. So the five dollar bill was drawn from its hiding-place, and the three and one placed in its stead, while the pin cushion, bag and pen-wipers were duly transferred to her work-table.

"I wish everybody had your feeling, my dear

Mrs. Williams," remarked the charitable lady as she rose to depart. "I have made but one call this morning, but that was an unsuccessful one. You know Mrs. Evans. Should not you suppose she could spare a dollar for benevolent purposes?"

"Most certainly," was the reply. "Her husband's income is considerably larger than ours, and they have no more family to support. I have but a slight acquaintance with her, but have been told that she was a kind-hearted, good woman."

"She may be so, but I saw no signs of it. She declined assisting me in the most decided manner, and would not even consent to my opening my basket. But I must bid you good morning, as I have many calls to make."

"I will dress myself immediately, and go to the shoemaker's," said Mrs. Williams, as she closed the door after her visitor. "I may again be interrupted."

But when with bonnet and shawl on she had given her parting directions to the attendant, and was about to leave the house, another ring was heard.

"No more morning calls I hope," thought the lady, as she herself opened the door, resolved that the intruder should at least see that she was intending to go out.

But the present guest was of too distinguished a character to be passed lightly by. No member of the circle in which Mrs. Williams moved, was more thought of than Mrs. Ackerman. For piety, benevolence, and a host of Christian virtues, she was esteemed unequalled, and with a cordial welcome Mrs. Williams led the way to the parlor.

"But I fear I interrupted you. Were you not going out?" asked the visitor, as she accepted the rocking-chair which her friend drew forward for her convenience.

"Only to the shoemaker's. I can go by-and-by. I am delighted to see you. Will you not take off your hat and pass the day?"

"No, I thank you. I came on business this morning, and as I have several calls to make, we can walk along together. But first let me beg you to put your name to this subscription for foreign missions. You recollect that the ladies of our church have just formed a new society to raise funds for the instruction of the poor heathen. I regard it as a peculiarly Christian work, to which all should devote themselves, even if it involve self-denial and a relinquishment of some of the luxuries of life."

"Certainly; I agree with you fully," was the reply. "But just now it is quite out of my power to contribute anything. The small sum which I have by me is already appropriated to necessary purchases."

"I do not wish to constitute myself a judge of your affairs," answered Mrs. Ackerman; "but before you give a decided refusal, I must entreat you, as a true friend, to reconsider the purchases which you are about to make, and if there is any one article of creature comforts which can be dispensed with, to appropriate a part of your funds to this great cause—the salvation of human souls."

"It is indeed a great cause," returned Mrs. Williams, thoughtfully, "but really," and here

she paused, and once more counted the cost of shoes, flannel and sempstress' bill. There was no surplus remaining, but perhaps the last item might be delayed. It was not absolutely necessary to pay the young girl immediately. Possibly she would not call for the money for another week. It was really impossible to refuse such a woman as Mrs. Ackerman, who was so charitably devoting herself to a glorious work.

So after a little hesitation another dollar was drawn from the five, and the name of Lucy Williams swelled the list which was triumphantly placed before her.

This done, the two ladies, arm in arm, proceeded through the busy streets.

"My next call must be on Mrs. Evans," remarked Mrs. Ackerman. "It is right on our way. Do step in with me. It will detain you but a few moments."

With a slight feeling of curiosity as to how Mrs. Evans would meet this second claim upon her charity, Mrs. Williams assented.

A neatly-dressed, bright-eyed little girl showed them into a pleasant room, where they were not long kept in waiting. With a friendly greeting, Mrs. Evans advanced to meet them, her countenance beaming with such genuine kindness and good feeling, that no one could suspect her of want of benevolence.

A few general observations passed, and Mrs. Ackerman proceeded to state the object of her visit. A gentle but decided refusal was the reply. Persuasive arguments or hints at lack of charity were useless; but perceiving the unfavorable impression which she had made upon her guests, and respecting the motives by which they were actuated, Mrs. Evans was about to add a few explanatory words, when another visitor was announced.

A pleasant looking young lady entered, and uttered an exclamation of pleasure at finding Mrs. Ackerman and Mrs. Williams seated with Mrs. Evans.

"It will save me such a long walk," she said; "for you must know that I am on a charitable mission this morning, and intend to call upon you all for aid."

"Many beside yourself appear to be engaged in the good cause of charity this morning," replied Mrs. Evans, smiling. "This is the third call which I have received."

"Indeed! But my business must be of a different nature, for I am the only agent at present. I have a little paper here, edited by a poor blind man, as a means of gaining a support for himself and his family. The subscription is only one dollar for the year, payable in advance, and you will not only have the satisfaction of aiding a most worthy family, but you will possess a work full of useful reading, and valuable as being conducted, and indeed mostly written by one who is entirely deprived of sight."

Mrs. Ackerman took the paper which was offered for examination, and also the list of persons who had already subscribed.

"You have been successful," she remarked, as she glanced over the names. "I have no objection to bestowing a dollar upon so worthy an ob-

ject, and if Mrs. Evans will kindly furnish me pen and ink, I will add my name at once."

"And the other ladies will follow your example and do the same, I hope," was the reply; and again poor Mrs. Williams fingered the purse in which her little store was now deposited, with a peculiarly uneasy sensation.

The baby must have his flannel. That was certain, and Mary's shoes were too bad; but Ellen's might do a little longer. True, they were thin for the season, but a week or two could make little difference, and Mr. Williams expected to receive a considerable sum before many days. Then followed the desire to appear as liberal as Mrs. Ackerman, and to aid in setting a good example to Mrs. Evans, to say nothing of the wish to assist the blind man.

All these various reasons triumphed, and Mrs. Williams took the pen from the hand of her friend and added her name with a feeling of satisfaction slightly mingled with self-reproach.

"And now, Mrs. Evans," continued the fair patroness of the blind man.

The lady appealed to shook her head. "It is quite out of my power," she said firmly. "I am grieved to appear uncharitable to so many of my friends, but it is my endeavor to act conscientiously in these matters, and to do this I am often obliged to refuse appeals to my benevolence."

"But the sum is so trifling, and the cause such a good one, Mrs. Evans. Charity is a great virtue, you know."

"It is, indeed, but it consists not in mere almsgiving. I consider the right performance of all our duties as so many acts of charity. In the first place, we should pay particular regard to the welfare of those who are more especially placed under our care by the Divine Providence. Our children are certainly among the first objects of our charity, and their moral and physical well-being should be strictly cared for. Other near relatives or friends are generally pointed out as demanding our kindness and care. I do not entirely acknowledge the doctrine that as we are all one great family, those connected by ties of relationship have no peculiar claim upon us. God hath seen fit to divide us into families, and, as a general rule, I think that those thus connected can be better mediums of good to one another."

"Would you then assist none but your own near connections?" inquired Mrs. Ackerman, with some severity of tone and manner.

"Certainly, as far as my means would permit. I have certain rules in regard to these matters by which I regulate my conduct, but I fear their repetition may be wearisome to you. In the first place, I have an accurate knowledge of the amount of my husband's income, and make it my especial study to provide for the comfort of my family in an economical and prudent manner. This done, I put aside a certain sum for sickness and unforeseen expenses, which I consider a positive duty, as otherwise there are times when debts will accumulate, and to withhold from any one their just due is decidedly uncharitable. I then set apart another sum for the relief of the poor and needy, which I endeavor to expend in ways which appear to me most productive of

good. I first seek out the poor in my own immediate neighborhood, or those who by some providential circumstances are brought particularly to my notice. After they are cared for, I am ready so far as my means will permit to assist those at a greater distance, even to the heathen in foreign lands. At the present time, I have had unusual demands upon my little fund, and must be cautious lest I trespass upon money devoted to other purposes. Excuse this long explanation, ladies, but it seemed necessary for my own justification."

With somewhat altered feelings, the guests took leave. The remarks of Mrs. Evans had at least furnished them with food for reflection, and with regret Mrs. Williams recalled the manner in which three dollars of the little sum appropriated to the payment of a just debt, and to the comfort of her children, had been expended.

"If Mrs. Evans is right in her ideas of true charity, I have certainly not acted in accordance with it," she mentally exclaimed, as she proceeded to purchase *one* pair of shoes, and a few yards of flannel.

Her self-reproach was increased when, on reaching home, she found the young sempstress awaiting her.

"Could you conveniently let me have the dollar which you owe me, Mrs. Williams?" she asked, in a timid but earnest manner.

"I am sorry to say that I cannot, this morning, Alice," was the reply. "Call the latter part of next week, and it shall be ready for you."

The girl hesitated. She evidently disliked to urge her request, but necessity overcame her reluctance, and she again said—

"It would be a great favor if you could let me have it."

"It is impossible, Alice, but if you really need it, I will endeavor to send it to you in a day or two. What is your number?"

With a deep sigh, Alice gave her address, and took her leave. The tears fell fast from her eyes as she left the house, for with that trifling sum she had hoped to procure some necessary comforts for her invalid and destitute mother.

Quite dispirited, Mrs. Williams returned to her parlor, and looking with disgust at the pin-cushion and work-bag, which accidentally met her eye, she hastily thrust them out of sight, exclaiming—

"How I wish Alice had the money which I paid for these. I suppose I must ask Henry for a dollar for her, though I hate to tell him of my foolishness."

The reluctance to tell her husband prevented the request from being made that evening, and the next morning it passed from her mind until he had gone to his daily business.

"Never mind," was the reflection, "I said in a day or two. I will ask Henry for the money when he returns, and send it to Alice, this evening."

The morning was cloudy, and soon after the children went to school the rain came down in torrents. On their return, little Ellen's thin shoes were perfectly saturated with wet, and with some anxiety her mother hastened to warm and dry her feet, for the child was naturally delicate, and could bear little exposure.

"See, how dry my feet are, mamma, with my thick new shoes!" exclaimed Mary, triumphantly. "When will you buy Ellen a pair?"

"Very soon, my dear," was the reply, accompanied by another pang of regret as she thought of the appropriation of the needful sum.

Experience is a stern teacher. Its lessons are valuable, but often bitter.

Not many hours elapsed ere Ellen showed symptoms of a sudden and violent cold, and before night was so exceedingly feverish that her father judged it best to call a physician.

"Can you account for the attack?" he asked, as he felt the pulse of his little patient, and listened to her short and labored respiration.

"They returned from school in the rain," answered Mr. Williams, "and must have taken cold."

"Her feet got very wet," added Mary, who was standing by the bed, looking sorrowfully at her sister. "Her shoes are very thin, indeed, not like my nice thick ones which keep out all the water."

Mr. Williams looked inquiringly at his wife, but her face was turned from his observation.

"Nothing worse than damp feet, at this season, particularly," remarked the physician, as he wrote a prescription, and promised to call at an early hour in the morning.

The mother passed an anxious night at the bedside of the restless child. She felt fearful that a regular course of fever must follow, and the opinion of the physician at his next visit confirmed her apprehensions. Several days elapsed before the little invalid showed any signs of recovery, and then her feeble frame had received such a shock that it was evident that unceasing care would be necessary through the winter.

"How soon can I go to school again, papa?" she asked, as her father stood by her bedside, on his return home, one evening.

"Not for a good while, I fear, my child," was the reply. "We must try and make you happy at home, for it will be long before you can bear exposure. By the way, Lucy," he continued, addressing his wife, "how did it happen that you did not buy thick shoes for both the children? I understood you that the money I gave you was sufficient for all needful purchases."

Mrs. Williams blushed, but frankly replied—

"And so it was, Henry, had I appropriated it as we intended. I meant to have told you all about it long ago, but this sickness has prevented. Let Mary sit by Ellen, and amuse her for a few minutes, and I will explain it to you."

Mr. Williams listened with attention to his wife's experience.

"It will, I hope, be a useful lesson to me," she added, in conclusion. "I am now fully convinced that Mrs. Evans is right, and that in order to be truly charitable we must first regard the interests of those whom Providence has placed peculiarly under our care."

"That is undoubtedly true," replied the husband. "Another time you will be better able to withstand the persuasions of the charitable ladies who in perfect ignorance of the circumstances of those to whom they apply, often enforce their claims in a manner exceedingly an-

noying. But the little debt to Alice—has it yet been discharged?"

"I am grieved to say that it has not. Ellen's illness has put everything else out of my mind. I hope the poor girl has not suffered from the want of such a trifling sum."

"It may not be trifling to her, Lucy. Give me the number, and I will go at once and settle it."

A short walk brought Mr. Williams to the door of the comfortless dwelling, one room of which was occupied by Alice and her mother.

His knock was answered by a tidy-looking woman, who directed him to their apartment, saying, as she did so,—

"The poor woman is very low, sir. I fear she has not many days to live."

The inner door was opened by Alice, herself, who immediately recognized Mr. Williams, whom she had several times seen when at work at his house.

"Walk in, sir," she said, in a faltering voice; "my mother is very ill, and I cannot leave her a moment."

The appearance of the apartment bespoke extreme poverty, although there was an air of neatness which rendered it attractive. The sick woman lay on a bed in one corner, but her eyes were closed, and she did not seem to notice that any one had entered.

"Has your mother been long ill?" asked Mr. Williams, in a low voice.

"For many months, sir, but for the last ten days she has failed rapidly."

"And are you not in need of some assistance, my good girl? I called to pay the dollar which has been too long due, but in your present situation, other relief is necessary, for you have no longer leisure to attend to your usual employment."

Alice burst into tears. "Indeed, sir," she sobbed out, "the dollar will do much for our comfort. The last bit of fuel which I have in the world is on the fire, and I knew not where to procure the means to purchase more. But we have never yet been reduced to asking charity."

"Nevertheless, you must allow others to make you comfortable, now that you are unable to provide for yourselves," was the reply. "My own means are limited, but I will do what I can, and there are others who will do more. Sickness in our own family must excuse Mrs. Williams for her neglect in not sending you the money as she promised. Make yourself quite easy as to fuel. It shall be sent you immediately, and if you like I will request my own physician to attend your mother."

"Bless you for your kindness," replied the sobbing girl. "It is hard to be friendless and alone," and with a grateful heart she saw Mr. Williams depart on his benevolent errand.

Ere the usual hour for retiring to rest, she was in possession of more comforts than she had known for a long time, and all fears, lest her dying mother should suffer from causes which human aid might relieve, were at an end.

But the kind physician, who, at the request of Mr. Williams, soon visited her, gave no encouragement that life could be prolonged beyond a few brief days.

When the convalescence of little Ellen permitted Mrs. Williams to visit the humble dwelling, she found Alice alone in her grief. The poor sufferer had gone to rest.

"And now, Alice, you must come home with me, for the present, at least," said her sympathising friend, as the lonely girl poured out her sorrows. "You tell me that you are alone in the world. We will gladly protect you; and the assistance which you can render me in my domestic duties will be an ample recompense. I have the full consent of Mr. Williams to this plan, so you need not hesitate."

"My Heavenly Father has indeed raised up a friend in my hour of need," was the grateful reply. "There have been moments when I have been almost led to distrust His providence, when I have seen my poor mother in need of comforts which I could not procure, and have expended our last dollar in the bare necessities of life; but I can now look back upon the way through which I have been led, and, with a full heart, bless the Lord for His goodness."

"I have once added to your afflictions by withholding your just dues," said Mrs. Williams; "but for this you must forgive me, Alice. For the last few weeks I have been learning a lesson in true charity, which I shall not easily forget. Henceforth I will endeavor to recollect that benevolence should go hand in hand with justice and economy."

#### ANECDOTES OF CROCODILES.

The Indians told us that, at San Fernando, scarcely a year passes without several persons, particularly women who fetch water from the river, being drowned by these carnivorous reptiles. They related to us the history of a young girl of Uritucu, who, by singular intrepidity and presence of mind, saved herself from the jaws of a crocodile. When she felt herself seized, she sought the eyes of the animal, and plunged her fingers into them with such violence, that the pain forced the crocodile to let her go, after having bitten off the lower part of her left arm. The girl, notwithstanding the enormous quantity of blood she lost, reached the shore, swimming with the hand that still remained to her. In those desert countries, where man is ever wrestling with nature, discourse daily turns on the best means that may be employed to escape from a tiger, a boa, or a crocodile; every one prepares himself in some sort for the dangers that may await him. "I knew," said the young girl of Uritucu, coolly, "that the cayman lets go his hold if you push your fingers into his eyes." Long after my return to Europe, I learned that, in the interior of Africa, the negroes know and practise the same means of defence. Who does not recollect, with lively interest, Isaac, the guide of the unfortunate Mungo Park, who was seized twice by a crocodile, and twice escaped from the jaws of the monster, having succeed in thrusting his fingers into the creature's eyes while under water? The African Isaac and the young Indian girl owed their safety to the same presence of mind, and the same combination of ideas.—*Humboldt's Personal Narrative.*



## HOME ON THE PRAIRIE.

BY CULMA CROLY.

They sit at their cabin-door—husband and wife;  
He, strong in his manhood, all glowing with life;  
She, delicate, youthful—a babe on her knee:—  
'Tis a beautiful picture, that love-beaming three.

Aye, could you forget the wide prairie around,  
The log-walls, rude fences, and new-broken ground?  
His model some painter had placed there, you'd  
dream,

So like a Madonna and Joseph they seem.

"My Mary, how richly the red sunset throws  
O'er the prairie, soft tinges of amber and rose!  
See—a long fleet of clouds sailing off through the  
west

As a convoy sent forth from the shores of the  
Blest.

"Look—look! the dun deer, trooping over yon  
swell

To the burning horizon! Say, love, can you tell  
Of a scene that enchantment like this could en-  
wind

Around every thought, in the land left behind?"

"Yes, William; there was a dear cot near the sea,  
O'erhung by the chestnut and sycamore tree,  
And the brave granite hill standing guard by its  
side

At twilight, in soft, misty purple was dyed.

"Oh, the mountains of snow, and the castles of  
gold

Raised by clouds in the sunset, were rare to behold.  
When the last ruddy beam through the clouds used  
to come,

It sealed in our hearts the enchantment of *home*."

"We will make a new home, dearest, here on the  
plain,

Where plenty like Canaan's of story shall reign.

We will build a white cottage—plant thrifty young  
trees,

And reap, with rich harvests, enjoyment and ease.

"Think not of the narrow domain we have left;  
The old, worn-out farm from the rocky soil cleft.  
Through corn-fields, and orchards, and the light  
veiling vine,

Our cottage, a pearl set in emerald, will shine."

"And yet, when I gaze from its door, I shall sigh  
For the dear, olden beauty that once met my eye.  
The barberry-bushes and pines on the hill,—  
The waters that, laughing, ran down from the  
mill.

"No cool paths are here, fringed with mosses and  
fern;

From the pitiless sunshine no glade bids us turn.  
No nook where the fairy or phantom might play  
Where pale Hecate smiles at the absence of day.

O'erspread with worm-fences, log-cabins, and  
snakes;

With silence the wolf-dog's gruff bark only breaks,  
With the Mussulman's horror at large left to  
roam,—

Ah! William—this prairie! must we call it home?"

"Nay, Mary—why note yon dog, serpent or swine?  
I scare the wide landscape—I grasp it—'tis mine!  
When my steed bears me over yon billows of  
green,

My thoughts grow as vast as the limitless scene.

"I long for a voice like the south-wind, to bind  
In a warm, deep love-whisper, the hearts of man-  
kind.

With you and our boy o'er the prairies to roam,  
I'd envy no monarch, and call the world home."

"It blinds me, my husband; 'tis level, 'tis green;  
'Tis green, and 'tis level; nought else can be seen.  
Let me shut out that blinding expanse from my  
view;

I'm happy—I see but my baby and you.

"If your stretch out your arms for a universe—  
grasp,

Some precious heart-jewel may fall from your  
clasp.

The world chains you still, though you think your-  
self free;

The hearthstone's light fetters are dearer to me.

"No, William, home cannot be broad as the  
zone;

'Tis a snug, sheltered corner, that just holds our  
own.

Now think of a cottage with woodbine entwined,  
On a hill sloping gently from bold heights behind—

"A stream gliding down to the far ocean, seen  
When the wind stirs the forest-tops, wavy and  
green,

To such a retreat should a prairie-glimpse come,  
Then I'd praise it with you—and with you feel at  
home.

"There we'd learn from the sea and the mountains,  
to live

In the joy this grand world to the humble may  
give.

And the wild flowers blossoming round us, would  
sigh

Live-loving and lowly, then peacefully die!"

## BLESSING OF A GOOD DEED.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I should like to do that, every day, for a year  
to come," said Mr. William Everett, rubbing his  
hands together quickly in irrepressible pleasure.

Mr. Everett was a stock and money broker,  
and had just made an "operation," by which a  
clear gain of two thousand dollars was secured.  
He was alone in his office; or, so much alone as  
not to feel restrained by the presence of another.  
And yet, a pair of dark, sad eyes were fixed in-  
tently upon his self-satisfied countenance, with an  
expression, had he observed it, that would, at  
least, have excited a moment's wonder. The  
owner of this pair of eyes was a slender, rather  
poorly dressed lad, in his thirteenth year, whom  
Mr. Everett had engaged, a short time previous-  
ly, to attend in his office and run upon errands. He  
was the son of a widowed mother, now in greatly  
reduced circumstances. His father had been an  
early friend of Mr. Everett. It was this fact  
which led to the boy's introduction into the bro-  
ker's office.

"Two thousand dollars!" The broker had ut-  
tered aloud his satisfaction; but now he communed  
with himself silently. "Two thousand dollars!  
A nice little sum that for a single day's work. I  
wonder what Mr. Jenkins will say to-morrow  
morning, when he hears of such an advance in  
these securities?"

From some cause, this mental reference to Mr. Jenkins did not increase our friend's state of exhilaration. Most probably, there was something in the transaction, by which he had gained so handsome a sum of money, that, in calmer moments, would not bear too close a scrutiny—something that Mr. Everett would hardly like to have blazoned forth to the world. Be this as it may, a more sober mood, in time, succeeded, and although the broker was richer by two thousand dollars than when he arose in the morning, he was certainly no happier.

An hour afterwards, a business friend came into the office of Mr. Everett and said:

"Have you heard about Cassen?"

"No; what of him?"

"He's said to be off for California with twenty thousand dollars in his pockets more than justly belongs to him."

"What!"

"Too true, I believe. His name is in the list of passengers who left New York in the steamer yesterday."

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed Mr. Everett, who, by this time, was very considerably excited.

"He owes you, does he?" said the friend.

"I lent him three hundred dollars only day before yesterday."

"A clear swindle."

"Yes it is. O, if I could only get my hands on him!"

Mr. Everett's countenance, as he said this, did not wear a very amiable expression.

"Don't get excited about it," said the other. "I think he has let you off quite reasonably. Was that sum all he asked to borrow?"

"Yes."

"I know two, at least, who are poorer by a couple of thousands by his absence."

But Mr. Everett was excited. For half an hour after the individual left, who had communicated this unpleasant piece of news, the broker walked the floor of his office with compressed lips, a lowering brow, and most unhappy feelings. The two thousand dollars gain in no way balanced in his mind the three hundred lost. The pleasure created by the one, had not penetrated deep enough to escape obliteration by the other.

Of all this, the boy with the dark sad eyes had taken quick cognizance. And he comprehended all. Scarcely a moment had his glance been removed from the countenance or form of Mr. Everett, while the latter walked, with uneasy steps, the floor of his office.

As the afternoon waned, the broker's mind grew calmer. The first excitement, produced by the loss, passed away; but it left a sense of depression and disappointment that completely shadowed his feelings.

Intent as had been the lad's observation of his employer during all this time, it is a little remarkable, that Mr. Everett had not once been conscious of the fact that the boy's eyes were steadily upon him. In fact, he had been, as was usually the case, too much absorbed in things concerning himself, to notice what was peculiar to another, unless the peculiarity were one readily used to his own advantage.

"John," said Mr. Everett, turning suddenly to

the boy, and encountering his large, earnest eyes, "take this note around to Mr. Legrand."

John sprang to do his bidding; received the note, and was off with unusual fleetness. But, the door which closed upon his form, did not shut out the expression of his sober face and humid glance from the vision of Mr. Everett. In fact, from some cause, tears had sprung to the eyes of the musing boy, at the very moment he was called upon to render a service; and, quicker than usual though his motions were, he had failed to conceal them.

A new train of thought now entered the broker's mind. This child of his old friend had been taken into his office from a kind of charitable feeling—though of very low vitality. He paid him a couple of dollars a week, and thought little more about him, or his widowed mother. He had too many important interests of his own at stake, to have his mind turned aside for a trifling matter like this. But, now, as the image of that sad face—for it was unusually sad at the moment when Mr. Everett looked suddenly towards the boy—lingered in his mind, growing every moment more distinct, and more touchingly beautiful, many considerations of duty and humanity were excited. He remembered his old friend, and the pleasant hours they had spent together, in years long since passed, ere generous feelings had hardened into ice, or given place to an all-pervading selfishness. He remembered, too, the beautiful girl his friend had married, and how proudly that friend presented her to their little world as his bride. The lad had her large, dark, spiritual eyes—only the light of joy had faded therefrom, giving place to a strange sadness.

All this was now present to the mind of Mr. Everett, and though he tried, once or twice, during the boy's absence, to obliterate these recollections, he was unable to do so.

"How is your mother, John?" kindly asked the broker, when the lad returned from his errand.

The question was so unexpected, that it confused him.

"She's well—thank you, sir. No—not very well, either—thank you, sir."

And the boy's face flushed, and his eyes suffused.

"Not very well, you say?" Mr. Everett spoke with kindness, and in a tone of interest. "Not sick, I hope?"

"No, sir; not very sick. But—"

"But what, John," said Mr. Everett, encouragingly.

"She's in trouble," half stammered the boy, while the color deepened on his face.

"Ah, indeed? I'm sorry for that. What is the trouble, John?"

The tears, which John had been vainly striving to repress, now gushed over his face, and with a boyish shame for the weakness, he turned away and struggled for a time with his overmastering feelings.

Mr. Everett was no little moved by so unexpected an exhibition. He waited with a new-born consideration for the boy, not unmingled with respect, until a measure of calmness was restored.

"John," he then said, "if your mother is in trouble, it may be in my power to relieve her."

"O, sir!" exclaimed the lad, eagerly, coming up to Mr. Everett, and, in the forgetfulness of the moment, laying his small hand upon that of his employer, "if you will, you can."

Hard indeed would have been the heart that could have withstood the appealing eyes lifted by John Levering to the face of Mr. Everett. But, Mr. Everett had not a hard heart. Love of self and the world had encrusted it with indifference towards others; but, the crust was now broken through.

"Speak freely, my good lad," said he, kindly. "Tell me of your mother. What is her trouble?"

"We are very poor, sir," Tremulous and mournful was the boy's voice. "And mother isn't well. She does all she can; and my wages help a little. But, there are three of us children; and I am the oldest. None of the rest can earn anything. Mother couldn't help getting behind with the rent, sir, because she hadn't the money to pay it with. This morning, the man who owns the house where we live, came for some money, and when mother told him that she had none, he got, oh, so angry! and frightened us all. He said, if the rent wasn't paid by to-morrow, he'd turn us all into the street. Poor mother! She went to bed sick."

"How much does your mother owe the man?" asked Mr. Everett.

"O, it's a great deal, sir. I'm afraid she'll never be able to pay it; and I don't know what we'll do."

"How much?"

"Fourteen dollars, sir," answered the lad.

"Is that all?" And Mr. Everett thrust his hand into his pocket. "Here are twenty dollars. Run home to your mother, and give them to her with my compliments."

The boy grasped the money eagerly, and, as he did so, in an irrepressible burst of gratitude, kissed the hand from which he received it. He did not speak, for strong emotion choked all utterance; but Mr. Everett saw his heart in his large, wet eyes; and it was overflowing with thankfulness.

"Stay a moment," said the broker, as John Levering was about passing through the door. "Perhaps I had better write a note to your mother."

"I wish you would, sir," answered the boy, as he came slowly back.

A brief note was written, in which Mr. Everett not only offered present aid, but promised, for the sake of old recollections that now were crowding fast upon his mind, to be the widow's future friend.

For half an hour after the lad departed, the broker sat musing, with his eyes upon the floor. His thoughts were clear, and his feelings tranquil. He had made, on that day, the sum of two thousand dollars by a single transaction, but the thought of this large accession to his worldly goods did not give him a tithe of the pleasure he derived from the bestowal of twenty dollars. He thought, too, of the three hundred dollars he had lost by a misplaced confidence; yet, even as the shadow cast from that event began to fall upon

his heart, the bright face of John Levering was conjured up by fancy, and all was sunny again.

Mr. Everett went home to his family on that evening, a cheerful minded man. Why? Not because he was richer by nearly two thousand dollars. That circumstance would have possessed no power to lift him above the shadowed, fretful state which the loss of three hundred had produced. Why? He had bestowed of his abundance, and thus made suffering hearts glad; and the consciousness of this pervaded his bosom with a warming sense of delight.

Thus it is, that true benevolence carries with it, ever a double blessing. Thus it is, that in giving, more is often gained than in eager accumulation, or selfish withholding.—*Pictorial Drawing Room Companion.*

## THE BEAUTIFUL.

[We have this charming composition, from a volume entitled "Revelations of the Beautiful," by EDWIN HENRY BURNINGTON.]

Walk with the Beautiful and with the Grand,  
Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter;  
Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the hand,  
But give not all thy bosom thoughts to her:  
Walk with the Beautiful.

I hear thee say, "The Beautiful! what is it?"  
O, thou art darkly ignorant! Be sure  
'Tis no long weary road its form to visit,  
For thou can'st make it smile beside thy door:  
Then love the Beautiful.

Ay, love it; 'tis a sister that will bless,  
And teach thee patience when the heart is lonely;  
The angels love it, for they wear its dress,  
And thou art made a little lower only:  
Then love the Beautiful.

Sigh for it!—clasp it when 'tis in thy way!  
Be its idolator, as of a maiden!  
Thy parent bent to it, and more than they;  
Be thou its worshipper. Another Eden  
Comes with the Beautiful.

Some boast its presence in a Grecian face;  
Some, on a favorite warbler of the skies;  
But be not fool'd—where'er thine eye might trace,  
Seeking the Beautiful, it will arise:  
Then seek it every where.

Thy bosom is its mint, the workmen are  
Thy thoughts, and they must coin for thee believing:  
The Beautiful exists in every star,  
Thou makest it so; and art thyself deceiving  
If otherwise thy faith.

Thou seest Beauty in the violet's cup:—  
I'll teach thee miracles! Walk on this heath,  
And say to the neglected flower, "Look up  
And be thou Beautiful!" If thou hast faith  
It will obey thy word.

One thing I warn thee: bow no knee to gold;  
Less innocent it makes the guileless tongue,  
It turns the feelings prematurely old;  
And they who keep their best affections young,  
Best love the Beautiful!

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.—No. 2.

BY THOS. E. VAN DEBBER.

CONTINUATION OF THE PEDESTRIAN EXCURSION FROM PARIS TO BRUSSELS.

Like chicken-cocks, whose toes have been somewhat frost-bitten, we all three trod after a very gingerly fashion, across the four drawbridges, through the four strongly-guarded gates, and over the four profound moats, which, in union with many ramparts, bastions and fortifications, have obtained for the little town of Peronne the name of La Pucelle. We had that day walked nearly 30 miles, and I must confess, the soles of our feet were blistered to an extent which was far from being comfortable. But the great Northern enchanter had thrown around the spot the charm of his unrivalled genius, and as we *limped* (in spite of every effort to the contrary) into its dark old streets, we thought more of Charles, the Bold, of Burgundy, and of the crafty Louis XI., than of the moving men and women we saw around us.

Peronne stands in a flat country, and is surrounded by green meadows, some of which are so moist as to be almost marshy. It has not quite 4000 inhabitants, and is one of those little fortified towns built for the defence of a neighboring frontier.

From Peronne to Cambrai is only six leagues, but as we had walked so far the day before, we, with one consent, came to the conclusion that the whole distance was too great for feet, in the condition in which we were ours. We travelled that day no farther than Fins. Blistered feet are nothing to boast of; every step we took convinced us of the folly of overtaking the powers of nature. I know a man on the top of the Alleghany mountains, who having started on foot for the far West, halted for one night on the spot where he now lives, and never advanced beyond it. This happened, as he has informed me, more than forty years ago, and yet his feet still refuse to bear him further.

Ours bore us after the long walk just alluded to, eighteen miles in a day and a half. We reached Cambrai to dinner. We found this place constructed much after the fashion of Peronne, but nearly five times as large. It, too, has a quadruple array of moats, barriers and bridges, and, to an inexperienced eye, looks as though it should be impregnable. It, too, has been sanctified by the touch of genius. Yes, within that fourfold girdle of formidable defences, behind all those bastions and half-moons and complicated horn-work, lived and wrote one of the sweetest and most peaceful spirits ever sent by Heaven to be a blessing to humanity. In 1695 Fenelon became archbishop of Cambrai. The facade of the palace, in which he once resided, is still shown to the traveller, with a Latin inscription above the door, well suited to his amiable disposition, "A gladio pax." A beautiful tomb has been erected over his remains, in the Cathedral; it is adorned with a statue in white marble, and contains reliefs illustrative of his life and labors.

Fenelon can never be classed among the great

epic poets, but he came as near to becoming one as the nature of his language, and the fact of his having written in prose, would permit. Wanting the swing, the impetus and the buoyancy imparted by verse, he is wanting in the true afflatus and inspiration of the highest poetry. His genius was ostrich-like, and had good legs but very short and imperfect pinions. The six feet of the ancient heroic measure may with more propriety be called its six wings, of which, like the six wings of the seraphim of Isaiah, if four are used for veiling or covering, two are ever ready for the most daring flight.

Yet, with all its comparative flatness, the pious archbishop's prose epic will ever remain a noble monument of his genius. Through all the successive waves of literature which have rolled over France and Europe since it was written, we can still see it gleaming like a temple of spotless marble, even as the fishermen in the Lago di Guarda are said to behold the battlements and towers of gorgeous palaces far below the surface of the waters. And if ever there shall happen a strong ebb-tide in the ocean of literature, that pure and symmetrical temple will once more rise in all its beauty above the retiring waves, as once did, according to the old legend, the temple which upsprung from the spot which first received the body of the drowned St. Clement, and which, on the first anniversary of his death, appeared to view above the sinking billows.

The next day we travelled a distance of 18 miles to Donay, across the same flat and uninteresting country. The town contains nothing of any note. But as the next day we approached within a mile or two of the city of Lille, we were saluted with a spectacle such as I have never seen elsewhere. Hundreds upon hundreds of windmills were beheld revolving in every direction over the plain as far as the eye could penetrate. They looked like a battalion of winged giants, and as they rattled their huge pinions in the wind, we could scarcely lead ourselves to believe they were not alive. There was at one time a strong breeze which made them move with a velocity that caused us to feel giddy while gazing at them. An imagination less romantic than that of Don Quixote might easily have traced in them some resemblance to a marshalled army. They are used principally for the manufacture of lamp oil from a species of plant which grows in great profusion in the neighborhood, and is called in French "colza,"—rape-seed.

After remaining one day at Lille we passed on to Belgium, which is distant only 12 miles. About noon of the next day we crossed a bridge over the river Lys, and found ourselves suddenly among a new race of people, differing in appearance, in language, and in customs. I could not but compare it with the sensation I had once experienced when in entering the British Channel, from the open sea, we reached a point at which we exchanged a blue for a greenish-colored surface.

We entered Belgium at the frontier town of Menin. It was the first Sunday after the birth of a Belgian prince, and was celebrated by the inhabitants as a day of fête. Hundreds of flags floated from the windows of the houses. Every-

thing we saw bore for us the charm of novelty, and we, in turn, were considered as novel objects by the inhabitants. There was in this respect a mutual interchange of pleasure. Such staring and such merriment! I passed that day many a Flemish maiden whose face was so brimful of health and jollity, that the bare crook of my little finger was sufficient to brighten it into a laugh, so hearty and communicative, that it would spread like a flash among her rosy companions, until there was nothing but tittering and joyousness on all sides of us.

We dined at the principal hotel with a merry set of fellows, who sometimes spoke French and sometimes Flemish. The dinner was much more plentiful, the soup more greasy, and, what may appear singular, the people much more loquacious than in France. I was amused with an observation of one of the company in relation to the origin of the Flemish language. I asked him if it did not resemble the German, to which he replied, "No, sir. It resembles no other language under the sun. Long after the building of the tower of Babel, some one happened to tread on the nose of a toad-frog, and out sprung the Flemish language."

After dinner, we again strapped on our knapsacks, and pursued our way to Courtray, distant seven miles. We found the country much more pleasing and beautiful than that of France; it was like stepping from a field into a garden. For the first time since leaving Paris we were saluted with the pleasing spectacle of neat little farm-houses, all white except the roof, which was of red tile, and really standing off in the open country, surrounded by blooming gardens. The country itself is as level as can well be imagined. But we were most of all pleased with the sight of the red-cheeked Flemish girls, who never failed to regard us with sly side-glances, which were always followed by bursts of uncontrollable laughter, as though they found infinite amusement in something about our appearance. We frequently observed by the road-side little pot-houses with queer Flemish inscriptions above the door, such as "Hier verkoopt man guten Drank," "Hier verkoopt man Drank und Esswaaren," "Hier logiert man te Perdt en te Voet." Another thing which struck us, was numerous hand-boards stuck up by the way-side to mark the spot where persons had been killed by a fall from a horse, or had been run over by a wagon, containing an account of the circumstances, and always ending with the words, "Bid voor die ziele," i. e. "pray for the soul."

When we entered Courtray, we found the streets crowded with happy people, who were celebrating, at the same time, the Sabbath and the birth of an infant prince. In all the streets were seen girls and grown women jumping the rope, all leaping and kicking about at a rate which astonished us. After supper, we had fireworks in the main square. The moon, at that time near the zenith, as she passed slowly from behind the tracery of an old Gothic tower, never beamed upon a scene of greater joyousness. Chimes began to peal from the church belfries, bright eyes were seen sparkling from the bottom of deep hoods and dark mantillas, articles of

costume which had been introduced by the Spaniards when they were masters of the Low Countries. Hissing squibs commenced wreathing and spitting fire in the very centre of the crowd, whereupon arose shouts and peals of laughter, the boys hallooed, and the fat beauties of Flanders made their plump legs spin even more rapidly than when they had been jumping the rope; but no sooner was the sputter over, than they would immediately rally and return with undiminished merriment to the charge. The moonlight, the shadows cast by antique Gothic buildings, the tall sharp roofs, the quaint gable-ends, all these in strange union with living outbursts of mirth, and an indescribable kind of low-country drollery, formed a combination of the romantic and the comic such as I had never before witnessed.

In the church of St. Martin, which we visited the next morning, we saw a group of supplicants of both sexes kneeling with outspread hands and penitential countenances before three miserable waxen images which stood behind an iron grate with a parcel of tallow candles smoking and flaring beneath them. We saw a fat Virgin Mary with a rubicund full-moon face, enveloped in the folds of a Spanish mantilla. All over the church were fixed little "tis-but boxes," having on them various Flemish inscriptions, such as "Offerblock," "Gif den voor den Armen," "Vastenblock," &c., &c.—the first meaning a box of offering, the second "Give then to the poor," the third, "Vastenblock," requires some explanation. Any one who during the season of Lent finds his gastric juice getting the better of him (and this is more apt to be the case among the eupeptic Belgians than with most other nations) may, by duly depositing a small sum of silver in the said "Vastenblock," purchase for himself full right, claim, and title, to eat during the whole period just as much meat boiled, stewed, or roasted, as he may think proper—showing that among this laughter-loving race of "bon-vivants," even superstition itself, usually so repulsive and degrading, assumes an air of easy good-nature.

Two days more brought us to the renowned city of Ghent. Entering the birth-place of Charles V., through the beautiful gate of Courtray, we were as much struck with the queer old houses we saw on either side of us as the inhabitants appeared to be with our travelling habiliments. Thus staring and stared at, we walked past the venerable church of St. Nicolas, and, arriving at the public square, looked around us for a suitable hotel. We selected that of Vienne, glad to find a place where we could be relieved at the same time of our burdens and of the prying curiosity of the people.

Nor did we repent of our choice. The "salle-a-manger" of that hotel was as good as a theatre. Here was a medley of all languages and of all nations. Among the *dramatis persone* was a certain Belgian officer, of diminutive stature, who rarely failed to make his appearance every night for the purpose of playing off his airs before the company. He was a military homunculus about the size of a smallish boy of twelve, with flaming red mustache and a "front like Mars to threaten and command;" in short, a fit subject

for Queen Mab to play her fantastic tricks upon, and one who was ever seeking "a bubble reputation" at an imaginary "cannon's mouth." More than once did I see him turn the dining-table into a battle-field, and, using a plate to represent a besieged city, he would draw up his plan of attack with a skill and boldness that would not have disgraced Napoleon himself. It was a rare treat to see the little fellow fume, and strut, and swell, and twirl his mustachios, and take towns and defeat armies. And often as I had heard of the "braves Belges," I now came to the conclusion that this was surely the bravest of the brave.

Another character, whose conversation we had the benefit of hearing every night, made a profound impression upon transient visitors, but a very shallow one upon guests of a week's standing. His little head was more than filled by about a dozen good things which he was perpetually bringing out in all companies and upon all occasions. It was amusing to watch the artful manner in which he led the conversation into the track of one of his regular fire-works. Every night we had the same brilliant explosions. According to his own account of himself his versatility of genius was only equalled by its amazing depth and excellence. "I paint," he said, "in oil, in water-colors, on porcelain, on wood, *à fresco*—but I do it merely for amusement." "Voilà, mon gout," he continued, taking out a miniature from his pocket, which was set in a handsome case; "Voilà, comme il est bien fait. Voilà la belle tournure de la poitrine, la harmonie et la faicheur des couleurs! Voile mon gout!" He had no sooner put up his painting than he hastened to assure us that he was an equal adept in poetry, in proof of which he repeated a score of good-for-nothing verses, in which most common-place thoughts were dressed up in all the pomp of Alexandrines; being particularly careful as he went along to point out the most felicitous expressions, which, of course, were always the *least* bombastic, and to make long commentaries upon the beauty of comparisons which had only commenced to be threadbare a little before the time of Noah. But he was also an excellent prose-writer, and could repeat from memory more than one article which he had furnished for the newspapers. Add to this that he was a performer upon several instruments of music, and to cap the climax, was an infidel, a free-thinker, and a scoffer at all established institutions.

During the week we remained in Ghent, a strong easterly wind, always the coldest in Belgium, kept such an incessant bluster as to cause all the wind-mills in the vicinity of the city to flap and rattle their huge wings as if about every moment to soar among the clouds. This imparted an appearance of motion and fluctuation to the monotonous flatness of the level country around, which made a peep into the open fields quite exciting. And after wandering through the dark, crooked streets, with their quaint old houses, and passing beyond any of the suburbs, the landscape looked wild and ghostly, the ideas of the beholder were thrown into a strange state of pleasing bewilderment, spirits seemed careering on every blast, and invisible wicd sisters dancing by daylight across the windy flats. It seemed to me as

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though hurricane after hurricane was rolling landward from the stormy billows of the Baltic, bearing on its breath the spirits of ship-wrecked mariners, and mustering its troops of spectres from the haunted platform of Elsinore.

Such were our wild outside accompaniments: and the winds piped us into the proper mood and tune for relishing heartily all that we saw and heard within. Oh, those delightful Easter *carillons*, those midnight chimes which resounded from the antique belfry, of which more anon, and which vibrated through every winding, shadowy street, over every sharp sky-piercing roof, and trembled through the walls of every tall old dwelling, arousing the sleepers with the most enchanting melody that ever yet changed the visions of sleep into waking reveries still more delightful. Yes, during the nights of Easter, Saturday and Sunday, the hours, the half-hours and the quarters, were ushered in by the music of those sweet bells, which to my untutored ears imparted a pleasure such as I had never before experienced from melody, and the impression of which never can fade from memory. Never than those two nights did the Wizard Fancy unroll his shifting panoramas to more advantage, or call up his elfin masques to the sound of more delicious accompaniments. Some of the tunes were opera tunes, some exquisite snatches of old church music, and some so much resembled the chant of priests echoing from some distant cloister, that it was with difficulty we could persuade ourselves that the sounds were merely instrumental.

In olden times, among the privileges of a incorporated town in Flanders, was the right of having a belfry, from whose top could be seen the approach of an enemy, and the ringing of whose bell was used to summon the citizens to arms. Ghent has one of these belfries, which is both antique and curious. It is surmounted by a large brazen dragon with wings, which is said to have been taken from Constantinople, and which turning on a pivot with the varying wind serves the inhabitants as a weathercock. This monster presents an appearance not a little grotesque, whether you see his tortuous and scaly tail, or his gaping mouth, from which he launches a sharp and forked tongue. As early as the 14th century, an enormous bell was placed here, with the following inscription:—

"Mein nam ist Roland; als ik klippe, den ist brandt,  
As ik luyde, den ist storm in Flaenderland."

"My name is Roland; when I ring, there is fire,  
When I toll, there is tempest in the land of Flanders."

For in those strange old times, it was believed that a storm could be hushed into silence by the voice of a bell.

We had the pleasure of ascending this ancient bell-tower, and of examining the mechanism by which the music is produced. It is furnished with 28 bells ranged in circles, which lessen in circumference as they ascend. The bells themselves are said to vary from 55 to 600 (French) pounds, the largest of course being below. Thus constructed, it forms an object which is nearly as pleasing to the sight as it is melodious to the ear.



Most airily the eye runs round the musical rings from below upwards; and even when they are silent, the fancy imparts to them a music of its own, which mounts spirally towards Heaven, and floats above the loftiest clouds. What if it could be played upon by angel bell-ringers?

History tells us that when Charles V. was born in Ghent, his birth was celebrated by a fête both new and curious. A gallery of cords was constructed in such a manner as to extend from the top of the said belfry to the tower of the church of St. Nicolas, a distance of between two and three hundred yards. On this, during the day, the inhabitants could enjoy serial promenades, and at night a splendid illumination of lanterns and fire-works. On that occasion the brazen dragon on the top of the belfry, was surrounded by vessels of blazing pitch, and what was more wonderful still, the monster himself was by some skilful contrivance made to launch forth fire-balls and sky-rockets, not only from his mouth, but (*horrible dictu*) also from his tail—looking, no doubt, as if the celebrated dragon which was, whilome, killed by St. George, or the no less celebrated one of Rhodes, had suddenly come to life, and in flying over the city of Ghent, had alighted upon the belfry, and had set himself to work to spit and squirt fire for the amusement of the merry citizens.

Thus fantastically do the inhabitants of these flat countries often mount above the dead level around them, and walking on airy cords above the roofs of their tallest houses, startle the dull night with fiery apparitions, in which the sublime is strangely blended with the ludicrous. And it is from such sportive little incidents as this that we can often form a better idea of the spirit of a particular epoch or people than from the more weighty affairs of peace and war, and the more complicated developments of politics.

## CONTRIBUTIONS TO BOTANY.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

It was proved by the simple experiment of the incineration of a plant, or its reduction to ashes in the flame of a lamp or candle, that the greater part of its substance is derived from the atmosphere. This is evident from the small amount of ash or inorganic matter left after its incineration. Hence some plants live altogether on air. This is the case with the *Tillandria Usneoides*, or long moss pendant from the branches of the live-oak or long-leaved pine, in the southern United States, and with the *Epiphytes* or air-plants of tropical regions. These plants derive all their support from the atmosphere and common rain water, which contains, of course, a small portion of inorganic matter. That this is really the case, and that the trees on which they grow are mere points of attachment, and not sources of food, is proved by the fact that they may be artificially attached to any substance whatever, as, for instance, to the rafters of the hot-house or stove in which they are kept, when they will grow with an equal amount of vigor and luxuriance. All that is necessary in order to effect the culture of epiphytes is a warm, moist

atmosphere similar to that of their native climate, into which they may send down their roots.

"In the experimental garden at Edinburg," says Professor Balfour, "Mr. James M'Nab has cultivated various plants, as *strelitzia*, *augusta*, currants, gooseberries, &c., without any addition of soil, and simply suspended in the air, with a supply of water kept up by the capillary action of a worsted thread. Some of the plants have flowered and ripened fruits. These experiments show that the atmosphere and rain-water contain all the ingredients requisite for the life of some plants."

These four elementary bodies, carbon, oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen, supplied in the form of carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, are the principal constituents of all plants, and form their organic and combustible part.

Deficiency of inorganic matter, however, injures the growth of plants. For though comparatively small in quantity the presence of this inorganic matter in the tissues of plants, seems to be absolutely necessary to the healthy discharge of their functions.

That certain plants derive the greater part of their food from the atmosphere, affords an explanation of that process by which nature changes the barren rock into the fertile soil. The first plants which clothe the surface of newly-formed coral reefs, or of our common rocks, are lichens and mosses, plants which derive the greater part, if not the whole of their nutriment, from the atmosphere. The lichens make their appearance on the rock, first in their lower and pulverulent forms, and after successive generations of these have flourished and decayed, the higher foliaceous or arborescent developments of lichens manifest themselves. Now, plants can only rise to a height in proportion to the quantities of food afforded; and lichens and mosses, the first denizens of the rock, are plants of very humble growth, and exceedingly simple structure, consisting of, comparatively speaking, only a few cells. These lowly, yet beautiful plants, are the starting point of the vegetable creation, and the instruments by which carbon is taken from the atmosphere, and fertilizing principles extracted from every falling shower and passing breeze, which they deposit on the rock on which they finally decay. It is by the growth and decay of successive generations of these plants that the humus is formed, which furnishes a foothold for the growth of grasses, ferns, and more highly organized plants, until at last that once barren rock is converted into a luxuriant soil, from which spring all the varieties of vegetation found in the fertile meadow, the tangled thicket, and the widely extended forest. And when nature has thus provided the means for the support of animal life, it soon makes its appearance. A thousand insects, (those little crumbs of animated clay) flutter from flower to flower, or wanton in the sunbeam; the birds of the air sing amongst the branches of the forest, which re-sounds with cries of innumerable kinds of wild animals. Finally, man comes to take possession, and life reaches its highest stage of development.

Thus, though nothing would at first seem more unreasonable than that there should be any con-

nction subsisting between the growth of lichens and mosses on the rock, and the development of the highly organized body of man, yet science shows that these two extremes of living nature are physically and organically connected with each other. There is, clearly, throughout the whole of the organic creation, a connected system of mutual dependency. There is no such a thing in nature as a useless weed. Those useless weeds, when examined, are found to be a beautiful pile of matter borrowed from the atoms of the earth and air, and united together by the operation of natural laws for a little space of time. Each lowly moss and lovely flower is slowly evolved from inorganic matter, and performs its part in the ever-shifting scenery of life: it either becomes incorporated, as food, into the body of some animal; or, if it escapes uninjured, and retains its condition as a plant, then is it a living mechanism, built up by nature, for the purpose of extracting from the wandering wind and the falling rain-drop, principles of fertility which finally result in the evolution of life in its highest and most resplendent forms.

## A WANT OF HOMES.

BY LINA BELL.

One of the features of the times is a want of homes; not of places to live in, for never were they provided more luxuriously. To build a fine house is a reigning mania, but to dwell in it, to enjoy it, is one of the last ideas that enters the mind of the owner, so crowded is it with others, that hurry him from home as fast as though he were in danger of being burned, if he remained one hour longer than sleeping and eating required. What a different thing are his hurried visits to the idea of dwelling!—that fond lingering in scenes beloved, that loathness to depart, that drawing towards a spot where dwell the hearts that constitute the true idea of home. The development of this idea gives man the higher sublunary happiness, the full fruition of which is promised us in Heaven. For no mind can imagine or desire for itself anything beyond a happy home for eternity, over which presides an universal Father.

A heart that has the true home idea must have a tendency ever towards good. That idea consists in the internal arrangement altogether, a development of only the fine feelings of the heart—its affections. Business, fashion, folly, vice, are head and hand, not heart work, and only when its feelings are stifled can they rule over us. A woman of fashion is eminently heartless. A man absorbed entirely in business shows few evidences of the expression, sometimes even, of the existence of those feelings. The external, from which no true happiness can be derived, except as it ministers to the internal, receives the whole energy of the mind; all time is devoted to it, to the entire abrogation of all duties connected with the internal. This evil is becoming of greater weight every day. "My business to attend to" is considered excuse sufficient for man's neglect of even his duty to God, and few would not accept it as good, for not performing, or en-

tirely setting aside, the watching over and developing a good, or repressing an evil tendency in the character of a child, by a father, great and fearful as the consequences of this neglect may be to society. Although the result is visited on the offender, the real culprit is pitied for having such a son, and the son is reproached for not following in the footsteps of so exemplary a parent. But what a parent had he!—A parent of his natural life; but who can he claim as father in the development of his inner being? With the germs of all good and all evil, what repression was placed on the evil?—what education, what expansion provided for the good? And yet is not this a father's duty; and what greater exists?

Not content with the large proportion of their time given to their legitimate business, the few hours left from it are rarely devoted to meeting this great responsibility. "This society needs a director," or that convention a secretary, &c., which, with visits to places of amusement, for relaxation from the strain that constant devotion to business makes necessary, and it will not be hazarding much to say that the majority of business men are as little in their homes as the residents of an hotel.

Many men, who will not allow their sons to wear a shabby pair of boots, know not how shabby those sons' characters may be. It is a fact that will bear proof, that a large majority of the sons of men who have amassed the largest fortunes, are, considering their advantages to acquire learning, inferior to those of men who have not been so outwardly prosperous. They are less respectful, less attached to their parents, and seem to consider them what they have constituted themselves, simple suppliers of their wants. In feelings, they remain what they always have been—strangers. And what more can they expect? "Bread cast upon the waters will return after many days," bitter or sweet, as it is sown. Would it not be as well to look in this direction when seeking for some of the "evils of society?" How can a man have the true home feeling who has never had one? The ease with which men separate home ties, to go to distant lands in search of gold, shows they never have been very strong.

It is no wonder that our most distinguished men have been the sons of farmers. Their occupations call them forth with the dawn; they take their sons with them. The words from their lips are words of wisdom. They teach them to do. As the curtain of night falls, their steps tend homeward. At their firesides, with their children around them, who can tell what amount of wisdom they learn from their fathers? I would put the teachings of that chair against the highest in the university; and experience has proved that scholars, who received their elementary education there, have taken the highest honors in the nation. Ye then, who have sought gold and found it, rear an altar to the household gods, and pay some of the devotion to them you have in its acquisition, and you may taste the pleasure of a "sweet home." Ye who are on that voyage, dashing over every wave that opposes, bursting every bubble that dances lightly beside you, unheeding the soft breath of affection, and sighing only for the gale

of prosperity—pause in your headlong career, and remember that the fulfilment of one imposed duty will never exonerate you from the responsibility of many existing ones, whose consequences will reach to eternity.

### LAST MOMENTS OF "L. E. L."

A degree of mystery has hung around the death of this lamented poetess. In the year 1838, as our readers are aware, Miss Landon was married to Captain Maclean, the Governor of Cape Coast Castle. She had scarcely been two months in Africa, when she was found dead in her room, with a bottle of prussic acid at her side. This mysterious and tragic circumstance is fully explained in the following extract from a review, in an English paper, of a late work by Captain Cruickshank upon his residence in Southern Africa:—

Few passages in the personal history of modern literature have been more discussed than the various circumstances connected with the sudden death of this popular favorite, and, as the published information on the subject before the public is neither ample in amount nor unimpeachable in character, we avail ourselves of such new lights as Mr. Cruickshank may afford us. His means of knowledge were, in any case, first-rate. He speaks of himself "as one who had the happiness of seeing a good deal of this accomplished lady, upon the coast, who enjoyed and keenly felt the fascinations of her society, who only ten hours before her death had sat and listened with a rapt attention to her brilliant sallies of wit and feeling, who was present at the investigations consequent upon her sudden death, whose eyes were the last to rest upon those rigid features so recently beaming with all the animating glow of a fine intelligence, and who, with a sorrowful heart, saw her consigned to her narrow resting place. \* \* \* I will endeavor to place in its true light a short account of her too brief sojourn in Africa."

When Mrs. Maclean arrived at Cape Coast, there was no European lady then at the settlement, and her husband was in very bad health. Mr. Cruickshank was also ill. An invitation to visit the governor and his wife found him in bed, and it was some days before he could venture out to the castle. "I sent in my name by the servant, and, immediately after, Mrs. Maclean came to the hall, and welcomed me. I was hurried away to his bed-room, Mrs. Maclean saying, as she tripped through the long gallery, 'You are a privileged person, Mr. Cruickshank, for I can assure, it is not every one that is admitted here.' I took a seat by the side of his bed, upon which Mrs. Maclean sat down, arranging the clothes about her husband in the most affectionate manner, and receiving ample compensations for her attentions by a very sweet and expressive smile of thankfulness. We thus sat and chatted together for some hours, Mrs. Maclean laughingly recounting her experience of roughing it in Africa, and commenting, with the greatest good-humor and delight, upon what struck her as the oddities in such a state of society. She pointed to a tem-

porary bed, which had been made for her on the floor, and said Mr. Maclean's sufferings had been so great for some nights, that the little sleep which she had got had been taken there. I declined to occupy an apartment in the castle, but promised to call daily, during my stay in Cape Coast, to pass a few hours with them."

We pass over the daily record of social intercourse. Mr. Cruickshank was about to return to England for his health. Mrs. Maclean was employed in writing sketches of Scott's heroines, for the *Book of Beauty*, and as she sometimes found it difficult to fix her thoughts on a particular subject, "she seemed to have some alarm that the climate was affecting her."

Mr. Cruickshank writes:—"As the day drew near for my departure, she occupied herself more and more in writing to her friends in England. It had been arranged that the vessel should sail on the forenoon of the 16th of October, and I agreed to dine and spend the evening of the 15th with the governor and his lady. It was in every respect a night to be remembered. \* \* \* At eleven o'clock I rose to leave. It was a fine clear night, and she strolled into the gallery, where we walked for half an hour. Mr. Maclean joined us for a few minutes, but not liking the night air, in his weak state, he returned to the parlor. She was much struck with the beauty of the heavens in those latitudes at night, and said it was when looking at the moon and the stars that her thoughts oftenest reverted to home. She pleased herself with thinking that the eyes of some beloved friend might be turned in the same direction, and that she had thus established a medium of communication for all that heart wished to express. 'But you must not,' she said, 'think me a foolish, moon-struck lady. I sometimes think of these things oftener than I should, and your departure for England has called up a world of delightful associations. You will tell M. F., however, that I am not tired yet. He told me I should return by the vessel that brought me out; but I knew he would be mistaken.' We joined the governor in the parlor. I bade them good night, promising to call in the morning to bid them adieu. I never saw her in life again."

At breakfast, next day, Mr. Cruickshank was alarmed by a summons. "You are wanted at the castle; Mr. Maclean is dead!" said the messenger. Hurrying to the castle, he found that it was not Mr. but Mrs. Maclean—whom he had left the previous night so well—was no more. "Never," he says, "shall I forget the horror-stricken expression of Mr. Maclean's countenance. We entered the room where all that was mortal of poor 'L. E. L.' was stretched upon the bed. Dr. Cobbold rose up from a close examination of her face, and told us all was over; she was beyond recovery. My heart would not believe it. It seemed impossible that she, from whom I had parted not many hours ago, so full of life and energy, could be so suddenly struck down. I seized her hand, and gazed upon her face. The expression was calm and meaningless. Her eyes were open, fixed, and protruding."

An inquest was immediately held. "All that could be elicited, upon the strictest investigation, was simply this:—It appeared that she had risen,

and left her husband's bedroom about seven o'clock in the morning, and proceeded to her own dressing-room, which was up a short flight of stairs, and entered by a separate door from that leading to the bedroom. Before proceeding to dress, she had occupied herself an hour and a half in writing letters. She then called her servant, Mrs. Bailey, and sent her to a store-room to fetch some pomatum. Mrs. Bailey was absent only a few minutes. When she returned, she found difficulty in opening the door, on account of a weight which appeared to be pressing against it. This she discovered to be the body of her mistress. She pushed it aside, and found that she was senseless. She immediately called Mr. Maclean. Dr. Cobbold was sent for: but from the first moment of the discovery of the body on the floor, there had not appeared any symptoms of life. Mrs. Bailey further asserted that she had found a small phial in the hand of the deceased, which she removed, and placed upon the toilet-table. Mrs. Maclean had appeared well when she sent her to fetch the pomatum. She had observed in her no appearance of unhappiness. Mr. Maclean stated that his wife had left him about seven o'clock in the morning, and that he had never seen her again in life. When he was called to her dressing-room, he found her dead upon the floor. After some time, he observed a small phial upon the toilet-table, and asked Mrs. Bailey where it had come from. She told him that she found it in Mrs. Maclean's hand. This phial had contained Scheele's preparation of prussic acid. His wife had been in the habit of using it for severe fits or spasms, to which she was subject. She had made use of it once on the passage from England, to his knowledge. He was greatly averse to her having such a dangerous medicine, and wished to throw it overboard. She entreated him not to do so, as she must die without it. There had been no quarrel nor unkindness between him and his wife.

"Dr. Cobbold, who had been requested to make a post-mortem examination, did not consider it at all necessary to do so, as he felt persuaded she had died by prussic acid. He was led to this conclusion from the appearance of the eyes of the deceased; and he believed he could detect the smell of the prussic acid about her person. My own evidence proved that I had parted from Mr. and Mrs. Maclean at a very late hour on the evening before, and that they appeared then upon the happiest terms with each other. There was found upon her writing-desk a letter not yet folded, which she had written that morning, the ink of which was scarcely dry at the time of the discovery of her death. This letter was read at the inquest. It was for Mrs. Fagan upon whom she had wished me to call. It was written in a cheerful spirit, and gave no indication of unhappiness. In the postscript—the last words she ever wrote—she recommended me to the kind attentions of her friend. With the evidence before them, it was impossible for the jury to entertain for one instant the idea that the unfortunate lady had wilfully destroyed herself. On the other hand, considering the evidence respecting the phial, her habit of making use of this dangerous medicine, and the decided opinion of the doctor,

that her death was caused by it, it seemed equally clear that they must attribute her death to this cause. Their verdict, therefore, was, that 'she died from an overdose of Scheele's preparation of prussic acid, taken inadvertently.'" Mr. Cruickshank concurred in this verdict at the time, but since his arrival in England he has found reason "to doubt of its correctness." He now entertains the opinion that death was caused by "some sudden affection of the heart."

We refrain from any comment on either facts or opinions, and will content ourselves with adding a picture of the last scene of all, from an eye-witness:—"In those warm latitudes, interment follows death with a haste which often cruelly shocks the feelings. Mrs. Maclean was buried the same evening, within the precincts of the castle. Mr. Topp read the funeral service, and the whole of the residents assisted at the solemn ceremony. The grave was lined with walls of brick and mortar, with an arch over the coffin. Soon after the conclusion of the service, one of those heavy showers, only known in tropical climates, suddenly came on. All departed for their houses. I remained to see the arch completed. The bricklayers were obliged to get a covering to protect them and their work from the air. Night had come on before the paving-stones were all put down over the grave, and the workmen finished their business by torchlight. How sadly yet does that night of gloom return to my remembrance! How sad were then my thoughts, as wrapped up in my cloak I stood beside the grave of 'L. E. L.,' under that pitiless torrent of rain! I fancied what would be the thoughts of thousands in England, if they could see and know the meaning of that flickering light, of those busy workmen! I thought of yesterday, when, at the same time, I was taking my seat beside her at dinner, and now, oh, how very—very sad the change!"

## MOTHER'S RULE.

BY MRS. ALICE B. NEAL.

"Why, Lily—my dear child, what is the matter with you? I should think you were anticipating some punishment instead of a pleasant afternoon's visit from an old friend."

"Indeed, mamma," said the little girl, "I had as soon be punished. I don't like Katy Leland, and I wish her visit was over."

Mrs. Rice looked at her daughter in some surprise. She was dressed to receive the expected visitor, who was to come with her mamma for a quiet, social afternoon. Her neat mousseline frock and black silk apron would have made her look very nicely, but for the unhappy frown that contracted her forehead. She had her largest doll in her arms—a beautiful child it seemed like, almost as large as her little mistress. The doll was a Christmas present, and only brought out on grand occasions. But Lily did not seem to enjoy it all.

"How can you say you do not like Katy Leland?" Mrs. Rice asked, after a little pause. "I thought you were very good friends when we visited them in Rockdale, summer before last;

you played together under the trees, and walked in the woods, and had an acorn tea-set—don't you recollect? I thought you would like very much to meet her again, and urged Mrs. Leland to bring her."

"Why, we quarrelled a great deal—didn't you know that, mamma? Katy wanted to have things her own way, and I liked my own plans. Mrs. Leland said it was because we were both only children, and had never been obliged to give up. I'm glad I'm not an only child now;" and Lily, who was really a sweet little girl, looked affectionately towards the cradle in which her baby brother was sleeping.

"Then perhaps it was as much your fault as Katy's that you did not agree. You may both of you have been selfish. I remember some of these disputes, now that you speak of them—and if I'm not mistaken, they were always about some trifle."

"But it made us not like each other, mamma; and so I'm sorry she's coming. I know I used to be selfish, and perhaps I am now, but I do try very hard not to be. I'm sure she hates me, and then we shall never be friends."

"*Hate?* What a word for a little girl to use? I think you must have forgotten the text your father gave you this morning at prayers:—'*Love worketh no ill to its neighbor—therefore, love is the fulfilling of the law.*' You do not in your heart hate any one, I hope; and you should be careful not to get a habit of saying things you do not quite mean. *Exaggerating* we call it. But, as for your little visitor, it may be she has improved as well as you, in two years; though she has no little brother given to her;"—and Mrs. Rice smiled pleasantly on the little girl, who had left the window and came to her mother's side. "If you make up your mind not to like Katy, however, I have no doubt but the visit will be as uncomfortable as you please; we can usually do what we determine on, I think."

"But how can I help it, mamma?—the feeling is here!"

"Then I would send it away as quickly as possible," interrupted Mrs. Rice. "My rule is *always to treat every one as if they loved me*, and you may be very sure that is the best way to get them to do so. Besides, I do not have the uncomfortable feeling in my own heart of dislike and suspicion, which always makes matters worse. Now I should advise you to meet Miss Katy as if you expected and hoped she would like you, and if she is at all a pleasant child, you will soon forget your past disagreements."

"You would not have me deceitful, mother, and pretend to like her when I do not."

"No—I would have you give up the dislike altogether. If you find she has disagreeable ways, it can be easily arranged that you shall not often meet. But if as I suspect—she is a very nice little girl—you may have gained a very pleasant friend by her mother's removal to Philadelphia."

Lily sat very quietly for a few minutes, thinking over what her mother had said. She knew it must be right, but it was a very hard rule to act upon, where she had made up her mind *not to like* the expected visitor. Such prejudices do very often

end in serious disagreements, when indulged by much older and wiser people than Lily Rice.

Presently, her mother, who was writing to Lily's absent papa, sent the little girl on a message about the tea cakes, to the cook. It so happened that Mrs. Leland rang the bell just at that moment, and was shown into the hall. The little girls met upon the stairs. Katy, who was a plain child, and very timid, grasped her mamma's hand more tightly as Mrs. Leland stooped to kiss Lily, and ask if her baby brother was quite well.

The children looked at each other for a moment, and then Lily conquering the coldness she felt rising, frankly extended her hand, and said, "Won't you come up to the nursery with me, and take off your bonnet? mamma has been looking for you a long time."

She felt already rewarded for this self-conquest when Mrs. Rice smiled approvingly, as she saw them enter the room hand in hand.

The two ladies were very glad to see each other. Mrs. Leland, who was young and pretty, went to the cradle and looked a long time at Lily's little brother. She thought he was very large to be only eight months old, and that he was going to look like Lily. This pleased Lily, for she was very fond of Harry, and when the ladies sat down to their sewing, Mrs. Rice, seeing the little girls still shy and silent, said—"You can take Katy to the play-room, Lily; and Margaret will give you some bread and milk, I have no doubt, if you would like to make tea in your little set."

Mrs. Rice knew very well they would get along better alone.

The tea set proved to be very pretty. Katy thought it much nicer than the acorns. Then they both laughed, to recollect what a trouble they had to make the acorns stand up straight; and Katy began to tell Lily of a dinner set her uncle had given her. It had as many pieces as her mamma's. A tureen, and ladles, and gravy boats, and covered vegetable dishes—all doll's sizes, and a fruit dish for dessert.

"Mamma says fruit is always the nicest dessert for children," Lily said—"how I should like to see to your dinner set, Katy."

"You must come very soon and play with it. Mamma told me to ask you," was Katy's response, and then Lily introduced her to the large family of dolls that occupied the lower shelf of her play-house. There was the large doll Katy had in her arms now; Gertrude was its name, and its dresses came off, and were made just like Lily's own. Lily had made several of them herself, with her mother's assistance. Mrs. Rice thought it a nice way to teach her to sew, and fit aprons or capes. There were all sizes after Miss Gertrude, down to the old kind doll Lily had first had, who was now in "ill-health," her mistress said, and was not expected to do anything but lie in the large arm chair all day.

They were very soon in a fine game, having invited the invalid and the fine Miss Gertrude out to walk and drink tea.

When their own tea was ready, the children made their appearance with their arms around each other, as little girls very often walk. They were in great glee, and Lily seemed to have quite forgotten that she had ever dreaded the visit.

She told her mother after Katy had gone, that she had enjoyed the afternoon very much. Katy could play the piano better than she, Lily had discovered, for she had more patience to practice. "She has read ever so much to mamma, and I am so glad she has come to Philadelphia to live."

We shall see the success of mother's rule still more plainly in Katy's chat with her mother as they walked home.

"You don't know how I dreaded to go, mamma, for Lily used to be so positive, and I only remembered how we quarrelled. If she hadn't smiled and kissed me when I went in, I should have just staid by you, and not played at all. She's a sweet little girl now—isn't she, mamma? that made me feel friends with her at once, and I hope Mrs. Rice will let her come to see me very soon."

We are happy to say that the friendship between Lily and Katy still continues, and Lily is never tempted to dislike any one or resent a little slight, that she does not remember her mother's rule, which she still finds a most excellent one.

## THE ULTIMATE GROUNDS OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

Collective humanity, (the few exceptions confirming the rule) with only less clearness and constancy than it accepts the undemonstrable fact of a material world, has always recognized an invisible Power or Powers, as the source and animating principle of the existing system of things; and measuring that mysterious Power by the only accessible medium of comparison—its own mental and moral consciousness—has maintained an intercourse of worship and devout sympathy with the spiritual world, which participates in the general unfolding and refinement of the human faculties. In defining man, every one would point to his *religiousness* as a specific distinction. The very diversity and even contradiction of its forms attest the universality of its presence. Here is an undeniable fact, lying at the root of human nature, and intermingled with its whole working and manifestation. Are we asked for a *rational* ground of this belief? We can again only appeal to ultimate facts. If we find, that in spite of the inadequacy of reason to furnish us with logical proofs—in spite of the exposure by sceptical writers, of the delinquency of such as are offered—the general sentiment of humanity clings as firmly and confidently as ever to the great truth of a Living God, as an indispensable basis for its highest trusts, and a necessary complement to its widest reasonings,—we are forced back on the assumption, that the belief is original to us, and we are compelled to regard it as among the *data*, not among the *quasita*, of humanity. We come in fact to perceive, that by the primary constitution of our being, we recognize the two worlds with which, on opposite sides of our nature, we are equally connected—the material and the spiritual—not by *inference*, but by *intuition*. We accept this belief, though from an instinctive source, as a fact

which cannot be disputed—as among the essentials of human nature. And that we are justified by the highest reason, in relying on those primary beliefs which spring up through an inward necessity of our being, as the sure witnesses of a corresponding objective truth, is made to us unanswerably clear, by the only possible alternative—that of absolute scepticism, which would reduce existence to a riddle, and involve a complete *reductio ad absurdum*. The primary or intuitive beliefs to which we refer, are principally these;—the sense of dependence on some mysterious will, the reference of movement and order and harmony in the world to over-ruling mind, the consciousness of moral responsibility, and the dim but inextinguishable expectation of final retribution. These are a kind of mental instincts indispensable to the development and even to the existence of humanity, without which it would lapse into animalism, and which its reasoning faculty accepts, but does not originate. Such beliefs we call intuitive, because they are embraced at once by the soul, as outward objects are perceived by the corporeal eye. Intuitions are *given*; and if in anything we can recognize the immediate operation of God,—if at any point the Divine and human are in direct contact—it is in these. And thoughtful men perceiving that they must now either treat religion altogether as a gratuitous assumption, or find some other than the prevailing basis on which to rest it, begin at length to dig down under the vast accumulations of traditional doctrine already petrified and dead, for the deep intuitive fountains of spiritual truth in which the faith of their ancestors had an obscure, but, at least, a living source.

Why should this tendency disquiet us? May it not be the passage to a deeper and more spiritual faith?

All men have this intuition of spiritual realities in various degrees of susceptibility and acuteness. It is in most a latent religiousness. Only in a few does this spiritual intuition operate with such intensity and steadiness as fills their whole sphere of thought, feeling and action, with a profound and thrilling sense of God, and makes them see all things in a religious light. God reveals Himself to such; and they reveal Him to the world. Their higher religiousness awakens the feebleness of others. Such men are prophets. Their spiritual gift of insight comes to them from the Source of all Truth. They enjoy an "open vision"—a clear realization of things unseen. To them we are indebted for the highest thoughts and the greatest changes in the spiritual condition of the world. They are the few select spirits which are brought at times into intimate communion with the parent mind. Most languages have some term corresponding to *inspiration*, to express this intimate communion with Deity; and the glimpses of the Divine nature, and of His moral relations to the world, which are obtained under its influence, have been accepted as *revelations*.

The spiritual development of humanity has been effected by the agency of these prophetic men. They disperse kindling thoughts, and throw out rich suggestive hints, to be imbibed into the duller temperament of the mass, which is thereby



stirred into new life and productiveness. They carry their authority with them. There is a congeniality of nature pervading all spiritual existences, through which the higher are enabled to act on the lower. One mind will command the deference and submission of others precisely to the extent that the latter can be made to feel its superiority. Great minds gain their power and authority through sympathy with their excellence. And it is a beautiful provision of our nature for securing the ultimate triumph of what is holy and just in the earth, that wherever these qualities are sincerely and earnestly expressed, they call out the latent sympathies of all human hearts, and command their veneration and confidence. Spiritual authority is based, then, on the perception of moral superiority.

Herein we place the true authority of the teachings of prophets, apostles, and the Great Teacher Himself. The mind spontaneously subjects itself to their clear and solemn utterance of those primary intuitions, of which all are dimly conscious. Supernatural sanctions can then only throw their weight into the scale, when reasons such as these have first exercised their full influence. The highest test of religious truth is in the witness of the soul within; but the lower one of supernatural sanction is not to be rejected.

## INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

### A CANINE SKETCH.

"Just then the door opened, and Mr. Rawley walked in, and close at his heels stalked Bitters. Both seated themselves—the one on a chair, and the other on end directly in front of the surrogate. Mr. Jagger looked at the dog with the solemn eye of a surrogate, and shook his head as only a surrogate can shake it.

"Are you one of the witnesses?" inquired he of the dog's master.

"I am, sir," replied Mr. Rawley. "I was subpoenaed to testify; and here's the document." As he spoke, he laid upon the table a paper which from having been several days in that gentleman's pocket, had faded from white into snuff-color, and was particularly crumpled.

"What's that animal doing here?" demanded the surrogate.

"He hasn't had time to do anything," replied Mr. Rawley. "He comes when I come. He goes when I goes. He's a peeler."

"The animal must leave the court. It's contempt of court to bring him here," said Mr. Jagger, angrily. "Remove him instantly."

"Mr. Rawley had frequently been in attendance at the police courts, and once or twice had had a slight taste of the sessions, so that he was not as much struck with the surrogate as he otherwise might have been, and he replied:

"I make no opposition, sir; and shall not move a finger to pervert it. There's the animal, and any officer as pleases may remove him. I say nuffin ag'in it. I knows what a contempt of court is; and that ain't one." And Mr. Rawley threw himself amiably back in his chair.

"Mr. Slagg!" said the surrogate to the man with a frizzled wig, "remove the dog."

"Mr. Slagg laid down his pen, took off his

spectacles, went up to the dog, and told him to get out; to which Bitters replied by snapping at his fingers, as he attempted to touch him. Mr. Rawley was staring abstractedly out of the window. The dog looked up at him for instructions; and receiving none, supposed that snapping at a scrivener's fingers was perfectly correct, and resumed his pleasant expression towards that functionary, occasionally casting a lowering eye at the surrogate, as if deliberating whether to include him in his demonstrations of anger.

"Slagg, have you removed the dog?" said Mr. Jagger, who, the dog being under his very nose, saw that he had not.

"No, sir. He resists the court," replied Mr. Slagg.

"Call Walker to assist you," said Mr. Jagger, sternly.

"Walker, a small man in drabs, had anticipated something of the kind, and had accidentally withdrawn as soon as he saw that there was a prospect of difficulty; so that the whole court was set at defiance by the dog.

"Witness!" said Mr. Jagger.

"Sir," exclaimed a thin man in the corner, who had been subpoenaed to his own great terror, and who at that particular moment had an idea that he was the only witness in the world—starting to his feet, under the vague impression that he was to be sworn on the spot, and thoroughly convinced that testifying and committing perjury were only different names for the same thing.

"Not you—the man with the dog."

"Mr. Rawley looked the court full in the face.

"Will you oblige the court by removing that animal?" said Mr. Jagger, mildly.

"Certingly, sir," said Mr. Rawley. "Bitters, go home." Bitters rose stiffly and went out, first casting a glance at the man with a wig, for the purpose of being able to identify him on some future occasion; and having comforted himself by a violent onslaught upon a small dog belonging to the surrogate, whom he encountered in the entry, was seen, from the window, walking up the street with the most profound gravity.—*The Attorney.*

### THE DANGER OF SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

The Portland Eclectic relates the following:—An old-fashioned sounding-board, of huge dimensions, was suspended over the pulpit of one of the churches of a neighboring city, by means of a rope that passed over a pulley, and was belayed under a seat in the gallery. This seat was occupied by a sailor, on one of those sultry Sabbaths in August, when Morpheus is so apt to come unbidden, and spread the mantle of sleep over careless worshippers. The clergyman, who had once been a sea-captain, was illustrating some doctrinal point by a nautical anecdote, while Jack, lulled into a state of semi-consciousness by the monotonous humdrum of the preacher's voice, was imagining himself to be again afloat on the bosom of his favorite element. The minister's story was approaching its climacteric, his increasing earnestness had already awakened a large part of his audience, and the more exciting part of his narrative was being told with

great dramatic power. Suddenly, Jack, in his dreams, was startled by what appeared to be the sharp, quick command of his superior:—"Stand by to let go! *Let go there!*" He sprang to his feet, confused and half-awakened, and seeing nothing else to "let go," cast off the line by which the sounding-board was suspended. "Ay, ay, sir, *all gone!*" Down whizzed the heavy sounding-board, and the minister ducked his head under the pulpit, just in season to save himself from being extinguished!

## SCENE IN A RAILROAD CAR.

[Train just on the point of starting. Enter, hurriedly, a young married couple.]

*Young Husband.* "Make haste, Bessy; no time to be lost. Here's a seat."

*Young Wife* [anxiously glancing at a bundle in her arms.] "George, isn't there too much air comes in here? I am afraid baby will take cold."

*Young Husband* [good humoredly.] "Not a bit of it. He'll get along famously."

*Young Wife.* "But I am so uneasy, you know. I wonder if there's been any small-pox here, or measles, or whooping cough? Do please ask the conductor."

*Young Husband.* "Nonsense; you mustn't think about such things. Remember me to the old folks; and don't let them spoil the little fellow. Good bye! Time's up; I must be off."

*Young Wife* [detaining him.] "Stop a minute, George, they won't go just yet. Mind and take good care of yourself; and be sure and write to me often. You'll find all your things put nicely away in the two lower drawers. There's a dozen shirts; seven pair of stockings; four pair of drawers; six—"

*Young Husband* [turning to leave.] "I know, I know. Never mind about them now. I dare say I shall find them all right."

*Young Wife.* "And, George—one word more—only one word."

*Young Husband.* "Well, what is it, Bessy? Be quick."

*Young Wife.* "The washerwoman. Don't let her charge you more than half a dollar a dozen. She has got now of yours—" [Bell rings.]

*Young Husband* [hastily moving away.] "Yes, yes; I'll see to it."

*Young Wife* [calling him back and speaking quickly.] "Count the pieces before you send them. These people are so careless. Who will sew your buttons on while I am gone, I wonder?" [Husband gets fidgety.] "Now don't be in such a hurry, that's a dear. I haven't half—"

*Young Husband* [looking out.] "Indeed, Bessy, I can't stay any longer. Don't you see the cars are beginning to move?"

*Young Wife.* "So they are, I declare. But, George"—[he turns back abruptly]—"won't you kiss the baby before you go?"

[Young husband looks round half shamefaced at the passengers. The anxious mother unwraps the mysterious bundle, and discloses a tiny face nestling in among a world of frills and embroidery. Young husband snatches a hurried kiss, and then hastens away, with a laugh, and

a very red face, just as the train is beginning to gather speed. Young wife looks sorrowfully out at the window for a moment; but, presently, brightens up, and kisses her hand to young husband, standing on the platform. Train leaves the depot with a rush.]

## A DOG OUT OF PLACE.

On the evening of a recent Sunday, as the inhabitants of Ystradganlais, South Wales, were crowding to the chapel to hear a somewhat famous itinerant preacher, a huge dog made his way into the building, bolted up the pulpit stairs, and took possession of the place assigned to the pastor. The unsuspecting itinerant walked up to the pulpit in a short time, but assailed with fierce growls and a row of teeth like an alligator's, he was glad to get to the bottom of the steps. A second ventured, but only elicited some additional growls. A third sage, thinking discretion the better part of valor, next ascended to make an amicable settlement with Tyke. He did not dispute the dog's right of possession, but endeavored to charm him from his elevated position with a piece of candle. At this Tyke waxed more furious than ever, deeming the candle an insult; and at length the pastor took his place in the small reading-desk, in which he preached, Tyke all the while remaining perched aloft, listening to the discourse with a gravity and decorum worthy of a class-leader. The scene may be more easily imagined than described."—*Liverpool Standard.*

## A CHOICE OF EVILS.

Two young officers were travelling in the far West, when they stopped to take supper at a small road-side tavern, kept by a very rough Yankee woman. The landlady, in a calico sun-bonnet, and bare feet, stood at the head of the table to pour out. She inquired of her guests "if they chose long sweetening, or short sweetening, in their coffee." The first officer, supposing that "long sweetening" meant a large portion of that article, chose it accordingly. What was his dismay when he saw their hostess dip her finger deep down into an earthen jar of honey that stood near her, and then stir it (the finger) round in the coffee. His companion, seeing this, preferred "short sweetening." Upon which the woman picked up a large lump of maple sugar that lay in a brown paper on the floor beside her, and, biting off a piece, put it into his cup. Both the gentlemen dispensed with coffee that evening. This anecdote we heard from the sister of one of those officers.

## EPITAPHS.

In a country grave-yard, in New Jersey, there is a plain stone erected over the grave of a beautiful young lady, with only this inscription upon it:—

"Julia Adams, died of thin shoes, April 17, 1839, aged 19."

One stone, more conspicuous than the rest, has this singular inscription upon it:

"Here lies the body of John Jones, who never held an office. An honest man."

## LITTLE PILGRIM! GONE FROM TIME.

[Inscribed to my Bereaved Sister.]

BY REV. EDWARD C. JONES, A. M.

Little Pilgrim! gone from time,  
In thy morning's odorous prime,  
From the travel-dust of life,  
From its endless fever-strife,  
Called to where no anguish presses,  
'Mid the angels' bland caresses.

Garnered art thou, favored child,  
With the pure, the undefiled,  
Ere the chain of vice entwined,  
Withering heart, and shadowing mind—  
Ere the spirit's noble pinion  
Bowed to error's dark dominion.

Soft and sweet the chimes to thee,  
Of eternal minstrelsy—  
Milder than thy mother's tone,  
Is His voice upon the Throne;  
Voice which all His children gladdens,  
Where no woe the bosom saddens.

Mother! all his quiet trust,  
Is not garnered into dust;  
That confiding gentleness,  
Speaking out in Love's excess,  
Though he may not give the token,  
Live they still unwarped, unbroken.

In the morning's crimson gush,  
And at vesper's holy hush,  
When at memory's wizard spell,  
Comes the form thou loved'st so well,  
Let the thought that he is near thee,  
Be as Arab balm to cheer thee.

When thy heart in duty faints,  
Feeble nature uttereth plaints,  
When in mazy tissues, earth,  
Decks the little she is worth;  
True to God, and stedfast-hearted,  
Aim to join the dear departed.

For a golden link can bind  
Those the spirit leaves behind;  
Drawing them by genial spell,  
To the land where loved ones dwell;  
Where no care, or anguish presses,  
'Mid the angels' bland caresses.

## A CHILD'S PRAYER.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Sweeter than the songs of thrushes,  
When the winds are low;  
Brighter than the spring time blushes,  
Reddening out of snow,  
Were the voice and cheek so fair,  
Of the little child at prayer.

Like a white lamb of the meadow,  
Climbing through the light;  
Like a priestess in the shadow  
Of the temple bright,  
Seemed she, saying, Holy One,  
Thine and not my will be done.

## VARIETIES.

Why should a "deed" not be dated in a glen?  
Because it would be "in-valley-dated."

November and December are called, by the Boston Post, the *embers* of the dying year.

A bass viol—a small bottle filled with "doctor's stuff."

Why do reptiles *multiply* so rapidly? Because there are so many *adders* amongst them.

If a pig wanted to make a sty for himself, how would he proceed? By tying a knot in his tail, and that would make a pig's tie.

Why is a horse the most unhappy animal in existence? Because all his thoughts are on the rack, and his greatest bliss is in woe (whoa!)

One of our exchanges praises an egg, which it says was "laid on our table," by Rev. Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith seems to be a *layman* as well as minister.

An eminent pscologist, of London, has decided that the spirit-rappings are produced by phantom postmen engaged in the delivery of dead letters.

"Does smoking offend you?" asked a landlord of his newly-arrived boarder. "Not at all, sir." "I'm very glad to hear it, as you will find your chimney is given to the practice."

In a fashionable novel, the author says, "Lady Emma trembled, grew pale, and immediately *fainted*." The printer putting *p* instead of *f*, rendered it, "The lady grew pale and immediately *painted*."

"Jamie," says an honest Irishman to another, the first time he saw a locomotive, "what is that snorting baste?" "Sure," replied Jamie, "I don't know at all, unless it is a steamboat splurging along to get to wather."

The Parisian ladies, who don't like the Emperor, have adopted a novel way of expressing their contempt. When he goes to the opera they look at him through the wrong end of their glasses, thus insinuating agreement with Victor Hugo, without opening their mouths.

A good housewife should not be a person of one idea, but should be equally familiar with the flower garden, and the flour barrel; and though her lesson should be to lessen expense, the scent of a fine rose should not be less valued than the cent in the till. She will doubtless prefer a yard of shrubbery to a yard of satin. If her husband is a skilful sower of grain, she is equally skilful as a sewer of garments. He keeps his hoes bright by use, she keeps the hose of the whole family in order.

A young farmer having purchased a watch, placed it in his fob, and strutting across the floor, says to his wife, "Where shall I drive a nail to hang my watch upon, that it will not be disturbed and broke?" "I do not know of a safer place," replied his wife, "than in our old meal-barrel. I'm sure no one will think of going there to disturb it."

## EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

## A COLLEGE EDUCATION.

There is one fact connected with collegiate education, which has not escaped general remark. What becomes of all the young men who yearly pass brilliant examinations, or take the first honors in our prominent educational institutions? We do not find them among our successful merchants, distinguished professional men, or prominent statesmen. If we look at the antecedents of nineteen in twenty of our most useful, intelligent and effective citizens, we will fail to discover the early advantages and early promise which hundreds of their youthful compeers enjoyed. If they were fortunate enough to get into college, they may have been studious, but attained no elevated rank in scholarship, and, too often, were so restricted in their means as to be in doubt, term after term, of the ability of parents or friends to continue them in the institution.

The question, and a deeply interesting one, naturally arises—What causes are at work, producing this disheartening result? Does the fault lie in the institutions, or is it with parents who fail to rightly instruct and discipline their sons before and after their entrance into college? Are the externals which surround the student at "Yale," "Harvard," or "Brown," of too enervating a character? Where are we to seek the cause? We think, with the New York Tribune, that some light is shed upon the matter by the following letters from a student, at Harvard University, to his father, which are printed in that paper from the originals.

WESTON, MASS., May, 1853.

DEAR FATHER:—I write in hopes of being able to induce you to grant me a much larger allowance of spending-money than you ever yet have given me, and, without making any lengthy introduction to my letter, will state the question simply, and not pretend—which would be, were I to do so, to make an untrue pretension—that I am writing for any other object. Will you be so kind as to increase my amount of spending-money? To me this does not seem an improper request, inasmuch as—although you say that your property is overrated—you are, I think, abundantly able to favor my request. Before proceeding further, I will state as a fact, so far as my knowledge extends, of what is true concerning those young men at Cambridge, whose parents are wealthy, that they are allowed a sufficient amount of money to enable them to support themselves in a style becoming their position in society, and that I do not know of a single young man whose parents possess as much property as you do, and are not in the habit of allowing their son a large amount per annum of money to make use of as

he wishes. Many give their sons a given sum out of which to pay all their college expenses, and also to take their spending-money. This is the way which is quite frequently adopted, and a young man is thus limited, as it were, and sees that this all he is to have, and that unless his bills, both of a collegiate and other nature, are paid out of this fixed sum, he must fall behindhand. According to what I have said, I do not intend to mince the matter in the least, and will therefore state the amount which I desire you shall give me, and endeavor (by citing the magnitude of my college, board, clothing bills, &c.,) to prove that the balance of spending-money remaining after these bills are deducted from the amount specified, will not be so very great.

I will here say that I hope you will not interpret anything which I say as being disrespectful to yourself, as, although I am very anxious to effect the accomplishment of this object, and may perhaps use some expressions which, without an explanation, might appear improper, it will be my aim throughout to use the most civil and respectful language. The sum, then, which I wish you to grant me is \$1,000. My college bill annually amounts to upwards of \$100. My bill for board, when I board for \$2½ per week, to \$100, and when I get good board at \$3, to \$120 per annum. I also have to pay from \$1½ to \$2 per week for a good room out of college, and this amounts in the course of a year to about \$50. Besides all this, there is my washing bill, which costs me full \$20 per annum, if not more. Then there is my bill for clothes, and if you reflect a little, you must and will see that it ought to cost a student something like \$150 or \$200 a year to dress in a sufficiently genteel manner. If you have any doubt, I think by consulting any really genteel and fashionable tailor on the subject, you will find that he will sustain my assertion. Mr. B— considers Mr. S—, who makes most of my clothes, a very fair and honest man in all his dealings, notwithstanding that he (Mr. B.) and myself differ considerably in our opinions of the quality of clothes I ought to wear, and notwithstanding he knows that I get most of my clothes made at S—'s.

From my enumeration of bills, you will perceive that the sum requisite to cover them all is a trifle more than \$500, and that thus more than half of the \$1,000 will be expended. I am anxious to continue my music lessons next term, which can be done without interruption to my studies, as those of the last year are comparatively much easier than is the case with those of any other portion of the collegiate course. I also wish to perfect myself a little more in the art of dancing, having never taken but one quarter's lessons, and provided that I take two quarters' instruction on the piano-forte at \$20 per quarter, and pay \$12 or \$15 for one quarter's instruction in dancing, the whole sum will be about \$50 or \$55, so that, after all things are considered, the amount of money remaining from the \$1,000 will not be so very considerable. I have often told

you that it is impossible for me to avail myself of scarcely any amusement with my present small allowance, and I have, I believe, herein stated to you my wishes in a perfectly respectful manner, and hope that you will be willing to write me a pleasant and abundantly satisfactory letter. From the above statement you can calculate what my spending-money per month would be, deducting all the bills from the \$1,000, and I would respectfully request you to allow me this amount. Your affectionate son, B. W. F.

This letter elicited a negative response, whereupon the devotee of science rejoined as follows:

LUNENBURG, Tuesday, May 31, 1853.

DEAR FATHER:—Your letter, containing \$5, reached me at Weston, Saturday evening; and although I am obliged to you for the money, yet it was my expectation that such a letter as mine would have produced a much more gratifying result, inasmuch as it was worded in a perfectly fair and respectful manner. You blamed me in one of your letters because I found fault with my allowance without having asked you to increase it, and now you always seem unwilling to accede to any proposal of mine to have it enlarged. As I said in my letter, mine is almost a solitary exception in college of a young man's not having a good amount of spending-money, and I cannot see any just reason why you should be so extremely unwilling to gratify me in this request; and you know that by doing as you now are doing you deprive me of all the enjoyments which are most proper to persons of my age, and without which life oftentimes hangs heavily enough. One thing which I consider extremely unfair is, that notwithstanding my small allowance, with which you are well aware it is impossible (except very seldom) to enjoy the pleasure of a horse and carriage, you will not let me run up a bill at the livery stable at your expense; and as you will not give me a horse and carriage, you seem to intend to debar me from all such reasonable enjoyments, and yet to be anxious to keep me at college. I cannot see why this does not appear as unfair a course to you as it does to me. In conclusion, I will say that, although I may have expressed myself pretty strongly, I hope that you will not consider this letter in any respect insulting. I close with saying that I really wish that you shall not urge my re-entering college, unless you grant my request. Please write soon, and believe me your affectionate son, B. W. F.

If such be the cost, temptations to pleasure and extravagance, vagueness of purpose, and defect of the sensible and the useful, involved in a course of collegiate instruction, parents may well hesitate as to the wisdom of paying so large a sum for so questionable an advantage. Give a bright lad but the rudiments of an education, teach him the value of industry and perseverance, and set him fairly to work, and he will come out a head and shoulders beyond a young man like this letter-writer, even with college learning and thirty or forty thousand dollars to start life with into the bargain. Not that we depress the

value of education. But, it is gained at a sad disadvantage, if, in the acquirement, seeds of false pride, extravagance, and erroneous views of life, are sown in a ground of indolence and aimlessness.

#### ENGLISH CRITICISM ON AMERICAN AUTHORS.

"Pray, sir," said the son of an English Bishop to a friend of ours; "pray, sir, is the majority of the American people red or black?" With an equal, but far more excusable display of ignorance, did a respectable London hatter place in the hands of one still more nearly related to us, a number of his business cards, expressing a hope that he would circulate them among his friends on his return, as he concluded "the Americans were not yet so far advanced in the mystery of manufactures as to know how to get up a respectable hat!"

Setting aside the ignorance of the lower classes altogether, this imperfect acquaintance with the character of our people and their social condition is not confined to a few Englishmen in the higher and middle walks of life, but extends also to English editors, whose duty it is to be better acquainted with the geography of our country and its institutions. But it is not to their gross blunders, ludicrous as they sometimes are, that we propose to refer at this time. We desire rather to enter our indignant protest against that class of foreign critics and reviewers, who, by a supercilious affectation of knowledge to which they can lay no claim, by shallow dogmatism, and by the sheer force of unblushing assertion, have managed to attain a certain degree of literary notoriety even among ourselves. Unhappily, the fault is partly our own; for, mortifying as the confession may be, it is nevertheless true, that with all our natural independence of character, we have not yet shaken ourselves wholly free from literary vassalage to England. In our anxiety to know what is said of us abroad, we have too often disregarded the worthlessness of the judge, and have forced to submit ourselves to his verdict, however unjust, as if the transatlantic origin of the oracle precluded all reply.

Among the most pompous, because more ignorant of those authorities which profess to pronounce upon the character of works newly published, the London Athenæum has long stood foremost. With no reverence for genius, because it cannot comprehend so exalted a quality; and with no respect for merit, because wanting in that companionable sense which can appreciate good in another, it has preferred enlarging upon minute defects, rather than to generously point out promi-

nent beauties; and has rarely given a word of encouragement to an American author, which was not qualified, either by words of dispraise or by a covert sneer.

Unhappily, any assumption of superior authority, if unblushingly claimed as a right, and pertinaciously insisted upon, will in the end obtain the recognition of a certain class of unreasoning persons, who are duped into the belief that one so clamorous in asserting his supremacy must really be justly entitled to it. Fostered by this credulity, it is but a simple matter for the impostor to take upon himself the dignified air, and with it the authority of a prophet. Nor is this false character difficult to be sustained; for, as a general rule, the imagination is so deceptive that any one assuming a particular disguise, is to the believer in it the thing he seems, so long as the deceptive likeness can be maintained.

In this way the Athenæum managed for some years to acquire a reputation as a critical authority of more than ordinary ability, while those who best knew the lightness of the wind-bag, feared to question its solidity, because it was sustained by the breath of popular favor. Even eminent writers, who were justly exasperated by the hypercriticism of Mr. Dilke, and "his band of nameless literary assassins," as William Howitt very properly called them, hesitated to defend themselves openly against the vindictive reviewers, lest they should become exposed to a series of attacks which they well knew would be as unprincipled as they were merciless.

For this only reason, the literary autocrat of the Athenæum was permitted to dogmatise and domineer without rebuke, until, on one particular occasion some six years ago, he undertook to inflict a gentle flagellation upon William Howitt. Never did a cudgel change hands sooner. The sturdy Saxon-spirit of Howitt flung to the winds the old Quaker doctrine of non-resistance, and Dilke, "the great dor-beetle of the Athenæum," dragged boldly from his usurped pedestal, soon lay writhing beneath the well-aimed blows of his indignant antagonist. In vain the discomfited censor protested against the indelicacy of being stripped of his incognito. Howitt, whose whole life has been one long battle against "shams" of every kind, sternly exposed him to the public scorn, and then dismissed him, branded with an unsavory epithet which has clung to his skirts ever since.

For this bold act of tardy justice, William Howitt received from numerous English authors, letters of thanks and congratulation, while the well-lashed Mr. Dilke shrunk back into invisibility, and vainly endeavored to repair the damages

he had incurred in the encounter. It is the nature of mean souls to become the most obsequious creatures of those by whom the shallowness of their pretensions have been exposed, and the editor of the Athenæum forms no exception to the general truth of this proposition. Since his literary uncloaking, he has never ventured to call in question the authorial ability of his doughty antagonist, nor the accuracy of his researches.

It must not, however, be supposed that a critic of his stamp could be chastised into doing justice to authors too distant to retaliate; or that his reformation was any more than skin deep. If the subsequent articles in the Athenæum evince rather more of cautiousness and less of arrogant assumption than they had previously displayed, it was English authors alone who reaped the benefit. In one respect the character of the reviewers remained the same. As the brawling of a shallow brook betrays its superficiality, so did the noisy maunderings of the Athenæum critic continue to indicate his natural emptiness. The castigation of William Howitt improved his demeanor towards his own countrymen, but unhappily no amount of beating could supply an original want of brains.

Constrained by dread of consequences from treating the English author with his former impertinence, Dilke—and in speaking of him we include his underlings—has of late years undertaken to display alike his ignorance and his malignity, by a systematic series of attacks upon American writers; none of whom, with perhaps one or two exceptions, has the manliness or ability to do full justice; and nearly all of whom he seeks every opportunity of aspersing.

That this charge is not loosely made, let us glance at random over the pages of the Athenæum for the past two years.

The first notice we meet with, is that of Mrs. Eastman, who in the conduct of her story, entitled "Aunt Phillis's Cabin," is pronounced curtly "more earnest than adroit."

Grace Greenwood is coarsely told, that were she an Englishwoman, her book "would be dismissed by an epithet more plain than flattering."

Bancroft is warmly praised; but the laudation is qualified by the remark, that his style is "overstrained and magniloquent."

Brantz Mayer's Mexico is regarded, on the whole, as "deficient in brilliancy and vivacity of narrative, as inartistic in design and finish; and deficient in comprehensiveness of political grasp. After Robertson and Prescott," says the sapient reviewer, "Mr. Mayer is but a poor historian."

Of Mayne Reid's Boy-Hunters, he says, "some facts of natural history are scattered through the



pages, which may render them profitable after their crazy kind."

Lieutenant Simpson's "Journal of a Reconnaissance from Santa Fe to the Navajo Country," a most fascinating book, is pronounced "dry and unliterary in its style."

Of Margaret Fuller's Memoirs, it is solemnly alleged that "Its faults of execution are countless—Mr. Channing's share of the work being written in that inflated style unhappily becoming generic in America!"

Mrs. Kirkland's literary accompaniment to Putnam's Book of Home Beauty is stated to be "oddly—lackadaisically unreal!"

Whipple's noble lectures are likened to Miss Martineau's accounts of American conversation, "prosy, rich and droll; the prosiness," adds the lying critic, "making the largest third in the compound."

Hildredth's "History of the United States" is censured as being "dry and insipid, incapable of arresting the reader's attention, and wanting in scientific breadth and generality."

The "Cabinet History of New York," lately published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., is pronounced "dry and colorless. Such is not the way," exclaims the profound reviewer, "*in which the history of the Pilgrim fathers should be written!*"

But perhaps the most amusing display of his ignorance occurs in his estimation of Whittier. The reviewer finds he has "a low sweet flute, on which he plays a simple and contented music!" Who else, but such a Dogberry, would have imagined this the prominent characteristic of John G. Whittier, a poet who, in terse vigor of language, and fiery vehemence of expression, more resembles Ebenezer Elliot, the corn-law rhymers, than any other living man?

Such are the various verdicts which have been passed upon American writers by this shallow English reviewer, who is never correct in his judgment of a book but by mistake; and never just in his estimate of its author, but by blind accident, or the force of public opinion!

#### AN INCIDENT.

A Temperance lecturer, not long since, told the following story. We have not seen it in print, though it may be familiar to others.

"A poor, infatuated drunkard," said he, "after spending all the money in his pocket, at the bar of a cold-hearted wretch, was turned out of his tavern one dark rainy night, too much intoxicated to be able to find his way home. The canal was only a few rods from the groggery, and into this

the unhappy victim fell, and was drowned. On the next morning, his body was discovered floating on the surface of the water. The heart-stricken wife, without money or friends, went in despair to the tavern-keeper, at whose bar her husband had spent nearly all of his earnings, and begged of him to help her, in her dreadful extremity, to give a decent burial to the body of her dead companion.

"Go away! Clear out from here," exclaimed the tavern-keeper angrily, as soon as she had made her tearful request. 'I want nothing more to do with you or your miserable husband. I've had trouble enough with him already.'

"Weeping bitterly, the poor creature went out from that den of corruption and infamy. I met her leading a ragged child by the hand, and on asking the cause of her distress, soon comprehended the whole matter. I am somewhat fertile in expedients. One suggested itself now, and was promptly executed.

"How many children have you?' I enquired.

"Three little ones,' was answered.

"Will you bring them here in one hour from this time?' I asked.

"She promised to do so.

"Be sure and come,' I urged, at parting with her, 'and bring them just as they are, in their rags and wretchedness.'

"During the hour that intervened, I passed along the canal, and into many shops and stores, inviting all I met to assemble in front of the groggery, from which the dead man had been thrust on the previous night. A goodly number were there at the time appointed, curious to know for what purpose I had assembled them. The widow and her three orphans were also on the spot, and already objects of sympathy.

"Just in front of the groggery stood an old dray. On this I placed the woman and her children, called to them the attention of the crowd, and in plain but strong language told my story of the husband's fall from sobriety,—how he had wasted his earnings at the bar of this grog-seller; and how, when he had nothing left, he had been thrust forth in the night and storm, to drown in the waters he had no conscious power to avoid. Then I pictured, in the most vivid language I could command, the weeping wife imploring the hard-hearted man for aid to bury the husband he had murdered; and described how he thrust her forth with insult and violence.

"I miscalculated the power of what I was doing. A storm of passion was raised that for a time threatened to sweep past all opposition on my part. First arose a murmur of indignation

against the grog-seller. Then low, angry threats passed from one to another; and then two of the most reckless rushed into the bar-room, and seizing the 'murderer' as they called him, dragged him forth, crying, 'To the canal. Drown him! Drown him! He is not fit to live!' Prompt action was necessary. I threw myself into the midst of the angry mob, and catching hold of the trembling wretch, implored the excited men around me to do him no violence. 'Better destroy his rum bottles,' said I, in hopes of diverting their minds from the person of the tavern-keeper. My words had the desired effect. 'Destroy his liquor! Empty his rum kegs into the canal!' cried a dozen voices.

"And in five brief minutes the work was done. Under cover of this diversion, the owner of the liquor escaped. The excitement over, I next directed the attention of my impulsive audience, who had gone far beyond what I desired or approved, to the weeping and frightened widow and orphan children, who sat trembling on the dray. It required but a few words to turn the angry tide of feeling into a broader and smoother channel. A hundred dollars were subscribed on the spot, and placed in the poor woman's hand; while two of the company were delegated to go with her to her wretched home, and see to the decent burial of her husband.

"The tavern-keeper threatened to bring suit against me, and would have done so, but for a suggestion or two made to him quietly by a man who had not much fear of law consequences before his eyes. I felt a little uneasy, for I was responsible for the injury he had sustained at the hands of the mob, but nothing came of it. He did not attempt to resume his infamous trade in that town, but soon went away, and I heard nothing of him afterwards. Since then, I have been more careful about exciting the passions of a mob, even in a good cause."

#### THE SPIRITS AND THEIR SUBJECTS.

There are hints and suggestions in the following extracts, which we make from a letter in *The Age*, published in New York, which those inclined to "consult the spirits," may find it worth while to ponder.

"As there are three degrees in the mind, it is an insanity to seek the opening of the higher, unless a fair progress has been made towards reformation in the lower degree. We should perform the uses of life in the sphere of knowledge and rationality before asking to be called up higher.

"We are all surrounded by spiritual intelligences, but so long as we are so very imperfect in our regeneration, they generally are such as inflow into perverted affections. If we attained to open

speech with them, they would heighten our fervor of feeling, impress us with the idea that we were specially gifted by the Lord, and set apart for a lofty purpose; but would end by leading us into error and insanity, if not into grievous lusts and sins.

"It is bad to occupy our attention too much with these spiritual marvels. They unsettle the mind, and if amative affection is active, will blend it with religious feeling; thus, when the misguided individual supposes himself not far from the kingdom of Heaven, he is actually the football of malignant demons, who are adding fuel to the fire of passion, and working out his ruin. He may be saved because of some remains of fidelity, but it will be so as by fire.

"The field of natural uses must needs be well occupied first. It is the foundation upon which the house should be built, else we shall have a shadowy fabric, a balloon to float hither and thither as the wind may waft it on.

"This form of reasoning has rendered me averse to seeking for wonderful revelations. I love intuitions or internal convictions that this or that is right or otherwise. But I am convinced that neglect, or overlooking the field of natural uses, ambition for spiritual eminence, and a prurency to teach others, have impelled to most of these recent 'spiritualisms.' \* \* \* \*

"Let the dietetic and other bad habits of our people continue, and an impressibility will become almost universal, which will render a vast number of the population 'mediums.' There is a prevalent disposition to shun exertion and to seek enjoyment. This produces an exquisite sensitiveness. Let the attention of such an individual be diverted from external objects, and kept long on what are falsely styled supernatural, and he will have an opening of the spiritual senses which, to those not intelligent in these matters, will appear like messengers from heaven."

#### DISGRACING THE AMERICAN FLAG.

In four cases out of five, if you see the "stars and stripes" run up to the summit of a flag-pole, you may be sure there is work going on below disgraceful to that flag. A great favorite with liquor sellers is our national flag; and they throw it to the wind on all occasions, as if Columbia were the Patron Saint of Inebriates. How this strikes a foreigner, may be seen by the paragraph below, which we copy from an Englishman's first impressions of the Crystal Palace, published in the *Albion*.

"The stars and stripes rose up before the view everywhere; they floated from the gilded saloon which fronts the great entrance of the Crystal Palace; and they did not disdain the humble shanty of wood, where the rowdy 'liquored' at three cents a glass. Everywhere the flag of the great Republic invited its citizens to come in, and get drunk under its protection. It seemed to me a pity that such a gigantic scheme of drinking should have been raised around what is meant to be a temple of beauty and art. It will produce an unfavorable impression upon the European visitor."

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Poems. By Alexander Smith.* Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. (For sale by Martien.) The universal applause with which this new poet has been greeted, exceeds even the welcome which was extended to Philip James Bailey, when his extraordinary and strangely imaginative book, "*Festus*," startled busy England and puzzled astute reviewers. Even to this day, Bailey's place in the poetic galaxy is not fixed, and while some proclaim him a star of the first magnitude, others regard him only as a comet mounting rapidly to the zenith, and leaving behind him a fiery trail, but whose course will be as brief as his coming was sudden, brilliant and unexpected.

Mr. Smith is of the Bailey school; and it is not hazarding much to question whether the "*Life Drama*" of the former would have been if *Festus* had not previously struck the key note. Mr. Smith has great command of language, an astonishing wealth of imagery, and most remarkable powers of description. More fluent but less forcible than Bailey, he yet resembles the latter in vigorous beauty of illustration and in vivid naturalness of dialogue. That a youth of twenty-one should have produced at the first heat a work which, notwithstanding its occasional crudities, is so abundant in all the elements of true poetry, indicates not only a rare cast of mind, but is also an evidence that the "singing robes" he has so boldly assumed are his by right of heritage.

— *The Last Leaf from Sunny Side. By H. Trusta. With a Memorial of the Author. By Austin Phelps.* Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. (For sale by T. B. Peterson.) The decease of the lamented author, at a time when her fame was expanding, and in the maturity of her intellectual powers, render these her posthumous papers of touching interest. The memoir which prefaces these sketches, is written with singular ability, and is as fine a specimen of intellectual analysis as we remember to have seen. It is a complete portraiture in its best sense, with all those fluctuations of light and shadow which always accompanies a picture of a life truthfully delineated.

— *The Sword and the Distaff; or, "Fair, Fat and Forty."* By William Gilmore Simms. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. Both from the great number and the general excellence of his published works, Mr. Simms may justly be regarded at the head of American novelists. Peculiarly national in the choice of subjects, he is not less patriotic in sentiment than skilful in narrative. The Revolutionary history of the South was rich in incidents well suited to the purposes of the novelist, while the personages of that period were more strongly individualized than are the peaceful, plodding citizens of the present day. These

advantages Mr. Simms has been prompt to seize, and he has used his material for the most part with a masterly skill. The present work is a delineation of social life at the South at the close of the Revolution. It may be safely pronounced one of Mr. Simms' best efforts, and, being of a lighter and rather more humorous cast than many of his previous novels, will most probably become even more popular in consequence. We sincerely wish the energetic author all the success he so richly deserves.

— *Rhymes, with Reason and Without. By B. P. Shillaber.* Boston: Abel Tompkins and B. B. Mussey & Co. (For sale by T. B. Peterson.) Collected into this handsome volume we have the poetical waifs of the veritable Mrs. Partington, whose masculine presentment graces the title-page. In these poems, sentiment and humor go hand in hand. Evidently dashed off for the most part at blood-heat, and often written on the spur of the occasion, it would scarcely be fair to examine them with too critical an eye. Indeed, with the exception of a few crudities, either of thought or expression, all of them may be considered good, while many of them are really excellent.

*Scenes and Adventures in the Semi-Alpine Region of the Ozark Mountains of Missouri and Arkansas. By Henry Rowe Schoolcraft.* Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. This very graphic and instructive narrative had its origin in the desire of the author to explore the almost unknown region west of the Mississippi, the haunts of the Osage and the Pawnee Indians. The objects of Mr. Schoolcraft in undertaking this adventurous exploit—for thirty years ago, when this journey was accomplished, the danger was infinitely greater than it is now—were two-fold: one being to investigate the geological structure and mineral resources of that region, and the other a desire to trace out the line of route taken by De Soto on his memorable march to the mountains and Buffalo plains of Missouri and Arkansas. We need not say that Mr. Schoolcraft presents us with a considerable amount of information on both these points, and that in whichever channel his investigations run, he will be found thorough in his examinations and reliable in his conclusions. A book of this kind is of a standard character, and will be found alike useful to the man of science and to the historian.

— *Father Bright hopes; or, an Old Clergyman's Vacation. By Paul Creyton.* Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. This is a pretty collection of stories by one who is already known to the public as a pleasing and instructive writer. The present work will add considerably to this justly acquired reputation. It is thoughtfully written, and yet well adapted to the taste of the young folks, for whom it is intended.

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W. & A. G. & Co. Litho.

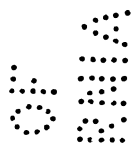
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MATERNAL INSTRUCTION.











CROSSING THE PASS.

VOL. II.—No. 3.

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[Page 172.]

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# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: SEPTEMBER, 1853.



## THE DEAD ROBIN.

"Hark! What is that?" said little Anna, and she dropped her playthings and started up, with her ear bent towards the door.

"It is a dear robin red-breast, replied the child's mother. "How sweetly he sings!"

"Robin red-breast, that covered the poor babes in the woods with leaves?" asked Harry, the younger brother of Anna.

"Yes: it is robin red-breast that covered the poor little babes," said the mother.

"Dear robin! how I love you!" said each of the children, speaking from the same impulse of tenderness. And then they went to the door to listen to his pleasant song. While they thus stood listening, the air was suddenly rent by the sharp report of a gun; and, in a few moments afterwards, the dear robin red-breast fell dead almost at the children's feet. Lifting the bleeding bird in her hands, Anna brought it, with tearful eyes, to her mother, and Harry came and stood by her side, both mourning over and weeping for the dead robin, as sorrowfully as if it had been a dear friend. Little did they think that the hand which directed the fatal aim towards that innocent creature was the hand of their own father. He too, had heard the sudden warbling of the bird; but with what a different feeling

was he inspired by the sound! The desire to take its innocent life was the first impulse, and, acting from this, he seized his gun, and, taking a deadly aim, bereft it in an instant of life. As the bird fell, he saw his children run and lift it from the ground: but they did not see him. In a little while afterwards, he came into the room where they were still mourning over the wreck of life and beauty that he had so wantonly made.

"Oh, papa!" cried Anna, "see this poor robin red breast that some cruel man has shot!"

"Yes, dear robin red-breast!" sobbed little Harry, "that covered the poor babes in the woods with leaves. Oh! wasn't he a naughty, wicked man?"

Never had the father of these children received such a smarting rebuke as this. Not for any consideration would he have let them know that he was the cruel man they so earnestly condemned.

"Yes," he replied, in a spirit of self-condemnation, "it was wicked to kill this innocent bird, that never did harm to any one."

"It was very cruel," murmured the sympathizing mother, upon whose lap was sleeping a tender infant.

The father remained for a few minutes with



his children, and then left the room; the sight of the dead bird, and their sad little faces, was more than he could bear without too great a pressure on his feelings.

"Yes, it was a cruel act," said he to himself; "but I will not again lift my hand against the life of an innocent bird."

And he has kept his word.



### IGNIS FATUUS.

This wandering meteor, known to the vulgar as the Will-o'-the-Wisp, has given rise to considerable speculation and controversy. Burying-grounds, fields of battle, low meadows, valleys and marshes, are its ordinary haunts. By some eminent naturalists, particularly Willoughby and Ray, it has been maintained to be only the shining of a great number of the male glow-worms in England, and the pyraustæ in Italy, flying together—an opinion to which Mr. Kirby the entomologist, inclines. The luminosities observed in several cases may have been due to this cause, but the true meteor of the marshes cannot thus be explained. The following instance is abridged from the *Entomological Magazine*:—"Two travellers, proceeding across the moors between Hexham and Alston, were startled, about ten o'clock at night, by the sudden appearance of a light close to the road-side, about the size of the hand, and of a well-defined oval form. The place was very wet, and the peat-moss had been dug out, leaving what are locally termed "peat-pots," which soon fill with water, nourishing a number of confervæ, and the various species of sphagnum, which are converted into peat. During the process of decomposition these places give out large quantities of gas. The light was about three feet from the ground, hovering over the peat-pots, and it moved nearly parallel with the road for about fifty yards, when it vanished, probably from the failure of the gas. The manner in which it disappeared was similar to that of a candle being blown out."

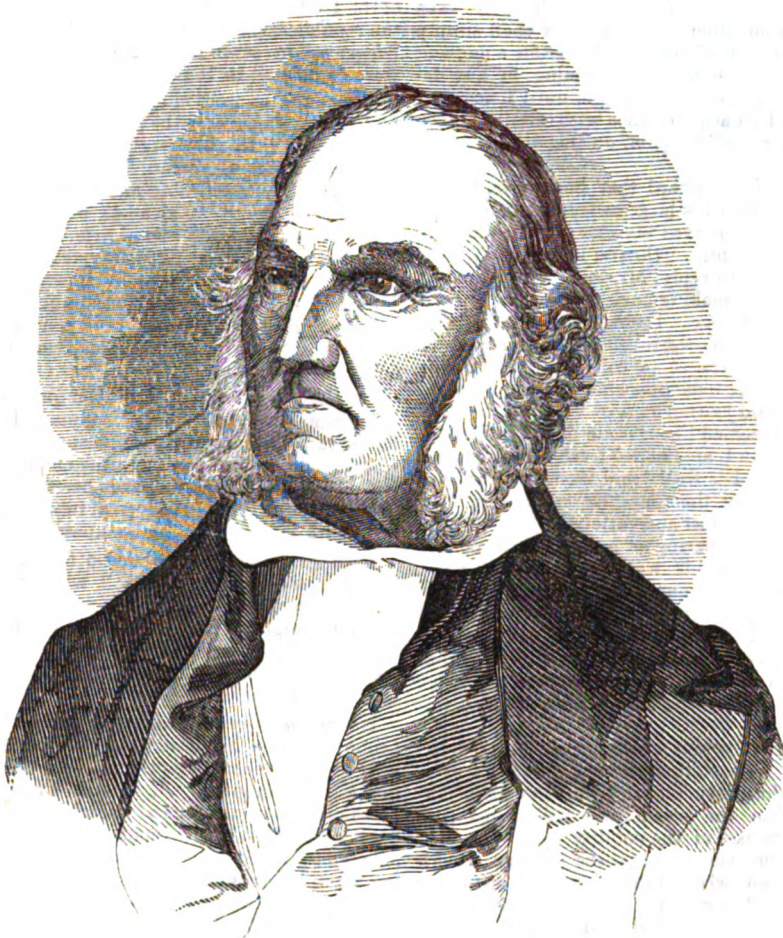
We have the best account of it from Mr. Blesson, who examined it abroad with great care and diligence.

"The first time," he states, "I saw the ignis

fatuus was in a valley in the forest of Gorbitz, in the New Mark. This valley cuts deeply in compact loam, and is marshy in its lower part. The water of the marsh is ferruginous, and covered with an iridescent crust. During the day bubbles of air were seen rising from it, and in the night blue flames were observed shooting from and playing over its surface. As I suspected there was some connection between these flames and the bubbles of air, I marked during the day-time the place where the latter rose up most abundantly, and repaired thither during the night; to my great joy I actually observed bluish-purple flames, and did not hesitate to approach them. On reaching the spot they retired, and I pursued them in vain; all attempts to examine them were ineffectual. Some days of very rainy weather prevented further investigation, but afforded leisure for reflecting on their nature. I conjectured that the motion of the air, on my approaching the spot, forced forward the burning gas, and remarked that the flame burned darker, when it was blown aside; hence I concluded that a continuous thin stream of inflammable air was formed by these bubbles, which, once inflamed, continued to burn, but which, owing to the paleness of the light of the flame, could not be observed during the day."

The ignis fatuus of the church-yard and the battle-field arise from the phosphuretted hydrogen emitted by animal matter in a state of putrefaction, which always inflames upon contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere; and the flickering meteor of the marsh may be referred to the carburetted hydrogen, formed by the decomposition of vegetable matter in stagnant water, ignited by a discharge of the electric fluid.





JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

John James Audubon was born in Louisiana, about the year 1782. He was of French descent, and his parents possessed that happy nature which disposed them to encourage the indication of genius and talent that they early perceived in the mind of their son.

In his sixteenth year, young Audubon was sent to France to pursue his education. While there, he attended schools of natural history and the arts, and took lessons in drawing from the celebrated David. Although he prosecuted his studies zealously, his heart still panted for the sparkling streams of his "native land of groves."

He returned in his eighteenth year, with an ardor for the woods, and soon commenced a collection of drawings, which have since swelled into a series of magnificent volumes—"The Birds of America." These designs were begun on the farm given him by his father, situated near Philadelphia, on the banks of the Schuylkill.

There, amid its fine woodlands, its extensive fields, its hills crowned with evergreens, he meditated upon his simple and agreeable objects, and

pursued his rambles, from the first faint streaks of day until late in the evening, when, wet with dew, and laden with feathered captives, he returned to the quiet enjoyment of the fireside. There, too, he was married, and was fortunate in choosing one who animated his courage amid vicissitudes, and in prosperity appreciated the grounds and measures of his success.

For many years the necessities of life drove him into commercial enterprises, which proved unsuccessful. His love for the fields and flowers, the forests and their winged inhabitants, unfitted him for trade. His chief gratification was derived from observation and study. His friends strove to wean him from his favorite pursuits, and he was compelled to struggle against the wishes of all, except his wife and children. They alone encouraged him, and were willing to sink or swim with the beloved husband and father. At length he gave himself entirely to observation and study of the feathered inhabitants of the forest.

He undertook long and tedious journeys; he ransacked the woods, the lakes, the prairies, and

the shores of the Atlantic; he spent years away from his family. "Yet, will you believe it," says he, "I had no other object in view than simply to enjoy the sight of nature? Never for a moment did I conceive the hope of becoming, in any degree, useful to my fellow-beings, until I accidentally formed an acquaintance with Charles Lucien Bonaparte, at Philadelphia, on the 5th of April, 1824."

It was soon afterward that Bonaparte, having examined Audubon's large collection of beautiful drawings, and observed his extensive knowledge of birds, said to him, "Do you know that you are a great man?" In reply, Mr. Audubon asked him his intention in making such a remark. "Sir," answered Bonaparte, "I consider you the greatest ornithologist in the world." He then suggested to him the importance of collecting and offering to the public the treasures which he had amassed during his wild journeyings.

This idea seemed like a beam of a new light to Audubon's mind, and added fresh interest to his employment. For weeks and months he brooded over the kindling thought. He went Westward to extend the number and variety of his drawings, with a view of preparing for a visit to Europe, and the publication of his works. When far away from the haunts of man, in the depths of forest solitude, happy days and nights of pleasant dreams attended him.

Only two years passed after his first interview with Lucien Bonaparte, in Philadelphia, before Audubon sailed for England. He arrived at Liverpool in 1826.

There men of genius and honor, such as Cuvier, Humboldt, Wilson, Roscoe, and Swainson, soon recognized his lofty claim; learned societies extended to him the warm and willing hand of friendship; houses of the nobility were opened to him; and wherever he went, the solitary American woodsman, whose talents were so little appreciated but a few years before, that he was rejected after being proposed by Lucien Bonaparte as a member of the Lyceum of Natural History, in Philadelphia, was now receiving the homage of the most distinguished men of science in the old world.

Before the close of 1830, his first volume of the "Birds of America" was issued. It was received with enthusiastic applause; royal names headed the subscription list, and one hundred and seventy-five volumes were sold at a thousand dollars each. In the mean time, (April, 1829,) Audubon returned to America, to explore anew the woods of the Middle and Southern States.

In 1834 the second volume of his works was published. The three following years were passed in exploring Florida and Texas. A vessel was placed at his disposal by the government of the United States, to aid him in this noble enterprise. At the close of this period he published the fourth and last volume of plates, and the fifth volume of descriptions. The whole work comprises four hundred and thirty-five plates, containing more than one thousand figures, from the Bird of Washington to the tiny Humming Bird, all represented of the size, color, and attitude of life.

In 1839, having returned for the last time to his native country, and established himself with

his family at his beautiful residence on the banks of the Hudson, near New York city, he commenced the republication in this country of the "Birds of America," in seven large octavo volumes, which were completed in 1844.

Before the expiration of this period, however, he began to prepare for the press the "Quadrupeds of America." In this work he was assisted by the Rev. John Bachman, D. D. Accompanied by his sons, Victor Gifford and John Woodhouse, he explored the reedy swamps of our Southern shores, traversed forest and prairie, making drawings and writing descriptions of quadrupeds. The first volume of "Quadrupeds" appeared in New York in 1846. This work, consisting, we believe, of five volumes, has recently been concluded, and is no less interesting and valuable than the works of his earlier life.

At the age of sixty, Audubon possessed the sprightliness and vigor of a young man. In person he was tall and remarkably well formed. His aspect was sweet and animated; and the child-like simplicity of his manners, and the cheerfulness of his temper, were worthy of universal imitation. These made him beloved by all who knew him.

He used to say that he had no faith in genius; that a man could make himself what he pleased by labor, and, by using every moment of time, the mind might be kept improving to the end of life. "Look at facts and trust for yourself; meditate and reason," he would say, "it is thus a man should educate himself."

It was his object to learn everything from the prime teacher—Nature. His glowing style, as well as his extensive knowledge, was the fruit of his own experiences. He never wrote for the press until after the age at which most authors have established their reputation. His facility for reading writing, he said, was acquired by keeping a journal, in which he recorded the events and reflections of each day—a practice worthy the example of every one.

For some years previous to the close of his life, his health had been failing, and he was rarely seen beyond the limits of his beautiful residence. On the twenty-seventh of January, 1851, he died, full of years, and illustrious with the most desirable glory. He has indissolubly linked himself with the undying loveliness of nature, and thus left behind a monument of unending fame.

#### AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

The Journal of Commerce tells the following story on the occasion of the President's visit:—"One incident in the procession, trifling in itself, occasioned a good deal of amusement. When Gen. Pierce had gone up as far as the head of Wall street, his horse became restive, and came in collision with the animal rode by General Sandford. As the President was riding with his hat in hand, the hat received the brunt of the shock, and suffered severely, being badly stove in and indented. The General was too much engaged to notice the catastrophe, and soon put on the hat in its unfortunate condition, and retained it in its place for about a block, exciting roars of laughter among the boys."





for a glass of wine—a *prestissimo* movement to the entry—a successful search for my hat—a rush to the street, and as I shut the door, the martial strains of the Battle of Prague, drummed out by a more complaisant amateur than myself, for the benefit of Madame Hecate.

Oh, that Battle of Prague! Who shall ever pretend to give its official bulletin? Who shall describe the cries of the wounded, and the groans of the dying, elicited from its auditors as it has been "fought o'er again" on countless pianos? Its victims are legion. Its progress is remorseless. It goes on, and will go on to the end of time, murdering the peace of mind of every luckless owner of an ear such as mine. Its composer—if the writer of such a disturbing work can be called a composer—must have been possessed of an evil spirit from the fatal battle-field, condemned to roam this earth for the torment of the race, and seeking retribution for his own victimization by victimizing all that come after him.

My next essay of the musical life of the city, was at a *soirée* of Professor Milleflori, the fashionable Italian vocal teacher—a sort of compromise, in appearance, between a Paris *petit maître* and an American Figaro. His pupils were all to sing, and by the courtesy usually extended to amateurs, I was invited.

The first piece announced for the evening's entertainment was *Casta Diva*. Of course it was. Was there ever an amateur *soirée* that it was not the first piece?

At the appointed time, a young lady of sixteen summers, with very bare neck and arms, hair done up in curls and furbelows by a French *coiffeur*, hands in white kid gloves, a variety of her mother's jewels on head, hands, and breast, a little pug of a nose beneath two very innocent-looking eyes, and, as was said, a splendid soprano voice, stood up by the professor's piano to personate the Druid priestess.

"*Ca-ha-ha-hasta Dee-e-avar*," she began, emphasizing each division of the words, and screaming them out as if she really thought she could make the *Casta Diva*—the moon—hear her vociferous appeal, and paying no regard to the fact that the chaste goddess was, at that particular time, enlightening the other side of the globe.

The whole of the *andante* was in this scream, which threw the audience into ecstasies. Then she began, "*Ah bello, a me ritorno*." How she dashed through it—leaping over bars with a racer's agility, plunging through barriers and ditches of sound—up hill and down hill—over ledger lines and under them—belter skelter—chromatics and ecstasies—flats and sharps—screech and scream—over and over—with face hideously distorted, the veins and muscles of her neck swelled to bursting, while Milleflori's hands kept thundering at the piano, and urging her on to louder labors.

Shade of Bellini! was there not one of your chords to stop the throat from uttering these musical blasphemies?

At last she ended, amid a tumult of applause, for which she gave one of Monsieur Pettipas' most grateful courtesies, bowing so as to show

Monsieur Chevelure's handiwork upon her head-works in the most effective manner.

She was followed by a dozen or more of soprani, mezzo-soprani, contralti, baratoni and bassi, of whose performance I have but a dim, obscure recollection as of so many contests for the palm of superior noise; all of them being exhibited in the tremendous screaming and shouting pieces of the modern Italians.

This was my last amateur *soirée*—and let me whisper a warning word to the world that remains behind me—"Beware of amateur *soirées*!"

But my musical sufferings did not end here. The noises of the streets are agony to me. The oyster and the apple-men; the strawberry and the shad-women—what are they to me but so many liberated fiends, placed on earth to persecute the owners of ears! And as for the news-boys—but I will not recapitulate my sufferings from them.

I have for some time been engaged in projects for the correction of these street evils. I leave in my executor's hands the manuscript of the "Shad-woman's Complete Musical Instructor," "The Oysterman's Apollo," and the News-Boys' Guide to Parnassus." In these I have arranged to the most beautiful melodies, the common cries of "Buy any Shad!" "Ho, fresh Oysters!" "Herald, Tribune, Ledger, Ledger, Evening Bulletin," and the other favorite appeals of these as yet unappeased street demons. A variety of melodies is given to each phrase, and beautiful variations are arranged in the "Guide to Parnassus," for extras, double-sheets, etc., with a special and elaborate composition arranged expressly for the familiar words, "Another Revolution in France!"

I shall not live to enjoy the fruits of my labors. But I shall die happy, since I have just learned that the Legislature is disposed to treat favorably my projected "Institution for the Musical Education of News Boys." \* \* \* \*

#### WOULDN'T CONTEND.

A cross-grained, surly man, too crooked by nature to keep still, went over one morning to his neighbor, Mr. F., a remarkable cool, calm non-resistant, and addressed him thus:—

"That piece of fence over there (pointing in a certain direction,) is mine, and you shan't have it."

"Why," replied Mr. F., "you must be mistaken, I think."

"No, no; it's mine, and I shall keep it."

"Well," said neighbor F., "suppose we leave it to any lawyer you shall choose."

"I won't leave it to any lawyer," said the other.

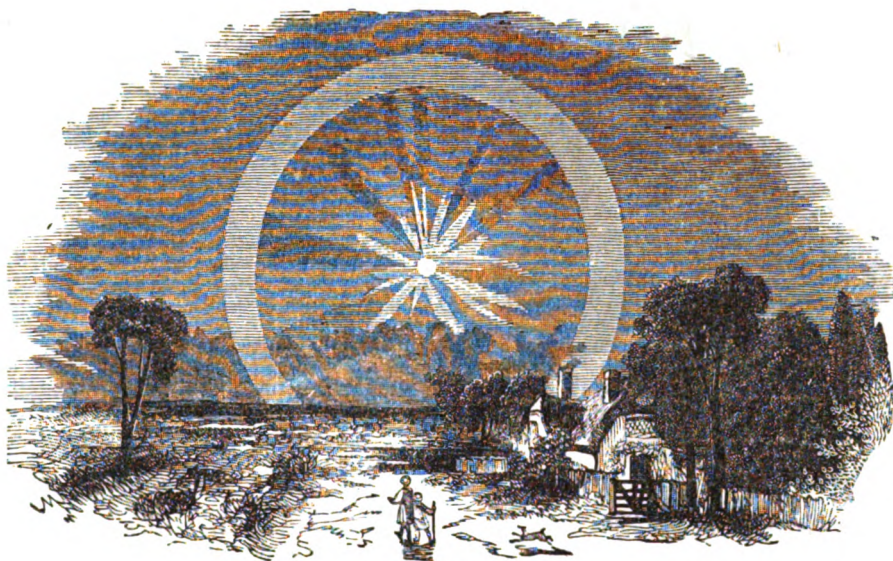
"Well," continued Mr. F., "shall we leave it to any four men in the village that you shall select?"

"No, I shall have the fence."

Not at all discomposed, Mr. F., said, "Well, neighbor, then I will leave it to you whom the fence belongs to, 'whether you or myself.'"

Struck dumb by this appeal, the wrathful man turned away, "convicted by his own conscience," saying, "I won't have anything to do with a man that won't contend for his rights."





## HALOES.

The simplest form of the halo is that of a white concentric ring surrounding the sun or moon, a very common appearance in our climate in relation to the moon, occasioned by very thin vapor, or minute particles of ice and snow, diffused through the atmosphere, deflecting the rays of light. Double rings are occasionally seen, displaying the brightest hues of the rainbow. The colored ring is produced by globules of visible vapor, the resulting halo exhibiting a character of density, and appearing contiguous to the luminous body, according as the atmosphere is surcharged with humidity. Hence a dense halo close to the moon is universally and justly regarded as an indication of coming rain. It has been stated as an approximation, that the globules which occasion the appearance of colored circles, vary from the 5000th to the 50,000th part of an inch in diameter. Though seldom apparent around the sun in our climate, yet it is only necessary to remove that glare of light which makes delicate colors appear white, to perceive segments of beautifully tinted haloes on most days when light fleecy clouds are present. The illustration shows a nearly complete and slightly elliptical ring around the sun, the lower portion hidden by the horizon, which was distinctly observed during the past summer in the neighborhood of Ipswich, of an extremely pale pink and blue tint. When Humboldt was at Cumana, a large double halo around the moon fixed the attention of the inhabitants, who considered it as the presage of a violent earthquake. The hygrometer denoted great humidity, yet the vapors appeared so perfectly in solution, or rather so elastic and uniformly disseminated, that they did not alter the transparency of the atmosphere. The moon arose after a storm of

rain behind the Castle of St. Antonio. As soon as she appeared on the horizon, two circles were distinguished, one large and whitish, forty-four degrees in diameter, the other smaller, displaying all the colors of the rainbow. The space between the two circles was of the deepest azure. At the altitude of four degrees they disappeared, while the meteorological instruments indicated not the slightest change in the lower regions of the air. The phenomenon was chiefly remarkable for the great brilliancy of its colors, and for the circumstance that, according to the measures taken with Ramden's sextant, the lunar disc was not exactly in the centre of the haloes. Humboldt mentions likewise having seen, at Mexico, in extremely fine weather, large bands spread along the vault of the sky, converging toward the lunar disc, displaying beautiful prismatic colors; and he remarks, that within the torrid zone, similar appearances are the common phenomena of the night, sometimes vanishing and returning in the space of a few minutes, which he assigns to the superior currents of air changing the state of the floating vapors, by which the light is refracted. Between latitude fifteen degrees of the equator, he records having observed small tinted haloes around the planet Venus, the purple, orange and violet being distinctly perceptible, which was never the case with Sirius, Canopus, or Acherner. In the northern regions solar and lunar haloes are very common appearances, owing to the abundance of minute and highly crystallized spicula of ice floating in the atmosphere. The Arctic adventurers frequently mention the fall of icy particles during a clear sky and a bright sun, so small as scarcely to be visible to the naked eye, and most readily detected by their melting upon the skin.



# "WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?"



"What is that, mother?"

The dove, my son:  
And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,  
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,  
Constant and pure by that lonely nest,  
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,  
For her distant dear one's quick return.  
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove;  
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.



"What is that mother?"

The eagle, boy,  
Proudly careering his course with joy,  
Firm on his mountain vigor relying,  
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;  
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,  
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.  
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,  
Onward and upward and true to the line.



"What is that, mother?"

The swan, my love;

He is floating down from his native grove,  
No loved one now, no nestling nigh;  
He is floating down by himself to die:  
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,  
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.  
Live so, my child, that when death shall come,  
Swan-like and sweet it may waft thee home.

DOANE.

## CROSSING THE PASS.

(See Plate.)

"I dread to cross that wild terrific pass!"  
Fair Inez said, and half recoiling, shrank  
Even from her lover's close embracing arm;  
Brave Juan Perez. Juan soothed her fears,  
And making light of danger, said to her,

"Our Lady of the Good Death safely guides  
The feet of all who put their trust in her,  
By ways more perilous than yonder ledge,  
And over ghastlier gulfs than those we see."

Then outspoke Manuel, the friend of Perez;  
Gay-hearted he, and active in all sports  
That task the thews of manhood. None could throw  
The lasso with a more unerring aim,  
When mounted on his fiery steed he chased  
The wild herds of the Pampas. None could touch  
The light guitar with a more delicate grace;  
Nor tempt, with livelier strains, at eventide  
The dark-eyed maidens to come forth and dance  
The famed cachuca, where quick feet beat time  
To the sharp clatter of the castanet.  
Such was the joyous life of Manuel Rey,  
He loved so many he could wed with none.

"Fair Donna Inez," said he, "well I know,  
Yon slender shelf of road men's hands have hewn  
By daring labor from a wall of rock,  
O'erhangs a yawning gulf whose black profound  
No line hath fathomed; yet the steadfast feet  
Of our good mules, if left to their own will,  
Shall bear us safely to the vale beyond."

"And in that valley, dearest," Juan said,  
"Nestles, among embowering orange groves,  
The home where my fond mother waits to clasp  
A new found daughter in her widowed arms."

"And there, too, in the rainy season, dwells  
One Manuel Rey, a careless good for naught,"  
Said Juan's laughing friend. "The constant plague  
Of the dear lady, and that gallant youth  
Who lives for love and has all faith in love;  
And whose bright eyes are speaking now to yours,  
Fair Donna Inez." Then a sudden light  
Flashed for a moment o'er the maiden's face,  
Pensive, but lovely. "Let us on!" she said.  
And Manuel, moving foremost up the pass,  
Seized his guitar and play'd with reckless ease,  
Reclining on his mule, the sweetest airs,  
To cheer the timid Inez. She following then  
By Juan's side, and clinging to his breast,  
Spoke not a word, but shuddering clomb'd the hill,  
Holding her breath that not a single sound  
Should mar the steady footsteps of her mule.  
And thus she rode, in fear, but larger hope,  
Along the verge of that tremendous gulf,  
Until the downward slope was overcome,  
And through green vistas gleamed the sunny vale  
With Juan's home embowered in orange groves.

## TAKING TOLL.

(See Plate "Antimonial Wine.")

[The following story, which has in it more of truth than fiction, is taken from "Lights and Shadows of Real Life," by T. S. Arthur, published in this city by J. W. Bradley, 48 North Fourth street. The graphic illustration, which we give in this number of the Home Magazine, is also taken from that volume.]

Mr. Smith kept a drug shop in the little village of Q—, which was situated a few miles from Lancaster. It was his custom to visit the latter place every week or two, in order to purchase such articles as were needed from time to time in his business. One day, he drove off towards Lancaster, in his wagon, in which, among other things, was a gallon demijohn. On reaching the town, he called first at a grocer's with the inquiry—

"Have you any common wine?"

"How common?" asked the grocer.

"About a dollar a gallon. I want it for antimonial wine."

"Yes: I have some just fit for that, and not much else, which I will sell at a dollar."

"Very well. Give me a gallon," said Mr. Smith.

The demijohn was brought in from the wagon and filled. And then Mr. Smith drove off to attend to other business. Among the things to be done on that day, was to see a man who lived half a mile from Lancaster. Before going out on this errand, Mr. Smith stopped at the house of his particular friend, Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones happened not to be in, but Mrs. Jones was a pleasant woman, and he chatted with her for ten minutes, or so. As he stepped into his wagon, it struck him that the gallon demijohn was a little in his way, and so, lifting it out, he said to Mrs. Jones—

"I wish you would take care of this until I come back."

"O! certainly," replied Mrs. Jones, "with the greatest pleasure."

And so the demijohn was left in the lady's care.

Some time afterwards Mr. Jones came in, and among the first things that attracted his attention, was the strange demijohn.

"What is this?" was his natural inquiry.

"Something that Mr. Smith left."

"Mr. Smith from Q—?"

"Yes."

"I wonder what he has here?" said Mr. Jones, taking hold of the demijohn. "It feels heavy."

The cork was unhesitatingly removed, and the mouth of the vessel brought in contact with the smelling organ of Mr. Jones.

"Wine, as I live!" fell from his lips. "Bring me a glass."

"O! no, Mr. Jones. I wouldn't touch his wine," said Mrs. Jones.

"Bring me a glass. Do you think I'm going to let a gallon of wine pass my way without exacting toll? No—no! Bring me a glass."

The glass, a half-pint tumbler, was produced, and nearly filled with the execrable stuff—as

guiltless of grape juice as a dyer's vat—which was poured down the throat of Mr. Jones.

"Pretty fair wine, that; only a little rough," said Mr. Jones, smacking his lips.

"It's a shame!" remarked Mrs. Jones, warmly, "for you to do so."

"I only took toll," said the husband, laughing. "No harm in that, I'm sure."

"Rather heavy toll, it strikes me," replied Mrs. Jones.

Meantime, Mr. Smith, having completed most of his business for that day, stopped at a store where he wished two or three articles put up. While these were in preparation he said to the keeper of the store—

"I wish you would let your lad Tom step over for me to Mr. Jones's. I left a demijohn of common wine there, which I bought for the purpose of making it into antimonial wine."

"O! certainly," replied the store-keeper.—"Here, Tom!" and he called for his boy.

Tom came, and the store-keeper said to him—

"Run over to Mr. Jones's and get a jug of antimonial wine which Mr. Smith left there. Go quickly, for Mr. Smith is in a hurry."

"Yes, sir," replied the lad, and away he ran.

After Mr. Jones had disposed of his half a pint of wine, he thought his stomach had rather a curious sensation, which is not much to be wondered at, considering the stuff with which he had burdened it.

"I wonder if that really is wine?" said he, turning from the window at which he had seated himself, and taking up the demijohn again. The cork was removed, and his nose applied to the mouth of the huge bottle.

"Yes, it's wine; but I'll vow it's not much to brag of." And the cork was once more replaced.

Just then came a knock at the door. Mrs. Jones opened it, and the store-keeper's lad appeared.

"Mr. Smith says, please let me have the jug of antimonial wine he left here."

"Antimonial wine!" exclaimed Mr. Jones, his chin falling, and a paleness instantly overspread his face.

"Yes, sir," said the lad.

"Antimonial wine!" fell again, but huskily, from the quivering lips of Mr. Jones. "Send for the doctor, Kitty, quick! Oh! How sick I feel! Send for the doctor, or I'll be a dead man in half an hour!"

"Antimonial wine! Dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, now as pale and frightened as her husband. "Do you feel sick?"

"O! yes. As sick as death!" And the appearance of Mr. Jones by no means belied his words. "Send for the doctor instantly, or it may be too late."

Mrs. Jones ran first in one direction and then in another, and finally, after telling the boy to run for the doctor, called Jane, her single domestic, and started her on the same errand.

Off sprang Jane at a speed outstripping that of John Gilpin. Fortunately, the doctor was in his office, and he came with all the rapidity a proper regard to the dignity of his profession would permit, armed with a stomach pump and a dozen antidotes. On arriving at the house of

Mr. Jones, he found the sufferer lying upon a bed, ghastly pale, and retching terribly.

"O! doctor! I'm afraid it's all over with me!" gasped the patient.

"How did it happen? What have you taken?" inquired the doctor, eagerly.

"I took, by mistake, nearly a pint of antimonial wine."

"Then it must be removed instantly," said the doctor; and down the sick man's throat went one end of a long, flexible, India rubber tube, and pump! pump! pump! went the doctor's hand at the other end. The result was very palpable. About a pint of reddish fluid, strongly smelling of wine, came up, after which the instrument was withdrawn.

"There," said the doctor, "I guess that will do. Now let me give you an antidote." And a nauseous dose of something or other was mixed up and poured down, to take the place of what had just been removed.

"Do you feel any better now?" inquired the doctor, as he sat holding the pulse of the sick man, and scanning, with a professional eye, his pale face, that was covered with a clammy perspiration.

"A little," was the faint reply. "Do you think all danger is past?"

"Yes, I think so. The antidote I have given you will neutralize the effect of the drug, as far as it has passed into the system."

"I feel as weak as a rag," said the patient. "I am sure I could not bear my own weight. What a powerful effect it had!"

"Don't think of it," returned the doctor. "Compose yourself. There is now no danger to be apprehended whatever."

The wild flight of Jane through the street, and the hurried movements of the doctor, did not fail to attract attention. Inquiry followed, and it soon became noised about that Mr. Jones had taken poison.

Mr. Smith was just stepping into his wagon, when a man came up and said to him—

"Have you heard the news?"

"What news?"

"Mr. Jones has taken poison?"

"What?"

"Poison!"

"Who! Mr. Jones?"

"Yes. And they say he cannot live."

"Dreadful! I must see him." And without waiting for further information, Mr. Smith spoke to his horse and rode off at a gallop for the residence of his friend. Mrs. Jones met him at the door, looking very anxious.

"How is he?" inquired Mr. Smith, in a serious voice.

"A little better, I thank you. The doctor has taken it all out of his stomach. Will you walk up?"

Mr. Smith ascended to the chamber where lay Mr. Jones, looking as white as a sheet. The doctor was still by his side.

"Ah! my friend," said the sick man, in a feeble voice, as Mr. Smith took his hand, "that antimonial wine of yours has nearly been the death of me."

"What antimonial wine?" inquired Mr. Smith, not understanding his friend.

"The wine you left here in the gallon demi-john."

"That wasn't antimonial wine!"

"It was not?" fell from the lips of both Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

"Why, no! It was only wine that I had bought for the purpose of making antimonial wine."

Mr. Jones rose up in bed.

"Not antimonial wine?"

"No!"

"Why the boy said it was."

"Then he didn't know any thing about it. It was nothing but some common wine which I had bought."

Mr. Jones took a long breath. The doctor arose from the bedside, and Mr. Jones exclaimed, "Well, I never!"

Then came a grave silence, in which one looked at the other, doubtingly.

"Good-day," said the doctor, and went down stairs.

"So you have been drinking my wine. it seems," laughed Mr. Smith, as soon as the man with the stomach pump had retired.

"I only took a little toll," said Mr. Jones, back into whose pale face the color was beginning to come, and through whose almost paralyzed nerves was again flowing from the brain a healthy influence. "But don't say any thing about it! Don't for the world!"

"I won't, on one condition," said Mr. Smith, whose words were scarcely coherent, so strongly was he convulsed with laughter.

"What is that?"

"You must become a teetotaller."

"Can't do that," replied Mr. Jones. "Give me a day or two to make up my mind."

"Very well. And now, good bye: the sun is nearly down, and it will be night before I get home."

And Mr. Smith shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and hurriedly retired, trying, but in vain, to leave the house in a grave and dignified manner. Long before Mr. Jones had made up his mind to join the teetotallers, the story of his taking toll was all over the town, and for the next two or three months he had his own time of it. After that, it became an old story.

## A PRAYER.

O, that mine eye might closed be  
To what becomes me not to see;  
That deafness might possess mine ear  
To what concerns me not to hear;  
That truth my tongue might always tie  
From ever speaking foolishly;  
That no vain thought might ever rest  
Or be conceived within my breast;  
That by each word, each deed, each thought,  
Glory may to my God be brought,  
But what are wishes? Lord, mine eye  
On Thee is fixed; to Thee I cry.  
O, purge out all my dross, my sin,  
Make me more white than snow within;  
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,  
And make it clean in every part.

## PROPENSITIES AND WAYS OF LIONS.

One of the most striking things connected with the lion is his voice, which is extremely grand, and peculiarly striking. It consists, at times, of a low, deep moaning, repeated five or six times, ending in faintly audible sighs; at other times, he startles the forest with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third and fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low, muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder. At times, and not unfrequently, a troop may be heard in concert, one assuming the lead, and two, three or four more singing a catch. Like our Scottish stags, they roar loudest in cold, frosty nights; but on no occasion are their voices to be heard in such perfection, or so intensely powerful, as when two or three strange troops of lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs, every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties; and when one roars, all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and power of his voice. The power and grandeur of those nocturnal forest concerts is inconceivably striking and pleasing to the hunter's ear. The effect is greatly enhanced when the hearer happens to be situated in the depths of the forest, at the dead hour of midnight, unaccompanied by any attendant, and ensconced within twenty yards of the fountain which the surrounding troop of lions are approaching. Such has been my situation many scores of times; and though I am allowed to have a tolerably good taste for music, I consider the catches which I am regaled with, as the sweetest and most natural which I ever heard.

As a general rule, lions roar during the night; their sighing moans commencing as the shades of evening envelope the forest, and continuing at intervals during the night. In distant and secluded regions, I have constantly heard them roaring loudly, as late as nine or ten o'clock on a bright, sunny morning. In hazy and rainy weather, they are to be heard at every hour in the day, but their roar is subdued. It often happens that, when two strange male lions meet at a fountain, a terrific combat ensues, which not unfrequently ends in the death of one of them. The habits of the lion are strictly nocturnal; during the day, he lies concealed beneath the shade of some low, bushy tree, or wide-spreading bush, with the level forest, or on the mountain side. He is also partial to lofty reeds, or fields of long, rank, yellow grass, occurring in lowly valleys. When he is successful in his catch, and has secured his prey, he does not roar much that night, only uttering occasionally a few low moans; that is, provided no intruders approach him, otherwise the case would be very different.

I remarked a fact, connected with the lion's hour of drinking, peculiar to themselves; they seemed unwilling to visit the fountains with good moonlight. Thus, when the moon rose early, the lions deferred their watering until late in the

morning; and, when the moon rose late, they drank at an early hour in the night.

Owing to the tawny color of the coat with which nature has robed him, he is perfectly invisible in the dark; and, although I have often heard them loudly lapping the water under my very nose, not twenty yards from me, I could not possibly make out so much as an outline of their forms. When a thirsty lion comes to water, he stretches out his massive arms, lies down on his breast to drink, and makes a loud lapping noise not to be mistaken. He continues lapping up the water for a long while, and, four or five times during the proceeding, he pauses, for half a minute, as if to take breath. One thing conspicuous about them is their eyes, which, in a dark night, glow like two balls of fire.

## SLANG WORDS.

Miss Leslie, one of the most gifted and pleasing authors of our country, reads the following lecture to her sex, in her work entitled "The Behavior Book." We shall be glad to see her suggestions more generally attended to, even among those considered as of the "higher circles."

"There is no wit," says the author of the Behavior Book, "in a lady to speak of taking a 'snooze,' instead of a nap, in calling pantaloons 'pants,' or gentlemen 'gents,' in saying of a man, whose dress is getting old, that he looks 'seedy,' and in alluding to an amusing anecdote, or a diverting incident, to say that it is 'rich.' All slang words are detestable from the lips of ladies. We are always sorry to hear a young lady use such words as 'polking,' when she tells of having been engaged in a certain dance too fashionable not long since; but, happily, now it is fast going out, and almost banished from the best society. To her honor be it remembered, Queen Victoria has prohibited the polka being danced in her presence. How can a genteel girl bring herself to say, 'Last night, I was polking with Mr. Bell,' or 'Mr. Cope came and asked me to polk with him?' Its coarse and ill sounding name is worthy of the dance.

"We have little tolerance for young ladies who, having in reality neither wit nor humor, set up for both, and, having nothing of the right stock to go upon, substituted coarseness and impertinence (not to say impudence) and try to excite laughter and attract the attention of gentlemen by using slang. Where do they get it? How do they pick it up? Surely not from low companions? We have heard of one of these ladies, when her collar chanced to be pinned awry, say that it was put on drunk; also, that her bonnet was drunk, meaning crooked on her head. When disconcerted, she was 'floored.' When submitting to do a thing unwilling, she 'was brought to the scratch.' Sometimes 'she did things on the sly.' She talked of a certain great vocalist 'singing like a beast.' She believed it very smart and piquant to use these vile expressions. It is true, when at parties, she always had half-a-dozen gentlemen about her, their curiosity being excited as to what she would say next. And yet she was a woman of many good qualities, and one who boasted of always having 'lived in society.'"

## CITY SCENES--NO. 1.



THE ITALIAN CHESTNUT MAN.

The man who sells Italian chestnuts at the corner, hot from his curious roasting machine, is no ingenious Yankee. There is something too primitive about his whole establishment to leave room for such an inference. No; both himself and calling are recent importations from Italy or France. How patiently he stands, all day long, cutting and roasting his chestnuts; and, occasionally, waiting on his customers, mainly of the class juvenile, whose patronage, in the way of eatables, is of no trifling importance.

Our artist, in sketching the Chestnut Man, has introduced a ludicrous scene, which needs not a word of explanation to make it fully understood. In fact, to attempt description, would be like gilding fine gold.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF  
MORMON PREACHERS.

The Boston Herald, in announcing the death of Elder G. Adams, a Mormon Preacher, says:—"On his second visit to Boston, the Elder preached, baptized converts, whipped a newspaper editor, and played a star engagement at the National Theatre. He was industrious and filled up all his time. We have a fund of anecdotes concerning this strange mortal, which we shall be glad to print at some other time. We close this article by briefly adverting to the chastisement he gave an editor for strongly criticising his performance of Richard III. The office of the editor was in Washington street, where Propellor now keeps. Adams armed himself with a cowhide, and watched his victim. Soon the unsuspecting fellow came down stairs, and Adams sprang

upon him, exclaiming, 'The Lord has delivered thee into my hands, and I shall give thee forty stripes, save one, Scripture measure. Brother Graham, keep tally.' So saying, he proceeded to lay on the punishment with hearty good-will. In the meantime, a large crowd had gathered around the avenging priest and the delinquent. When the tally was up, Adams left the man and addressed the crowd as follows:—"Men and brothers, my name is Elder George G. Adams, preacher of the everlasting gospel. I have chastised my enemy. I go this afternoon to fulfil an engagement at the Providence Theatre, where I shall play one of Shakspeare's immortal creations. I shall return to this city at the end of the week, and will, by Divine permission, preach three times next Sabbath on the immortality of the soul, the eternity of matter, and in answer to the question, Who is the Devil? May grace and peace be with you. Amen."

## AN EGERAN CHALICE.

"If he already see what he must do,  
Well may he shade his eyes from the far-seeing view."  
*Fuller Ossoli.*

Tell me, O friend, what shall I name this heart,  
Which oft o'erflows to thee in hours of sadness—  
Which finds a flood of sunshine where thou art,  
A living fount of joy and gushing gladness?  
Itself might say, a plain, close-lidded urn,  
Filled with old Syrmian of a vintage richer  
Than beauteous Eos ever did out-turn,  
In dawning radiance, from her classic pitcher.  
But thou?—a wreath of silvery morning dew  
Which night's jet wing to crystals hath been  
fanning,  
In reflex warmth exhaled, till meets thy view,  
A rainbow-bridge the ether concave spanning;  
While from that concave, beams of burning stars  
Drop to chill earth, as the oak drops its berries—  
Thence to arise in gentle, twin-formed prayers,  
The sainted incense soul to soul that ferries?  
Or, is it but a simple violet-bloom,  
Sometimes of white, yet oftener colors pansied;  
Breathing dirge-incense now from out its tomb,  
Now mingling hues and perfumes, as 'twere  
frenzied?  
Oh may it grow in magnitude and worth,  
Until it be of anthem-volume—lowly—  
Yet gathering rights from its supernal birth,  
Till it shall fill thine own! cathedral holy!  
Paint, then, thy frescoes with no careless hand,  
Though but a hand's breadth thou at once  
may'st ponder;  
And it shall grow the temple of the land,  
Of future ages the fond lore and wonder.

E. B. B.

## MUSINGS AND MEMORIES.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

I am lonely, I am weary,  
Would you know the reason why?  
'Tis not that the day is dreary,  
Not that clouds o'erhang the sky.  
No. The April sun is beaming  
Warm and genial as 'twere May,  
Earth and air in beauty teeming  
Woo my spirit to the gay.  
This new home is very cheerful,  
Husband, children—all are here;  
Yet my eyes are sometimes tearful,  
Tearful for old memories dear.  
By my window I am sitting,  
Gazing out upon the street;  
Thousands to and fro are flitting,  
No familiar glance I meet.  
Ah! I miss the birds and flowers  
Of the home I've left behind—  
Miss the hill-tops and the bowers,  
Miss the odor-wafting wind.  
This is not the same old carpet  
Upon which we danced at night,  
These are not the time-worn curtains  
Which shut out the summer light.  
All is changed, e'en to the table  
Where I scribbled rhymes of old,  
That was cherry, this is marble—  
Ah! 'tis marble, hard and cold.

This soft seat of yielding cushion,  
This is not my worn old chair  
Where I rocked my babes to slumber  
With a mother's patient care.

But I will not sigh in sadness,  
Will not let my heart grow cold,  
Soon 'twill throb again with gladness,  
Soon these new things will be old.  
Kind and genial hearts are hov'ring  
O'er life's pathway everywhere;  
They will come and render sacred,  
Carpet, curtain, table, chair.

Flowers of love will spring in beauty  
To my fancy on the street,  
If the dusty paths are trodden  
Daily by familiar feet.  
If I scatter seeds of kindness,  
Here and there, as best I may,  
Roses, fragrant as the old ones,  
Soon will cheer the lonely way.

Home so loved—old friends so treasured—  
Half my heart I'll give to you;  
Half I'll keep in good condition;  
Warm and lighted for the new.  
I may drop a tear of sorrow  
For the past—the far away,  
While I'm pilfering from to-morrow,  
Smiles and sunshines for to-day.

*Ohio Cultivator.*

## LOVE.

From the cradled lull by the hearthstone,  
To the coffined lull in the clod,  
O! is it for man to be happy  
Hither side of the City of God?

Though gold hath the glittering promise,  
And we seek it far and near,  
Not gold from the streets of Heaven  
Could pave a Paradise here.

And fame, that to young ambition  
Has a voice of thundering roll,  
ends a bolt with its flash of glory—  
Where it strikes, it blasts the soul.

All the joys of this dark existence  
Keep fading, one by one,  
Before the approaching death-dawn,  
Like the stars before the sun.

Oh! is there for man no pleasure  
That will bloom for ever here,  
And, transplanted to Eden, flourish  
In that celestial sphere?

Yes, love! love, that gives to the spirit  
Wings fluttering to aspire;  
Love, that makes our human heartstrings  
The chords of an angel's lyre.

Yes, love! love, that skies the summer bluer,  
And paints the leaves more green;  
That knows what the wild bees whisper,  
And feels what the bird-songs mean.

Yes, love! that weaves wings of the blossoms,  
To winnow the fragrant air;  
That wraps in a white-cloud mantle,  
And climbs the cerulean stair.

Love is always, always climbing;  
It belongs in Heaven above;  
O! our souls are wafted Godward  
In every kiss of love! *COATES-KINNEY.*



## PLANS OF LIFE AND MEANS OF SUCCESS.

BY G. S. WEAVER.

[From "Hopes and Helps for the Young," published by Fowlers & Wells, the following excellent article is taken.]

Every youth should be educated, whatever is to be his trade or profession. There is no honorable calling in life that may not engage the interest and attention of a whole mind, and be adorned and made attractive by the productions of a cultivated intellect.

If a young man is to follow agricultural pursuits, he should be educated for it. His education should be shaped to it. His mind should be fully trained, and its powers developed in the direction of their life pursuit. He should be made familiar with all the natural sciences, such as Chemistry, Geology, Mineralogy, Botany, and the natural history, character, and physiology of animals; for their breathing forms are all about him, and through his life he must have to do with them. His food, his drink, his dress, his all are within them, and he must draw them out. The touchstone of his knowledge must be applied to their dead and living forms, that he, his wife and children, may be surrounded with the comforts and luxuries of life.

With Astronomy, Physiology, mental and moral Philosophy, and the rudiments at least of a thorough mathematical education, he should be made acquainted; for these he needs every day in the care of his family, and in his business transactions with the world. His course of studies, his mental training, should be directed with a wise reference to his avocation. Not only his success, but the happiness and usefulness of both himself and family, depend upon it.

Again, not only his mind, but his hand should be educated for his life's avocation. His physical powers should be made not only strong and vigorous, but should be strictly and practically educated for his profession, so that mind and body will act together for the accomplishment of his end in life. A quack farmer is like a quack at anything else. And an agricultural theorist, unsupported by practice, is like a theorist anywhere, a mere puff of wind.

Similar remarks may be applied to youth who have designed to fill any of the honorable callings in which men fulfil their earthly destinies.

First of all, a choice of business should be made, and made early, with a wise reference to capacity and taste. Then the youth should be educated for it, and as much as possible in it, and when this is done, it should be pursued with an industry, energy, and enthusiasm which will warrant success.

A man or woman with no business, nothing to do, is an absolute pest to society. They are thieves, stealing that which is not theirs; beggars, eating that which they have not earned; drones, wasting the fruits of others' industry; leeches, sucking the blood of others; evil-doers, setting an example of idleness and dishonest living; hypocrites, shining in stolen and false colors; vam-

pires, eating out the life of the community. Frown upon them, O youth. Learn in your heart to despise their course of life.

Many of our most interesting youth waste a great portion of their early life in fruitless endeavors at nothing.\* They have no trade, no profession, no object before them, nothing to do; and yet have a great desire to do something, and something worthy of themselves. They try this and that, and the other; offer themselves to do anything and everything, and yet know how to do nothing. Educate themselves they cannot, for they know not what they should do it for. They waste their time, energies, and little earnings in endless changes and wanderings. They have not the stimulus of a fixed object to fasten their attention and awaken their energies; not a known prize to win. They wish for good things, but have no way to attain them; desire to be useful, but little means for being so. They lay plans, invent schemes, form theories, build castles, but never stop to execute and realize them.

Poor creatures! All that ails them is the want of an object—a *single object*. They look at a hundred, and see nothing. If they should look steadily at one, they would see it distinctly. They grasp at random a hundred things and catch nothing. It is like shooting among a scattered flock of pigeons. The chances are doubtful. This will never do—no, never. Success, respectability and happiness are found in a permanent business. An early choice of some business, devotion to it, and preparation for it, should be made by every youth.

When the two objects, business and character, as the great end of life, are fairly before a youth, what then? Why, he must attain those objects. Will wishes and prayers bring them into his hands? By no means. He must work as well as wish, labor as well as pray. His hand must be as stout as his heart, his arm as strong as his head. Purpose must be followed by action, words by blows. And these must be repeated "from morn till night, from youth till hoary age." "Continual dropping wears a stone." So persevering labor gains our objects. Perseverance is the virtue wanted, a lion-hearted purpose of victory. It is this that builds, constructs, accomplishes what is great, good, and valuable.

Perseverance built the pyramids on Egypt's plains, erected the gorgeous temple at Jerusalem, reared the seven-hilled city, inclosed in adamant the Chinese empire, scaled the stormy, cloud-capped Alps, opened a highway through the watery wilderness of the Atlantic, levelled the forests of a new world, and reared in its stead a community of states and nations. It has wrought from the marble block the exquisite creations of genius, painted on the canvas the gorgeous mimicry of nature, and engraved on metallic surface the viewless substance of the shadow.

It has put in motion millions of spindles, winged as many flying shuttles, harnessed a thousand iron steeds to as many freighted cars, and set them flying from town to town and nation to nation, tunneled mountains of granite and annihilated space with the lightning's speed. It has whitened the waters of the world with the sails of a hundred nations, navigated every sea and ex-

plored every land. It has reduced Nature in her thousand forms to as many sciences, taught her laws, prophesied her future movements, measured her untrodden spaces, counted her myriad hosts of worlds, and computed their distances, dimensions, and velocities.

But greater still are the works of perseverance in the world of mind. What are the productions of science and art compared with the splendid achievements won in the human soul? What is a monument of constructive genius compared with the living domes of thought, the sparkling temples of virtue, and the rich, glory-wreathed sanctuaries of religion, which perseverance has wrought out and reared in the souls of the good? What are the toil-sweated productions of wealth piled in vast profusion around a Girard, or a Rothschild, when weighed against the stores of wisdom, the treasures of knowledge, and the strength, beauty and glory with which this victorious virtue has enriched and adorned a great multitude of minds during the march of a hundred generations?

How little can we tell, how little know, the brain-sweat, the heart-labor, the conscience-struggles which it cost to make a Newton, a Howard, or a Channing! how many days of toil, how many nights of weariness, how many months and years of vigilant, powerful effort, were spent to perfect in them what the world has bowed to in reverence! Their words have a power, their names a charm, and their deeds a glory. How came this wealth of soul to be theirs? Why are their names watchwords of power set high on the temple of fame? Why does childhood lip them in reverence, and age feel a thrill of pleasure when they are mentioned?

They were the sons of Perseverance—of unremitting industry and toil. They were once as weak and helpless as any of us; once as destitute of wisdom, virtue and power as an infant. Once the very alphabet of that language which they have wielded with such magic effect, was unknown to them. They toiled long to learn it, to get its sounds, understand its dependencies, and longer still to obtain the secret of its highest charm and mightiest power, and yet even longer for those living, glorious thoughts which they bade it bear to an astonishing and admiring world.

Their characters, which are now given to the world, and will be to millions yet unborn, as patterns of greatness and goodness, were made by that untiring perseverance which marked their whole lives. From childhood to age they knew no such word as fail. Defeat only gave them power; difficulty only taught them the necessity of redoubled exertions; dangers gave them courage; the sight of great labors inspired in them corresponding exertions. So it has been with all men and all women who have been eminently successful in any profession or calling in life. Their success has been wrought out by persevering industry.

Successful men owe more to their perseverance than to their natural powers, their friends, or the favorable circumstances around them. Genius will falter by the side of labor; great powers will yield to great industry. Talent is desirable, but perseverance is more so. It will make mental powers, or, at least, it will strengthen those al-

ready made. Yes, it will make mental power. The most available and successful kind of mental power is that made by the hand of cultivation.

It will also make friends. Who will not befriend the persevering, energetic youth, the fearless man of industry? Who is not a friend to him who is a friend to himself? He who perseveres in business and hardships, and discouragements, will always find ready and generous friends in every time of need. He who perseveres in a course of wisdom, rectitude, and benevolence, is sure to gather around him friends who will be true and faithful. Honest industry will procure friends in any community and any part of the civilized world.

Go to the men of business, of worth, of influence, and ask them who shall have their confidence and support. They will tell you, the men who falter not by the wayside, who toil on in their callings, against every barrier, whose eye is bent upward, and whose motto is "Excelsior." These are the men to whom they give their confidence. But they shun the lazy, the indolent, the fearful and faltering. They would as soon trust the wind as such men.

If you would win friends, be steady and true to yourself; be the unflinching friend of your own purposes, stand by your own character, and others will come to your aid. Though the earth quake and the Heavens gather blackness, be true to your course and yourself. Quail not, nor doubt of the result; victory will be yours. Friends will come. A thousand arms of strength will be bared to sustain you.

First, be sure that your trade, your profession, your calling in life is a good one—one that God and goodness sanctions; then be true as steel to it. Think for it, plan for it, work for it, live for it; throw your mind, might, strength, heart and soul into your actions for it, and success will crown you her favored child. No matter whether your object be great or small, whether it be the planting of a nation or a patch of potatoes, the same perseverance is necessary. Everybody admires an iron determination, and comes to the aid of him who directs it to good.

It is God that arranged the law of precedence. Implead Him or be silent! If you have the capacity for a higher station, take it. What hinders you? How many men would love to go to sleep beggars, and wake up Rothschilds or Astors? How many would fain go to bed dunces, to be waked up Solomons? You reap what you have sown. Those who have sown dunce-seed, vice-seed, laziness-seed, usually get a crop. They that sow the wind reap a whirlwind.

Work is the order of this day. The slow penny is surer than the quick dollar. The slow trotter will out-travel the fleet racer. Genius darts, flutters and tires; but perseverance wears and wins. The all-day horse wins the race. The afternoon man wears off the laurels. The last blow finishes the nail.

Men must learn to labor and to wait, if they would succeed. Brains grow by use as well as hands. The greatest man is the one who uses his brains the most, who has added most to his natural stock of power. Would you have fleet feet? Try them in the race. Would you have

stronger minds? Put them at rational thinking. They will grow strong by action. Would you have greater success? Use greater and more rational and constant efforts. Does competition trouble you? Work away; what is your competitor but a man? Are you a coward, that you shrink from the contest? Then you ought to be beaten.

Is the end of your labors a long way off? Every step takes you nearer to it. Is it a weary distance to look at? Ah, you are faint-hearted! That is the trouble with the multitude of youth. Youth are not so lazy as they are cowardly. They may bluster at first, but they won't "stick it out." Young farmer, do you covet a homestead, nice and comfortable, for yourself and that sweet one of your day-dreams? What hinders that you should not have it? Persevering industry, with proper economy, will give you the farm. A man can get what he wants if he is not faint-hearted.

Youth, learn this lesson: *All real good is on the mountain-top—you must go up there to get it.* The greater the good the higher the mount which it crowns; and the longer and greater the efforts necessary to secure it.

## MAIDEN MEDITATIONS.

BY CULMA CROLY.

NUMBER ONE.

"I would be,  
In maiden meditations, fancy free."

Those words came from your lips with an easy grace, light-hearted Lizzie, as you stood, yesterday, at sunset, leaning upon the old stone-wall under the apple-tree. You plucked a white rose, and gave it with the quotation, and a roguish smile, to somebody who had come up to the other side of the wall, to talk to you about something. Who was it? I saw the shadow of a Kossuth hat on the grass-plat, and had my guesses as to the ownership of a somewhat aquiline nose which appeared in faint outline beneath it. But no matter. "Old maids always have so much curiosity," you will say. You did not remember that aunty had been turning the household linen which lay bleaching on the grass, and was picking a few green currants to be used as "sauce," the next morning. If you had thought of it, I suppose you would have spoken a little lower, and then I should have lost the benefit of a very edifying sermon that I preached to myself, from the text you gave me.

Were I to repeat to you that self-same homily upon youthful giddiness, coquetry, and faults of a kindred though darker nature, you would run away. So I will only say that a certain Kossuth hat, rather the worse for wear, covers a head steady and strong enough to guide a wilder nature than yours; and that a truer heart never beat, than one over which a certain faded green jacket is buttoned. But I may have been mistaken in a twilight shadow; and you are "ower young" yet. Experience is the only preacher who will really arrest your attention. Depend upon it, he will make you listen to him, though he spin out his "fifties" and "sixties" to the most wearisome length.

"Fancy free!" What idea does that give you, Lizzie? I suppose it would be as hard for you to tell, as for the bob-o'-link to translate the crazy carol he sang just now, on the bars of the clover-field. And it is well so. The romance of youth is mere gossamer, that disappears at the touch of any but a fairy's finger. Yet in some hearts it lingers long, with its rainbow-colored haze. I think, dear, that the heart need never grow old. Nay, I have myself felt—pshaw! you hint, by that sidelong glance, that it is as unbecoming for an old maid to be sentimental, as it would be for her to curl her gray hair in long ringlets, or wear a wreath of rose-buds on her wrinkled forehead. Well, girls will be girls! I will not quarrel about it now; but one of these days, when cares of which you do not dream begin to dampen your spirit, we will see what old body has a warm corner in her heart for one with whose troubles she sympathizes, as she once shared her thoughtlessness.

Gone, Lizzie, are you?—humming playfully, as you fly, Holmes' sarcastic words, "My aunt, my dear unmarried aunt." Then I am at liberty to think aloud as much as I please; and no unkind thoughts shall go after you, although you are a little heedless. You are not alone in imagining old maids about as susceptible to feeling of any kind, as a cooking-stove or a vinegar-jug might be.

Glad am I to see the young happy, though my worried nerves do now and then jar at the sound of boisterous laughter, particularly when it betrays heartlessness. Not that I am unhappy. Oh! no! But happiness comes to my heart in a quiet way, as a calm lake is fed by summer rain-drops, or by some noiseless spring far down out of sight. These younger ones will call nothing pleasure unless it comes dashing and flashing around them, like a water-fall that swells the streamlet for a few brief days, then leaves it dry and bare. I know well that they must soon let the sparkling spray subside into still waters, and enjoy the peace of their own souls, or enjoy nothing. But they will not believe it, without many hard lessons.

"Fancy free." Free for what? To be a heartless flirt—to torment those who love you—to load your life with unwholesome fruits for the canker-worms of repentance to riot among, in the weary future? No—no! the claim of duty is always around you; silken if you are willing to wear it—if you try to break it, made of hardest iron.

If you are a poor girl, you are not free to grumble about washing dishes, nor to sigh for silk dresses and velvet mantillas;—nor to be always frowning upon your little brothers, while you keep your smiles to wear with your best gown, Sundays and Independence Days. If you are a rich one, you are not free to waste your time in dressing and feasting, nor to think that money makes you better than your waiting-maid, nor to dance with a bad man, because he wears fine broadcloth and is the son of a senator.

But you are far better off, because you cannot innocently do these things. Among what are ignorantly called the "weak things of this world," few are more powerful than the influence of an

amiable young girl. No matter whether her features are Roman, Grecian, or Yankee, if she is good, she can work miracles of love. She can make a tired father realize that the world is not merely a huge shelf for day-books and ledgers; she can convince a toiling mother that there is something more than bread and butter to live for; she can make her home, though it be a log-cabin in the midst of a stump-field, seem to the little ones, who call her sister, like a Paradise, and themselves, playing in it, cherubs for happiness. Is not the freedom to do all this, worth enjoying?

"Fancy free." I have been ambling carelessly around the poet's meaning; but then no exposition was intended; nothing more than to utter the meditation into which my thoughts ran "of their own sweet will."

The sentiment, "my heart is free," has been given to the white rose. And to be like that flower is the purest wish maiden could cherish. Free to bloom upon its native bush with brilliant and yet delicate loveliness, sending out its fragrance upon the wings of every benevolent breeze: but, broken off, its leaves darkening and withering at every breath, it becomes a worthless, blighted thing. So, in the heart's garden, that alone is beautiful which is natural and pure.

#### NUMBER TWO.

"Handsome is that handsome does."

There is a great deal of comfort, as well as wisdom, in some of those old saws which have been floating about so long, that for aught we know, they may have drifted from the hulk of Noah's ark. Patent medicines are they for mental ailments—magical and universal remedies—as are the Mustang Liniment and Sugar-coated Pills to those who believe in them, and the newspapers.

But it needs faith to make any panacea work well. All my life-time have I been trying to apply the above aphorism as a plaster to my natural defects. I mean, my unnatural ugliness. Alas! the plaster will not always adhere, let self-love bind it ever so tightly.

It has always appeared to me a wrong, or, at least, a mistake, that I happened to be so homely. I should have supposed myself a beauty, had I never looked into a mirror. When a child, my thoughts were very beautiful. Angels and fairies were my little heart's playmates. They looked up at me from the flowers, and smiled down upon me from the clouds. One unlucky day, it came into my head to wonder if there were really a resemblance between those beautiful faces and my own. I had taken it for granted before, but now I wanted to be convinced. So I climbed upon a table, to look into the great gilded parlor looking-glass. Oh, dear! Did those uncouth features belong to me? My terror and grief were so great, that I fell forward, crushing the mirror into atoms. From that moment was I assured of a fact which others have again and again confirmed. It is, that if ever I was the possessor of outward beauty, it has all struck in.

I ran screaming to my mother. "What is the matter, dear," said she, gently, "are you hurt?"

"Yes," I answered, sobbing, "my face hurts me dreadfully. What does make it look so?"

She kissed me, sighed, and only said, "Never mind, my child; 'handsome is that handsome does.'"

After this discovery, I never felt quite at home with myself. The beautiful forms that haunted my imagination seemed to point their finger at me. There was a black spot in my sunshine. It was the shadow of my own ugly face.

I had a cherub of a sister, as handsome as I was ugly. We slept together, and I used to tell her what pretty things I saw when lying half awake in the morning: palaces, and fairy gardens, and winged boys flying all around. She would open wide her violet eyes, her cheeks blooming like pinks beneath them, and say, "How queer! But it cannot be true, for I never see such things." She liked to sew patch-work, and pare apples, and rock the cradle for mother, who looked upon her so pleasantly that I was jealous of my sister, because she could be handsome, and do handsomely too.

Then I would try to make myself also useful, that I might earn just such sweet smiles as she was paid with. But I fancied that my mother's look toward me was different from the one she gave my sister. It seemed to say, "Poor child! you cannot be pretty, so you must be good!"

I read Mrs. Child's story of the Fountain of Beauty; and how I wished that fountain were only on the top of Wachusett, or Monoduc, or even the highest of the White Mountains. I would go on a pilgrimage there, and no fairy troops should prevent me from bathing in it, though their wands were reversed and their wings crossed.

But I have now learned to be reconciled to my homeliness. When people look at me, and then turn suddenly away, as if the sight of my face had caused a sympathizing ache in theirs, like a sharp spasm of the tic-doloureux, I wonder if they are ever fretful, or sullen, or cruel, for I know that if they are, their hearts look much worse than my features.

"Homely as a hedge-fence," muttered a tall, comely girl, with a stare, as she brushed by me the other morning. Her sleeve was out at the elbow, and her stocking was out at the heel, and there were grease spots on her silk apron; so I did not care much for her criticism. A girl who cannot or will not mend her clothes, and keep them tidy, should not talk about beauty, for she does not come up to the old standard, "Handsome is that handsome does."

I have seen a young lady who pretended to be pursuing her education, spend the best hours of the day in trying the effect of new dresses, bonnets and ribbons upon her complexion, inwardly trusting to her pretty face for a passport in good society. I could foresee nothing but disappointment for her, since, in "good society," an aristocratic-looking tenement is expected to be well furnished; and sensible people profess to believe that "Handsome is as handsome does."

I have seen a young man, who might sit to a sculptor for an Adonis, endeavoring to ballast his light head with whiskers, mustachios, and a

cigar. I have looked to learn what else he might be capable of doing; but he was a fashionable, and above any useful occupation. So I set down his beauty for a sham, since "Handsome is that handsome does."

Ah, well! it is not doing handsomely to find fault with other people. Forbid the thought, that the ugliness of my face is spreading to my feelings! Let me rather believe that the beauty which is out of my countenance is in my heart, filling it to overflowing.

Perish, then—for ye must, bright eyes, cherry lips, and rosy cheeks. Your beauty is one of God's gifts, but short-lived as the roses of June, and only hints of that inmost feeling of beauty in which there is no taint of decay. The bloom of spiritual loveliness alone is immortal.

### YOUNG AMERICA.

This phrase has its social as well as its political signification. Those who have associated it with certain feverish and reckless principles of progress, and seen it assumed as a badge by certain fiery politicians, will be scarcely prepared to find it the distinctive title of a strange and effeminate race of creatures by whom modern society is infested.

On a fine day, in Broadway, if we saunter along the dollar side, we will ere long behold a being of singular mien and nondescript character, coming towards us. Judging by the costume, which approximates somewhat to male attire, we should at a first glance pronounce this being to be a man. A second inspection, however, unsettles our first hasty conviction. None of the characteristics of the man are observable in its form or bearing. Its face is smooth and beardless, and in some instances characterized by great delicacy of feature. There is, however, an air of premature age and precocious vice visible in its countenance, that renders its beauty distasteful and repellant. It does not walk upright. It has a very large hat perched on its head, and it seems as if the weight of its head-gear bent its body forward. Its neck is entirely concealed by a huge rampart of coat-collar that rises in a massive bastion from its narrow shoulders. Its hands are invisible, being lost in the mighty sleeves, that look like those canvas pipes used for ventilating ships. Its legs are miraculous. One has often wondered in the fields to see the slender stem of the poppy supporting the heavy seed-head that nods so slumberously to and fro, and a like feeling of surprise now assails us at the manner in which the heavy head and bulkily dressed body of this singular being is sustained by the two slender and reed-like members which the courtesy of society denominates legs. With a little stick stuck up one of its wide sleeves, tight shoes upon its little feet, its hat at an angle of forty-five degrees, this curious variation of the human race trots along the pavement, nodding to ladies, smiling to other beings of its own species, and evidently perfectly satisfied that it is acquitting itself in the most admirable manner of all the duties of life. The race, of which the being we have described is a type, are called in common parlance "Young America."

Their pursuits and enjoyments are not, however, always as innocent and harmless as their afternoon performance on the dollar side of Broadway. Late at night, after the theatres have been closed, and honest people are a-bed, we will find the up-town drinking-saloons crowded with these creatures, quaffing doctored brandy, spending money that is not their own, and boasting of vicious exploits, which, happily for society, are generally inventions of their own prurient imaginations.

One would scarcely imagine that from such puny bodies and girlish mouths so much blasphemy and infamous language could issue as we will hear if we stay a few moments to listen to the conversation of such a group. Everything that society regards as sacred and holy is defiled by allusions whose vulgarity is not even once redeemed by an approach to wit. Fathers are spoken of disrespectfully. Friends are scoffed at for being less advanced in infamy than themselves. The names of maidens whose purity one might have supposed would have preserved them from the insults of such creatures, are bandied from mouth to mouth with gross jests and grosser boasts. Everything that youth should not know is vauntingly displayed—everything that youth should not say is vulgarly and vilely spoken. To use the vigorous language of an English author of promise, we wonder to see combined in these creatures "all the effeminacy of a girl with all the viciousness of a gladiator." It is with a sentiment of profound melancholy that we behold so unmanly and improvident a race of citizens springing up among us. The number of the class is increasing every day, and their extravagances keep pace with their numbers. The origin of all this is easily traceable to the blind indulgence of New York fathers. These boys, from their earliest years, are thrust into society, furnished with plenty of means to gratify their worst desires; and the result is a race of boys who, for viciousness, effeminacy, and absurdity of appearance, are not to be paralleled in the whole world.

If the traveller, who paid a brief visit to our city, were to derive his impressions of our population from the specimens of this race which, if he went into fashionable society, he would be sure to meet in large numbers, his account of New York gentlemen, when he returned to his own country, would be strangely colored. He would say that the gentleman of New York was a strange hybrid between youth and age—depraved in morals, vulgar in sentiment, narrow in intellect, and stunted in growth. He would say this boy-man's conceptions of the duties of life were limited to drinking, dancing, dressing, gambling, and spending money. That he was disrespectful to his parents, irreverent to his God, and regardless of every moral obligation. In short, that the young blood to which every country looks as the staple of her future existence, is, with us, tainted and corrupted beyond all hope of cure.

The fathers of New York, we repeat, are to blame. If they were less indulgent and more strict, their sons would have a different bearing. With us, boys are placed at an early age in re-

sponsible positions—but the fact of holding an office of trust need not sever that wholesome relationship between father and son which should exist at least until the principles of the latter were rightly formed. If these youths would spend their spare hours at the gymnasium, instead of the drinking saloon, and improve their minds with study instead of attending balls at a preposterously early age, and dancing and dissipating their young constitutions away, we might hope to have a population of young gentlemen that we could be proud of. As it is, we are heartily ashamed of them, and wish, sincerely, that we could make them ashamed of themselves.—*N. Y. Times.*

## THE HOLY PLACES.

The *Courrier des Etats Unis* furnishes the following interesting account of the "Holy Places," which is translated by the Boston Traveller:—

For some months these three words have formed the pivot of European politics. Few persons, however, know their real meaning. At the present moment, it is important to understand them. They signify, literally, the sanctuaries, churches, or chapels, which have been constructed upon the places where the principal events in the life of Christ occurred.

There are Holy Places, not only at Jerusalem—about the Holy Sepulchre, which for many ages have been the object of the veneration of Christian people—but at Nazareth, at Bethlehem, at Shechem, at Cana, at Tiberias, Mount Olivet, at Gethsemane, at Tabor, and at Sebus-tech (Samarita). As to the sanctuaries, many of them have perished under the effects of time, and it is only in the midst of their ruins that pilgrims seek pious associations. Thus, the church which Helena caused to be built over Jacob's Well at Shechem, where Christ had the memorable conversation with the woman of Samaria, no longer presents any other objects of regard than the face of a wall or a broken pillar. The same may be said of the Church of the Transfiguration, at Mount Tabor.

Besides, the Mussulmans have seized, by stratagem or by violence, some of the sanctuaries not the least renowned in Christian antiquity. The Church of the Presentation, built by the Emperor Justinian, within the grounds of the Temple, has been usurped for the purpose of a mosque. The Mussulmans have also destroyed the Church of the Holy Apostles, upon Mount Zion, built in the 14th century, in the most beautiful gothic style, by the Franciscans. This church was held in high veneration, because it enclosed within its walls the spots where the sacrament of the Eucharist was instituted, where Christ triumphed over the incredulity of Thomas, and where the Holy Spirit descended upon the Apostles on the Day of Pentecost. The process by which the Mussulmans effected the usurpation of this church is worthy of being stated. A Turkish monk, who had often extorted money from the Franciscans by threatening to convert the Church of the Apostles into a mosque, entered the church, one day, with a company of fanatics, and commenced the perversion of

it by performing his devotions there. This was in the year 1527, soon after the conquest of the Ottomans. The church is now in a ruined and desolate condition. The Mussulmans have likewise converted into a mosque the sanctuary of the Ascension, upon the mount of Olives. The enclosure, of an octagon form, and in the Roman style, remains, although it has been materially reduced in height. An elegant edifice, of white marble, in the centre, indicates the spot from whence the Saviour ascended to Heaven.

The Roman Catholics possess, exclusively, four sanctuaries, viz.:—1. The Grotto and Church of the Annunciation at Nazareth. This grotto still bears traces of the restorations, which were executed by order of the mother of Constantine. The church was built by the Franciscans. 2. The Antique Church at Tiberias, called the Vocation of St. Peter. 3. The Church of the Flagellation, restored in 1826 by the Franciscans. 4. The Grotto of the Agony at Gethsemane. The schismatic Greeks possess only the little Church of Cana of Galilee, where the miracle of changing water into wine was wrought.

The Holy Places which are common to the Christian communions, and which are now subjects of controversy, are three in number, namely, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, at Jerusalem; the Church of the Nativity, at Bethlehem, said to have been built by the Empress Helena, which still bears traces of its Grecian origin, and is alleged to be the most chaste architectural building now remaining in Palestine; and the Church of the Tomb of the Virgin, at Gethsemane.

In describing these sanctuaries, about which the East is now divided, and which threaten the peace of Europe, we begin naturally with the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the most important and the most venerable of the Christian sanctuaries in Palestine. The Christian sects which have privileges in the interior of this church, are the Greeks, the Armenians, the Copts, the Abyssinians, and the Syrians. The monks and friars of these various communions occupy places and convents within the precincts of the church, to a greater or less extent. These monks guard the Holy Places by day and night. The Catholics are represented by the Franciscan monks, French, Italian and Spanish.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre can only be entered by a single door. The door is guarded by Turkish soldiers, who allow no one to enter without first taxing him for the privilege. These soldiers have a divan in the vestibule of the church. The admission fee received of pilgrims, amounts annually to about twenty thousand francs. This revenue is allowed to six Mussulman families, who are established at Jerusalem, and who probably relinquish a part of the income to the Turkish Pasha.

The edifice comprises three churches; that of the Holy Sepulchre, properly so called, the most vast, the most celebrated, and which encloses the tomb of Christ; that of Calvary, built upon the rock which sustained the Cross; and that of the Invention of the Cross, raised in the place where St. Helena is said to have recovered the instrument of the redemption. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre has experienced numerous



vicissitudes. Founded by Constantine; it was devastated and ruined by the invasion of Chosroes, King of Persia, under the reign of Heraclius; raised again by the munificence of the emperors of Byzantium and the donations of the Popes; sacked by the conquering Arabs, Kurds, Mamelukes, and Ottomans; and well nigh destroyed from top to bottom during the siege of Damietta by the Crusaders. The Saracens, enraged at the misfortunes in which the western expeditions had involved them, had resolved not to leave the slightest vestige of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre remaining. The prayers and the money of the Christians of Palestine appeased their anger, however, and prevented the intended profanation. After all these vicissitudes, the church still presents the character of the primitive style employed in its construction. The massive pillars, the majestic arches, of Byzantine architecture, are still preserved.

In order to appreciate the nature of the rights claimed by the different Christian communions to the different sanctuaries united in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, it is necessary to recur to the period preceding the fire of 1808, which destroyed a part of the Cupola. Whether that fire was lighted by the malice of the Greeks, or whether it was the result of accident, it is certain that the Greeks obtained from the Musselman authorities permission to make repairs at their own expense, and that they profited by the occasion to consummate serious and numerous encroachments. The actual state of things which has excited the complaint of the Franciscan monks, and which has led to the interferences of the French government, dates really from 1808. Neither government, since that period, has taken any effectual steps towards a change. Before that the rights of the Latins [Roman Catholics] were guaranteed by the capitulation of 1740, when important restitutions had been made, upon the claims of France, to the Catholics, who had complained of the encroachments of the Greeks. And it was not the first time that such usurpations had taken place, and that the Turkish authorities has rendered justice to the Latins.

Before the fire of 1808, the Latins possessed, in the Church of the Sepulchre, the Sepulchre and Altar opposite the tomb; the Stone of Unction on which the body of Christ was washed before being enshrouded; the place of the Appearance of the Angel to the Holy Women; the place of the Appearance of Jesus to Mary Magdalene; the Chapel of the Crucifixion; the place where the Virgin and St. John stood at the time of the Crucifixion; and the Seven Arches of the Virgin, contiguous to the Chapel of the Appearance. And besides these, they, in common with the Greeks, possessed the Chapel of the Invention of the Holy Cross. The Greeks possessed the Prison where Christ was confined during the preparations for the Crucifixion; the place where the Redeemer was elevated upon the Cross; the Chapel of Adam; the Choir and the Sanctuary of the Church; and in common with the Latins, the Chapel of the Invention of the Cross. The Armenians possessed the Chapel of St. Helena; the place where the friends of Jesus stood during the Passion; and the upper chapel in the Southern

gallery of the grand Cupola. The Syrians possessed the Sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathea, and the chapel of the western vault. The Copts had the privilege of a chapel in the rear of the Holy Sepulchre. The Abyssinians possessed the place where the Centurion was seized with repentance after the Passion; the Chapel of the Improper, where Christ was crowned with thorns; and the place where the women stood who watched at the Saviour's tomb.

The privilege of possession is shown by the right of placing carpets and keeping the lamps in repair in the sanctuary possessed. This is the sign of religious ownership in the East. In certain places, notwithstanding the exclusive right of such or such a sect, other sects have a right to light the lamps. Thus, in former times, upon the Holy Sepulchre, forty-four lamps might be burnt—thirty by the Latins, and fourteen by other nations. Upon the stone of Unction there were eight lamps, belonging to different communions. It is well understood, besides, that the pilgrims of all communions have access to all the sanctuaries.

The fire of 1808, as has been stated, was the starting point of the encroachments of the Greeks, who at that time usurped the Holy Sepulchre, the great Cupola, the Stone of Unction, and the Seven Arches of the Virgin. As to the Holy Sepulchre, the Greeks do not oppose the celebration of the holy mysteries there by the faithful, but they reserve to themselves the maintenance of it, and the lighting of the lamps, which was formerly the prerogative of the Latins. The enjoyment of the great Cupola is left to all the different communions; but the Greeks assume the sole right of possession. The claims of the Franciscan monks extend, then, to the possession of the Monument of the Holy Sepulchre, the Cupola which covers it, the Stone of Unction, the seven Arches of the Virgin, and the joint possession of the Chapel of Calvary. These are the claims which have been supported by the French Government and by Austria, and in respect to which, on the part of the Turkish Divan, contradictory decisions have been made.

It remains for us to indicate the relative claims to the tomb of the Virgin at Gethsemane, and to the Church of Bethlehem. The first, from time immemorial, has belonged to the Latins, though other sects have had altars there. The Greeks have invaded these Sanctuaries, and have interdicted the Catholics from celebrating the holy mysteries in them. The Latins have always protested against this usurpation.

## TO A BRIDE.

Like these unfolding buds, may life unclothe

For thy young heart, soft tints of roseate bliss;  
May all sweet hopes, long nurtured in repose,  
Expand in beauty, as the cherished rose

Opens in fragrance 'neath the sun's warm kiss.

But life has many hues: be thine such use

As from each flower—the rich-hued and the pale;  
To draw the sweetest, holiest, nectar-juice;

To pile the stores which Heaven doth ne'er refuse,  
By that pure stream whose waters never fail!

ERNESTINE FITZGERALD.

## SILKEN CHEMISTRY.

The following extract from an article in *Household Words*, contains facts which may be new to our readers, and illustrates the accuracy with which the useful arts are now conducted:—

"Most persons are familiar with analyses of various minerals and vegetables, made with a view of ascertaining and determining their relative degrees of purity. But a method by which such a delicate fabric as silk is capable of being assayed; of being put through a fire and water ordeal, flung into a crucible, and brought out free from all impurities, is a novelty of a rather startling nature; for who ever dreamed that silk is adulterated?

Silk is, from its nature, more susceptible of absorbing moisture than any other fibrous article. In fact, it approaches in this respect to the quality of sponge; well-dried silk, when placed in a damp situation, will very rapidly absorb five or six per cent. of moisture: and being very dear, and being always sold by weight, this property gives large opportunity for fraud; yet it is not the only channel for mal-practices. Silk, as spun by the silk-worm, contains amongst its fibres, in very minute portions, a quantity of resin, sugar, salt, &c., to the extent generally of twenty-four per cent. of the entire weight.

This peculiarity leads to the fraudulent admixture of further quantities of gum, sugar, and even of fatty substances, to give weight to the article; consequently, when a dealer or manufacturer sends a quantity of raw silk to a throwster to be spun into silk thread, it is no unusual thing to find it heavily charged with adulterated matters. When he sends that silk to be dyed he will find out the loss, provided the dyer does not follow up the system by further adulteration.

Eleven per cent is the natural quantity of moisture in all silk, but from various causes this is nearly always much exceeded. Several samples of the article having been taken, from a bale, they are weighed in scales capable of being turned by half a grain. Two of these samples are then placed in other scales equally delicate and true; one end of which, containing the sample, being immersed in a copper cylinder heated by steam to two hundred and thirty degrees of Fahrenheit, the other, with the weights, being enclosed within a glass case. The effect of this hot-air bath is rapidly seen; the silk soon throws off its moisture, becomes lighter, and the scale with the weights begins to sink. In this condition it is kept until no further loss of weight is perceived; the weight which the silk is found to have lost being the exact degree of its humidity. The natural eleven per cent. of humidity being allowed for, any loss beyond that shows the degree of artificial moisture which the silk contains.

To determine the amount of foreign matters contained in a sample of silk, the parcels—after a most mathematical weighing—are boiled in soap and water for several hours. They are then conveyed to the hot air chambers, subjected to two hundred and thirty degrees of heat, and finally weighed. It will be found now, that silk of the greatest purity has lost not only its eleven per cent. of moisture, but a further twenty-four per

cent. in the various foreign matters boiled out of it. But should the article have been in any way tampered with, the loss is not unusually as much as thirty or thirty-two per cent.

The assaying the lengths of silk is done by ruling off four hundred yards of the fibre, and weighing that quantity; the finer the silk, the lighter will these four hundred yards be. But as this gossamer fibre is liable to break, a beautiful contrivance exists for instantly arresting the reel on which it is being wound off, in order that it may be joined and the reeling continued. Another means exists for stopping the reel immediately the four hundred yards are obtained.

The degree of elasticity is shown by a delicate apparatus which stretches one thread of the silk until it breaks, a tell-tale dial and hand marking the point of fracture. Equally ingenious and precise is the apparatus for testing what is termed the "spin" of the silk; its capability of being twisted round with great velocity, without in any way being damaged in tenacity or strength.

The last process is also purely mechanical. A hank of the silk, on its removal from the boiling-off cistern, is placed upon a hook; and by means of a smooth round stick passed through it, a rapid jerking motion is given to it, which, after some little time, throws up a certain degree of glossy brightness. This power of testing its lustre is employed to ascertain its suitability for particular purposes. Should it come up very brilliantly, the article will be pronounced adapted for a *finesatin*; with less lustre upon it, it may be set aside for a *gros de Naple*, or velvet, and in this way the manufacturer can determine before hand to what purpose he shall apply his silk."

## FILIAL PIETY.

[A lady of our acquaintance says, that the following, from Mrs. Swisshelm's "Letters to Country Girls," ought to be handsomely printed, framed, and hung up in the chamber of every young woman in the land.]

"What—another lecture!" Yes, girls, another lecture. I thought long ago that I should have to read to you a long one about minding your mothers. Of course you all know the divine command, "Honor thy father and thy mother," but very few obey it. An undutiful child is an odious character, yet few young people feel the affection for, and show the respect and obedience to their parents that are becoming, right, and beautiful. Did you ever sit and think about the anguish your mother endured to give you being? Did you ever recount the days and nights of care, toil, and anxiety you cost her? Did you ever try to measure the love that sustained your infancy and guided your youth? Did you ever think about how much more you owe your mother than you will be able to pay? If so, did you look sour and cross when she asked you to do any thing—did you ever vex, ever disobey her? If you did, it is a sin of no common magnitude, and a shame which should make your cheek burn every time you think of it. It is a sin that will be sure to bring its reward in this world. I never knew an undutiful daughter make a happy wife and mother. The

feeling that enables any one to be unkind to a mother, will make her who indulges it wretched for life. If you should lose your mother, you can little dream how the memory of every unkind look or undutiful word, every neglect of her wishes, will haunt you. I could never tell you how I sometimes feel in remembering instances of neglect to my mother; and yet, thanks to her care, I had the name of being a good child. She told me, shortly before she died, that I had never vexed her by any act of disobedience; and I would not resign the memory of her approbation for the plaudits of a world, even though I knew it was her love that hid the faults and magnified all that was good. I know how many things I might have done to add to her happiness and repay her care, that I did not do; but the grave has cut off all opportunities of rectifying mistakes or atoning for neglects.—Never, never lay past for yourself the memory of an unkindness to or neglect of your mother. If she is sick, how can you possibly get tired waiting upon her? How can you trust any one else to take your place about her? No one could have filled her place to your peevish infancy and troublesome childhood. When she is in her usual health, remember she is not so young and active as you are. Wait upon her. If she wants her knitting, bring it to her, not because she could not get it herself, but to show that you are thinking about her, and love to do something for her. Learn to comb her hair for her sometimes. It will make you love to be near her. Bring her a drink, fix her cap, pin on her kerchief, bring her shoes, get her gloves, or do some other little thing for her. No matter how active and healthy she may be, or how much she may love to work, she will love to have you do any little thing that will show you are thinking of her. How I should love now to get down on the floor and put the stockings and shoes on mother's dear, fat, white feet, or to stand half an hour combing and toying with her soft, brown hair! Girls, you do not know the value of your mother, if you have not lost her. Nobody loves you, nobody ever will love you, as she does. Do not be ungrateful for that love, do not repay it with coldness, or a curse of coldness will rest upon you, which you can never shake off. Unloved and unloving you will live and die, if you do not love and honor your father and mother.

One thing; never call either "old man," or "old woman." It is quite a habit in the country for young people to name their parents thus. This is rude, impudent and undutiful. Any aged person is an old man or an old woman. There should be something sacred, something peculiar in the word that designates parents. The tone of voice in which they are addressed should be affectionate and respectful. A short, surly answer from a child to a parent falls very harshly on the ear of any person who has any idea of filial duty. Be sure, girls, that you each win for yourselves the name of a dutiful daughter. It is so easy to win, that no one should be without it. It is much easier to be a good daughter than a good wife or mother. There are no conflicting interests between parent and child as between husband and wife. A child's duties are

much more easily performed than a parent's; so that she who is a good daughter, may fail to be a good wife or mother; but she who fails in this first most simple relation, need never hope to fill another well. Be sure, then, that you are a good daughter. It is the best preparation for every other station, and will be its own reward. The secret you dare not tell your mother is a dangerous secret; and one that will be likely to bring you sorrow. The hours you spend with her will not bring you regret, and you should never feel disappointed or out of humor for not being permitted to go to some place to which you wished to go. You should love her so well that it would not be felt a punishment to give up the gayest party to remain with her. Nothing is more beautiful than to see a girl take off her things and sit smilingly down with mother because she wishes it. But this letter is growing long, and my thoughts have wandered; so good night. Go and kiss mother as you used to do when a child, and never grow too large or wise to be a child at her side.

## THE UNMARRIED WOMAN; OR, FEMALE EMPLOYMENT.

The solution of this problem seems to be as hopeless as that of the squaring of the circle, or the discovery of perpetual motion; but, not deterred by the seeming difficulty or the impossibility of the attempt, some inspired enthusiast ever and anon recurs to the subject, and exhausts the resources of memory, judgment, and imagination, in searching for an outlet to the wildering maze.

Women are very numerous, and female employments very few in number. There is also a strong prejudice against the employment of women in such operative labor as men have heretofore regarded as their own special province. Tailors, for instance, object to the employment of women in making male attire, as being an invasion of their own rights. The women regard this resistance as an act of tyranny on the part of the men; and the men, on the other hand, regard the female tailoring as a most injurious movement to themselves, tending to lower their value in the trade, and, consequently, their wages, since women can be found to work for one-half, or even one-fourth, and in many articles of dress, or parts of dress, to do the work as well.

In such a dilemma, who can reasonably blame either party? It is a struggle for life, for bread, for children, for home—for all that is dear to man and woman on this earth. It is a dilemma, and, therefore, a predicament in which both parties must be treated with indulgence. The cry of "tyrant" will not convince; it will rather disgust. The cry of "impudence" is equally unavailing. There is neither tyranny on the one hand nor impudence on the other; there is only want, or stern necessity, on both sides, that brings on an inevitable collision.

Time, however, that marvellous wonder-worker, gradually accomplishes what seems impossible to an age or generation, and what it

would ruin any headstrong adventurer singly to attempt. Women are gradually creeping into employments that at one time were considered discreditable to their sex, and the sole inheritance of ours. On the stage they now shine as brilliantly as men, though none could have imagined the possibility of this in the days of Shakspeare, when Desdemona was represented by a butcher's boy, whose chin the razor had not yet rasped. In literature, the pen of woman has lately made many brilliant and successful attempts; and in philosophy and art a few remarkable women of singular talent have established a precedent, and, at the same time, an encouragement to future generations of the fair sex in any department of mental cultivation whatever.

But it is the encouragement of unrewarded rather than of rewarded success. A woman may study and understand mathematics, but will she ever be rewarded with employment as a professor, as a civil engineer, or a land-surveyor? Is there any probability that she will ever make a living as well as a reputation by her superior knowledge of sines and tangents? No; she has only the mortification to think that a man of inferior knowledge will supersede her, for no other reason than because he is a man. But, even in this very fact of being a man, there is a fitness or suitability independent of knowledge; there is the hardihood of sex, which qualifies a man for bearing the world's buffets, the badinage of male associates, the rude opposition of male rivals; and this is no mean qualification in the field of rough competitive labor. So that, unless a woman be prepared at once to unsex herself, or, in other words, to conceal her sex—and this amounts to an impossibility for any woman of good repute in her native land—the access to these and innumerable other employments remains closed by a law so strict as to seem to be a law of Nature herself.

The employments in which women can with propriety persist and compete with men are those only which they can pursue alone, and which do not possess a corporate organization. A woman may paint, and expose her pictures in a public exhibition; a woman may write poetry and prose of every description, because she can cultivate the muses alone, without the necessity of coming into personal controversy with the other sex. The critic may assail, the reviewer may condemn, the public may neglect or not appreciate; but, still, the woman is personally unmolested, and unprovoked by any incivility insulting to her sex, or disparaging to its dignity.

It is otherwise, however, when woman acts as a member of the corporate society containing members of the other sex. As a member of the faculty of physicians, for instance, like Doctress Elizabeth Blackwell, of the United States, she may be required to meet in consultation a member of the medical faculty. Her patient is in danger; she fears the responsibility; the relatives are alarmed; in the multitude of counsellors they seek safety or consolation, and the female must consult with the male physician. She must expose to his criticism the treatment she has pursued. Here comes the tug of war. He is not only a rival in profession, but in sex. Like all

other men, he is sure to look with jealousy on the invasion of his manorial rights by woman. He has, no doubt, previously heard of the lady-physician's medical pretensions, and, in all probability, he has ridiculed and sneered at them; and it may be that he has even vowed to his brethren that, if ever he had the good fortune to meet her in consultation, he would severely put her skill to the test. He may be a gentleman, or he may not; he may be a man of refined or of unrefined manners. The faculty contains men of all sorts, as their various controversies have amply evinced, even in our own generation; and therefore we presume that it would require more than ordinary female resolution to withstand the collisions that would be certain to take place in pursuance of such a profession. The American ladies, however, seem determined to face them. Some have the courage, and many have the talent; and doubtless when once a phalanx of medical ladies is mustered, sufficient to keep one another in countenance, the profession will become a *fait accompli*, an established fact, to which the new generations of men will politely and gallantly submit. Society also will accept it with satisfaction, and wonder at the barbarism of an age like this, in which the diseases of women and children are confided to the care and the superintendence of that very sex which is especially unfitted, by its habits and customs, its feelings and impressions, to undertake the responsibility. Were the present system not already established, and the people unaccustomed merely to regard it as a fell necessity, the man who would propose its introduction into civilized society would be regarded as a monster too vile to be tolerated. The saloons would reject him; private society would be ashamed of him; his mother would regret that she had ever given birth to a son so unnatural. But custom is a second nature, and the indecency of one age and of one country is not even perceived by that of another; thus apparently showing that society may be reconciled to any thing that is not physically painful or morally insulting.

The American ladies are not content with invading the manor of the lord of creation in the arts and practical sciences, but they are even beginning to whisper their claims to equality in the priesthood itself. The Reverend Miss Antoinette Brown is a daring young lady, who has not only obtained ordination, (Independent, of course, for no bishop would ordain her,) but she had the assurance to preach her first discourse from the following text: "Let the women amongst you be silent in the churches; for they are not allowed to speak, but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law; and, if they will learn any thing, let them ask their husbands at home, for it is a shame for women to speak in the church." This formidable text the fair young divine fearlessly grappled with, showing that it applied to married women only, and not to the virgin woman, who is free; clenching her argument with this powerful text in favor of the mission of the unmarried woman:—"The unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, that she may be holy, both in body and in spirit; but she that is married careth for the things of the

world, how she may please her husband." Like all other great and difficult questions, this also has two sides; and we can well understand how a young, a pure-minded, devout, and talented young lady, gifted with eloquence and modest confidence in the mission of her sex and order, might hold the minds of the first congregation in Christendom in suspense upon this long and still-disputed subject.

But this leads us to the height of the argument; and the question now suggests itself—How far the instincts of society, or Nature's own laws, will permit the woman to compete with man in a professional career? In respect to right alone, we presume that no one disputes the absolute right of woman to follow any profession for which she is qualified—provided only the corporated authorities will permit her. The statute law does not forbid her—the police will not interfere with her. It is not criminal, on her part, either to preach or administer medicine; and though, as a woman, she may not enter the military or naval service, nor receive an appointment in the Government offices, or banking or mercantile establishments, it is not because any particular law of the land forbids it, but because the sense of propriety revolts at the idea of the promiscuous employment of the two sexes in such establishments. And yet, in large drapery establishments, they are promiscuously employed without offence. Where lies the difference? It lies in the publicity; the publicity of a shop is a security against private familiarity. This at once explains the unconcern of the public; still, it does not comprehend the whole of the reasons for this unconcern; for banking establishments are equally public, though chiefly frequented by men only; and yet women are never employed in these—in England, at least. They are so employed in France, however; and the prejudice having been already overcome in one country, shows the possibility of overcoming it in another, wherever the protection to woman is at once apparent to the public eye. Banks appear to be as well adapted for this promiscuity of employment as drapers' shops; and it may be urged (for we are merely stating the question) that other establishments may be adapted for distributing the labor amongst both sexes.

But an immense mountain of difficulty now presents itself to the whole question of permanent employment of a high order for woman. The summit of every woman's ambition, with a few not very prepossessing exceptions, seems to be housekeeping. This is the only profession in which woman really can settle. A man can forget everything but his hobby; he can forget even to shave, or comb his hair, or wash his face; he can feel so absorbed in thought, so entirely devoted to one all-engrossing pursuit, as to live and rejoice in the midst of litter, and dust, and confusion, which no reputable woman could endure. He can also cherish and even fondle the idea of a life of entire devotion to the profession which he has chosen. He is thus in a frame of mind to read for it—collect materials for it—form acquaintanceships for it—and give up his time, his heart, and his purse to the one great object of ambition which he cherishes. The idea of marriage combines with this idea without interfering with it.

His wife becomes his housekeeper, not his clerk or assistant in business. Her duties are either wholly independent of his, or subservient to them. The hobby is not abandoned, the devotion is not extinguished, the professional pursuits are not relinquished. They are only soothed, and accompanied with greater personal and domestic comforts.

But it is far otherwise with a female professor. No female star ever expects or even desires to shine for life. She longs for a home to keep; art with her is merely a passport to housekeeping and maternity. The duties of housekeeping are too great and important to the welfare of society to admit of interference from professional duties. Man is unfit for them, merely because he is professional, and he would cease to be professional were he fit for housekeeping, and did the duties of paterfamilias occupy as much time, and absorb as much of the requisite care and attention, as those of maternity. Woman is unfit for professional careers, merely because she looks forward with desire to the climax of woman's ambition. In this respect, even the unmarried woman is married in idea. If she longs or wills, or intends to marry, in either case her professional enthusiasm suffers. She is like the young Chancery suitor who is waiting for a final issue, and who neglects his books, because he hopes in a year or two to be independent of them. Even in art, she studies its gayeties and transient fascinations rather than its substantialities, because she is pursuing it as a temporary expedient. And thus it is that even the most brilliant female stars of the dance and the song have their master teachers in constant attendance to correct their faults, to elevate their taste, and remind them of the innumerable minute details which woman's mind, so deeply absorbed in other dear pursuits of the household and the toilet, besides those of the heart, is so apt to forget.

This one word *wife* is the word of defiance to every professional woman. It laughs at the idea of her ever attempting to compete with man. It interrupts her career, it wraps her up in flannels, and shawls, and cloaks, and puts her in an arm-chair, and presents her with a warm drink, and tells her to make herself comfortable at her husband's fireside, and leave to him the drudgery of all professional work—and the advice is irresistible. She takes it—even in the idea the unmarried woman takes it as a bit of comfort, whilst man repels it as associated in his mind with his last will and testament. Well, then, have some of the modern female advocates of female independence and professional application confine their expectations to the unmarried woman as the only woman whose condition really qualifies her for independent action. "From the state of an artisan bending beneath the yoke," [says Jeanne Deroin's *Women's Almanac* for 1853,] "the Christian woman will rise, through pure non-sexual love, to the rank of an artist." Observe the means—"non-sexual love." We admire the logic, the severely accurate reasoning that has come to this conclusion, and the purity of mind that has accepted it. But it is only the few, if even the few, who will voluntarily receive it. How many women will

prefer the love of art to the love of husband, children, and home? Is there one adult woman in existence who has continuously and cordially adhered to this preference? Well does Henriette (an artiste, in a beautiful letter on Shakerism, in the work above alluded to) arrive at the conclusion—reasoning on such premises as those of female independence—that the institutions of the Shakers—who neither marry nor bring forth children—“seem to be the true normal school of the future, destined to give education to the world; in which school all the nations and the races of the earth will find regeneration, and gain life *by consenting to lose it* for the glory of God and of regenerated humanity.” Alas! poor world. If the best men and women became Shakers, then the worst would be the fathers and mothers of the next generation, and thus the world would speedily degenerate; and if all became Shakers, then the crack of doom would soon arrest the farther progress of regeneration. To such inevitable consequences leads the strict logical analysis of the question of female professional independence at present.—*English paper.*

## SOCIAL SINS.

### SECOND SERIES.—No. 1.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

#### IMPROVIDENCE.

“Young people now-a-days commence the world where their parents leave off.”

We are sorry to say—considering neatness a virtue—that Miss Eliza Simpson left her room in sad disorder the afternoon on which we have the pleasure of making her acquaintance. Three bureau drawers were half open, the lower one draped by a scarf, which she had at first intended to wear, but on second thought threw back again. The dressing-table was strewn with curl papers, hair pins, two clean collars and one sadly soiled, with a pair of crumpled cuffs. Her silk apron, a cape, and a pair of slippers, occupied the nicely made bed—each chair bore a part of the burden properly belonging to the closet and book-case, while a clean muslin dress was shut into the door of the wardrobe.

It was plain that her toilette had been made in unusual haste and agitation, and her walk was pursued in the same mood; for she did not even glance at the shop windows, or the steps of the Clayville House, where most of the gentlemen congregated in the afternoon. Nor did she call at the milliner's, or stop under Mrs. Stone's window for a chat, as she sometimes did. I think she would have been too impatient to ring the bell at her friend Carrie's, but fortunately there was no necessity for that, for she was welcome at all hours unannounced. So she went directly to Carrie's room, a pleasant little chamber, where her friend was seated between the windows and her work-table, engaged in some light sewing.

Eliza was flushed and out of breath. Carrie looked as cool and fresh as a white rose, in her lawn dress and muslin apron, as she rose to receive her. They kissed each other, of course—all young ladies do now a-days, though they have only been parted twenty-four hours; but here

they had some excuse—Carrie had been at her grandfather's for more than a week.

Eliza's bonnet and mantilla were tossed on to the bed, and she commenced rocking and fanning herself violently, talking at the same time; so of course there was every hope she would be comfortable in the course of time.

“I declare, I thought you were never coming home, Carrie! It's such an age since I've seen you, and I've got so much to tell. Such *lots* of things have happened since you've been gone! I don't know where to begin. Did you have a pleasant visit? How's your grandmother? Just in cherry-time, wasn't you? Who do you think is engaged?”

“I'm sure I don't know,” said Carrie, who couldn't very well answer all these questions at once, and wisely confined herself to the last.

“Guess!” said Eliza, mysteriously.

“Jane Miller?”

“Dear me! no. That will never come to anything, you may depend. Alonzo says so.”

Carrie smiled a little. “Alonzo and yourself, perhaps——”

“Mercy, Carrie! how did you happen to guess? I hope it hasn't got out. I wouldn't have it known for *anything*. How *did* you think of it?”

“I don't think any remarkable spirit of prophecy was needed, when coming events cast such very heavy shadows before. I suppose because he has walked home with you from church for the last two months; has taken you to two concerts and one pic-nic—given you a gold pencil and Mrs. Osgood's poems, which you accepted,—driven——”

“Well, sure enough, but somehow I was taken all by surprise, and so was ma; but of course I accepted him, for you know he has an excellent salary: pa says it's as much as many a man's business is worth, and always certain. Besides, being in a bank is so *genteel*; as good as being a lawyer any day; and-by-and-by he'll be certain to be cashier, and then you know I'm as high as anybody. Look at Mrs. Cashier Lewis, and her silver forks. Then, too, every girl in town was *dying* for him——”

“Not quite every girl,” Carrie interrupted, smiling again. “I know one, at any rate.”

“Oh, *you*! But you're such an old maid. You'll never be in love with anybody.”

“Are you quite certain?”—and this time a blush came up over that fair white throat, until it reached the dark bands of her hair.

“Why, Carrie James! What do you—you're blushing as red as a peony. You don't say you've got a secret too! What are you sewing up the bottom of that sleeve for? Come, tell me, that's a dear girl. I promise on my word of honor not to breathe a syllable!”

“I have no secret—but I have come home engaged.” Carrie's voice was much lower than her companion's, and trembled a little.

Eliza was evidently discomposed. There was some one to share the honor of an engagement with her—the gossip that such a circumstance always creates in a country town. Carrie would be every whit as much a heroine as herself—and perhaps be married first after all. How mortifying!



"But you haven't told me who to; it must have been love at first sight, it was so sudden. Who could you find in Hillsdale worth marrying?"

"No, it was not very sudden. I've played with him many a day in the orchard when we were children—and he used to gather nuts for me as long ago as I can remember, and make snow-balls for me in the winter. He——"

"You haven't gone and thrown yourself away on a farmer's son! Morris Lord, I'm sure you mean. The idea of such a thing——"

"No, I don't think I have 'thrown myself away,'" said Carrie, quietly.

"But you'll be buried up there in the country, and come in to your father's once a year on top of a grain wagon, and wearing a bonnet as old as the hills."

"Morris is coming in town to live!"

"I suppose you teased him into *that*—one sensible move, anyhow."

"No, his plans were all made, and he would have asked me long ago, only grandmother was always telling him father never would part with me, and so he made up his mind to take his share of the farm in ready money, and go into business here. I never shall tease him into anything—I don't like the principle."

"I do though—I mean to tease Alonzo into all my plans. I always could get anything out of ma that way, and she out of pa. He set his face that I shouldn't have music lessons, or a piano, or that party last winter, you know; but I *did* have all; and now I'm going to have a quantity of elegant things, for I've set my heart upon it. Dear me, how busy we shall be this summer! What shall you have for a wedding dress?"

"I haven't thought so far," said Carrie.

"No? Why I settled mine the very night we were engaged. I was as restless as could be—sleeping was out of the question; so I planned all the things I meant to have—a light silk, and dark silk; a plaid travelling dress; lovely wrappers, and an embroidered merino; a white Swiss for small parties—(that's not *the* dress though;) *that* shall be a thick white watered silk, such as Mrs. Stone says she saw in New York; nobody else has ever heard of them here; it will be the very first one in Clayville."

Planning trimming for the dress occupied the lively Miss Eliza for a moment, and she did not notice Carrie's silence. The young girl was thinking of the night of her betrothal, when she was sleepless too, from joy and fear, and hope; and how she had risen to look out through the soft moonlight and the fluttering leaves, for the brown sloping roof of the old homestead, to which Morris had returned; and then recalling the solemn promise she had given him—how she had knelt, her head bowed upon the window-sill—and asked for strength from Heaven to keep that promise; and invoking every blessing upon the one so dearly loved, she had gone back to her pillow calmed and soothed into an untroubled sleep.

It was plain that close sympathies had not made these two friends. But it is often so in the limited circle of a small town. Their parents had visited from time immemorial, and the children were playmates at school, and practised together for the choir, and paid numberless weekly visits

besides. Eliza liked some one for a confidant—it was a necessity of her nature; and some one to admire her. Carrie could fill both places, for she was always ready to listen, having no secrets of her own, and thought Eliza very beautiful and stylish, as indeed she was.

It was this pretty face, and graceful figure, always displayed to the best advantage, by becoming dress—Eliza's great talent—that had won the attentions of young Caldwell, the teller of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, and one of the very few beaux that Clayville could boast of; so many of its young men went to New York to seek their fortunes, married there, and seemed to lose all interest in their unromantic, native town. Young Caldwell, who had been in a broker's office in Albany, and thus acquired some city graces of dress and manner, had quite his own way in society. No wonder Eliza was elated at her conquest; and not knowing how illy Mr. Simpson could afford her expensive wardrobe, Caldwell, in his turn, concluded that his future father-in-law was "well-off"—and considered himself equally fortunate.

The engagement, as we have seen, was to be a profound secret, but whether either of the five ladies to whom Mrs. Simpson had told it confidently, betrayed her—or it came out through the dress-maker—much sought for in at least fifty-five families—being engaged two weeks in August, when people rarely had more than two days' work at a time—or Eliza's shopping expedition in New York caused suspicion from the number of packages that accompanied her home, we cannot say—but, certain it is, that Clayville was not long kept out of its rights, as such an interesting topic of conversation certainly was. It may be, after all, that the lovers were themselves to blame, for, after bank hours, they were rarely apart. Mr. Caldwell took tea at Mr. Simpson's every Sunday and Wednesday evening, and after tea the parlor was given up to the young people, where they were not unfrequently found by a chance caller, though situated towards each other as indifferently as possible; Eliza being usually at the piano, and Mr. Caldwell quite at the other end of the room, turning over a last year's annual.

Eliza was, of course, very much troubled when she found every one in Clayville knew almost as much about her affairs as she herself; for instance, just when the proposal was made, and what she had replied—how she had said Christmas for the wedding, but Alonzo had urged September—that she was to have two pieces of cloth made up—how many handkerchiefs were to be trimmed with lace, and how many hem-stitched; that her caps were to be made from an elegant new pattern, sent by Mr. Caldwell's sister, from Albany; that she was going to have short sleeves to her muslins, and a mantilla "of the same" to each of her silk dresses. However, she was comforted at the obvious envy and jealousy of half her acquaintances, who, of course, said she had tried hard enough to secure her future husband, and each one threw out hints, as to how easily *they* could have won the prize, had they been so disposed. It is always so in a town like Clayville, where there are—

"Roses plenty—roses plenty;  
And one nightingale for twenty."

Moreover, she was certain of eclipsing them all in her bridal toilette; and she found the style of her wedding-dress had not been discovered, the only thing she had really been very anxious about, and consequently had not mentioned to Miss Paddock, the dress-maker, in spite of her hints and innuendoes about "Swiss muslins being so common," and she "should have thought Miss Simpson would have had something more remarkable."

And here let me counsel my young lady friends, who have secrets to keep, to take care of them, themselves; though in the main we see no necessity for such a troublesome occupation.

It is true Carrie knew all about it, but it had never crossed her mind to repeat anything Eliza said to her. Secrecy had been so often enjoined in times past, that if Eliza had mentioned she was going out to tea, Carrie would not have thought best to speak of it. Besides, she was too much occupied with her new-found happiness, and the busy details of a preparation for housekeeping, to dwell on any other theme. There were sheets and pillow-cases, and towels, to be made and marked; even holders and house-cloths were prepared by her careful, orderly fingers; and the ample wardrobe of plain clothes were all made by herself, with the aid, wonderful to relate, of but a single new pattern! which Eliza had insisted on. This busy counsellor was very much shocked, when she discovered that Carrie's wedding-dress was to be only white muslin, condemned even by Miss Paddock! and that only her usual quantity of fall muslins and merinoes, with one neat dark silk, were to be made.

"Father is going to give me all my furniture, you know," said Carrie, "and I would rather have everything comfortable than only fine clothes, that there would be no chance to display."

"But your wedding parties!" urged Eliza.

"I don't expect to have more than one or two, for you know we could not afford to return them."

"But I don't see any travelling dress?"

"I can wear that stone-colored mousseline, as far as Hillsdale, without spoiling it, and we are only going to pass a week or two at his father's."

"Not going even to New York? Oh, how old-fashioned and hum-drum—I'm glad Alonzo has no such notions. We are going to be married at nine, and going down to New York in the day-boat, and shall stay at the Astor as long as I please, and perhaps to Coney Island. I've always been dying to go there, but pa always would stop at the Courtland Street House, clear out of the world. No, I'm going to be indulged now, if I never am again. Alonzo said something about a trip to the mountains, or through the state, but I said 'No,' decidedly; I want to be where I can see people, and shops, and fashions; right in Broadway."

Eliza worked away with a great deal of energy at a fanciful cap she was constructing out of six points, and five different kinds of insertion, until Carrie arrived at the end of the sheet she was sewing up.

"And then your going to housekeeping is so old-fashioned and ridiculous, too. Why *everybody* boards now a-days! We are going right to Mrs. Dunlap's, as soon as we come home, and I shan't have a bit of fuss. I hate housework, and everything belonging to it; and then you are so bothered with help always."

"For that reason I am not going to have any girl at first," said Carrie, laughing. "A very convenient excuse, when we can't exactly afford it, having so many expenses when we first commence."

"Do your own work! Why that's worse than living in such a little house, clear off in a back street! I shouldn't think Morris would consent to it, if he had any spirit. I'm sure Alonzo never would."

"But if the house was larger, I couldn't attend to it—and father couldn't afford to furnish it; you know he did not expect to give me anything but my clothes, until he found I wanted so little. So everything agrees; and, as for Morris, he says, I know what is best, and so he lets me do just as I please; without teasing," Carrie added, archly.

"Well, you'll be sick enough of it, that's one comfort," Eliza satisfied herself with saying; half angry, nevertheless, because her father always would hold Carrie James up for a pattern, more especially in these days, whenever she expatiated to her mother on their contrasted arrangements, before him. Carrie went quietly on in her own way, nevertheless, and the little home was completely and neatly furnished for a little more than the sum expended on Eliza's *trousseau*, Morris having added several pretty articles, from the sum that might have been expended in a trip to the city; while his mother and old Mrs. James, at whose house the engagement took place, united and presented the young housekeepers with silver tea and table spoons, all the plate thought necessary among quiet people.

The friends were married within a week of each other—Eliza first, making the *éclat* much greater, and two huge trunks were strapped behind the carriage that was to take them to the boat, in most approved style; the magnificent wedding-dress, packed in one of them, for the real bridal robes of the present day are most frequently cashmere or merino, that have no pretensions to elegance, save the cardinal point of neatness. Everybody said, "What a stylish couple!" The church was thronged as if it had been Christmas, or a magic lantern exhibition of the Holy Land, the only things that can draw crowds to Epiphany church, Clayville. Eliza was delighted to find that all the clerks stood at the store doors watching for them, as they turned into the main street, and she could see very distinctly through her blue barege veil, that Mrs. Livingstone, and the Van Nesses, and Mrs. Cashier Lewis, herself,—people she was determined should visit her yet,—were peeping through their parlor or chamber-blinds at the bride; the newly-made husband going for nothing, as a general thing, on these occasions, except as a necessary accompaniment.

And then, when she reached the boat, Captain Doane, to whom she had been introduced, hand-

ed her on board, through the little crowd of people who were going to New York that morning, or had friends going, (besides the draymen and clerks, all of whom she knew by sight) and called her *Mrs. Caldwell*, as if it was a matter of course, but so respectfully, that she was all in a flutter of novelty and consequence, and gratified vanity—and forgot to kiss her mother and Carrie, who had come down in another carriage. But she made amends by standing in the door of the ladies' cabin, and waving her lace-trimmed handkerchief as long as the boat was in sight, by which nearly every one on board was made aware that she was just married, and on a bridal trip.

Carrie also was married in church, not because it was the fashion, but that it seemed fitted to her that such a solemn vow should be made there. She wore her simple white muslin dress, for it was in the evening, and Morris, and Mrs. James, and her grandmother, thought her very lovely if no one else did. There was quite an anxiety among the few strangers present to see Mr. Lord, "what manner of man he was"—and all agreed he was manly and agreeable in appearance, "just the person for Carrie James." And then, instead of hurrying off as though home was hateful to them, the wedding-party passed a merry, sociable evening, at the bride's father's, with plenty of cake for the young people to make jests upon, and dream over if they liked.

Morris Lord was a proud man when he entered the Hillsdale meeting-house, the next Sunday morning, with his pretty little wife upon his arm, and seated her next to his mother in the old family pew; and grandmother James was there, to claim them at dinner, and half the congregation stopped on the porch to shake hands and offer good wishes as heartily expressed, for Morris was a great favorite in the village, and Carrie knew almost every one. That evening they walked through the woods to the old homestead, and recalled a thousand little incidents of their childhood, and stopped for a moment on the very spot where they stood when Morris had asked Carrie to be his wife. They were too happy to talk much when they left the pleasant glade behind them, lying in the moonlight, as it had done then.

And Mrs. Caldwell—just at that moment hurried across the parlor of the Astor, where she had been sitting in utter loneliness—all the worse for the gay parties around her—to tell her husband she had overheard that gentleman who sat opposite to them at dinner—"There, that one, by the middle window, with those elegant whiskers and that superb moustache, say that she was 'a deuced handsome woman, and reminded him very much of Mrs. General Jones, of Washington,'" a compliment which the husband by no means seemed to appreciate, or, perhaps, he did not like the cool way in which the gentleman with the moustache stared at his stylish-looking wife.

Mrs. Caldwell returned to Clayville more improved by her fortnight's trip to New York, and Coney Island, than most people are by going abroad. She made very good use of her fine eyes, wherever she was, and what with her new

manners, and her new dresses, and her talk of operas and theatres—as if it was an every-day affair with her—you would hardly have recognized any trace of Eliza Simpson in the elegant Mrs. Caldwell. More particularly when her calls came to be paid—for, of course, the wife of the cashier was obliged to call on her, and Alonzo had visited Mrs. Livingstone before his marriage, who with much inward reluctance brought herself to call upon his wife, comforted, however, by the fact that Mrs. Dunlap's was certainly the best boarding-house in town, and she was not bound to repeat it. But Mrs. Caldwell had other views of the future, and her husband, who grew more fond and proud of her every day, was determined his wife should not be outdone by anybody.

Eliza did not get time to return Carrie's call for more than a week, and then she found her comfortably settled in a neighborhood that certainly was not "genteel" according to Clayville authorities, but was near the place of business Morris had chosen, and not very far from her mother's. Eliza inwardly commiserated her poor friend, whom she found dusting her own sitting-room—parlor there was none—in a neat, chintz wrapper. Mrs. Caldwell wore one of her new silks, and carried a silver card-case, her husband's bridal present, so Carrie saw there was no use in asking her to pass the morning, as she had hoped—and this Eliza impressed on her mind by talking very fast—"as she positively had not a moment to stay"—of her *delightful* visit to New York, the elegant people she had seen there, the splendor of Broadway, and how extremely polite and complimentary Colonel Butler, the gentlemen with the aforesaid moustache, had been; Carrie wondering the while why she should care for compliments from any but her husband.

Absorbed in the delightful theme, the visitor overstayed her time, and started up in great haste, as the clock warned her of this, saying, "It was too bad, for she meant to have called on Mrs. Lewis, or Mrs. Livingston, perhaps on both, that morning." Carrie smiled a little sorrowfully, as she saw the gate close upon her, feeling that their old intimacy was at an end, but she was not envious of Eliza's position, or her new friends, for she was too well content with her own lot in life for such a thought to cross her mind; but it may be that a foreshadowing of evil for the gay thoughtless pair came instead.

In the sluggish quiet of an inland town, few remarkable changes of fortune occur, though, in the rushing tide of city life, five years is quite long enough to make an entire reversion in any coterie of friends or acquaintances. Fortunes are so rapidly made and so easily lost—talent wins such sudden distinction—the changing wheel of political life has so many reverses for place-men and place-seekers—that we look for change rather than wonder at it.

Of course, when Eliza Simpson began, as Mrs. Caldwell, to visit what were considered the elite of Clayville, where it was much easier for a stranger than an old resident of another set to gain admittance—all her former associates were incensed to the highest degree. Some of them

she had not thought proper to favor with cards at all—others were so quizzed by the boarders at Mrs. Dunlap's, while waiting for her to appear, and so coldly received by her in their presence when she did come, that they resolved not to go again, while all felt the patronizing air she unconsciously assumed, and did not hesitate to say "Pride must have a fall"—for "eight hundred a year was never going to keep up all that flourish."

When Mr. Simpson began the world, half that sum had been his regular expenditure year after year; but his daughter, looking forward to the cashiership, and four hundred more, indulged herself in expenditures only warranted by the increased salary, though Mr. Lewis did not show the least symptom of dying or resigning. Her husband was fully as extravagant in his tastes, and as ambitious in his aspirations. It is not so easy to live beyond one's means where every shop-keeper in town knows exactly what they are, and the first year, what with the bridal outfit and the bridal presents, the amount was very nearly square.

But Mrs. Livingstone had overcome her scruples about visiting the lively and amusing Mrs. Caldwell, who, as she said to Mrs. Van Ness, "deserved to have been one of their set, for she had—for her—really good manners, and was always so well dressed; besides, as she boarded, one never met her vulgar relatives, and almost forgot that her father was only a lumberman." The most penetrating tact and generalship had been necessary to this conquest, but Eliza rarely scrupled to use flattery both of word and attention when it would tell; and Mrs. Livingstone's intimacy was in itself power. Then Mr. Lewis warmly commended young Caldwell to his wife, as a most efficient assistant, as indeed he was, gifted with far-seeing talent in the sea of business, politics, and the most "wonderful hand at the counter he had ever seen. It was perfectly surprising," Mr. Lewis said, "the way he received and counted out deposits. The bank bills fairly flew through his fingers, and he was as good as a 'counterfeit detector' any day. The president of the bank had openly commended him, and really he should like to have Mrs. Lewis show his wife any attention she could."

So Carrie saw less of her friend every week, and, indeed, her visits were by no means what they had been, for it was not particularly interesting to Mrs. Lord to be told that the Livingstones had silver napkin-rings, and always soup and fish at dinner, and that the velvet cloak Mrs. Van Ness wore had cost five dollars a yard, and that they intended to give a large party as soon as their parlors were re-furnished, at which she should wear her wedding dress, with blue ribbons, and the sleeves altered a little. Carrie did not care what number of servants these families kept, so that her own housekeeping went smoothly, nor what lovely goods Jenkins & Brown had up from New York, so long as she wanted no new dresses; and these, with the praises Alonzo and herself received, were all the topics that interested Eliza.

The bridal wardrobe of Mrs. Caldwell was replenished in the same style in which it had been

furnished the third year of their marriage, and Alonzo mounted a small diamond pin, on their return from the usual summer excursion to New York; but as the purchases had been made there, no one in Clayville had a right to say they were or would remain unpaid for.

"I *must* have that silk with four crape flounces, Alonzo, to pay calls with Mrs. Sherman. You see how elegantly she dresses, and, of course, as she's visiting me, I can't do less. Her bonnet and cashmere shawl produced a decided sensation in church last Sunday. See how many people have been here;" and the lady held up a card-basket half full of conventional slips of pasteboard.

"I don't know where the money's to come from!" answered Mr. Caldwell, petulantly, as husbands sometimes will under similar demands, even though they are well aware, all the while, that it is in the pocket-book they are buttoning over so resolutely. "You seem to think because I handle so much money every day, I must be made of it."

"Well, I can't help it—the dress I *must* have, and a party dress, too, if Mrs. Van Rensselaer gives her a party, as I think she will to show off her new curtains. You knew when you told me to ask the Shermans here, it was going to be a great deal of trouble and expense, besides their board, and what's the use of making a fuss about it now?"

"It was all your own affair, I beg to state, Mrs. Caldwell."

"Well, I'm sure you wanted them as much as I did, dear knows; you kept by Mr. Sherman close enough all the while we were at Newport. Of course, I knew her dressing so well and looking so stylish would be of advantage to me here, and now that she's accepted our invitation, it's our business to see that she isn't dull."

"Well, don't raise your voice so, for Heaven's sake, Eliza, or you'll inform our guests how disinterestedly they were invited. How much do you want?"

"Every cent of twenty-five dollars."

"But I gave you ten last week."

"I told you I owed Miss Paddock five of it."

"And where's the rest?"

"Well, I bought a pocket handkerchief, if you must know!"

"The——! Good fathers, Eliza! are you crazy? I tell you, you spend faster than I can make, beg or borrow! I shall lose my situation—people are talking about it now, all over town. Mr. Lewis gives me the cold shoulder, and I hate the sight of our directors; I can't bear to look them in the face."

"What have they got to do with it, I'd like to know?" sobbed the indignant wife. "Hav'n't you a right to spend your own money as you please? I declare, you've been closer than ever, since your aunt died, and you *could* give me things. But you must have your horse and buggy, and cigars, and wine, and whist parties, and I have to tease for every cent. It's too bad. I wish I never!"

"No, you don't wish any such thing—you'd marry me again to-morrow, if I'd ask you. I've heard that story too often. Where would you have been now? Married to some mechanic, and doing your own work, as Lord's wife did, instead of wearing a diamond ring and French kid gloves! But, I tell you what, she's better off than you are this minute; and I never see Lord without envying him—*never*. Besides, he'll be a rich man yet, when we're in the county-house, or a worse place."

"Yes," retorted Mrs. Caldwell, scornfully, "by saving every half cent, and living as they do. You never would have come down to it—you needn't blame me, going nowhere—seeing nothing! Ah, come, Alonzo, you know you like to see me well dressed, and everybody says mourning is so becoming to me;" and, bent on the soothing system, Eliza smiled her prettiest, as she came and stood by his side before the mirror, where he was accomplishing a cravat tie.

The jaunty little breakfast cap, with its lavender ribbons, was very becoming, and if there was any creature in the world, beside himself, that Alonzo Caldwell loved, it was his stylish wife, who had acquired, since their marriage, a tone of dress and manner that made you wonder how Clayville society could have taught it. So the proffered kiss was accepted, the money promised at dinner-time; and Mrs. Sherman thought her new friends were wonderful lovers in consideration of seven years of matrimony, when she came down to breakfast.

The Caldwells had given up Mrs. Dunlap sometime ago—shortly after an aunt had left them a legacy, of unknown amount, but an immense capital of credit and conversation ever since. Mr. Caldwell had been named for this aunt's husband, and, by visiting them now and then, on their farm in Pennsylvania, had managed to keep in their good graces. We have no doubt he congratulated himself many a time that the bequest had been made too far off for the Clayville gossips to learn the precise number of dollars and cents, for he had a failing in common with many other gentlemen, a reserve upon the subject of his pecuniary affairs, even to his wife. This seemed to increase rather than diminish as time went on, and Eliza made the most of her ignorance by hinting darkly of coal lands and railroad stock, in Pennsylvania.

Many people wondered why Mr. Caldwell should retain a subordinate post—for he was still the teller of the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank—but he took occasion to speak to Mr. Lewis of this, and say that he did not care to risk what little money he had in business—that bank work and bank hours suited him—and Mr. Lewis, loathe to lose so valuable an assistant, thought it a very prudent and sensible conclusion, telling his wife that it gave him more confidence than ever in young Caldwell.

So it was entirely imagination on the part of the teller, when he thought there was the least coldness in that quarter: on the contrary, Mr. Caldwell's business reputation throughout Clayville might have been envied by an older man. He was so quick and industrious—no one was ever kept waiting—and there never was a person

possessed of more conciliating manners, knowing exactly how to address each person, from the respectful deference demanded by the President, who wore gold seals and spectacles, to the farmer, who stopped his produce wagon before the door, to deposit the cash for a contract of hay or grain, or the mechanic coming from his workshop with anxious haste, to take up the note that had been lying like a load upon his conscience.

But with all this prosperity, Mr. Caldwell had by no means so cheerful a face at home as in their humbler days. He was nervous and irritable, and certainly bore the marks of ill-health on his still handsome face.

At last Eliza persuaded him that he needed salt-water bathing, and a leave of two weeks having been granted, she made a bold stroke for Newport. They had thought Cony Island the height of gentility for two or three seasons, but having had their eyes suddenly opened on this score, Newport it should be, our heroine had determined. Here she made more than one fashionable acquaintance even in that short space of time; the Shermans among the rest, who were now passing September with them at the Clayville House. At last Mrs. Sherman and the children came, and the husband had promised to run up and finish the discussion of the new railroad company, in which he was anxious Mr. Caldwell should invest; promising him thousand for thousand in the next ten years. As Mr. Sherman was the projector of the enterprise, his advice was, of course, entirely disinterested.

Heretofore the Caldwells had been content to share the prettily furnished parlors of the Clayville House—which had already a reputation as a summer-boarding place—with the permanent and transient visitors—but now on Mrs. Sherman's account one of the six private parlors was taken, and another great object of Eliza's ambition attained. Never had there been such a triumphant progress, as she often said to herself. Her father's death, followed by her mother's removal to their relations in Connecticut, had destroyed the last link of her earlier associations, and particularly since her last journey and Mrs. Sherman's arrival, no one seemed to question her right to the position she now occupied, not only in the "set" she had coveted, but a decided leader. She stopped in New York—she visited in Albany—she seemed to have forgotten that Eliza Simpson ever had visited. There was nothing miraculous in the transition but its suddenness—Mrs. Caldwell was not the only person in Clayville who had emerged from a humble chrysalis, but it was not usually accomplished so speedily, or with so little apparent gainsaying. However Miss Paddock might spread the tales of her extravagance from house to house, as she transferred herself and her patterns from one to the other—or the scornful, and not altogether elegant sneers at "Eliza Simpson"—as some would persist in calling her, in which former friends and companions indulged—these things could not disturb the calm of her profound self-satisfaction.

There was one among her early associates who was silent, yet felt the change more than all. Mrs. Lord could not at once give up their old interest and intimacy, nor believe that her friend

wished to do so. But the careless greeting, and the hurried though long delayed visits—and finally, the marked coldness with which her bows had been returned whenever she met Eliza with any of her new acquaintances, convinced her, however slowly and sorrowfully the conclusion came, that her old friend had grown heartless in her prosperity. It was hard to believe, that a bonnet of two seasons, or a chintz morning dress on the street, could obscure the love and kindness that had been the growth of so many years, or that Eliza did not like to be seen by the acquaintance of a year, entering familiarly the little cottage Carrie called *home*. It was scarcely a cottage, however—then it could have been made romantic; but a small frame house, with square doors and windows, which had nothing to recommend it to the self-seeking visitor. Carrie managed to be contented and happy there for five years, until more room was actually needed for the wants of her little family and the servant she was now obliged to keep—and Morris could afford to purchase a house they had long since set their hearts upon, through the same industry and frugality Eliza had so sneered at.

It was not a new or an ambitious dwelling—but the long rambling roof of the wing was overgrown with vines that now bent with their heavy purple clusters, through the trellis that half-supported them; and graceful flowering shrubs grew in clumps about the doors, and the sloping terrace covered with short velvety grass. In the Spring a giant sweet-briar was one sheet of delicate rose-tinted petals, close by the window of her own room, and a broad catalpa tree lifted its clusters of fragrant blossoms; through the white paling you had a glimpse of the neat vegetable garden, with its well-kept beds, and the healthy fruit trees, white with blossoms. There was many a more stately, but no lovelier place in Clayville, and when the English family to whom it belonged returned to their own country, Carrie's longing heart and eyes were gratified, and it became her home, and the home of her children.

It was yet a novelty, a hardly realized happiness that this beautiful place was their own. to plant, to tend, to love, and she was never weary of admiring the trees and shrubs, and going about the lawn and gardens with one little one clinging to her hand, and the pretty baby rolling on the soft grass under the floating shade of the elms, that half-hid this very bird-nest of a cottage from the street.

But Carrie was still a careful housekeeper, and withal found time to be a cheerful companion to Morris when he came home at the looked-for dinner hour, or in the lengthening evenings. She did not entertain him with the mishaps and troubles of the day, or by a fretful recital of what might chance to disturb her peace on the morrow, and though Morris trusted Carrie to the letter of the marriage promise, with a knowledge of "*all his worldly goods*," business perplexities did not furnish the staple of his home meditations or remarks. So they were always glad to meet, and though seven, almost eight years had passed, they were in the truest acceptance of the word—*friends*.

The day on which we re-introduce our readers

to the Caldwells seemed to be clouded in both families. Carrie had taken unusual pains with the dinner-table, adjusting the fresh table-cloth, after the servant had laid it—crossing these same spoons—still as bright as when they were given to her—on the corners, and stamping the salt twice over; the golden squash, and swan-white potatoes were all ready to be served with a juicy steak; and she was arranging a basket of grapes, the heavy clusters garnished with their own green leaves, by way of dessert, when her husband came in.

Her quick, loving eyes saw that something had gone amiss, for his face was clouded, and though he kissed both the children, it seemed to be more because they expected it, than anything. Oarrie was a prudent, as well as a loving wife, so she neither fancied herself nor her children neglected, nor did she ask "leading questions," that are so sure to call out a storm of ill-temper, if it is already gathering. She helped him bountifully, hushing the children, and waiting the result in patience, for she had sufficient confidence in her husband to be sure that he would tell her in time if it was anything she ought to know.

Dinner passed almost in silence, and Mr. Lord had helped himself to the grapes, destroying Carrie's arrangement without even noticing its grace—before he came from the brown study in which he had plunged—and then he said, as if it was the result of a long cogitation—

"The more I think of it, the stranger it grows; I can't account for it."

"For what, Morris?" answered his wife, perhaps not displeased that the embargo had been removed.

"Well, I'll tell you—has Maria gone up stairs with the baby? You see I've missed a great deal of ready money this year."

"Why, Morris! not from the store, I hope! John seems so honest!"

"No, not from the store, for then it wouldn't have been so mysterious. I've lost it, myself, and you know how careful I am—five and ten dollars at a time—but it counts up pretty fast with such small profits as mine. Don't you remember my counting two hundred dollars, this morning, and telling you I had a note to pay?"

Yes, Mrs. Lord remembered it distinctly, for he had called her in from the garden, and said, carelessly—"Carrie, please count those notes for me," and when she said just two hundred dollars, he seemed satisfied, and answered, "Just what I make it." Certainly, she remembered it.

"Well, then, to be perfectly sure, I counted it over after I got to the store before John, and I can swear nobody saw it from that time until I went to the bank, for I had the key of the drawer in my pocket all the time; but when I went to pay my note there was only one hundred and ninety-five! I said there must be some mistake, but Caldwell told me to count it over myself, if I doubted his word, and sure enough there it was!"

"How strange!" ejaculated Carrie, forgetting grapes and all, in her amazement.

"But that's not the strangest part of it. I happened to have five dollars about me, and paid the difference. I was annoyed, for I knew you



wanted the money for the house, and now you will have to wait till Monday."

"Oh, you needn't mind that, I'm sure, if that's all," his wife said, cheerfully—"perhaps I saw one of the notes double."

"It's not at all likely we should both make the same mistake. I concluded I must have dropped it, so I searched every step of the way, and all through the store, but the money was gone. However, there's one thing—I marked several of the notes with a cross, one in blue, one in black, and another in red ink, and the one with red is gone—I shall be sure of knowing it again, if I see it."

Mrs. Lord saw that something must have occurred to make her husband take such unusual precautions, but she could not believe John, the clerk, could be guilty of dishonesty, and she hoped the matter would soon be made clear. It was painful to her upright mind and heart to have even a suspicion of wrong attached to any one near her. Her husband seemed somewhat relieved after his confession, and had a merry game of romps with the children, before he went back to the store, while Carrie settled down quietly to household duties.

The disagreeable subject had been quite driven out of her mind, by her interest in the dress she was making for her little daughter, stopping now and then to look at the baby faces in the repose of an afternoon nap—when the gate, falling too heavily, announced a visitor. She started up, eagerly hoping to see her mother, but it was only old Mrs. Macy, coming along the walk, with a parasol the size of a modern umbrella, and a distended work-bag, threatening a long afternoon visit. Carrie was a little discomfited at first, for Mrs. Macy, with her snuff, and her gossip, was by no means an agreeable visitor; but she thought in a moment how lonely the poor old body must be, with no child in the world, and her nephew's wife, with whom she lived, anything but fond of her. It was no wonder that she went from house to house so much, when it was her only amusement, and seeing as much as she did of their internal economy, it was but natural for the good-natured, garrulous old lady to repeat it. Mrs. Lord having no secrets to guard, and remembering Mrs. Macy in happier days, was always very kind to her, and thus was subject to more of her society than was always gratifying; but she went out to meet her with real cheerfulness, nevertheless.

"Dear me, Caroline," faltered out the newcomer, evidently tired with the heat and the weight of the "boundless contiguity of shade," she called a parasol, "how nice you *do* look, allers. Every thing about your house is as neat as a new pin, as I tells my nephew's wife. But then I allers say, jus like her! She allers was the particularist body when she was Caroline James. You don't say your grapes is ripe? I han't tasted a grape this year—why ain't I lucky? An' how's the babies and your husband, this warm spell? I never see such warm weather for September, since the year my Sammy died. I remember there was two whole weeks then, for all the world, like July. Jess wait a minute till I untie the strings"—for, by this time, the Bos-

ton rocking-chair was set forth, and Carrie, with a pleasant face, stood ready to take her visitor's bonnet and shawl.

"An' now," continued the loquacious body, "don't put yourself out a bit on my account. Don't make a mite of difference in your tea. I allers hates to go where people does. There's Miss Coffin, now; clever body as ever was is Eliza Coffin; but she makes such a fluster, an' says, 'La! how onfortunate you should happen in jist when there ain't a mite of cake in the house, and I used my very last preserves, Sunday.' Now I don't go visiting for what I can get; 'taint my way. I likes to take people jist as they are, an' have a good, sociable dish o' talk. But then, Miss Coffin was sort of worried. 'Twas the day her husband lost three dollars, and its considerable of a loss for a hard-working man like him. Three dollars goes a good ways in a family."

"And how did he loose it?" asked Carrie, reminded, unconsciously, of the similar annoyance that had befallen them.

"Why, 'twas the most curus thing in the world. He had a note to pay up to the bank. Now I never believe in them banks, no how, never did. But he got into difficulties last winter, when all the children had the scarlet fever, and he got a note discounted. Well, he'd saved, and saved, to git it off his mind, and it was uncommon hard to loose three dollars, the last he had in the world, in the street too, where there was no chance of getting it back. Miss Coffin was rite down sick about it, for he had to borry the money, and she had to save every cent till 'twas paid. That's how there was no cake in the house. But I told her, it was all along of them banks—old General Jackson thought they was all wrong, an' so do I; I never had no faith in 'em."

Carrie smiled to think that poor Mr. Coffin's carelessness should be laid to the general banking account, though her smile changed to a thoughtful expression, when she noticed the strange coincidence.

But Mrs. Macy had started upon a new track, and suddenly broke out with—

"I hain't no patience with 'Liza Simpson an' her airs. I see her this morning walking down Main street with a lady from New York; some big-bug that's visited her at the Clayville House. As large as life she was, with a great bunch of gold things dangling down from her waist, and she pretendin' to be in mournin' for her father, poor man; it's jist as well he died, I guess, for when folks gits so much above their old acquaintances, they don't treat their own folks decent. I've heard she didn't go home a dozen times last year, and there was her *poor* mother all alone. No wonder she went off to Connecticut! Dear knows where all the money comes from *she* spends; and her father was such a saving soul, I shouldn't wonder if it broke his heart. "Miss Mary," he says to me, time and agin, "Miss Mary, if folks don't save, they *can't* have." I remember when they first went to housekeeping. He was only a carpenter, then, long afore he had a lumber yard, and they lived in the Jenkins' house, over in Diamond street. They had a room and a bed-room, an' no carpet at that. La! I re-

member the first mahogany bureau an' the first high-poster her mother ever had! She was a big girl then, an' wore calico pantalettes! 'Liza Simpson! Why she used to fetch every drop of water they had in the house from the pump herself. They never had a hired girl, till he bought out Mr. Bigelow! Dear me, Carline, *ain't that elegant!*"

Mrs. Macy had caught sight of an equestrian party who had halted an instant on the little declivity above the house, and were looking at it in evident admiration. One of the ladies was pointing towards it with her riding-whip, and the other with gauntleted hand on her rein seemed to be answering her inquiry. In all the bravery of queen-riding habits, and plumed hats, Caroline did not at first recognize the speaker, until her voice came floating towards them, through the still summer air.

"Yes, very pretty. It belongs to an old school-mate of mine, I believe, but it was one of those acquaintances you never keep up. She's not in our set, you know."

The vine leaves shaded the mistress of the cottage, or Mrs. Caldwell would have seen the flush, and then the tears that sprang to Carrie's eyes, as the indifferent tone brought less indignation than pain.

It is one thing to feel a friend has ceased to care for you, but harder still to *hear* it from her own lips.

But the horses and their riders swept past, Eliza looking more beautiful than ever in her most becoming costume, and her husband, all smiles and animation, bending down to talk to Mrs. Sherman. A feeling of bitterness, almost a stranger to her, choked the reply Carrie attempted to make to Mrs. Macy's voluble exclamations of mingled resentment and envy, at the apparent prosperity and gaiety of her old friend's life. Eliza had never known the anxious watch every mother must at times keep—the patient industry persevered in through ill-health and sinking spirits, that had been necessary to them. Every wish seemed to be gratified, without a thought of self-denial; and her husband was always at leisure to minister to her caprices.

But the voice of her little Mary, waking from the afternoon nap, recalled Carrie's better feelings, and she knew that she would not give up her darling children—her beautiful home—for any thing Eliza might possess. So she returned to the sitting room, with her child's soft, flushed cheek, and tangled curls resting on her shoulder, tranquil and happy, as though the struggle had not been.

Mr. Lewis, the worthy cashier of the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank, Clayville, was sitting in the "back room," as it was technically termed, after a meeting of the directors. He was evidently debating an unpleasant question, and one that had been thrust unwillingly upon his consideration, the key to which may perhaps be obtained from the last words of Mr. Eleazar Jones, one of the board.

"I think you'd better speak to Caldwell about

it. It isn't exactly the thing for a bank-teller to be giving a party, and inviting two hundred people. I couldn't afford to do it, and you know what I can afford, as well as anybody else in town, I guess."

Mr. Eleazar Jones rubbed the surviving veterans of what had once been raven locks, over his bald, polished forehead, and pulled up his shirt-collar, like a man who has delivered his opinion, and means to stick to it, come what will.

"Very well," was all Mr. Lewis returned, for he did not like the close, penurious Eleazar; and Caldwell, on the contrary, had always been a favorite with him. But that was not all. If his own mind had been perfectly at ease on the subject, he would not have hesitated to decline the unpleasant task, "speaking to a person" almost always proves. He had noticed many things in the past six months that did not seem quite consistent, and yet had excused his teller, to himself, saying that it was ill-health, perhaps, after all, and not dissipation, as he had been told, that had changed him. Besides, he was still regular at bank hours, and though his hand sometimes trembled, as the bills flew through it, business was never neglected, so that he did not feel he had a right to reprove. Strange reports came, now and then, of waste and extravagance, a sin Clayville was always disposed to visit with the severest vengeance; but Mr. Caldwell still paid ready money for everything, and if he choose to throw away his aunt's legacy, recklessly, it was his own.

It must have been larger than they had at first supposed, for, in the midst of these reports, he had purchased a fine house, and fitted it up with every comfort and luxury, which was left almost entirely to the care of servants, and now they were to give the largest party Clayville records could boast of since Mrs. Crawford Livingstone's marriage, many, many years before. Invitations had been sent to New York and Albany. The supper was to be superintended by a confectioner from the city, who was to furnish everything, regardless of expense. It was certainly braving public opinion, and inviting its scrutiny to the utmost; no man, who had anything to conceal, would venture on so bold a step, reasoned Mr. Lewis.

He turned to the balance-sheet before him, as the door closed upon the retreating Eleazar, and tried to finish the afternoon's task. It was useless toil—and, pushing back the writing materials, he took up his pen-knife, and subsided into a deep meditation, trimming his nails as a soothing and unconscious accompaniment. But his quiet seemed destined to be disturbed; another applicant for admittance soon knocked at the baize-covered door.

The half frown disappeared from the cashier's face, when he saw who his visitor was. Nay, he even took down his feet from the office-chair before him, and offered it with unusual alacrity.

Mr. Lord was an unfrequent visitor, but one Mr. Lewis had conceived a high respect for, from what he knew of his business integrity. There was never any fear of his note being protested—Mr. Lewis would have been ready to present it

to the board without endorsers, if bank-rules would have permitted it.

"Anything I can do for you, Mr. Lord? An extension, perhaps? No! A check? though you are a little late—bank-hours over, you know—Caldwell has gone."

"Yes, I know it," said Mr. Lord; "I met him on the corner. Indeed, I had been watching for him, as I particularly wished to see you alone."

There was an uneasy pause of half a moment, Mr. Lord growing embarrassed, and the cashier squaring a pile of account-books with the most minute accuracy.

"The fact of the business is, sir—it's a hard matter to say—but I came to see you about Caldwell. It's been a load on my mind for weeks and months—and now I think it's my duty to speak. I would not have done so on my own account alone. But I can't sit still and see poor men, like Coffin, and Abraham Tanner, and Luke Crawford, robbed; and their hard earnings, over the lap-stone and the carpenter's-bench, thrown away on folly!"

Morris had forgotten the caution he had promised himself to use. He was but human—and it was, as he had said, "a hard matter."

"Sir"—and Mr. Lewis rose to his feet, in excitement and indignation—"be careful what you say. You charge us—this institution—with dishonesty. Have we not always accommodated you? Mr. Lord—"

But Morris had recovered his self-possession as Mr. Lewis's departed; and, at length, succeeded in telling his story. Hard to tell, and hard to listen to, for those who had any faith in human nature. Mr. Lewis's face changed from an expression of incredulity as he proceeded. One of the marked bills had come back to his possession; but, worse than all, a counterfeit, for twenty dollars, had been traced to the same source—*Alonzo Caldwell.*

Mr. Lord produced them both—showed the blue ink cross upon the one, and proved the falsity of the other. But of that there was no need. Mr. Lewis recognized it at once.

"I took that myself, more than six months ago. Caldwell discovered it—I remember all about it. It was so well done, I did not doubt it. But how came it in his possession afterwards? These things are always destroyed. Mr. Lord, this is very strange business," and the cashier grew pale as one who has heard startling and painful news he was compelled to believe.

Morris, on the contrary, seemed unaccountably relieved at the recognition of the forged note. It had banished from his mind one painful suspicion—Caldwell was connected with no league for their utterance, a conclusion that had painfully accounted to him for the almost exhaustless means that seemed to be at his command.

"Mr. Barker paid you this, you say?" asked Mr. Lewis, standing in bitter rumination, with the bills still in his hands.

"Yes, sir; it seems Caldwell owed him for board when he left the Clayville House, and he has been obliged to dun him several times. I had a large bill against Mr. Barker, and he came at once to settle up. I did not notice until after

he was gone, that the bill was bad. I don't think it had crossed his mind, Caldwell being in a bank."

"Have you told him?"

"No, sir. I thought it best to come to you at once. I knew you were a friend of Caldwell's, and would advise me what was best to do. I have not even told my wife."

"You are right, Mr. Lord," and yet Mr. Lewis did not seem to know what to advise. The disclosure was so startling that it had almost paralyzed thought.

"You are certain about the other note?"

"Yes, I marked it purposely. I was in the bank again, that morning, and saw the bills I had paid go into a package for New York, though there I may be mistaken; but I remember that cross in blue ink, and can swear to the number of the note, for I wrote it down in a blank leaf of my ledger. I had missed several—and poor Coffin complained of the same mysterious disappearance the very next day. Luke Crawford came into the store, only the week before, with just the same story."

"It looks bad—very bad—but, Mr. Lord," added the cashier, brightening a little, "how could he have managed it—that's the question? You watched him count the money! No, it's impossible. I'll tell you—promise not to speak of it, to any one, for a week, and I will pledge you my word to watch him closely. If I find nothing against him at the end of that time, I wash my hands of the business. You must do what you think best. It is altogether too improbable to be true."

"But the counterfeit note? that cannot be disputed. I inquired of Barker who had paid it to him, saying it was rather a larger note than we Clayville people generally saw. Entirely by accident!"

Mr. Lewis's countenance fell again. It was in every way a miserable business.

"Well, I only stipulate the week. I'm sure something will turn up to clear him."

"I'm sure I hope so, sir," answered Morris, as he did from his heart, for where the mind is unfamiliar with great crime, the very suspicion is a burden to be gladly removed. Morris Lord was too upright to wish ill to any man, even though he had no reason to like Caldwell; and he went away, feeling almost as unhappy as if he himself had been the guilty one.

Mr. Lewis entered the banking-room after Morris had gone. The heavy shutters were barred, and little light came save through the door he had left ajar. All was as it should be—the stream of sunshine from the old-fashioned heart-shaped opening in the shutters, was full of dancing motes. There was a close pervading atmosphere of tobacco and stove heat;—only the Herald of the day before, together with a counterfeit detector, were lying on the counter. The mute room told no tales. He examined the desk; there was only the huge stone inkstand that had been there from time immemorial, with its accompaniment of well-worn quill pens mended down to the feather—and a gigantic, well battered sand-box, that had shed its sparkling grains on promises to pay and balanced cash books for

many a year. The teller's counter was the little turn at the side—neatly covered and neatly kept, for Caldwell was fastidious to a fault. He even struck it with his hand, and stooped down and looked beneath—but there was no vestige of a private drawer, nothing but a half barrel of dusty papers, that had collected from month to month.

It was a hard position for Mr. Lewis to be placed in. No honorable man likes the post of a spy, particularly upon the actions of a favorite, and such Mr. Caldwell certainly was. Mr. Lewis fairly despised himself, and his only consolation was, that he had assumed it with the hope of clearing the teller from unjust suspicions. Almost a week had passed, and all had gone well. Mr. Lewis reflected on this as he stirred the yellow cream into a cup of fragrant coffee one pleasant morning, and congratulated himself accordingly.

His wife was somewhat surprised when on presenting him a cup for "more sugar," (unofficer-like conduct perhaps, but nevertheless, in our tea-tray experience, we find the request to come as frequently from gentlemen as from our own sex,) he abruptly added—"My dear, who did young Lord marry?"

Now Mr. Lewis was by no means a gossip, and of this his wife was well aware; so she naturally questioned, "What he could possibly care about it," as she answered, "some old friend of Mrs. Caldwell; James was the name, she believed, but they had some quarrel at the time, and the Caldwells did not visit them now."

"Aha!" ejaculated the worthy cashier, still more to his wife's amazement, for it expressed so much interest and satisfaction, that she looked up in wonder as to how the falling out of two people he knew so little of—ladies, too—could possibly interest him.

It may be he forgot that it would naturally awaken curiosity, but at least no explanation was given—nor did Mr. Lewis continue the conversation. He had gained, as he supposed, a key to the personal dislike he was sure must be at the foundation of Mr. Lord's complaint against the teller. He had heard at least of so slight a thing as a quarrel between two ladies ending in open and espoused enmity on the part of their husbands, and by a course of reasoning he had come to this conclusion. Caldwell had, no doubt, been very extravagant and imprudent, and finding himself dunned constantly, had been guilty of passing the counterfeit note. It was certainly dishonesty; but then, as a first offence, he would advise him to repay Morris, and have the affair hushed up; for no doubt he would be deeply penitent, and this very thing would make a most emphatic opening for the lecture Eleazar had recommended, and might be the means of an entire reform. As to the marked bills, and the mysterious losses of others, it must be a mistake—or perhaps a trap laid for Caldwell by his enemies. Such things had been done! And by this course of reasoning, which as our readers will see, involved a point of duty towards the institution over which he presided, Mr. Lewis, to whom this last was not yet apparent, came to consider Caldwell a thoughtless but much injured man.

He accosted him as he entered the bank with unusual cheerfulness and good nature, the more

so that he noticed the haggard, anxious air which the teller tried to conceal under forced jokes and a busy discussion of the gossip of the day. Mr. Lewis attributed it to remorse for the one great error of the counterfeit note; and while he blamed him justly for it, pity that he should have to contend with slander at the same time, melted his generous heart. But the business of the day commenced earlier than usual, and there was no time for lecture or explanation then.

Everything progressed with the monotonous quiet of the formal little banking-house—the quick gliding of the book-keeper's pen—the rapid counting of bank bills in payment or the deposit, at little counter Caldwell occupied. Mr. Lewis had thought the matter over again, and was rapidly relieving himself of all trouble on the score. It had at last occurred to him that he would be responsible to the directors for any known delinquency on the part of an inferior officer, but from this unpleasant dilemma he had jumped to the conclusion that the whole affair of the note was a mistake on Caldwell's part, and not intentional dishonesty; and that Morris had certainly been actuated by pique, and made the most of it. It was very easy to mistake one bill for another, and Caldwell had been with them nine years now, and must have had so many greater opportunities for dishonesty, had he been so inclined. Mr. Lewis laid down a rule he had been industriously balancing, together with these conclusions, determined to call in Caldwell, and have an explanation on the spot. But he was occupied just then in taking a deposit—and the cashier drew back a step to wait until he was at liberty.

"Ten—twenty—thirty—fifty—fifty-five"—the busy hand wavered a moment, and Mr. Lewis thought he saw a note slip through to the floor. He was not certain—he must have been mistaken—Caldwell did not stoop, nor did the gentleman depositing notice it. Three hundred and forty-five dollars were told, and Mr. Lewis started to hear—

"Five dollars short of the amount you give, sir."

"Impossible," said the gentleman, looking extremely surprised. "I had it from our book-keeper, and he is a very careful man."

"The most careful are liable to mistakes," the teller said politely, at the same time taking up the bills and commencing to go over them again more slowly. "You will please count with me, sir."

There was no denying it—and Mr. Lewis heard the altercation and its result with a quick beating heart. His resolution was instantly formed—and coming forward to Caldwell's side, he joined in the conversation, saying the accident was very annoying.

The gentleman put down a gold piece and left the counter, while Mr. Lewis saw that Caldwell's pale face flushed painfully. But he did not seem to notice the incident at all, only saying the carriage of their President had just stopped at the Clayville House; would Mr. Caldwell be so good as to step over, and hand him a note he would find lying on the back room table?

It was the thought of a moment, and his newly awakened suspicions were deepened by the hesitation and annoyance Caldwell involuntarily be-

trayed. However, he could not well refuse the request politely made, and for an instant Mr. Lewis stood alone behind the counter. That instant was long enough to notice that the cask of old paper was drawn forward, and to discover lying among the fragments of torn bills and old letters, a *five dollar note*.

His head grew dizzy—but he did not betray himself by exclamations to the book-keeper, or remove the bill, as was his first thought. He commanded himself sufficiently to take up the "Daily Express," and appear to be absorbed in its contents when Caldwell returned. Still more, to thank him for the courtesy, and go back quietly to the other room, as if he suspected nothing, had discovered nothing.

Bank directors are not generally supposed to sacrifice to the graces, but among the few ornaments of the board room, was a goodly sized mirror set in one corner, beneath which a cherry washstand had its station. In this mirror, or "looking-glass," as the good worthies themselves would probably have denominated it, Mr. Lewis saw Caldwell throw a furtive glance towards the book-keeper, and then stoop for an instant beneath the counter. His worst suspicions were confirmed.

There is scarcely anything more annoying to a tidy, punctual housekeeper, than to have tea kept waiting on Saturday night—particularly when the stockings are not all mended through the accidents of the week, and the children have still to take their bath and good night kiss. Carrie Lord was particularly troubled this evening, for there were waffles for tea, and everybody knows waffles are nothing if not fresh. Besides she was quite in a flutter of curiosity to know what Alonzo Caldwell could want so particularly with her husband. He had been there twice in the day to enquire for him, and now they had come in together, and were still shut up in the sitting room two good hours.

The plate of waffles stood by the fire, and almost melted into their own butter—the children grew clamorous, had been fed, and bathed, and put to bed, looking as children always do after a Saturday night's bath, rosier and sweeter than at any other time; and their father too busy to see it. Eight o'clock struck, and Carrie began to think with dismay of her own supper, and the work-basket and thimble, and darning cotton, all in the sitting-room. What good housekeeper can blame her for being "fidgety" under the circumstances? She was just meditating a tap on the sitting-room door, by way of a gentle reminder, when the hall door was unclosed, and she heard her husband say, "No, Mr. Caldwell—you have mistaken me entirely—if you thought I could be bribed to silence. I should be unjust to others besides myself."

Then came an imploring, almost abject tone, which changed to one of defiance as Morris still continued resolute. The gate closed with a "slam" behind the departing visitor, and Carrie met her husband in the hall with "Do you know how late it is?"—but a look of enquiry that asked as plain as could be—"What on earth did he want of you?"

"There's an invitation to a party for you,"

Morris said, tossing an elegant envelope upon the tea-table, and addressing himself to the waffles with the energy of a hungry man.

"A party for me!"

It was quite an event in the quiet life of Mrs. Lord, and she handed Morris his tea without cream, in her anxiety to get at the contents of the silver-gilded envelope:

"MR. AND MRS. ALONZO CALDWELL,

AT HOME,

Tuesday, 8 o'clock."

"For Eliza's party! Just think of it—the whole town are going, anybody that is anybody. And such preparations as never were before, Mrs. Macy says—the whole house turned topsy-turvy, and five rooms thrown open! But how did she happen to send us an invitation? She's not been here in two years."

"So Mr. Caldwell said; but she had been in mourning—I believe that's the reason—and had company all summer. However, she's been intending to call, and for fear you would not accept the invitation, she will be here on Monday to invite you particularly."

"It is very good in her, isn't it, when she has so much to attend to just now, particularly? Perhaps I've been in fault too—I declare—why do you smile, Morris? What does it all mean? I believe there's something at the bottom of it after all."

"Only a little feminine 'bribery and corruption,'" answered Morris. "I tell you what, Carrie, that Caldwell is an older rogue than I thought for. You are almost the only woman in the world that ever did keep a secret, so I'll tell you—he's just laid himself open to a trip to Sing-Sing; and he'll go if he's not very careful. I've been tracing back this business of note-losing, and I find three dollars disappeared more than four years ago. Then no more till last year, and this year I have it set down twice. He seems to have been perfectly reckless."

No wonder that Carrie did not make much of a supper after all, as this train of bold, and, heretofore, successful dishonesty was disclosed to her. Mr. Lewis had talked with Caldwell that afternoon, and advised him to see Mr. Lord, his principal accuser, willing to give him time to prove his innocence, if possible, but telling him that for the present he would be excused from his bank duties. So, trying friendliness and condescension at first, Mr. Caldwell came with the party invitation—then bribery had been offered—pleading—and finally baffled in all points, only a frenzy of defiance. Mrs. Lord cried as if her heart would break at the sorrow and disgrace that had come upon her old friend, while her husband, in the little sitting-room, and Mr. Lewis in his library, were both meditating on the unpleasant duty that seemed to devolve upon them, of making the affair public.

They were spared this, however, for Alonzo Caldwell's usual coolness and presence of mind had deserted him, and on Sunday, regardless of the decencies of the day, he had visited Mr. Coffin, the shoemaker, and tendered him "a present" of fifty dollars, if he would say nothing more about having lost a note at the bank.

It was mistaken and short-sighted policy. Moses Coffin was as honest as he was poor, but as vindictive as narrow-minded, ignorant men often are. Had one in a humble station like his own been guilty of wrong, he would have felt it a hard matter to bring him to justice—but a man who had stolen his hard earnings, to “live like a gentleman” while his own wife and children were suffering for decent clothes, could expect little mercy at his hands. Monday morning found his workshop deserted, and Moses, for the first time in his life, in a lawyer’s office. By Tuesday the news ran like wild-fire, men congregating on tavern steps, and at grocery corners, to discuss the startling discovery, that they had all been robbed, before their very eyes. And now it came out, how one and another at different times had missed three, five, and ten dollars in the same way, not thinking it worth while to mention it, or perhaps concluding they had been mistaken. The heaviest firms were, in amount, the greatest losers: the teller had used wonderful tact in proportioning his thefts to the means of his victims.

As usual, those most nearly concerned had no hint of the matter until the very last, and though every one else in Clayville knew that a writ had been issued against Alonzo Caldwell, the sheriff’s officers found him superintending the placing of his costly wines in ice, apparently as cool as the ice itself, as he politely invited them to “take a glass of sherry”—and to tell him how he was indebted to them for this unusual business call, on the very eve of his grand fête. But it was of no use—his hand shook and spilled the crimson port he was decanting, for, with the messengers of the law, there was no parleying, and he was driven away ignominiously to find bail, or be committed to the county prison, just as the first arrival of his guests reached the door.

It was a scene not often paralleled. Eliza in her elegant evening dress, her arms and neck shaded only by costly lace, swooned on the hall-floor, and was carried to her room by the new waiters, who comprehended nothing of what had passed. The brilliant light from the decorated rooms streamed out upon the crowd in the street—guests arriving and departing—coarse men and hooting boys—calling for “the millionaire”—“the thief”—or even reviling in coarser terms the unhappy giver of the feast, who was that night indebted to the hospitality of the public for his lodging. The panic-stricken visitors from New York—the Shermans, the Butlers, to whom the party was given—departed in hot haste, by the evening boat, as if the house had been contaminated by the plague. No one thought of the miserable wife of the guilty man, but her old and slighted friend, whose kind heart yearned over her, and who came upon the very steps of the departing parasites, to offer what comfort and consolation she could.

The hundred wax lights were still shining over furniture more costly than Mrs. Lord had ever imagined. Bouquets of exotics were breathing out unheeded odors—the supper-table with its rare decorations and numberless delicacies that seemed too beautiful ever to be mutilated—the boudoir softly shaded by flowing drapery, from cornice to carpet—all empty—echoing only to the

confused disputings of the group of servants, none of whom could tell her at first where their mistress was to be found. It was a wretched termination to an anticipated triumph—neither reason nor sympathy could avail; and the long, cheerless night passed in alternate frantic exclamations and bemoanings, with disturbed snatches of sleep.

With all his fashionable friends, Mr. Caldwell could find no one willing to give bonds for his appearance at the next term, where he stood charged with two heavy indictments—no one came forward but the cashier and Mr. Lord, and between them the required \$5,000 was pledged. The guilty man was suffered to return once more to his own home, if home it could be called, where he went with a heart of bitterness, to be met by taunts and reckless upbraidings, from the wife for whose sake he thus stood perilled soul and body.

There could be little true love between two such thoroughly selfish, worldly natures; each accusing the other with folly and extravagance as the cause of their present disgrace. Either could have averted it in the outset, by advice or example; but united weakness of principle, and love of show, had led on step by step the unfortunate man, whose bold and fraudulent career had been so suddenly checked.

*The bail was forfeited*—as many had predicted. In those days telegraphs were not—two years later, had his sureties chosen, the fugitives might have been more surely tracked. As it was, there came only a vague report of their being seen on a sailing vessel, spoken on an outward passage to England. It was before California opened a kindly refuge and oblivion to broken fortunes and ruined reputations. And now it was discovered how deeply in debt—besides the sums he had openly taken—Alonzo Caldwell had been for years. Creditors came from New York—Albany—even Boston, to find—*nothing*. In Clayville, Morris Lord was the heaviest sufferer, for the pretty home was mortgaged to pay his share of the forfeited bond. It was thus paid for twice over by steady industry and economy, and became doubly dear to the happy wife and mother, who was never been known to regret openly the generous conduct of Morris, which was indeed her own suggestion. The catalpa and the sweet-briar still blossom in spring time, and tears of mingled pity and thankfulness flow, when she contrasts her own happy lot with the wandering outcast life of her early friend.

“Caldwell’s fraud” is even yet discussed in evening groups at the bars and groceries of Clayville, and various solutions are proposed of the remarkable slight of hand, which all acknowledge he must have acquired to deceive so openly. One enterprising clerk was discovered practising, privately, with a half-barrel of shavings, and came very near losing his place, as the reward of studying so questionable an accomplishment; but since Signor Blitz has given two of his wonderful entertainments in the dining-room of the Clayville House—finding huge nests of eggs in empty bags, and drawing innumerable yards of ribbon from his own mouth—the mystery seems to have a more possible solution.



## MYSELF.

BY H. E. G. AREY.

Well, once I was a little girl,  
 A-dwelling far away;  
 My mother made the butter,  
 And my father made the hay.

And I—I wandered, out of school,  
 Amid the woodlands wild,  
 And scorned the teacher's measured rule—  
 A harum-scarum child.

Of thorny lane, and meadow fair,  
 My frock bore token still;  
 The wind would catch my yellow hair,  
 And braid it at its will.

The sun was busy with my face—  
 And still it shows it some;  
 And, on my neck, I know how high  
 My dresses used to come.

And I was smart, and all the springs  
 On all the hills could show;  
 And, if there were some grammar things  
 I didn't care to know,

I always knew how many boughs  
 The latest tempest broke,  
 And just how far the woodpecker  
 Had girdled round the oak.

I knew the tree where slept the crows:  
 And, on the water's brim,  
 I climbed the hemlock boughs,  
 To watch the fishes swim.

I knew, beside the swollen rill,  
 What flowers to bloom would burst;  
 And where, upon the south-sloped hill,  
 The berries ripened first.

Each violet tuft, each cowslip green,  
 Each daisy on the lea,  
 I counted one by one—for they  
 Were kith and kin to me.

I knew the moles that dared to claim  
 The vanished beavers' huts;  
 And sat on mossy logs to watch  
 The squirrels crack their nuts:

And they winked slyly at me, too,  
 But never fled away,  
 For in their little hearts they knew  
 That I was wild as they.

And always in the Winter, too,  
 Before the breakfast time,  
 I wandered o'er the crusted snow,  
 To hear the waters chime.

To see how thick the ice had grown,  
 And where the hasty spray  
 Its jewels o'er the shrubs had thrown  
 In such a curious way.

And in a little cavern, where  
 The waters trickled through,  
 The shape of every icicle  
 That gemmed its sides I knew;

For there were hermits' huts, and towers,  
 And cities grand and gay,  
 And Alpine peaks and tropic flowers,  
 And fairer things than they:

For oft the sun came glinting through  
 The chinks some ice lens spanned,  
 And decked in many a rainbow hue  
 Those scenes of fairy land.

And now, when to my roving brain  
 There starts some fancy, shrined  
 In tints more bright than earth can claim,  
 That cavern comes to mind.

When Winter to the Spring-tide wore,  
 Through slumps and sloughs I strayed,  
 To list the splashing and the roar  
 The mountain torrents made.

Oh! that was glee; and oft I turned  
 In rapture from the shore,  
 And said (I know not where I learned)  
 The lines about "Lodore."

There was a well-filled garret, where  
 I hid on stormy days,  
 And built bright castles in the air,  
 And conned most ancient lays;

And through the snares that Scott has set,  
 For fancy roamed with joy,  
 Or, from some old and worn gazette,  
 I hacked the rhymes of "Roy."

In mouse-holes rare I hid with care  
 Those relics of the Muse,  
 And wondered who the Poets were  
 That scribbled for the News.

But when once more the skies were fair,  
 And I the woods could win,  
 For books and rhymes that charmed me there  
 I did not care a pin.

My mother saw my garments soiled,  
 And thought it hardly right;  
 But, when I wished to go again,  
 My father said I might.

And now I am a woman grown,  
 And strive to keep my hair  
 Beneath the guidance of my comb,  
 And bind my dress with care.

Through slumps and drifts I do not roam,  
 Nor climb the hemlock trees,  
 Nor hide 'mid cobwebbed trunks at home—  
 For fear 'twill raise a breeze.

I thread the world's unchanging maze,  
 Through all Life's fettered span,  
 And seek to be in all my ways  
 As "proper" as I can.

I never liked the ways of men,  
 Or wished more old to grow,  
 For life was wondrous curious then,  
 And isn't curious now.

I know not know it seemed to me,  
 Or what my father thought,  
 But mother said I'd never be  
 A woman, as I ought.

I know 'tis hard such children wild  
 In polished rules to train;  
 And, if I were once more a child,  
 I'd—do just so again.

## THE YOUNG LOVE.

BY MEETA.

"And Youth is a pleasant song, played on the harp-strings of the heart."

It was one of those drowsy, delightful days in summer. A pleasant breeze just lifted the tree-leaves, and, coming in at the open casements, fanned one deliciously with its wing. I had betaken myself to my couch, there to idle the sunny hours, and dream of singing birds, waving trees, and gurgling streams, far away in the green old woods. Mine was a pleasant, airy, little room, the very place to study out a romance, or weave bright imaginings. Just then everything was still around—that peculiar quiet that reigns at the depth of noontide.

The sun only peeped with half an eye, through the blinds, at the red roses in the recess, now and then slanting across the wall, making gold spars upon it, or illuming with a rich light the pictures thereon. Altogether, it was a picturesque little room—my "seventh heaven;" the rose bush—my tree of happiness; and myself—a dozing houri.

I fixed my eyes upon a picture that hung before me, the picture of a Madonna. The sunlight was falling on it, shedding a soft, faint lustre about the fair hair, and making more lovely the pensive outlines of the face. Was it the exquisite beauty of the painting that startled me from my half-dreaming state? or was it the sense of some spiritual presence, hallowing with a smile the divine features? Neither; it was only an old memory that had suddenly gushed up into my heart peculiarly sweet and sad. I had known a face like that in years ago—such a face as memory loves to keep enshrined; a something holy and beautiful—the personification of a prayer.

Many years past, in the heart of the little village of G—, my native place, stood an old frame school-house. A pleasant place it was then; the grass grew around it, the flowers sprung up in myriads of beauty, and the trees with their bright leaves met half-way in delicate shadings the patches of sunlight that fell across its pathway.

Our teacher was a mild, gentle woman, and it was within that school-room, and beneath her watchful guidance, that myself and young companions learned our first lessons of life.

Upon the bench next to mine, in school, sat a pretty girl, younger than I, with long, fair hair and blue eyes. Rose was her name. We called her "Pretty Rose" and "Rosebud." She was fair and kind, with always a faint blush in her cheeks, and always a sweet smile wandering in among the dimples of her red lips. On the other side of the room, with his desk facing hers, sat a handsome, manly boy. He had short, brown curls and laughing eyes. His name was Hal, and he was the merriest, wildest, kindest-hearted boy in existence. Hal was older than Rose, and more learned; but he cared more for her than for all the rest of us. One glance from her eyes was worth a kingdom to him.

Often during school-hours have I seen Hal's eyes wander from his book, and rest upon Rose.

And if, by chance, she raised those soft eyes of hers, then a shy blush mantled her cheek, and her eyes fell again.

Flowers were laid on her desk in the mornings; there was but one hand that placed them there. Sometimes, there was a little note beside them, but oftener a pretty book or a choice picture.

And, in the summer evenings, there was always a long, pleasant walk home, made more so by the shy glances, words half uttered, and smiles that wove a web of sunshine around their hearts.

Thus the days passed on all golden, and Hal looked oftener from his book, oftener upon the sweet face before him. And was not that face, in its young beauty, his book of books, his religion, the creed of his boyish heart?

But there came a day when the sunshine was less bright, and the chimes of tolling bells sounded sadly through the air. When there was weeping among us, and when they bore to the grave in the church-yard, our fair, dead playmate. Gentle Rose! angel Rose! Oh! then there was a long, low wail of boyish grief; the earth fell upon the coffin; all was still, and Hal stood beside the new-made grave alone.

Yes, she lay there below, in her white robes, with a crown of roses around her fair hair, and a little prayer-book clasped close in her cold hands. And he stood above, broken in spirit, and with a beautiful face imaged in his heart. Poor Hal!

Time passed—the youth became a man, the once new-made grave was covered with living green, and we youthful companions were all scattered. I saw Hal once again, when, after an absence of many years, he returned to his fathers' home. I saw him in the pride of manhood, with the same brown curls, only a shade darker, clustering around his brow, the same laughing eyes, the same reckless gaiety of youth.

There were bright lights flashing in the old rooms—there were guests too, and the sound of music wild and sweet burst ever and anon upon the ear. And Hal stood not alone in that gay company; one beautiful and beloved stood close beside him, his betrothed, his cherished bride.

She was beautiful and she was proud. The orange-blossoms and bridal veil rested with a haughty grace upon her jetty tresses. There was a nameless beauty, a proud courteousness in her every look and tone. Yes, she was fair and lovely, but not more pure, not more gentle than the Rose we had loved in youth.

Hal is an elderly man now—there are lines of care, perhaps of sorrow on his brow. A few silver threads mingle also in his locks of brown.

I wonder if he ever thinks of that young love! I wonder if sometimes when sorrow overtakes him, when he escapes from the busy thoroughfares of the world, if he does not recall its purity to refresh his jaded heart! Perhaps he thinks of it often with a smile, laughs over it when alone, and wonders how he could have loved her half so well. Ah, no! that is not human nature—it is not so—listen and I will tell you.

It is evening; Hal sits in his arm-chair within his study. A bright fire is burning in the grate, and a lamp is lighted upon the stand beside him. He is alone—his proud, lovely wife has gone to

some festal meeting. She gave him a graceful, haughty wave of her gloved hand, a joyous "addio" as she stepped into her carriage and drove away. She was dressed in lace and pearls, and looked very beautiful—the world admires her—so does he.

But there is no quiet, domestic joy within his household: no fireside pleasantries—none. So he sits there in a reverie, and recalls to mind some old thoughts of old years. Presently a smile, a sad smile, plays around his lips; he turns to the little stand and hunts among some old papers in the drawer. He draws forth carefully and cautiously a tress of fair soft hair, smoothing it in his fingers, and looking at it earnestly.

It is a little faded from being kept so long, yet it is very lovely, and it reminds him, too, of a sweet young face, wherein he once read a volume of goodness and love. He leans back in the great chair and thinks of all that happened in the days of that young love. But he does not think of it all at once—oh, no! it is too precious. He remembers each joy separately, and draws out slowly, lingeringly each leaf of that book of youth. It is the more sweet thus than if it were all placed before him with a sudden burst of memory. Yes, it is one of those holy things that he has cherished in his heart, the key of which unlocks not only to pleasure, but to pain also.

The clock strikes one—he arouses himself from that sad memory, the haunting loveliness of that one face. The lamp has grown dim; he trims it, and pushes the papers and the tress of fair hair into the little drawer. A sound of carriage wheels and merry voices come to his ear in that lone room. He starts from his chair, dashes the dimness from his eyes, murmurs softly to himself, "Poor Rose, pretty Rose," and so—'tis ended.

## EUTHANASY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"You remember Anna May, who sewed for you about a year ago?" said one fashionably-dressed lady to another.

"That pale, quiet girl who made up dresses for the children?"

"The one I sent you."

"O, yes, very well. I had forgotten her name. What has become of her? If I remember rightly, I engaged her for a week or two in the fall. But she did not keep her engagement."

"Poor thing," said the first lady, whose name was Mrs. Bell, "she'll keep no more engagements of that kind."

"Why so? Is she dead?" The tone in which these brief questions were asked, evinced no lively interest in the fate of the poor sewing-girl.

"Not dead; but very near the end of life's weary pilgrimage."

"Ah, well, we must all die, I suppose—though it's no pleasant thing to think about. But, I am glad you called in this morning"—the lady's voice rose into a more cheerful tone—"I was just about putting on my things to go down to Mrs. Bobinet's opening. You intend going, of course.

I shall be so delighted to have you along, for I want to consult your taste about a bonnet."

"I came out for a different purpose, altogether, Mrs. Ellis," said Mrs. Bell, "and have called to ask you to go with me."

"Where?"

"To see Anna May."

"What! that poor seamstress of whom you just spoke?" There was a look of unfeigned surprise in the lady's countenance.

"Yes: the poor seamstress, Anna May. Her days in this world are nearly numbered. I was to see her yesterday, and found her very low. She cannot long remain on this side the river of death. I am now on my way to her mother's house. Will you not go with me?"

"No, no," replied Mrs. Ellis, quickly, while a shadow fell over her face; "why should I go? I never took any particular interest in the girl. And, as for dying, everything in relation thereto is unpleasant to me. I can't bear to think of death; it makes me shudder all over."

"You have never looked in the face of death," said Mrs. Bell.

"And never wish to," replied Mrs. Ellis, feelingly. "O, if it wasn't for this terrible consummation, what a joyful thing life might be!"

"Anna May has looked death in the face, but does not find his aspect so appalling. She calls him a beautiful angel, who is about to take her by the hand and lead her up gently and lovingly to her Father's house.

There came into the face of Mrs. Ellis a sudden look of wonder.

"Are you in earnest, Mrs. Bell?"

"Altogether in earnest."

"The mind of the girl is unbalanced."

"No, Mrs. Ellis: never was it more evenly poised. Come with me; it will do you good."

"Don't urge me, Mrs. Bell. If I go, it will make me sad for a week. Is the sick girl in want of any comfort?—I will freely minister thereto. But I do not wish to look upon death."

"In this aspect, it is beautiful to look upon. Go with me, then. The experience will be something to accompany you through life. The image of a frightful monster is in your mind; you may now have it displaced by the form of an angel."

"How strangely you talk, Mrs. Bell! How can death be an angel? Is anything more terrible than death?"

"The phantom called death, which a diseased imagination conjures up, may be terrible to look upon; but death itself is a kind messenger, whose office it is to summon us from this world of shadows and changes, to a world of eternal light and unfading beauty. But come, Mrs. Ellis; must urge you to go with me. Do not fear a shock to your feelings; for none will be experienced."

So earnest were Mrs. Bell's persuasions, that her friend at last consented to go with her. At no great distance from the elegant residence of Mrs. Ellis, in an obscure neighborhood, was a small house, humble in exterior, and modestly, yet neatly, attired within. At the door of this house the ladies paused, and were admitted by a woman somewhat advanced in years, on whose

mild face sorrow and holy resignation were beautifully blended.

"How is your daughter?" inquired Mrs. Bell, as soon as they were seated in the small, neat parlor.

"Not so strong as when you were here yesterday," was answered, with a faint smile. "She is sinking hourly."

"But continues in the same tranquil, Heavenly state?"

"O, yes." There was a sweet, yet touching earnestness in the mother's voice. "Dear child! Her life has been pure and unselfish; and now, when her change is about to come, all is peace, and hope, and patient waiting for the time when she will be clothed upon with immortality."

"Is she strong enough to see any one?" asked Mrs. Bell.

"The presence of others in no way disturbs her. Will you walk up into her chamber, friends?"

The two ladies ascended the narrow stairs, and Mrs. Ellis found herself, for the first time in many years, in the presence of one about to die. A slender girl, with large, mild eyes, and face almost as white as the pillow it pressed, was before her. The unmistakable signs of speedy dissolution were on the pale, shrunken features; not beautiful, in the ordinary acceptation of beauty, but from the pure spirit within. Radiant with Heavenly light was the smile that instantly played about her lips.

"How are you to-day, Anna?" kindly inquired Mrs. Bell, as she took the shadowy hand of the dying girl.

"Weaker in body than when you were here yesterday," was answered, "but stronger in spirit."

"I have brought Mrs. Ellis to see you. You remember Mrs. Ellis?"

Anna lifted her bright eyes to the face of Mrs. Ellis, and said:

"O, yes, very well," and she feebly extended her hand. The lady touched her hand with an emotion akin to awe. As yet, the scene oppressed and bewildered her. There was something about it that was dream-like and unreal! "Death! death!" she questioned with herself, "can this be dying?"

"Your day will soon close, Anna," said Mrs. Bell, in a cheerful tone.

"Or, as we say," quickly replied Anna, smiling, "my morning will soon break. It is only a kind of twilight here. I am waiting for the day dawn."

"My dear young lady," said Mrs. Ellis, with much earnestness, bending over the dying girl as she spoke—the newness and strangeness of the scene had so wrought upon her feelings that she could not repress their utterance—"Is all indeed as you say? Are you inwardly so calm, so hopeful, so confident of the morning? Forgive me such a question, at such a moment. But the thought of death has ever been terrible to me; and now, to see a fellow-mortal standing, as you are, so near the grave, and yet speaking in cheerful tones of the last agony, fills me with wonder. Is it all real? Are you so full of heavenly tranquility?"

Was the light dimmed in Anna's eyes by such

pressing questions? Did they turn her thoughts too realizingly upon the "last agony?" O, no! Even in the waning hours of life, her quickest impulse was to render service to another.—Earnest, therefore, was her desire to remove from the lady's mind this fear of death, even though she felt the waters of Jordan already touching her own descending feet.

"God is love," she said, and with an emphasis that gave to the mind of Mrs. Ellis a new appreciation of the words. "In His love He made us, that He might bless us with infinite and eternal blessings, and these await us in Heaven. And now that He sends an angel to take me by the hand and lead me up to my Heavenly home, shall I tremble and fear to accompany the celestial messenger? Does the child, long separated from a loving parent, shrink at the thought of going home, or ask the hours to linger? O, no!"

"But all is so uncertain," said Mrs. Ellis, eager to penetrate father into the mystery.

"Uncertain!" There was something of surprise in the voice of Anna May. "God is truth as well as love; and both in His love and truth, He is unchangeable. When, as Divine Truth, He came to our earth, and spake as never man spake, He said, 'In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you.' The heavens and the earth may pass away, Mrs. Ellis, but not a jot or tittle of the Divine Word can fail."

"Ah, but the preparation for those Heavenly mansions?" said Mrs. Ellis. "The preparation, Anna! Who may be certain of this?"

The eyes of the sick girl closed, the long lashes resting like a dark fringe on her snowy cheek. For more than a moment she lay silent and motionless. Then looking up, she answered:

"God is love. If we would be with Him, we must be like Him."

"How are we to be like Him, Anna?" asked Mrs. Ellis.

"He is love; but not a love of Himself. He loves and seeks to bless others. We must do the same."

"And have you, Anna—"

But the words died on the lips of the speaker. Again had the drooping lashes fallen, and the pale lids closed over the beautiful eyes. And now a sudden light shone through the transparent tissue of that wan face; a light, the rays of which none who saw them needed to be told were but gleams of the heavenly morning just breaking for the mortal sleeper.

How hushed the room—how motionless the group that bent forward towards the one just passing away! Was it the rustle of angel's garments that penetrated the inward sense of hearing?

It is over! The pure spirit of that humble girl, who, in her sphere, was loving, and true and faithful, had ascended to the God, in whose infinite love she reposed a child-like and unwavering confidence. Calmly and sweetly she went to sleep, like an infant on its mother's bosom, knowing that the Everlasting arms were beneath and around her.

And thus, in the by-ways and obscure places of life, are daily passing away the humble, loving,

true-hearted ones. The world esteems them lightly; but they are precious in the sight of God. When the time of their departure comes, they shrink not back in fear, but lift their hands trustingly to the angel messenger, whom their Father sends to lead them up to their home in Heaven. With them is the true "Euthanasia."

"Is not that a new experience in life?" said Mrs. Bell, as the two ladies walked slowly homeward. With a deep sigh, the other answered:

"New and wonderful. I scarcely comprehend what I have seen. Such a lesson from such a source! How lightly I thought of that poor sewing-girl, who came and went so unobtrusively! How little dreamed I that so rich a jewel was in so plain a casket! Ah, I shall be wiser for this—wiser, and I may hope, better. O, to be able to die as she has died—what of mere earthly good would I not cheerfully sacrifice!"

"It is for us all," calmly answered Mrs. Bell. "The secret we have just heard—we must be like God."

"How—how?"

"He loves others out of Himself, and seeks their good. If we would be like Him, we must do the same."

Yes; this is the secret of an easy death, and the only true secret.—*Pictorial Drawing Room Companion.*

## ELLEN DANE; OR, THE DAUGHTER'S VOW.

A TALE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

The following touching and affecting instance of a sister's devotion occurred in a manufacturing town in New Hampshire, not many years ago. It was related to the author by the brother of the girl alluded to, now a minister in an adjoining State, and is as true as affecting:—

Ellen Dane was the only daughter of a once flourishing merchant; the idol of a large circle of admiring friends, the pride of a fond father, who suffered not even the winds of heaven to visit the cheek of his darling too roughly.

While he lived his strong arm protected her from all sorrow, his kind hand surrounded her with every blessing that parental love could devise, or money procure. But she had the misfortune to lose him at the early age of thirteen.

Colonel Dane was supposed at the time of his death to be in affluent circumstances. But his estate was found to be heavily mortgaged, and after paying the debts incurred by his long and expensive sickness, there was nothing but a bare pittance left for the widow and her children.

Alas, for human nature! There were few of the many friends who fluttered around them in their prosperity, willing now to step forward to their assistance; and, after struggling on for three years under the pressure of cares and burthens she was ill-fitted to sustain, Mrs. Dane sank into the grave, leaving her two fatherless children to the cold mercy of strangers.

A short time before her death she called her children to her, and placing the tiny fingers of

her son in the hand of her daughter, she solemnly committed him to her care. "Be a mother to him, Ellen," she said, laying her trembling hand upon the bowed head of the weeping girl; "be a mother to him; he will now have no one to love him but you. Promise me that you will never forsake him." By the bedside of her dying mother, amid tears and sobs, Ellen gave the required promise. "You will not forget, Ellen," repeated Mrs. Dane, earnestly; "you will not forget."

"If I do so, may God forget me in my last hour, mother, returned Ellen, solemnly.

"God bless you! my daughter," was the faint response of Mrs. Dane; "you have made my last hour happy; the Almighty bless you!"

That blessing sank deep into the heart of Ellen.

Pale and tearful, Ellen Dane turned away from her mother's grave—no longer a child, but a woman, with a woman's duties and responsibilities resting upon her. Her young heart was strong within her; but unaccustomed to struggle with the world, what could she do? Whither could she direct her steps? Her father's brother offered her a home in his family, but he didn't want the boy, he had quite enough of his own. Another relative, in a distant State, proposed adopting her brother, but Ellen declined, knowing but too well he would be to him not a kind protector, but a harsh and cruel master.

Ellen had heard of a far-off place, where many of her own sex gained a humble but honest livelihood, by the labor of their hands, and she resolved to seek it. She, therefore, sold the wreck of their property, and, taking with her her brother, then but nine years of age, she bent her way to the "Granite State;" entering the noted manufacturing town of ———.

There, with a strong, hopeful heart, though feeble hand, she toiled day after day, week after week, feeling well repaid for every pain, every privation, by the increasing strength and healthful bloom of her youthful charge; who early evinced unusual intelligence, and a thirst for knowledge, which she was resolved should be gratified.

A year passed slowly by, and found her still toiling on. Not even the voice of love, so dear to her woman's heart, could lure her from that lowly path. A manly form sought her side, a manly voice wooed her; yet, though her loving heart plead strongly in his favor, she swerved not.

"I cannot leave my brother," was her firm reply, as he warmly urged his suit. "Nor can I consent to bring to my husband a double burthen."

Vainly he argued that she had done her duty by him; that it was not right for her to sacrifice her health and every hope of happiness to his advancement. Vainly did he portray, in glowing colors, the light of a happy home, the comforts with which he would surround her: she was firm.

"But your health is failing; Ellen," he said, earnestly. "Your feeble frame will sink under such unremitting toil. You will die, and then what will become of him?"

A slight flush passed over her pale cheek, and

her eyes beamed with a pure, holy light, as she raised them to Heaven. "God will temper the wind to the shorn lamb," she murmured. "The Father of the fatherless will be with him. I will not forsake him as long as I live."

In the selfishness of his soul, he spoke of his own blighted hopes, reproaching her for giving pain to a heart so devoted to her.

Ellen was strongly moved—the tears sprang to her eyes. But firmly repressing her emotion, she calmly said, "You have a strong arm, a pleasant home, and many friends. He has only me—I will not leave him." And so they parted.

"She is incapable of loving," he exclaimed bitterly, to himself, as he turned away; "utterly heartless."

Heartless! Had he seen that pale brow, heard that low wail of anguish—the touching prayer that ascended from her lips to the Great Father, during the still watches of that night, would he have deemed her heartless?

At last, by the most rigid economy, Ellen gained the summit of her ambition, which was to place her brother at school, in a neighboring State. Allowing herself no rest, no relaxation, she surrounded him with every comfort her slender means would allow. Denying herself every mental advantage, she afforded him every facility for study, carefully concealing from him the toil and privations they cost her.

The departure of her brother, left Ellen, as it were, alone; yet, she was not alone. He was still with her, upon whose strong arm she had ever leaned with the confiding trust of childhood.

Three, four, five years passed slowly round, yet she still pursued her quiet way—the report of her brother's rapid progress in his studies, the early talent he exhibited, filling her proud heart with joy, and cheering her path of toil. And, though her pale brow grew still paler, and her slight form more shadowy in its proportions, the same clear, hopeful light beamed in her eye, the same holy smile played around her lips. Though her woman's hand sometimes failed her, her purpose never wavered, her strong heart never faltered.

At the close of a long sultry day in August, wearied by the day's toil, she seated herself by the open window, and resting her head upon her hand, seemed to slumber. The cool summer breeze came softly in, kissing the pale cheek, and gently lifting the soft dark hair from the wan brow. The drums turned in their ceaseless motions, and the clash of iron wheels, sounding like the far-off murmur of the sea, rose up on every side—yet she still slumbered on. Kind-hearted maidens glided around her heavy looms, guiding or checking their rapid motion—the form of him, from whose quick eye nothing escaped, passed through her narrow alley—but she heeded them not. Re-passing, struck by her strange position, and thinking she still slumbered, he approached her; but the eye so quick to perceive his coming, and the hand so ready to obey his bidding, moved not.

Bending his head, he spoke to her—but she answered not. He laid his hand gently on the bowed head, but it only drooped still lower. Surprised, he unclasped the slender fingers from the

cold brow—but he might not arouse her. She slept quietly and sweetly "that sleep that knows no waking."

Amid the busy sounds of labor, the wild clamor of that noisy and dusty room, her spirit had broken its earthly fetters and soared up through the dark wall and rolling drum, out into God's pure air and bright sunshine—up! up! oh, child of earth! up farther still through the dark ether blue—the regions of infinite space, to the throne of the Eternal.

Well and nobly had she performed her vow.

Grave and learned doctors met in solemn conclave around her lifeless form, giving it as their deliberate opinion that she died of disease of the heart, of many years' standing.

Sleek, portly citizens gave forth their solemn verdict, that she "*died by the visitation of God!*" Strange words! vain mockery! This was all they knew of the young, loving heart that had been slowly breaking in their midst five weary years!

It was not till the heavy clouds lay thick upon her gentle breast, that her brother knew that he was sisterless as well as fatherless. And, though he sorrowed for her in bitterness of heart, it was not until he had arrived at the age of manhood that he fully realized the loss he sustained; that he fully appreciated the depth of that sisterly devotion that led her to sacrifice for him not only the spring-time of her youth and the chosen of her affections, but her very existence.

He became a minister of the church of God, and was instrumental in winning many souls to Christ. His was the resistless power of learning—the wondrous gift of eloquence. Many lips praised, many hearts blest him. But who thought of her whose toils and privations laid the foundation of his usefulness? Who remembered the lowly maiden who watered with her tears the seed that brought forth so glorious a harvest?

But what needest *thou* of the praise of man, oh, glorious seraph! standing among the white-robed martyrs that surround the throne of the "Crucified?" What carest *thou* for the voice of earthly adulation? He who sees not as man sees, who rewards not as man rewards, whose strong arm supported thee in thy weary pilgrimage below, has given thee "that peace that passeth all knowledge," that "crown that fadeth not away."

#### A BAD MEMORY.

The Lancasterian tells this amusing story:—An old farmer, residing within a short distance of this city, paid us a visit a few days ago, and was much astonished to find that the old court-house had been torn down, and that a new one was in course of erection. He came to town on business, having disposed of a farm; and stepping into the office of a conveyancer, requested him to prepare the necessary title-papers. When asked by that gentleman for the Christian name of his wife, he gravely replied:—

"Well, indeed, I don't recollect what it is. We have been married for upwards of forty years, and I always call her 'Mam.'"

The conveyancer left a blank in the deed to be filled when "Mam's" name was ascertained.



## CONTRIBUTIONS TO BOTANY.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

When we burn a plant in the flame of a lamp or candle, the fire destroys all the organic matter in the plant, and isolates, under the form of ashes, the principal minerals and salts which it contains. This inorganic matter, or ash, when submitted to a careful chemical analysis, is found to contain no less than eleven different substances—potash, soda, lime, silica, or sand, alumina, or clay, the oxides of iron and manganese, magnesia, phosphorus and sulphur. These different substances unite with the acids formed in the vegetable organs, and form those different salts which are found in the ash of the plant after its combustion has been effected.

Some persons have supposed that these mineral matters are produced by the plants themselves, and not derived from without. It is true that the earths, such as silica and alumina, are insoluble, by themselves, in water, and that the subdivision of the matter of which they are composed must be carried to an almost infinite degree of minuteness, before they can pass into the system of the plant through the cellular extremities of the roots; but all the earths are soluble with the alkalies, such as potash and soda, which enter largely into the composition of all rocks; and as the earths are furnished to the soil by the slow decomposition or disintegration of rocks, there can be no doubt that the water, as it percolates the soil, impregnated with potash, soda, and carbonic acid, affects the solution of the silica, alumina and lime to such an extent, that these substances pass unimpeded into the system of the plant, along with the water which is imbibed by the cellular extremities of its roots.

The quantity and quality of this ash varies in different plants, each species, according to its peculiar constitution, retaining a greater or less amount of one or more of these earthy ingredients. Thus nearly all plants retain a quantity of potash; wheat, a certain amount of silice. Some aquatic plants accumulate iron, so that on decaying they leave a sediment of iron rust in the water. Chlorine is found in all marine plants: phosphorus in the onion; and sulphur in mustard seed, in celery, and in ginger.

The immense quantities of water, variously impregnated with these foreign bodies, which pass through a plant, being condensed by evaporation in the leaves, is sufficient to account for their presence in appreciable quantities in the plant, however minute may be their proportions in the water which the roots imbibe. Hence it is found that plants will not grow in distilled water, or water freed from all foreign ingredients; and also that the water exhaled by plants is so pure that not a trace of foreign matter is discoverable in it. The stomata, or pores of the leaves, are, in fact, the most perfect stills in the great laboratory of nature. About two-thirds of the fluid taken up by the spongioles of the roots, is evaporated from the leaves of plants in the form of water; and, consequently, about one-third remains in the plant in a highly concentrated condition, containing the carbonic acid

and earthy ingredients which happen to be dissolved in the water when first presented to the roots.

Although the ash, or inorganic matter, in plants constitutes a very small proportion of their substance, yet its importance is not on this account to be underrated. It has been shown that plants derive the greater part of their substance from the atmosphere, but the small percentage of inorganic matter derived from the soil appears to be absolutely necessary to their healthy development. It is for this reason that the soil exercises such a marked influence on the distribution of species. It is impossible to examine the plants which spring up spontaneously in any district, without arriving at the conclusion that they are influenced in the development of the peculiarities of their organization by certain inorganic matters which abound in the soils in which they grow. The barren rock and fertile valley, the sandy soil and the marsh, the margin of the stream or the sea-shore, have all their peculiar species of plants.

The chemical composition of the ash of a plant being known, conclusions can be drawn scientifically as to the soil most suitable for its growth. *A good soil must contain all the substances found in the ash of the plant after combustion, and in proportionate quantities.* This is a matter of great importance, both to the farmer and the planter. If we give abundant and vigorous food to an animal, it becomes strong and fat; if its food be small in quantity and poor in quality, it becomes poor and lean. Just the same happens to a plant. Plants will grow vigorously and fruit plentifully when there is an abundance of that kind of food in the soil which is most suitable to their growth; and their growth will be checked and their fruit injured by any deficiency in the required food.

It is for man to learn wisdom from the teachings of nature, and endeavor to furnish the plants which he cultivates with the food which they require. Nature is a wise and perfect cultivator. Some plants are placed in a moist soil, others in a dry one; some on the sides and summits of mountains, others on plains and in sequestered valleys; some, fixed to rocks, luxuriate in the rolling waves of the sea, others grow beautifully in the quiet waters of lakes and rivulets. All plants are, however, placed by Nature in soils and situations which are chemically and physically adapted to promote their growth, so that they may answer her grand and secret purposes in the development of their organization.

## MARKS IN SWINE.

"Notes and Queries" speaks of devil's marks in swine:—"We don't kill a pig every day," but we did a short time since; and after its hairs were scraped off, our attention was directed to six small rings, about the size of a pea, and in color as if burnt or branded, on the inside of each fore-leg, and disposed curvilinearly. Our laborer informed us with great gravity, and evidently believed it, that these marks were caused by the pressure of the devil's fingers, when he entered the herd of swine, which immediately ran violently into the sea."

## A NIGHT WITH THE RAPPERS.

[We commend the following from the "Christian Advocate and Journal," to the attention of those who are at all inclined to put faith in Spirit Rappers. The editor says of it:—"We are, and have long been intimately acquainted with the writer, and endorse him as one on whose statements entire and implicit reliance may be placed. The reader will see how much the deceived contribute to their own deception, by their earnest desire to know the secrets of the spirit-world, and especially the state of deceased relatives."]

I went—no matter where—no matter when—and nearly as little why. Though I confess to some little curiosity, yet my object was to rescue, if possible, a pious and useful member of my charge from a delusion, which I feared would end in the subversion of her faith, piety, and usefulness, and most likely the loss of her Church privileges, if not also her domestic and eternal welfare! I failed—and all these are gone, I fear, but the last. Whether that will be finally rescued from the wreck, eternity alone will disclose.

I went to her own house, in accordance with her own request, urged with all the earnest confidence of a devotee, to test for myself experimentally the matter, before condemning her course or her belief. Though not a public meeting, yet it was to be a formal one. The initiated of "the circle" had a week's notice that her minister was to be there, to see for himself, and of course to act in accordance with his convictions.

Taking with me one of my stewards, an intelligent and pious brother, whose age and experience would give weight to his opinions, we found ourselves in advance of the company, and had time to talk awhile about her interview with her leader, who had reported her case to me, and his unsuccessful labor to lead her back from the estrangement from class, which resulted from her new excitement and associations. Labor, quotha! O Doctor! if you only could see that laborer at work! Why he was a very Cyclops at it. His lightest blow was like a tap with a sledge! And if an erroneous opinion was not demolished before he had done, why the holder of it was *belabored* most unmercifully, at any rate. I had enjoyed some personal experience in this department of his duty, and verily—ahem!—but he had failed! He!

She had thrown around herself, or rather had been led into, a series of *experimental facts*. The direct evidence of her senses was not to be rejected; she had *heard*, she had *seen*, repeatedly—she could not deny—she was forced to believe. "Reasoning could not *unconvince* her." Ridicule, exhortation, warning, could not present causes for fear, where nothing to be feared was seen or certain. The present effects were all good, and the future promised to be better. Was not her husband induced to admit the reality of spiritual things? Were not her two older children benefited—the son reclaimed and the daughter deeply impressed? Was not "the circle" all pious? Had they not formed a plan and drawn up written rules far more strict than the Discipline? Did they not enjoy the "literal communion of saints?"

"Why, St. Paul himself had made out communications to her, one of which, in bad English, and worse taste, she kept about her person, as devoutly as ever Pharisee wore phylactery, or Turk verses of the Koran!"

"But how do you know that 'the medium' has not imposed on you?" "O she could not. Dear little Mary was in constant intercourse with the whole family, and gave such unmistakable evidences of her identity, that it would be as impossible to doubt, as wicked to deny. Why, she acted over and over again all the little peculiarities of her childish prattle: and words and incidents, known only to the family, were recalled to their recollection, which none but herself could know, or remind them of!" (She had died a year before.)

O dear! she never reflected that "the medium" had been living free in the house week after week, conversing with herself and family, and sleeping with her daughters, and possessing herself of all, and more than was necessary, to play her part!

Washington too, Franklin, Jefferson, &c., &c., were frequently present, and freely spoke of past and future. A great day, of which this was only the dawn, was coming, when the spirits would not merely rap, but speak, and be seen!

Apropos—Does it never occur to these deluded ones that these worthies of the Church and the world must be omnipresent to be thus in —, New-York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore, and also in each of these cities. at many different "circles," at the same moment?

Well, the circle kept coming in, and we adjourned to the parlor, up stairs. The store was abandoned to the girl, as usual, and we were carefully seated around a large table. All was still. We were in the process of "harmonizing!" I cast a glance around the circle. Just in front of me sat—save the mark—a Hicksite Quaker! His passionless, smooth phiz was the very *beau ideal* of that quietism we were practising. A little further to the left was my friend the steward—his baldish head drooping, chin on his breast, and eyes on his boots. Near to him sat the husband balancing back and forth on his chair, his look rather quizzical, a little sinister, and a blaze manner, indicating an old hand, but nothing of the solemn eagerness of a young convert. Next was an empty chair, anon to be filled by a curiosity. The semi-circle on my right was completed by several common-place countenances, men and women, among whom was a young widower, a lodger, whom I soon learned was excessively given to the fiddle, with singing accompaniments in solo, varied now and then with a rapping duet, and spelling matches with his late wife; in which she would coax him to play and sing for her comfort, her old tunes and camp-meeting hymns, and talk with him about the affairs of their short marriage life. On my left sat our deluded sister; and next but one, a young girl from Connecticut, about fourteen years old, and with one of the worst countenances I ever saw on one of her age. It was not exactly vicious, but so exceedingly sinister in its attempts to appear at ease—such a constrained air of immobility, such a fixed appearance of being an unconscious subject of an unknown influence, so determined to know no

thing as to how or why she was necessary to the "manifestations," that I at once fixed my looks severely upon her, until she averted her eyes, and refused to encounter the test again. *This was the medium.*

Next but one to the medium were two Yankees, fresh from Connecticut, also; but they professed to have been unacquainted with the girl. Amateurs and reporters, they were the amanuenses of the spirits, going round from city to city, and keeping a record of manifestations, and active in assisting and conducting the circular conferences; sitting on the edges of their chairs, leaning toward the table, their feet thrust under it to the full length of their lower limbs, and digging their boot-heels into the carpet. The instant the first raps were heard, they became earnest and excited, and, pulling out book and pencil, were literally "chiels amang us takin' notes." They proved to be important parties in the course of the night's experiments. In all, about thirty were present.

And there we sat, "all in a row," silent as a Quaker-meeting, the lamp burning in our centre, and stealing glances around at each other, and waiting the coming of the spirits. I could not restrain the twitching of my risibles as I watched the flickering shades of expression crossing and mingling in my mind, reflected from the countenances of those before me. To change the train of thought I startled them all by suddenly calling out, "Well, why don't you hurry up them spirits?" The sister remonstrated. I replied, "Why don't you inquire if any of them are about; they may be waiting? Don't you know that, according to the old rule, a ghost can't speak first?" "O, they will let you know as soon as they are here." "How?" "They'll rap all around. Be still and listen." Another long silence ensued, which I suddenly broke again—I had no notion of letting a false awe pervade and prepare the uncommitted ones. To prevent this, I cried out, in a sharp, quick voice, "Are there any spirits here?" Tip, tip, krick, came a soft, rapid tapping, just at the edge of that girl's dress—all was attention. "There, now," I cried, "I thought I could wake them up." In a moment or so the man with the book solemnly inquired if the spirits were ready to hold communion. Tip, tip, tip, came the raps. "Shall we open in the usual way?" Tip, tip, tip, again. Three tips, it seems, mean yes; two tips, no; five is the call for the alphabet, &c. "Who shall open?" Tip, tip, tip, tip—the alphabet—a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, &c., solemnly repeating his a, b, c's, in a tone of doubting inquiry. Like an urchin eyeing the ferule, did that man with the book proceed until he arrived at m, when tip came the rap, and he stopped short. A, b, c, again, until r was reached, when he brought up as though he had been suddenly seized with the hickups. "Mr. mister?" tip, tip, tip,—yes. A, b, c, he resumed, until the first letter of my own name was reached, when tip, and he stuck a pin there. "O, Mr. —, you mean." Tip, tip, tip, quick came the raps, as though the spirit was glad to escape the rest of his a, b, c's. "What chapter shall we read?" The fourth of Matthew was spelled out. I felt uneasy; there

was something like irreverence, I thought; but, as all were solemn, I read; after which a few verses were sung, during which the spirit kept very good time by rapping a tip at every syllable in a very edifying manner. We knelt to pray, and after humbly deprecating the Divine displeasure, if we were not doing right, I asked of God to confound imposture and save any who were deluded; to which the rapper gave a decided amen by three distinct and firm taps!

After a few moments' silence, we fixed the mode of proceeding. The bookman wished to go round the circle. I objected; it was late; many of those present had enjoyed the privilege; we had come to test the matter. They had been through the mill so often, and we, the green-horns, wanted a chance, and ought to have it first. I had no notion to let the initiated ones pre-occupy the minds, and give the medium a cue, by asking questions which would put her or others on their guard, and give information. It was permitted me to begin. I asked, "If any spirit would speak with me?" Tip, tip, tip, in quick succession, as though impatient. "Who are you?" The a b c was said until first—f, and then again a was pronounced. "O, father, is it?" Tip, tip, tip—yes. "Well, old gentleman, how long have you been dead?" "O," said the bookman, "they do not admit they are dead." "Excuse me, sir, if I request you not to interfere; I can manage, I should think, a short chat with my father, without prompting." The spirit very complacently kept silent during this interruption. The question was repeated. Tip, tip, tip, tip—tip—tip, fainter and fainter died the sounds away, as though the toes had tired, or the electricity was exhausted. Only eleven, big and little, were counted. "Why, old fellow, you don't keep tally down there! Eleven! why, it's nearer forty than eleven, according to earthly dates. Come, that's too bad a failure! We'll try again. I suppose you've kept the run of me, and the rest of the children, have you?" Tip, tip, tip. "Well, how many grandchildren have you?" Tip one, tip two—"Go on"—three, four, five, six, until fifteen were distinctly told off! "Halloo, halloo! none of your slander now, there are but four." "Haw! haw!" broke in the lady's husband; "why, Mr. —, take care, they'll expose you."

Other plain, commonplace questions, relating to numbers, dates, &c., were asked, but in every instance most absurd failures were the results. The medium was evidently at fault. Speculative questions of a religious character were expected, the state of the departed, the nature of the spirit-world, &c., the truth of which could not be decided on—answers to which any Connecticut girl of fourteen could give from Sunday school knowledge and frequent intercourse with the "circles," and from the promptings such as the bookman tried to introduce with mine. I threw up my chance by abruptly saying, "There, old chap, you may be off, you are about as much a spirit as you are a wise father. I am satisfied." I omitted to mention that when I first asked who the spirit was, a single tip, followed by three slight scratches as of the nails under the table, were given. This I was told was this spirit's

signal—his mark, by which I would always distinguish his presence. All, even the initiated, confessed the decided failure, and regretted it exceedingly.

Another, a widowed lady, her daughter sitting by her, now took it up, and with a tone of deep and tender anxiety, conversed with a younger daughter, who had died under circumstances of painful uncertainty, and calmed her fears with assurances of her safety and perfect happiness, declaring that she was, and had been, and would always be near her. Without knowing it, the poor mother had put such leading questions as love and affliction suggested, and effectually deceived herself. By common consent, the brother of "little Mary," our host's daughter, was now permitted to speak to his sister. They were sure the child was present, and impatiently waiting to speak. Tip, tip, tip, her signal was given with childish glee, and quite a scene was enacted. The mother and children were in evident delight, exclaiming, "Just her words!"—"yes, don't you remember," and the like. The father joined the chorus, and when finally she was asked about her present position, told us that all the children were in the charge, and under tuition of the Virgin Mary! My, O! thought I aloud, what a family! Only think, one-fourth of our race have died in childhood! What millions there must be in that infant school! I wonder if the virgin knows where you are now! Yet all this was swallowed by the circle!

On went the colloquy. Our friend, the steward, had sat thoughtful and perfectly silent. I suspected he was arranging a set of test questions, and that when his turn came the poor spirits would have to undergo a scorching cross-examination. He spoke slowly, calm, and severely kind. "Is there any spirit here who will communicate with me?" Tip, tip—no! It was all up. He was sent to Coventry! He raised his head—a stern smile half lit up his countenance, fading away into calm contempt. He had to hold fire! The game was under cover! A failure was not to do away the triumph of mischievous little Mary, who had played truant from the virgin's school to chat with Willie and the rest of us.

That empty chair! It had been filled! filled with a vengeance! Its occupant I well knew! Such a phiz! all over quizzical—every feature in opposition to the others; a wide mouth, disdaining to expand itself, save on an emergency—only opening in the middle; the lips, thick, red, and pulpy in the centre, thinning off at the corners, and every now and then puckering up as if impatient to have a chance in the talk; a nose, short, and turned up, out of the way of his working lip, hanging like a pendant from a broad, flat, wrinkled forehead, whose bushy black hair kept working about as though the wrinkles were continued all over his head—while at every word, eyebrows, forehead, wrinkles, hair, and ears, the whole surface from the mouth upward, were in a perpetual quiver, finishing every sentence with a sudden jerk, as though the twitches were only premonitory of a final spasm! But the eyes were the climax! The left one, snug, compact, and squinting about as if in search of

the rapping, with a most comical expression of curiosity and doubt—and the right one, round, full, and puffed out, kept staring straight onward, lack lustre, and vacant, in utter indifference to the impatient anxiety of its inquisitive mate! It was impossible to catch any idea of his mental whereabouts from any or all his features. As he made a somewhat questionable application of the command, "Prove all things," though forgetting the latter part of the injunction, he had been the entire round of "ologies and isms," in which soul, body, and estate had been somewhat worsted. He was now bent on "trying the spirits," and this it seems was his first essay with the rappers. His turn had come to question. To my surprise, he suddenly became as quiet and fixed in countenance as he had before been restless. Lacing his fingers together, and squeezing them between his knees, he leaned forward and looked me straight in the face for a moment, and then oddly enough directed a seemingly intense gaze on a small vacancy between my position, and the one occupied by the lady next to the medium, but the look was utterly blank! He spoke, and as all were struck with the singular state of his features, a slight start was perceptible, followed by an illy suppressed titter from some of the younger ones around. A half doubtful yes was given to his application, and we learned that his dear wife was there, and ready for a talk over their still mutual interests! A long string of questions and answers ensued, and every moment his interest increased. He seemed to grow intensely anxious. Twitch, twitch, worked his eyebrows and forehead, and every now and then a general jerk would shut his eyes, draw his upper lip down over his teeth, and contracting his nostrils, would throw his chin on his breast, and his ears and forehead upward and forward. He learned that his dear wife still let her undying love encircle him and their little ones—the truth of spirit-rappings was strongly confirmed, many cautions and warnings, and much good advice was given, with promises of watching, and repeated assurances of her present and increasing happiness. All this while the workations had been going on in his countenance with increased energy; and face, hair, and ears, seemed to be fast verging to some final catastrophe. Short interjections of "yes," "um," "ah," "I will," and rapidly put questions, kept us all on the *qui vive*, until losing all power of control, he exhibited a final spasm, and the climax burst forth in a convulsion of laughter which threw him almost into fits. I could contain no longer, but joined the chorus of all who knew him, and as soon as we could be heard, congratulated him on his wife's love and watchful care, but lamented that she had not reserved her curtain lecture until he had gotten home—but hoped, late as it was, he might find her still in a good humor, as I had enjoyed a pleasant chat with her myself that very evening, at her own door. *She was not dead!*

The "circle" broke up in confusion, but the deluded sister still persisted, and urged me to make another trial. The spirits still kept rapping, declaring in a desultory manner all sorts of things, averring that I would yet be convinced, and that

in just two weeks I should have a medium in my own family, and rapping all around me!

In a few weeks, however, this entire family disappeared, departing to parts unknown, without notice or adieu. Home, friends, church membership, class, all, all abandoned—to the great grief of all who had known and loved her, and to the scandal of the church to which she had been so warmly attached, and in which she had once been so useful. And thus ended my first and last “*night with the rappers.*”

ANTI-HUMBUG.

## SIMILITUDES.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

### THE ANEMONE HEPATICA.

Two friends were walking together beside a picturesque mill-stream. While they walked, they talked of mortal life, its meaning and its end; and, as is almost inevitable with such themes, the current of their thoughts gradually lost its cheerful flow.

“This is a miserable world,” said one; “the black shroud of sorrow overhangs everything here.”

“Not so,” replied the other; “sorrow is not a shroud. It is only the covering Hope wraps about her when she sleeps.”

Just then they entered an oak-grove. It was early Spring, and the trees were bare, but last year's leaves lay thick as snow-drifts upon the ground.

“The Liverwort grows here, one of our earliest flowers, I think,” said the last speaker. “There, push away the leaves, and you will find it. How beautiful, with its delicate shades of pink, and purple, and green, lying against the bare roots of the oak-trees! But look deeper, or you will not find the flowers; they are under the dead leaves.”

“Now I have learned a lesson that I shall not forget,” said her friend. “This seems to me a bad world, and there is no denying that there are bad things in it. To a sweeping glance, it will sometimes seem barren and desolate; but not one buried germ of life and beauty is lost to the All-seeing Eye. I, having the weakness of human vision, must believe where I cannot see. Henceforth, when I am tempted to complainings and despair on account of the evil around me, I will say to myself, ‘Look deeper, look under the dead leaves, and you will find flowers.’”

### IMPRESSIONS OF RAIN-DROPS.

In the days of early mystery, before men were, when the cavernous earth was haunted by strange shapes, to which the learned have given stranger names—the Ichthyosaurus, the Megatherium, and the Pterodactyle—the translators of the fossil-writing in the rocks tell us that, at various epochs, floods of rain swept over the yet unformed globe.

Then the great forests of tree-fern were submerged; then uncouth reptiles were petrified in the fissures where they had crept to hide from the crashing elements; and there were shells, insects and leaves arranged in that vast subterranean cabinet, which is the wonder of recent ages.

Nor these alone. When the chaotic turmoil began to subside, and a new order of life was struggling up from the ruin, light showers of rain fell upon the seething expanse, and left perfect impressions of their drops in the then soft adamant.

If thus the secrets of the material world have been engraved, and are revealed, shall thy history, oh, soul! be left to pass into oblivion?

All that lies hidden within—the low desire, the dark, unholy motive, must at last be upheaved to light, from the over-lying strata of time and forgetfulness. And so shall all that is noble, pure and true.

And if, when the surges of passion are growing calm, tears of penitence follow the commotion, they too shall leave their lasting impress upon the soul, and be recognized as having antedated a new and sublime life.

### RAINBOWS EVERYWHERE.

Bending over a steamer's side, a face looked down into the clear, green depths of Lake Erie, where the early moonbeams were showering rainbows through the dancing spray, and chasing the white-cruised waves with serpents of gold. The face was clouded with thought, a shade too sombre, yet there glowed over it something like a reflection from the iris-hues beneath. A voice of musing was borne away into the purple and vermilion haze that twilight began to fold over the bosom of the lake.

“Rainbows! Ye follow me everywhere! Gloriously your arches arose from the horizon of the prairies, when the storm-king and the god of day met within them to proclaim a treaty and an alliance. You spanned the Father of Waters with a bridge that put to the laugh man's clumsy structures of chain, and timber, and wire. You floated in a softening veil before the awful grandeur of Niagara; and here you gleam out from the light foam in the steamboat's wake.

“Grateful am I for you, O, rainbows! for the clouds, the drops and the sunshine of which you are wrought, and for the gift of vision, through which my spirit quaffs the wine of your beauty.

“Grateful also, for faith, which hangs an ethereal halo over the fountains of earthly joy, and wraps Grief in robes so resplendent, that, like Iris of the olden time, she is at once recognized as a messenger from Heaven.

“Blessings on sorrow, whether past or to come! for in the clear shining of Heavenly Love, every tear-drop becomes a pearl. The storm of affliction crushes weak human nature to the dust; the glory of the Eternal Light overpowers it; but, in the softened union of both, the stricken spirit beholds the bow of promise, and knows that it shall not utterly be destroyed. When we say that for us there is nothing but darkness and tears, it is because we are weakly brooding over the shadows within us. If we dared look up, and face our sorrow, we should see upon it the seal of God's love and be calm.

“Grant me, Father of Light, whenever my eyes droop heavily with the rain of grief, at least to see the reflection of thy signet-bow upon the waves over which I am sailing unto thee. And

through the steady toiling of the voyage, through the smiles and tears of every day's progress, let the iris-flash appear, even as now it brightens the spray that rebounds from the laboring wheels."

The voice died away into darkness which returned no answer to its murmurings. The face vanished from the boat's side, but a flood of light was pouring into the serene depths of a trusting soul.

## FRIENDSHIP AMONG ANIMALS.

Translated from the French.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

Almost all travellers have admired the charming landscape which borders the two shores of the Saone, from Toissy to Lyons. During a whole summer I inhabited one of those pretty country-houses which lie at the foot of those laughing hills covered with vineyards, near the tower of the beautiful German, a mysterious tower, celebrated in the annals of the country for the romantic stories related of it, and for its marvellous connection with the tomb of two lovers, and the man of the rock. A swallow had come to build its nest beneath a projection exactly over my door, and I amused myself daily with watching the rapid progress of its labors. To build the nest with moistened clay, to garnish it with dried grass and hair, to place in the middle a soft couch of feathers and down, all this was the affair of five or six days at most, because the male and female labored with equal diligence to prepare this cradle of their sweetest hopes. One morning I heard my two swallows utter cries of distress, and saw them fly around the nest with remarkable uneasiness. I made haste to learn the cause; a saucy sparrow had thought it more convenient to take possession of the soft nest of my two little workmen, than to build one for itself. It had watched the moment of their absence to establish itself there, and with its body covered, presenting at the entrance of the nest only insolent eyes and a strong and sharp beak, seemed to be pitilessly mocking the grief of the two poor swallows. Every time they attempted to approach the hole, undoubtedly to reproach him with his injustice, the robber would reply to their complaints by violent blows with his beak; and by the manner in which he carried himself and sat at his ease, scattering the down of the nest, it seemed as if his intention was to set his victims at defiance. The dispute lasted nearly three-quarters of an hour, when the swallows left the brigand and rose out of sight, uttering a shrill and peculiar cry. All the swallows then hovering above the village, responded at once to this cry, and darted into the air after the two first. I saw them several minutes fluttering and hovering near the clouds, always uttering the same cry, and increasing in numbers; then, when the company was very numerous, they all divided themselves towards the shores of the Saone, and disappeared from my sight.

Meanwhile Pierrot enjoyed the fruit of his rapine, and was newly arranging the interior of the nest for the convenience of his wife, who had come to join him. Nearly half an hour rolled away in this pleasant pastime, but he soon had to change

his tone. My two swallows returned swiftly, not alone, but followed, I should think, by four or five hundred others, that is to say, all in the neighborhood. Pierrot, who perceived them, did not allow himself to be intimidated by numbers; he pushed his Pierrette to the extremity of the nest, and presented at the entrance his black and gray head with beak half opened, threatening, ready to repulse his assailants. I was curious to see how the quarrel would terminate, but was far from foreseeing the result. Two or three swallows kept Pierrot constantly employed by harassing him in such a manner as to compel him to raise his head and defend himself towards the top of the nest. During this manœuvre the other swallows came one by one to cling to the nest, remained each in his turn a second or two, then flew swiftly away. At first I did not understand what they were doing; but the entrance to the nest, which was gradually diminishing in size, soon gave me the explanation. Each brought his beak full of clay mortar, and labored in his turn to wall up the door of the nest.

Pierrot, constantly harassed and occupied with defending himself, not suspecting their project, allowed them to go on, and when he perceived that he was about to be imprisoned, it was too late. The opening had become very narrow: ten or twelve swallows rushed on him at once, blocked it entirely up, and the sparrow found himself a prisoner. After having solidly walled up the door, all disappeared, and I saw and heard nothing more. The next morning, seeing that the hole was still stopped up, I took a ladder, demolished the nest, and found within it Pierrot and his wife, stilled, dead long before.

In Germany a swallow had accidentally entered a vast audience hall, then deserted. A concierge came, shut the windows and doors of the department, and the poor bird remained a prisoner. A month after, the same concierge returned to the hall, into which no one had since entered. He was astonished to find there a swallow full of life and health, and could not divine how it had obtained food. This man was born with a spirit of observation; he softly closed the door, concealed himself in a dark corner of the apartment, and had patience to wait there long enough to gratify his curiosity.

The prisoner clung to the lattice at the corner of a pane where there was a little hole, hardly large enough to allow his beak to pass through, and he saw the swallows from without come by turns to bring him nourishment, as they do to their little ones, and that several times during the day.

The tom-tits (*parus candatus*, Cuv.) are little birds very remarkable for the affection they manifest towards each other, and which is sometimes carried to the most generous devotion. The tom-tit has a slender, short, conical, straight beak, terminating in a point, garnished at its base with little hairs, which conceal the nostrils; it is very lively, fluttering incessantly from branch to branch, climbing and suspending itself in every direction. It niches itself in the trunks of trees, or constructs artistically an interwoven nest among the stalks of reeds. It lays a great number of eggs, lives on insects, fruits and seeds;



which it breaks with its beak, strong enough to crack nuts and almonds in such a manner as to feed itself with the substance they contain. The long-tailed tom-tit is black above, white beneath, with a slender tail, longer than its body. It lives and travels in companies, rarely numbering less than a dozen, never more than from twenty-five to thirty.

If one, finding itself in danger, summons its companions to its aid, all rush to its assistance, fearless of the peril that threatens them. If it is in the form of a bird of prey, they boldly surround it, attack it on all sides, harass it, and by means of importunity soon compel it to abandon its pursuit and fly swiftly away. If a sportsman has seized one and shut it up in a cage, the others bring it food and busy themselves in efforts to restore it to liberty. For this purpose they choose with much intelligence the part of the prison where the wood is thinnest, and by removing little particles with their pointed and hard beaks, they at length make a hole large enough for the prisoner to pass through. When it is free, all utter at once a cry of joy, and the whole company quit the neighborhood to return to it no more.

If a tom-tit is caught by the foot by a string, nothing is so curious as to see the address with which they loosen the knot which detains him. I have often fastened one by the foot with a little thread and made five or six knots in it; they will untie them with admirable patience and address. Sportsmen, who know the affection which these poor little animals bear each other, profit by it to take them. When they have caught one in a trap or otherwise, they fasten it to a thread, the whole length of which they glue; it cries out; immediately one comes to deliver it, but remains fastened by the glue. It begins to cry out, and a third comes, which is caught in the same way; then a fourth, a fifth, and so on, until a whole family, without exception, are arrested by the fatal cord.

## WHOSE IS THE LANDSCAPE?

BY LUCY LARCOM.

That rich prairie, swelling northward from the Illinois to the Great Lakes—that beautiful Amazon lying asleep in the sun, her grass green tunic fringed with the red and white of the centaury, and her hazel-wreath intertwined with the purple and gold of the rudbeckia—that inland sea of light, verdure and song; whose is it?

It belongs to Government, you say. And who is Government? A being with an eye for beauty, an ear for melody, and a soul to feast upon the banquet, Nature has here outspread.

No, indeed! Government is a generality, an abstraction. But it claims these blooming acres, because a surveyor has been over them with his chain, and a clerk has copied their length and breadth into some great lumbering book, to be doled out in sections and quarter sections to the restless Yankees, the hungry Hibernian, and the phlegmatic emigrant from "Vaterland." Yes, Government holds the landscape, by a pen and ink title, easily transferred; but German, Irishman and Yankee, may each fail of buying its

richness. The sunlight folds it in a mantle of shimmering haze they may never learn how to unwrap. Midnight and the stars cincture it with a gorgeous chain, the secret of whose clasp strong or cunning hands may not discover. No government holds Nature's mysterious keys; they cannot be bartered for dollars.

That broad extent of natural mosaic, curiously wrought of dark green pine forests, hill-sides, yellow with summer bloom, whitened harvest-fields, rose-girdled meadows, and the blue of sea, lake and sky—who says of that, "It is mine?"

This height, which commands the whole variety and blending of beauty in the wide view; and this elegant mansion, with its porches, cupolas, and avenues, are the nominal property of a rich widow; but how little of the prospect around her she really owns! Enough of the June flowers to compare their tints with the exquisite shading of her Brussels and tapestry carpets; enough of the linden and sycamore shade to shield her complexion from tan and freckles, and enough of the translucent ocean distances to dread the rising rain-cloud that forbids her ride to town. Little more than this her unimaginative mind can see; so the landscape is not her's.

That rural work in a cleft of the hills, where a farm-house stands among fragrant hay fields, bordered with gray stone walls, over which the barberry bush hangs its graceful festoon, and the half-open sweet-briar bud peeps sidewise into the sun's eye—to whom does it belong?

To an honest farmer. The house is his for a nightly shelter; the rocks are his to rest under at noon; the meadow-land is his to plough and to sow; the golden harvests are to fill his barns and feed his children. Sometimes, amid the heat and weariness of labor, a flash of true worship from his soul may light up his small farm with the beauty of Beulah; and in such a moment he is richer than a king. But fields for toil, and a home for rest, are what he commonly sees and calls his own; therefore the landscape is not his.

A plain man, without attendants or equipage, walks through the quiet lanes. Dew-drops are quivering on the grass-blades, and he arrests the footfall that would have shaken them off, for he hears them pleading to be set, before they drops in the rainbow of his thoughts. The wild rose beckons to him from among the poplar leave, that fan her warm blossoms. He raises his hand to pluck the flower, but it falls again, for he hears a low voice saying, "Stop; do not take me away to perish. Here let the brief beauty of my life pass into your soul; and I, who am but a rose to common eyes, will give myself to you, a flower of immortal bloom and fragrance." He catches a glimpse of the chimney's smoke among the hay fields, and listens to the shouts of the mowers; and sweet human sympathies, blending with all that is beautiful in the scene, pour into his heart a tide sparkling with golden sands. He climbs the slope, gathering pearls from pebbles, and emeralds from weeds as he goes. He stands upon the ridge, and when his eye takes hold of the long reaches of wood and wave, the warmth of a home-glow glides and thrills through his being. He sees, with an appropriating glance, the forests, with their sunny openings, and beyond the

prairie, mountain and flood, visioned in the long perspective of his imagination, and they are his. His—the poet's, for Nature has loved him,

"And laid her great heart bare to him;  
And given to him the golden keys  
To all her inmost sanctities."

His—the humble, trusting, adoring poet's, upon whom God has bestowed the beauty and glory of His creation for a kingdom, because he has bowed down and worshipped Him. And the poet takes gratefully the loveliness of the landscape to his heart, and looks up to Heaven, and murmurs, in his deep peace, "Oh God! it is mine and Thine!"

### LEONIDAS.

BY REV. EDWARD C. JONES, A. M.

In the mountain-pass of Hellas,  
As the olden records tell us,  
Stood a Spartan band,  
Murmuring, "Persians, can ye quell us,  
While like oaks we stand?"

"Can ye quell us, God-descended,  
While our altars are defended  
From imperious foe?  
Shall your glory be extended,  
While we bend us low?"

Onward came the Persian, towering,  
Silver sheen around him showering;  
Blended hosts in one;  
Like the Mount Olympus lowering,  
When he dims the sun.

And a voice, like undertoning  
Of the breeze, through vine-leaves moaning,  
Reached Leonidas,  
And its spell the chief was owning,  
In that mountain-pass.

"Spartan! reared by iron mother!  
(Thou wouldn'tst not have owned another),  
'Tis thy latest strife,  
Hallowed shrine has willed it, brother!  
Heaven demands thy life."

From that mountain-pass of Hellas,  
So the olden records tell us,  
Xerxes' host was driven,  
Like the vine-leaves from the trellis,  
By the gales of heaven.

But a traitor hushed the pæan,  
Floating towards the blue Ægean,  
And the brave grew weak,  
And the crimson tide was fleeing  
From the Spartan cheek.

One more rally, lion-hearted!  
He is with you, though departed,  
Like a marble god!  
By his presence, will be started  
Veins of Persian blood.

Round their leader, pale and stricken,  
All those Spartan pulses quicken;  
Dead he is, but still,  
Where the heart, whose hope could sicken,  
Answering to its thrill.

In the mountain-pass of Hellas,  
So the olden records tell us,  
Fell the Spartan band;

But their noble actions spell us,  
In a distant land.

O'er that mountain-pass yet wingeth  
Freedom's bird her flight, and bringeth  
Verdure to the dell.  
From it stirring music ringeth  
Like a silver bell.

### THE VOICE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Thou art not now so fair and gay as thou wast  
wont to be;  
Pale is thy cheek, once blooming as the wild rose  
on the tree;  
No longer are thy coral lips by sportive dimples  
crowned;  
Thy form hath lost its airy grace, thy step its  
springing bound;

Thine eyes—those deep and glorious eyes, at once  
so dark and bright,  
Shine with a saddened lustre now, a veiled and  
languid light;  
I see upon thy noble brow the lines of anxious  
care,  
And silver threads are twining with thy locks of  
ebon hair.

Yet hast thou kept one gift from Heaven unharmed,  
unaltered, still;  
How on my eager senses seems that tuneful voice  
to thrill!—  
Like to the gushing melody of waters pure and  
clear,  
It comes, amid the din of life, to soothe my wea-  
ried ear.

Visions of bright and banished scenes around me  
seem to throng,  
When daily I held speech with thee, whose very  
speech was song;  
And now methinks that well-known voice, with  
soft and silvery chime,  
Pours forth a lay of triumph o'er the startling  
wrecks of Time!

Thy fresh and youthful loveliness has ceased to  
charm the sight;  
Yet deem not, sweet enchantress; that thy wand  
is broken quite;  
Love's subtle spell thou yet mayst weave, still,  
still thou canst rejoice  
In Woman's most resistless charm—the magic o  
a voice!

### SONNET TO \* \* \*.

Love, let me lay this white rose on my song!  
From its cream heart exhales an incense pure,  
Typic of that calm faith which doth endure  
Through all these paling shadows, that so long  
Have hovered o'er my words; shadows 'twere  
wrong

To mingle in their swaying breath, as lure  
Of thy sweet harp to melody—though sure  
Of sympathy to make them doubly strong.  
The trembling hand of age lays down the flower,  
Unconscious of the virtue in it dwells;  
(Though 'tis an undecaying love that wells  
And prompts the offering; while the power  
Hid in its central depths to move the lyre,  
Burns in soft silence, as an altar's fire.

E. B. B.

## THE BROKEN HEART.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD PHYSICIAN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

About the time that Mr. S——, then holding a distinguished position in the fiscal world, completed his splendid mansion at Calverton, near Baltimore, which now forms the centre to the two wings of the County Alms-House, I was summoned to attend a case of illness in the immediate neighborhood. The family, which was highly respectable and wealthy, I knew well by reputation, but had never before been called in to attend any of its members. Mr. O——, its head, was a retired merchant, who, during the war of 1812, had amassed a considerable fortune, and then retired from business. He now held the position of President of an Insurance Company, the duties of which office made it necessary for him to come to town every day.

Mr. O—— had four children, two sons and two daughters. One son was in business in this city, and the other was partner in a house in Cuba. The daughters were both married, but one of them had formed an unhappy union, and now resided at home, having parted with her husband. It was to see her that I was called in.

In order to give the reader a clear apprehension of all that I am about to relate, it will be necessary for me to detail with some minuteness a portion of the previous history of the family; or, at least so much of it as includes the daughter's marriage—*sacrifice*, I should rather say.

Mr. O—— was a proud, strong-minded, self-willed man, with manners that could attract when he wished to attract, strongly, or repel when he wished to repel, with equal force. He married one of those gentle, confiding, sensitive creatures, who will cling to a man if his love answers to her own deep passion as face answers to face in water, with an earnest devotion; and who, if her husband prove cold, arbitrary, selfish and self-willed, will—*clinging to him still*, even though every green leaf withers for want of sustenance, and the branches that bear them become sapless.

Many years had not elapsed before Mrs. O—— discovered that her life was to be one of continued endurance. Her wishes were rarely consulted in anything, and if they were, her husband was sure to see things in a light different from the one in which she viewed it. He never yielded anything to her views or preferences; in fact, he never dreamed that he was called upon to do this. At his store and counting-room, everything moved on as his will directed, and his ends were attained without question or hindrance—home was but another quarter of his dominion, and there he exercised his power as fully as in his business, without it ever seeming to occur to him that another mind should here share in the determinations of his own.

Had Mrs. O—— been a woman of more decided character—had her will been stronger—it might have been much better for both herself and family; for there would have been a reaction upon her husband's imperious temper, that possibly might have led him to reflect, and produced a change.

But, as no mirror was held up before him, he could not see himself as he really was, and remained unconscious of his moral deformities. In his family, his will was law. His wife always submitted, no matter how much was sacrificed in the effort, and as his children grew up, they too soon learned their lesson of submission. No matter what was to be done, his inclinations, feelings, or preferences governed the mode and the time. If his wife expressed a wish for anything, his assent or objection was decisive, and its ground always lay in his own views or feelings. The process of setting himself aside, and acting from a desire to gratify or make another happy, was one of which he had no conception.

Life, thus passed, could have but few charms for a woman whose feelings were as delicately strung as those of Mrs. O——; nor could life, under such a pressure, be a long continued one. It is not, therefore, a matter of wonder that she died early. This event was probably hastened by the circumstances attending the marriage of her youngest daughter, Laura, whose whole character bore a strong resemblance to that of her mother. Florence, the oldest of her two daughters, was like her father, and had, from a child up, domineered over her sweet-tempered, too yielding sister. As it is to the unhappy marriage of Laura that I wish particularly to refer, I will introduce at once the circumstances attending it.

Mr. O—— was an Englishman. He came to America when a young man, without property or friends, and by his own activity and energy elevated himself to wealth and social eminence. In his own country, he had been taught a servile deference to rank. When he came to this, and sought for employment, he went with his hat under his arm, and cringed meanly to the man of whom he asked a situation. It was not long before he saw that in the United States, wealth was a thing to be obtained by every one who had shrewdness, industry and energy, and he also saw that the aristocracy of the country was one of wealth—that money made the lord.

Consequently, as from a combination of fortunate circumstances, he began to amass wealth, he began to be impressed with an idea of his own importance, and to grow insolent and overbearing to all around him, except the rich. Time went on, and he became an aristocrat—a money aristocrat—and society accorded to him the distinction. A poor man, in his eyes, was flesh and blood, and that was about all. He was a human being, but of an inferior grade. So much for the man.

When Laura, his youngest daughter, was eighteen, her hand was sought in marriage by the profligate son of a wealthy mercantile friend named Ruffin. The pure-minded girl shrunk, instinctively, from the young man's addresses. She knew nothing of his character, but his face and manners had in them something that repulsed her. When he offered her his hand, she promptly and without consultation with any one, rejected the offer. In this she acted with more than her usual decision.

Surprised, mortified, and indignant at this unlooked for result, Charles Ruffin, in a spirit of revenge, vowed that she should marry him—that

he would never give up his suit until he had gained it.

On the evening of the day succeeding that upon which he had received a rejection of his suit, young Ruffin called upon a friend about his own age, with whom he was on terms of the closest intimacy. To him he related, with strong marks of indignant feeling, the particulars of what had transpired; and concluded by saying that he would marry her in spite of all opposition.

"No woman shall ever have the pleasure of rejecting my suit twice," replied the friend, with a slight curl of the lip.

"No woman *shall* ever reject my suit," said Ruffin, passionately.

"But you have already been rejected."

"That is to be seen."

"I judge from your own statement."

"I'll have another to make before long, and then you will see whether I have been rejected or not."

The young man laughed aloud as he shook his head and said:—

"It won't do, Charley. You have had the mitten and no mistake. I did not believe the girl had so much spirit in her."

Ruffin felt too deeply chagrined to relish this bantering spirit of his friend. He spoke bitterly in reply:—

"I am not going to give up this matter," said he—"not that I care two pins for the huzzy, but I never will forgive the insulting spirit in which my honorable proposal was met. She shall yet repent it."

"Surely you would not marry a woman in order to be revenged on her?" said the friend.

"You will see. Before six months pass, she will be my wife."

"And then —?"

"Yes, and then! Ah —!" and the wretch ground his teeth with a kind of savage delight—"And then Laura O—— will repent —"

"You could not be guilty of conduct so cruel and base," said the friend, showing his honest indignation both in word, tone and expression of countenance.

"Did I hear you aright?" asked Ruffin, speaking in a louder and more excited voice, and looking with surprise and anger into his companion's face.

"I do not know," was the calm reply. "I tried to utter my words distinctly."

"Did you say *base*?"

"I used that word."

"In application to my conduct?" A scowl was on the brow of Ruffin. His friend looked steadily at him, and replied:

"To your *proposed* conduct, which I pronounce unworthy of you or any man of honor."

The only answer made to this by Ruffin, was to strike his friend in the face. Nothing short of a hostile meeting could result from this quarrel. Such a meeting did take place, and the generous, high-minded P—— was shot dead on the spot. The sensation produced in the community by this event was strong. A hundred vague rumors as to the cause circulated in all directions, but only a very few were aware of the real circumstances. Ruffin was the challenged party, and

this created some feeling in his favor. I am not sure that Laura O—— had even a remote idea of the nature of the dispute from which such fatal consequences had arisen.

No change whatever took place in the social position of Charles Ruffin. He was received as freely in all circles as before. Young ladies greeted him with smiles and pleasant words, and even permitted his hand, wet with the blood of his friend, to touch their own. I went, occasionally, into company at this period, and particularly noticed the manner in which Ruffin was received after his meeting with his friend, as compared with what it was before. The difference, I thought, marked. There was much more attention shown to him. He was treated with that kind of deference usually manifested towards those who have done their fellows some eminent service.

All this grieved and disgusted me. I could not and did not treat him as I had previously done. My manner was cold and formal. He may or may not have observed this. I thought he did; but that was of no consequence.

How little does society do, by common consent, to purify its moral atmosphere. A man's real character is rarely set off against his wealth or family; and so long as this is the case, virtue has no common protector. If a man's character gave him entrance into, or excluded him from good society, there might be safety for the young, the pure, and the innocent, within its folds. This is not the case, and therefore I care not how tender may have been a parent's solicitude for his child, or how anxious he may have been for her good, the chances for her making shipwreck of happiness are fearful in number.

The remedy for this lies in the adoption of a new code of social laws, founded in a just regard for the well being of the whole; a code that shall make virtue, and only virtue, the passport to good society.

In what Charles Ruffin had said, he was in earnest. The fatal consequences of a quarrel with his friend for having censured his proposed course of action, did not divert him from his purpose. He was an evil-minded young man, in whom pride and self-love, long indulged, had almost foreclosed every virtuous sentiment, and destroyed every virtuous emotion.

He did not meet Laura O—— for some weeks after her rejection of his suit. During that time the duel had taken place. Laura had no suspicion of the real cause; but the fact increased the repugnance already felt towards Ruffin, and made her regard him with a feeling allied to horror. When he approached her one evening in company, at the house of a friend, her spirit shrunk from him with loathing and fear. His quick eye perceived this, and it only made him resolve more deeply that he would gain her hand in marriage at any cost. Concealing everything under a calm exterior, he sat down by her side. She was polite, but cold. She answered all his remarks, but briefly, and strove in every way to make the conversation so burdensome to him that he would abandon it, and seek some more agreeable companion.

But he did not seem to notice her reserve, and

adroitly managed the conversation, so that little above an assenting monosyllable was required of her, and that only an occasional one.

"He can certainly make himself agreeable enough," she remarked to herself, when, after sitting by her side for half an hour, he said, as he arose and left her—

"But I forget that I must not monopolize all your time, in this pleasant company."

"Pity that under such an attractive exterior is concealed so bad a heart as he must have, who could, under any provocation, shoot his friend."

Laura sighed, and shuddered inwardly, as this thought passed through her mind.

For some months, the young man continued his efforts to make a more favorable impression upon Laura's mind; but he saw little to encourage him. The maiden had an inward repugnance, that nothing could conquer. Her manner was always reserved in his presence; he never could draw her out into a conversation. She would answer the remarks he made with politeness, but never sought to prolong the interest on any subject he introduced.

At length Ruffin's patience gave way, and he resolved on a more decided movement; and that was to gain over the father to his side. He knew something of his strong will and arbitrary disposition, and felt sure, that if he became decidedly in favor of the marriage, Laura would be forced to submit. In order to accomplish this, it was necessary to make some sacrifices. The father of Ruffin was a merchant, and an old and intimate friend of Mr. O—. He had long wished his son to settle himself steadily down to business, but had not been able to prevail upon him to do so. An offer of a large share in his house had several times been made, but Charles could not be induced to accept of it. He had studied law, and been admitted to the bar; this enabled him to assume the appearance of a professional man, while the purse of his father rendered it unnecessary for him to seek for or even care for business.

One day he entered the old gentleman's counting-room, and, after lingering about for a while, drew him off into conversation, and dexterously managed to introduce business themes, and then evinced more than usual interest in the subject. The ice of reserve, that had for some time existed between the father and son, was thawed. Mr. Ruffin led on the conversation to just the point Charles wished it to attain, and then expressed regret that he had not, at the start, chosen mercantile, instead of legal pursuit.

"It is not too late yet, Charles," the old man said, promptly.

"I am afraid of it," replied the son.

"Why so?"

"To pursue any calling with success, requires an education in it. The merchant must go through a preparatory course, as well as the lawyer, and neither can become eminent, if not, originally, well grounded in the rudimental science and practical principles of the profession. I know nothing about the general laws that govern trade, and nothing of the means required to be put in operation in order that these laws may work out a profitable result."

"No matter, Charles," said the father, warmly;

"I understand them, and will see that they are properly applied, until time and attention give you a practical knowledge of business."

"Do you think I could ever gain it?"

"I know you could!" was emphatically replied.

"I feel more than half inclined to accept of the offer you have so often made me."

"To take a share in my business?"

"Yes, sir."

"Nothing would give me more pleasure. I have built up a house that is now honorably known throughout the mercantile world, and I feel a natural pride in having its high reputation sustained. You bear my name, and can alone sustain it after my death."

"And I will sustain it!" said the young man, affecting a generous enthusiasm.

"You take a weight from my mind, Charles," returned the father, with undisguised emotion.

"I had begun to fear that my long cherished hopes would never be realized."

In a week from this time it was announced, in the newspapers, that Mr. Ruffin had connected his son with him in business, and that the firm hereafter would be Charles Ruffin & Son.

No one congratulated the father on this event more warmly than did his old friend Mr. O—.

"I have been a little afraid of Charles," he said, "but he is safe now; the mercantile sphere will do him good. It will sober his feelings and concentrate his thoughts upon an end. I trust that he will make a prudent and enterprising merchant, and give strength to your house."

"Time will show. He has ability enough, and will pursue whatever he undertakes with ardor."

"And you can guide him to a safe result."

Charles Ruffin settled himself down to business, and appeared to enter into all its details with interest and intelligence, greatly to the delight of his father. As much as it was possible for him to do, he threw himself in the way of Mr. O—, in business matters. It may here be remarked, that the father of Laura had not been informed of her rejection of the young man's suit. The maiden confided the secret to her mother alone, and the mother locked it up in her heart. She knew her husband's character too well, and had suffered too much from his disregard to her tenderest and best feelings, to trust her daughter's happiness in his hands.

About two months after he had entered into business with his father, young Ruffin renewed his attentions to Laura, and in such a way as to attract the notice of Mr. O—, who was very well pleased to observe it. He also hinted to his father that he had more than a slight preference for the maiden, and dexterously managed to get him to allude to the subject in the presence of Mr. O—. From that time the fate of the sweet girl was sealed. Her father was delighted at the prospect of such a union, and assured Mr. Ruffin that it was only necessary for Charles to offer Laura his hand.

Never, from the day of her marriage until this time, had Mrs. O— opposed her husband. Meek submission and patient endurance had been her portion. But the mother was stronger than the woman. The love she bore her child roused her into resistance.

"I am pleased to find that young Charles Ruffin is attached to our Laura," said O—— to his wife, one evening, after they were alone.

Mrs. O—— turned pale and trembled. She felt that a day of deep sorrow had come. If her husband were pleased at the discovery, he would, she knew, demand a marriage, should the young man again offer himself, against all that she or her poor child could urge. The shrinking repugnance felt by Laura would be as dust in the balance against his will. But she could not tamely submit here. She had a mother's duty to perform.

"I do not think Laura would ever be happy as his wife?" she ventured to say.

"Why not, pray?" he asked, in surprise.

"Their characters are altogether different."

"So are yours and mine."

Mrs. O—— did not reply to this: thoughts that she dared not let come into distinct form flitted through her mind.

"I really do not understand what you mean," the husband resumed. "A better match than Charles Ruffin cannot be found for her. His family is unexceptionable. He will inherit a large property from his father, independent of what he will accumulate in his own right as a partner in the house of Ruffin & Son."

"It will take more than all that to make Laura happy."

"What more, pray?"

"A man whom she can respect and love."

"What is to hinder her from both respecting and loving Charles Ruffin?"

"She can never love a man who has stained his hands with the blood of his friend. But, apart from this, she has ever shrunk with an inward, unconquerable dislike from this young man."

"Indeed!"

"It is true. Months ago he offered her his hand, which she declined without consulting any one."

"Laura did?"

"Yes."

"And you knew it?"

"After his suit had been declined."

"Why, pray, was I not informed of this?" Mr. O—— spoke in an imperious tone.

"It would have done no good. Laura is of age, and must decide for herself in a matter of this kind. *She has all to gain or lose.*"

"But why was it concealed from me? I cannot understand the reason."

Mrs. O—— felt embarrassed. To speak out boldly and avow her belief that he would have acted arbitrarily on the occasion, she could not do. After a few moments' silence, she replied—

"I was afraid you might not approve of what she had done, and the poor child's mind was already strongly agitated."

"Humph! Approve? No, I should not have approved. If a drayman had offered himself, the same kind of reasoning would have done to excuse her acceptance of him, and marriage without my knowledge. I am surprised beyond measure at your conduct. I ought to have known this at the time."

"It would have done no good."

"Don't say that again!" Mr. O—— returned, in a passionate tone of voice.

The eyes of Mrs. O—— sunk to the floor. She laid her hands meekly together, and sat silent. But her heart was strong in its determination to oppose to the last every attempt made to coerce Laura into a marriage with Ruffin. Mr. O—— talked a great deal, and made many threats and assertions: but to none of them did his wife reply.

"Can't you speak!" he at length exclaimed, losing all control over himself. Never before had he spoken thus to her—never before had he exhibited toward her such a temper. But, never before had she set herself in such direct opposition to him.

The eyes of Mrs. O—— were lifted timidly to her husband's face for a moment, while a tremor ran through her frame. Then she let them fall again to the floor, and sat, still silent.

"The girl *shall* marry him," said O——.

"Not with my consent," replied his wife, in a husky, but decided voice.

"Woman, are you mad!" exclaimed her husband, again thrown off his guard.

"I don't know what I may have been for the last twenty years of my life, but I am sane now," was calmly returned. "I love my child too well to consent to her sacrifice. I am a mother!"

Accustomed to an entire submission of his wife's will to his own, this unexpected opposition and firmness on her part, while it was unaccountable, chafed his temper almost beyond endurance; and yet, astonishment produced a state of calmness. He said no more at that time, but he resolved that Laura should marry Charles Ruffin. He had promised the father as much, and he meant to keep his promise, in spite of all objections and opposition.

As soon as the young man learned the favorable light in which Mr. O—— viewed the matter, his mind was at rest on the subject. He no longer approached Laura with doubt and caution, but boldly preferred his suit again, and was again as promptly rejected. This was communicated to old Mr. Ruffin on the next morning, and he called on Laura's father immediately, and informed him of what had occurred.

"It is a mere whim of the girl's," Mr. O—— replied. "I will see her, and satisfy her that she has done a very foolish thing. Charles must renew his attentions. I have set my heart upon this marriage, and cannot think of its being prevented."

In an hour afterwards he entered his dwelling, and found Laura sitting in one of the parlors alone. She looked up at her father, with a timid, frightened air, for she had reason to believe that his return home at an unusual hour had something to do with her second rejection of Ruffin's suit.

Controlling his feelings as far as it was possible for him to do so, Mr. O—— took a seat beside his daughter, and in a milder and more persuasive tone he was accustomed to speak in, said:

"Laura, my dear, what are your reasons for declining so advantageous an offer as the one made you by Charles Ruffin?"

The maiden answered only by a gush of tears. Mr. O—— waited until the strength of his daughter's emotion had subsided. He then resumed—



"I have set my heart upon seeing a union take place between you and the son of my old friend, and it would grieve me deeply were I to be disappointed. You certainly cannot have any very strong objections to Charles? Why, then, do you decline the offer of his hand?"

"Father," replied Laura, looking steadily into his face, and speaking with surprising calmness, "I do not think of death with fear, but my spirit shrinks and shudders at the idea of becoming united to Charles Ruffin. Is not the blood of poor P—— upon his hands?"

"And is that your only objection?"

"No, sir. I can never love him, and I prefer death to marrying a man I do not love."

"So much for a girl's silly romance!" the father sneeringly replied, beginning to lose his self-command. "I wonder who put all this nonsense into your head?"

Laura remained silent.

"If you will only try and lay aside your foolish prejudice against one in every way worthy of your highest regard," said Mr. O——, changing his manner again, and speaking in a low, insinuating voice—"and consent to a union we all so much desire, there is nothing I will not do for you. Whatever money can procure, you can command. I know you will be happy. What can prevent it?"

"I am happy here, father," she replied, with a quivering lip. "Why do you wish to push me out like a young bird, but half-fledged, from its nest? My wings are yet too weak to bear me up. Father! if you love me, let me stay where I am and remain what I am."

"You cannot always remain at home, Laura. You will become a wife, and form the centre of a new home."

"There is time enough for that, if it take place at all, these five years. I am but a child at best, and still wish to shrink beneath the shelter of my mother's wing."

O—— was unmoved by this tender appeal.

"Consider ——" he began.

"I can consider nothing," said Laura, interrupting him, with something of indignation in her voice, "that unites my name with that of Charles Ruffin. A marriage between us is impossible!"

This broke down all reserve and restraint.

"Girl! You shall marry him!" passionately exclaimed the father.

Mrs. O—— entered at the moment, and heard, in grief and surprise, the last words uttered by her husband.

"Oh, do not rashly say that!" she cried out in a voice of anguish. "You must not, you cannot, you dare not sacrifice your child."

"I have said the word, and, so help me Heaven! that word shall be fulfilled to the letter. Laura shall become the wife of Charles Ruffin."

"If you *command* me, father, I have only one thing to do," said the trembling child, her face pale as ashes.

"And pray what is that?" he asked.

"To obey," was briefly replied.

"You shall obey!" angrily returned Mr. O——; and, rising, from his chair, he left the room and the house.

The moment the door closed after him, Laura threw herself, weeping, upon her mother's bosom. Mrs. O—— had no word of comfort to offer, no word of advice to give. All she could do was to weep with her child.

In a few days, the suit of Ruffin was again renewed. As a last hope, Laura appealed to his generosity as a man, not to urge her into a marriage that would make her whole life miserable. But the appeal was vain.

As long as the time of the sacrifice could be put off it was put off. But it was made at last. It is hard to tell which suffered most, the mother or her child, during the few short months that elapsed before the consummation took place from which both shrunk with something like horror. The appearance and manner of the bride occasioned a good deal of remark. It was known that she had twice refused the hand of Ruffin, and it was, also, pretty generally believed that the marriage only took place in obedience to the father's wishes. No tears were shed by Laura; but her mother wept as if her heart were breaking—and it was breaking. Laura was exceedingly pale, when she came in by the side of the man to whom she was about making false vows. Her lips were strongly compressed—her eyes looked inward—she seemed like one about to commit an act from which every impulse of nature shrunk. Mr. O—— observed all this with a stern expression on his face, yet with an unbending determination to let the sacrifice be made. Charles Ruffin was fully conscious of the part he was playing, and of the impression made. For a moment he felt abashed, but the recollection of something re-assured him, and he did not hesitate.

When Laura, at last, made the almost inaudible response that sealed her fate, her mother sank insensible to the floor. That overtasked heart could bear up no longer. Its cup was full.

It was a sad marriage-festival. Mrs. O—— did not recover during the evening, and Laura could not be forced from the chamber where her mother lay in a slumber that looked like death. When too late, Charles Ruffin saw that he had pursued his mean spirit of revenge too far; that a re-action was about taking place, which would punish him severely.

The large and brilliant company, that had assembled to grace a marriage-festival, returned early, with grave looks and oppressed feelings, and Mr. O—— and his new son-in-law were left alone in the richly decorated but now deserted drawing-rooms. What their feelings were, it is hard to tell. Few words passed between them.

The young husband did not see his bride again that night. She could not be forced from the bed-side of her mother, in whom few signs of returning animation were apparent for many hours.

Morning dawned before the life-current again flowed freely through the mother's veins. When reason returned, she begged to be left alone with Laura, and the boon was granted. For a long time the mother and child lay in each other's arms, and wept together. Then the former essayed to discharge what she believed to be her last duty to the wronged spirit that was just entering upon a life of trial and suffering.

"How shall I counsel you, my dear child?" she said, endeavoring to speak with calmness—"how shall I prepare you for the new, peculiar and deeply trying relations on which you are about to enter? If I could have prevented your marriage with a man you say you do not love, I would have done so; but now you are a wedded wife, you have taken holy vows upon yourself—a wife's duties you must endeavor to perform—to a wife's vows you must be faithful, even until death. I trust that your husband is sincerely attached to you, and that you will not find it so hard as you have feared, to return something of the regard he professes for you. It may be in your power to influence him for good, to modify and elevate his whole character; to make him, what you have not deemed him, worthy of your love. Oh! how sincerely do I pray that this may be the case; that the cup, now so bitter to the taste, may become sweetened as life advances. Such things have often occurred—why not in your case? Lay your hand upon your heart, my child, and keep down all feelings of repugnance; let your whole demeanor toward the man you have promised to love, become changed; meet him, to-day, with a gentle bearing, and let his voice, if it come to your ear in words of endearment, find its way into some chamber of your heart: it will be better, far better; I know—I know it will! He cannot but have some true love for you. Why else has he sought your hand? Love begetteth love. May it be so in this case!"

The words of the mother sunk into the heart of her child. A dim light glimmered through the darkness in which her spirit had been enveloped. She saw that she had a duty to perform, and she nerved herself to perform it. She had taken upon herself a wife's vows, and she must not now shrink from the tasks they imposed upon her.

After what we have recorded, and much more to the same purpose had been urged by the mother, she sunk away into a quiet sleep. For the first time since she followed her parent's insensible form from the bridal-hall, Laura left the chamber where she had retired. She had not seen her husband since the hour when the minister, in a solemn voice, pronounced them man and wife: and the thought of meeting him made her tremble. But she nerved herself, under a newly awakened sense of duty. As she stepped into one of the parlors—the same in which the nuptial ceremony had taken place—she saw him sitting by a window, with his head leaning on his hand, in an attitude of thought, and, what seemed to her, dejection. She was touched by this, and a single emotion of tenderness swelled in her heart. He arose to his feet as she entered, and advanced a few steps to meet her. She held out her hand and he grasped it with warmth, and made earnest inquiries after her mother. These she answered, and then came a silence that both found it hard to break. They were in a false position, and were too clearly conscious of the fact. Casual and indifferent remarks would be out of place; and neither dared speak the thoughts nearest the heart.

And are not these perversions of the marriage

state sad to think of? All evil is the perversion of some good; the higher the good, therefore, the more direful in consequence is the perversion. Marriage is the highest and holiest social state into which man is capable of entering; if entered into from right motives, it induces a state of felicity beyond what any other relation can give; if from wrong motives, it will become a condition of wretchedness beyond conception. We may pity the weakness that led Laura O—to consent to this unnatural union, in obedience to the will of her father, but cannot in any way commend the act. She had no more right to obey in this thing than he had to command; in obeying, she was deeply culpable. Too many consequences hung upon her free decision of a matter of such intrinsic importance. After a child has obtained the age of rationality and freedom, and becomes responsible to society and to God for every act, the father who attempts control in a matter like this, commits sin; and the child who submits to and becomes a passive subject of such control, also commits sin.

The true relation of parents to children, is one in which all do not exercise sufficient discrimination. It is not generally seen, that the parent is responsible to society and to Heaven for his child's conduct, only until that child is of age and becomes capable of making rational discriminations on matters pertaining to life. After that period, no parent is guiltless who attempts arbitrary control. He has still a duty to perform, but should emulate the bird that teaches its fledgelings the use of their wings, in performing it. He should no longer think for them and decide for them, but should guide their reason to sound judgments, and be very careful in doing this not to force the child's mind, but merely to help it to a decision of its own. It is this state of freedom and reason that makes the man. The folly of parents choosing conjugal partners for their children, needs not the painful history I am relating, to illustrate it. This is a folly, thank Heaven! that is reforming itself under the influence of increasing moral light and freedom. Its opposite, or a carelessness as to whom the choice might rest upon, has prevailed already to too great an extent.

The embarrassed position of the young couple was relieved by the entrance of Mr. O—. He had, naturally, a good share of tact and self-possession, and this enabled him to introduce subjects of conversation that were calculated to lead their minds away from the present, and to make them feel more at ease. Laura, acting from a newly awakened sense of duty, strove to appear cheerful; and her husband, glad to be relieved from a situation by no means agreeable, endeavored to seem as cheerful as she. But it was force-work on both sides, and apparent to both.

Thus began the married life of Charles Ruffin and his beautiful bride. The promise was not fair, and the result did not belie the promise. Many weeks did not pass before the heart of her husband was laid bare to Laura; the sight filled her with horror and despair. The native malignancy of the man could not long be concealed—the end for which he had sought her hand no du-

plicity could conceal, no acting disguise. It must come forth—and it did come forth.

The meek patience of the pure-minded woman he had wronged, the unwearying efforts she made to act from duty, if not from love, irritated him; for it was a rebuke that he could not well bear. The forced warmth of manner, which he had assumed at first, gave place in a little while to indifference. To this succeeded coldness; then followed words harshly spoken; and to these were soon added the taunts of a bitter spirit.

It is difficult to conceive how any man could act so mean, so malignant a part. In fact, no man, unless possessed of an infernal spirit, could so debase his noble nature.

For a short period after the marriage of her daughter, deceived by the appearance of affection that was assumed by both Laura and her husband, Mrs. O——, who had recovered in a few days from the shock her feeling had sustained on the night of the wedding, became cheerful, and, in some measure, resigned to an event that had taken place in opposition to all her feelings and wishes. But she did not long remain deceived. She had, herself, suffered too much not to perceive the first indications of positive suffering in her child. From the day she became fully satisfied that Laura's husband had no true affection for her, and that her life would be a burden even more intolerable to bear than had been her own, she began to droop in spirits, and steadily declined from that hour until life closed up with her its troubled history. This mournful event took place about two years after Laura's marriage. Long before its occurrence, Charles Ruffin's conduct towards his wife had become brutal. Having attained his end, the natural baseness of his character soon led him to throw off all disguise. The first indications were seen in his indifference to business. But few weeks elapsed before his long period of absence from the counting-room, and his want of interest in the operations of the house, while there, attracted the notice of his father. As this defection increased, day after day, old Mr. Ruffin felt it to be his duty to remonstrate. He did so as gently as was in his power. This produced, what the young man desired, a rupture, and he withdrew from the new firm immediately.

A wife's relation, no matter how uncongenial it may be, involves a certain degree of affection for and interest in a husband. In a little while, Laura began to lean towards Charles Ruffin, and her heart began to take hold of and cling to him as the vine clings to the statelier tree that supports it. In his absence, she experienced a want of something, and involuntarily looked for the hour of his return with pleasure. And yet, she found little satisfaction in his presence; always experiencing a strong internal repulsion. His first direct expression of unkindness—the first laying off of his mask—took place at the time the rupture with his father occurred. He came home, soured and disturbed in mind, and, in a captious spirit and fretful tone, told Laura what had happened, adding, with emphasis—

"And I am glad of it!"

"Oh, Charles! Don't say so!—don't speak in that way!" exclaimed Laura, without reflection.

Opposition of any kind, no matter how trivial, Ruffin never could bear; it fevered his whole system in an instant.

"Why not, madam, pray?" he replied, drawing himself up in an imperious manner, and looking sternly at poor Laura, into whose eyes the tears instantly gushed. There was no reply.

"Why not, ha?" repeated the husband. "Am I not a free man, to do as I please? Do you think I am going to confine myself to a dirty store? If any one does, he is mistaken."

To this, Laura had not a word to answer. His manner had completely paralyzed her. He could not have hurt her more, had he struck her to the earth.

From that time, hope, which had begun to spring up in the heart of Laura, died. She saw, beneath the thin exterior of her husband's assumed character, enough of the real qualities of his mind, to rob her of all the desire of life.

It would not be well to consume the reader's time by tracing, step by step, the life-progress of this unhappy couple. Enough, that each passing month and year only widened the breach that Charles had made. For his wife he had no love, and did not attempt even to assume a virtue he did not possess. He was cold towards her, and neglected her shamefully, and led, besides, a most abandoned and dissolute life, thus wounding her spirit more vitally.

The birth of a child gave her something to love—a boon for which she was deeply thankful. She could not have survived her mother's death, which took place a few months afterwards, had not this object of affection been given.

A year after her child was born, her husband's conduct became so outrageous, that her father took her home, and forbade the young man from ever crossing his threshold. In stern, unrelenting purpose, Mr. O—— was fully a match for Charles Ruffin, and had, what he did not possess, a weight of years and character to sustain him.

Many months did not elapse before, in a spirit of revenge, an effort was made by Ruffin to see his wife, and induce her to leave her father's protection, and live with him again.

Laura was sitting, one day, alone in her room, with her babe in her arms, when she heard a man's step behind her. She turned quickly, in affright, to see who had entered. It was her husband!

"How are you, Laura?" he said, in a mild, insinuating voice, advancing towards his wife, and extending his hand.

Surprise and agitation prevented Mrs. Ruffin from either rising or speaking. Her husband took her hand, and pressed it within his own; but there was no returning pressure. The power of action was gone.

"Laura, why don't you speak to me? Am I not your husband?" This was said in a tone of affected sadness.

"Oh, Charles! why have you come here to trouble me?" said Mrs. Ruffin, as soon as she could utter a word. "You do not love me—you never have loved me. I am in quiet here, if not in peace—leave me then as I am."

"Laura, you wrong me," urged the young man; "I do love you; I have always loved you."

An unhappy temper may often have led me into error; but still I feel for you a sincere affection. Separated from you, I am miserable. Will you not—"

At this moment, the sound of horse's feet came thundering up the broad avenue that led to the house. Ruffin glanced from the window, and then glided from the room without uttering a word. Laura was thrilled by a sudden fear; she could not rise nor scream, but sat as if nailed to her chair, awaiting some fearful issue. From this paralyzed state, the quick, sharp crack of a pistol, just under the window where she sat, aroused her, and she sprang forward with a cry of agony.

About half an hour previous to this time, a friend entered the office of the insurance company of which Mr. O—— was president, and hurriedly communicated to him his suspicion that his son-in-law had gone out to visit his daughter; with what intent he had no means of knowing. In five minutes after, Mr. O—— was mounted upon a swift horse, and galloping out of the city in the direction of his country-seat. He had a loaded pistol in his pocket, and his firm resolution was to shoot Ruffin, if he found him anywhere upon his premises. As he rode, with a furious gait, up to his house, and was about checking his horse to dismount, his eye caught the form of a man, hurrying down stairs, and seeking egress through a back door. He doubted not that it was his son-in-law, and, firm in his purpose, he drew his pistol and fired. Happily for the young man, the motion of the horse, upon which Mr. O—— rode, interfered with his aim. The ball glanced close to his ear, and passed on harmlessly. Springing from the reeking animal upon which he had ridden with such hot haste, the excited father dashed through the hall, and sought to overtake the fugitive. But Ruffin had no wish to meet Mr. O—— under such circumstances, and managed to elude him entirely.

Finding his pursuit vain, Mr. O—— returned, and hurried up to his daughter's room. He found her upon the floor, insensible; and her child, that she had been able to protect in her fall, lying asleep, and drawn tightly to her bosom. The sight touched him deeply, and brought back upon his mind rebuking thoughts. It was his own handy-work he saw before him. He had forced his child into an uncongenial union, and now had no power to restore peace to the heart he had so cruelly wronged.

Domestics were instantly called in; or, rather, had already crowded into the apartment, alarmed by the hurried arrival of their master and the noise of his pistol. They had seen no one enter nor leave the house, and could not conjecture the cause of what had passed so hurriedly. The first impression produced upon their minds was, that Mr. O—— had shot his daughter. This variously affected them. Some fled to remote parts of the house in terror, while one or two came forward and assisted the father to lift his child from the floor and place her upon a bed. The gardener, who was rushing into the house, having been alarmed by the report of the pistol, was met in the hall by the cook, whose starting eyes and quivering lips told a tale of horror.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" the man inquired eagerly.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sobbed the cook—the effort to speak bringing a flood of tears—"Massa O—— shot poor Miss Laura, and killed her dead."

The gardener stayed to hear no more, but turned away and fled from the house, spreading alarm in every direction. He paused not until he had reached the city, where he gave information to a magistrate, who issued a warrant for the arrest of Mr. O——, and placed it in the hands of an officer.

The fainting fit of Mrs. Ruffin was of but short duration. She opened her eyes after the lapse of fifteen or twenty minutes. The presence of her father bewildered her mind. She remembered, with painful distinctness, the visit of her husband, the hurried sound of a horse's feet, and the discharge of a pistol. From that moment all was blank. But there was a veil of horror over her mind. The look of anxious inquiry she cast upon her father constrained him to say—

"No one has been harmed. I only came home to protect you from outrage."

"Was it you who rode up the avenue so hurriedly?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Did he—?" she could not finish the sentence, but what she wished to say was understood. Mr. O—— was silent.

"He did not attempt to harm you, father? Oh, no! He could not do that—I am sure he could not. He is passionate, and has many faults, but that he could not do."

With some reluctance, Mr. O—— admitted that he had attempted to shoot Ruffin. Laura shuddered and closed her eyes. Almost as suddenly as if a hand had been laid upon her heart did its pulsations cease; but in a little while they were renewed, and the current of life went on again in its circle.

As soon as Mr. O—— could leave the chamber of Laura, he did so. He descended to the hall, and was approaching the front door of the house, when three men, with severe and resolute faces, entered. One of them stepped forward, saying, as he did so, "I arrest you in the name of, &c.," and placed his hand upon the shoulder of O——. In an instant, the officer lay upon the floor, and, in an instant after, the arms of Mr. O—— were pinioned by the two assistants, and he hurried out of the house and thrust into a carriage, which was driven off at full speed for the city.

For some time, astonishment kept Mr. O—— dumb. His mind sought in vain for an explanation of this outrage upon his person. What could it mean? The whole thing was inexplicable. As soon as he could control himself to speak, he turned to the officers who had arrested him, and said—

"May I ask what all this means? Why am I dragged from my house like a felon or a murderer?"

"You are accused of murder."

"Me?" in a voice of astonishment.

"Yes; of the murder of your daughter?"

"By whom?"

"By a man who says he is your gardener."

"Indeed! Perhaps you had better turn back and see whether my daughter be alive or dead." This was spoken with bitter irony. The officer merely replied—

"My duty is to take your person before a magistrate; not to investigate the charges against you."

O—— sunk back in the carriage, silent, but deeply indignant at the outrage he had received. On arriving at the magistrate's office, he found his gardener there, looking pale and frightened. The poor fellow believed, solemnly, that what the cook had told him was true. When called upon to give his testimony, he had only the fact of hearing the pistol discharged and the cook's affirmation to sustain the allegation he had made, and upon which the warrant for arrest had been issued.

"We must summon the cook," said the magistrate, beginning to fill up a summons.

"I would advise you, to make sure of getting at the truth, to summon my daughter," said Mr. O——, bitterly. "She could testify to the fact of being shot, or shot at, more clearly than any one else."

The magistrate looked at the prisoner with surprise, for a moment, and then proceeded to fill up the summons and despatch it. The distance was full three miles, and an hour and a half elapsed before the cook was brought in, looking half frightened to death. Ocular demonstration had fully convinced her that "Miss Laura" was not murdered, and she had it from her own lips that she had not even been shot at. Her evidence settled the matter, and Mr. O—— was released from custody, with many apologies and expressions of regret that so disagreeable a mistake had occurred.

While the investigation at the magistrate's was going on, Rumor, with her hundred tongues, spread the news through the city that a horrible murder had taken place. I heard it with a thrill of horror, for it came in such a shape that I could not help believing it. No cause for the dreadful deed was alleged; for none could be imagined. I shall never forget my feelings, on the next day, when, in passing along the street, I met O—— walking, with his usual firm step and erect head, quietly along the pave. No contradiction of the rumors of the preceding evening had reached my ears, and I, therefore, still believe him to be the murderer of his child. The sensation I experienced, I cannot describe.

When the real cause of all this mortifying exposure and false accusation became known, the feeling against Charles Ruffin was very strong—and he felt strongly, too. Towards the father of Laura, he indulged a murderous hate, and vowed to be deeply revenged. How he sought this revenge will be seen.

Time rolled on, and the excitement and gossip occasioned by the events we have mentioned, died entirely away, and the circumstances attending them were forgotten, except by a few, in whose memories such incidents are always kept alive. The child of Laura had grown to a sweet little girl, five years of age, and was the strong cord that bound her mother to life. In the few years that had elapsed since the death of his

wife, Mr. O—— had grown old rapidly. His tall, erect form had acquired a slight stoop; his hair had lost its jetty blackness; he walked with a slower and more careful gait. In the vigor of early manhood, and even in its staid and firm maturity, he had never loved anything so well as himself—had loved, sincerely, nothing out of himself. But his infant grand-child had won upon his tenderest feelings; had entwined herself with every fibre of his heart. He never tired of her sweet prattle—when at home, she was ever by his side, or in his arms, and, while away, she was ever in his thoughts.

The husband of Laura, since his first attempt to see her, had made no overt act that looked to the same end. For a greater part of the time he had been away from Baltimore, residing in one of the West India Islands.

Thus matters stood, when Mr. O—— was startled, and his daughter terrified, by the institution of a suit on behalf of Charles Ruffin, for the possession of his infant daughter. The effect upon the mind of Mrs. Ruffin was so serious, that medical advice was deemed necessary, and I was called in to see her, as intimated in the beginning of this history. It was my first visit to the family.

I was preparing to go out, one afternoon, when Mr. O—— himself entered my office. We were not personally acquainted, though each of us knew the other very well by reputation. He looked agitated, yet evidently was striving to appear calm.

"Are you very much engaged, this afternoon, Doctor?" he said, as he took my hand.

"I have several calls to make," I replied. "But if there is any pressing need of my attendance in another quarter, I shall feel myself bound to go."

"I wish you to see my daughter," Mr. O—— said. "She is in a very unhappy state of mind. I don't know that medicine can do her any good. Still I would like you to see her."

"What is the nature of the affection under which she is suffering?" I asked.

Mr. O—— looked thoughtful for some moments, and then said—

"A disease of the mind, Doctor, beyond the reach of your skill, I fear."

He then related, briefly, some of the facts connected with her unhappy marriage, and concluded by saying that the effect upon her mind, of the suit which her husband had instituted for the recovery of his child, was of a most distressing and alarming character, causing him to tremble for her reason.

"I do not think there is any cause for her being so much alarmed," I remarked. "Her husband cannot get possession of the child by any legal process."

"I wish I only felt sure of that, Doctor," was replied, mournfully. "But I do not. By the law which governs in these cases, the father has a right to claim his offspring. For years, I have dreaded just what has at last happened. I knew too well the vindictive spirit of Charles Ruffin, to hope, except for a brief time, that he would fail to stab us in this tender place. My fears I never breathed to my unhappy child—and she had no

thought of danger like this. The announcement of the fact that a suit had been commenced, fell upon her as unexpectedly as a bolt from a summer sky, and has completely prostrated her. Since the whole truth burst upon her, and her mind fully apprehended the danger that threatened, she has confined herself, with our dear little Ella, in her room, and will admit no one but myself and the nurse. If I urge the necessity of taking the child out, that it may breathe the fresh air in the garden or upon the lawn, she answers me only with tears. If I attempt to take the child from the room against her wish, she seizes hold of it frantically, and utters such cries of anguish that I am forced to desist. It is now ten days since either she or the dear little one has left her chamber, and the health of both are beginning to suffer. The child is pining to get out, but her mother will not let her go."

Then uttering a bitter imprecation upon the author of all this misery, he turned quickly and said:

"But come, Doctor, my carriage is at the door. You must see her yourself; perhaps you may be able to do something."

I was not very sanguine of this. I had no acquaintance with Mrs. Ruffin, and did not believe that in her state of mind, if truly described, she would give any confidence to a stranger. I suggested this, but Mr. O—— thought differently, and I did not care to anticipate difficulties; besides, he had mentioned that the child seemed feverish and needed some attention.

On arriving at the house and going to the door of Mrs. Ruffin's room, we found it locked.

"It is always so," said Mr. O——, as he tapped lightly against it.

"Who's there?" I heard asked, in a low voice.

"Open the door, Laura. It is I," her father replied.

The door was half opened, and held tightly until Mr. O—— crowded in, and then it was shut with a sudden jar, leaving me upon the outside. I remained where I was for the space of about five minutes. I could hear the sound of voices within, sometimes loud and excited, and sometimes low and pleading. I could also hear occasional sobs. At the expiration of this time, Mr. O—— came out, as before crowding through a small aperture of the door.

"She has at last consented to see you, Doctor," he said—"I gained my end only by assuming that Ellen was very ill, and must have medical attendance."

"Do you wish me to see her now?" I inquired.

"Yes, she is ready to receive you."

He then tapped at the door again, after he had answered her query of who was there. Mrs. Ruffin partly opened it as before, and we crowded through. The instant we were within she closed the door with an energetic action, double locked and bolted it, and then sprang back to where a little girl was standing in tears, and caught her wildly up in her arms.

"They want to take her away," she said, lifting her deep blue eyes to mine—"but they can't do it. Nobody shall take my child from me."

"Nobody can take her from you," I said, falling in at once in a familiar way with her mood.

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"She is your's, and nobody can touch her. Poor child!" I added, putting my hand upon her head, "she does not look well. She wants fresh air and exercise."

"I think she is very well, Doctor," the mother returned quickly. "I keep the windows open a good deal, and she can play through the room. It is large."

"But this room is not like the green lawn out of doors; nor are the drooping flowers with which these vases are filled, like the fresh blossoms in your beautiful garden. She must have fresh air, madam, and exercise out of doors."

"But the danger, Doctor! Think of the danger!" She spoke in a deep whisper, and with a look of love.

"There is no danger, madam. None in the world."

"Oh, but there is! They are watching all around the house for her, and would snatch her up in a moment. Isn't it dreadful!"

The poor creature shuddered from head to foot.

"It would be dreadful if this were the case, but I can assure you it is not, madam. Now, that a suit has been commenced, all parties will wait for its termination. If there had been any wish on the part of any one to obtain forcible possession of your child, no suit would have been instituted. There have been hundreds of opportunities for carrying her off."

But the mother's mind was not accessible to reason. Her fears overshadowed everything. Nothing that I could urge made any impression upon her.

"You are not afraid to ride out with your father?" I said, after a pause. "The carriage could be shut up closely, and no one would suspect who was in it."

"I wouldn't leave this room with Ella for the world," she replied, in a solemn voice. "You cannot tempt me, Doctor."

"Your father is able to protect you and Ella."

"And will protect you with my life," said Mr. O——.

But Mrs. Ruffin shook her head slowly, and drew her child closer to her side.

I was puzzled; and Mr. O—— looked anxious and disturbed. After some moments of hurried reflection, I drew him aside, and said aloud enough for Mrs. Ruffin to hear me:

"Don't you think it would be advisable to leave this place and go away into the country, say forty or fifty miles, where no one would dream of seeking for the child?"

A side glance at Mrs. Ruffin satisfied me that she not only heard every word, but was deeply interested in what I said.

"Let me think," replied the father, understanding me in a moment. And he stood thoughtful for some time.

"Where could we go?" he at length asked.

"Oh! as to that, there are hundreds of secluded little spots, at any one of which concealment would be perfect."

"How would you like that, Laura?" Mr. O—— said, turning and speaking to his daughter.

"Oh, above all things. Let us go far away from here. Not fifty, nor a hundred, but a thousand miles."



"Very well. Then we will go. Anything for safety. Can you be ready in a week?"

"In a week! Yes, in an hour. Oh! father, let us go instantly. Dear little Ella may be taken from us to-night."

"I do not think there is any danger of that," I urged; "besides, it takes some time to prepare for so long a journey."

"But think of the urgency of the case, Doctor; that calls for extraordinary haste. I am ready—or, can be ready in an hour. Let us go to-day."

"It will be impossible, my dear," replied Mr. O—. "We cannot start before to-morrow, at the earliest."

With difficulty we got her reconciled to wait until the next day, and then left her alone to consult upon what was best to be done. The poor child begged and cried to go with her grandfather, but the mother kept fast hold of her. The sight grieved me much.

I talked the matter over with Mr. O— for an hour. It was finally determined that a pleasant house should be taken, if one could be found, somewhere within five or ten miles of the city, and prepared for the reception of the unhappy mother and her child. Then a journey of at least a week should be made in the family carriage, at the end of which period, the house selected should be reached, and thus the impression be made upon Mrs. R.'s mind, that she was at least two hundred miles away from Baltimore. In deciding upon this course, numerous difficulties presented themselves, but were finally set aside. The most prominent was, the necessary absence from his daughter and grand-daughter, that would be required on the part of Mr. O—, who had to be in the city every day. If he were to return home every night, the suspicion would at once arise that they could not be two hundred miles from the threatened danger. It was at last determined that he should go to them twice a week, and leave his daughter to infer that he came nearly the whole distance by steamboat.

This was just the extent of my medical services in the case on my first visit. The plan proposed was carried out, and I saw no more of either Mr. O— or his daughter for nearly three months.

In the mean time, the suit instituted by Ruffin progressed as fast as the nature of the case allowed. The most untiring efforts were made by mutual friends to divert him from his malignant purpose, but his resolution to carry the thing through, remained firm. His father opposed him as strongly as any one; but persuasion and remonstrance were alike unavailing. His only answer was:

"It is my child, and the law will give her to me. I did not separate myself from my wife; she left me, and took away my child. She may remain where she is. I do not care to see her; but my child I will have. The law is clear on this head, and I am very willing to await its decision."

At length the day of trial drew near; and much excitement prevailed on the subject. But, as the matter was never alluded to in any of the newspapers—means being taken to prevent this—the knowledge of it was confined to a particular circle. My practice was in this circle.—

Wherever I went, the theme of conversation was the approaching suit. In not one instance did I hear an expression of sympathy for Ruffin. Every voice was lifted against him, and the statute that would tear from a mother's arms her child, denounced in the severest terms as unjust and in opposition to the very first laws of Nature. But this did not stay the regular progression of events. At length the day arrived, the case was called, and Mr. O— required to produce the child in court.

From the time of Mrs. Ruffin's removal from the family homestead, up to this period, she had lived in imagined seclusion. But a knowledge of her unhappy state of mind, the ruse that had been practised upon her, and where she was, was known to all her friends, and even widely beyond this circle of true sympathy. The order to bring the child into court, an order upon which Mr. O— had not all calculated, created in his mind the most anxious solicitude. It could not be done without endangering the very life of his daughter.

It was at this crisis, that I was again summoned to attend Mrs. Ruffin. Why I was selected, I never could exactly understand. The regular physician of the family was a man of distinguished professional ability, and a competent adviser. As before, Mr. O— called upon me at my office. He looked haggard and care-worn, and appeared at least five years older than when I had last seen him. He stated to me the alarming aspect of affairs, and asked for my advice as a physician, a father, and a man.

"As for me," he said, "I have lost that clear perception of things which I usually possess. I feel bewildered half of my time. I cannot see what it is right for me to do. Sometimes I get so excited, that I am strongly tempted to bring the whole thing to a close by blowing out the brains of that infamous rascal, whose fiend-like persecutions have made my poor child more than half a maniac, and threaten to destroy her life. And after all is said, I believe this is the only horn of the dilemma left. It will kill Laura to take away her daughter; or, worse, entirely unsettle her reason. Is there any doubt as to my right course? I must choose between the death of my child, or the death of her persecutor? And I will choose!"

As Mr. O— uttered the last sentence, his face grew black with passion, and he turned from me with the air of a man who had fully resolved upon a desperate deed. I laid my hand upon his arm, and said in a firm voice:

"Think again, Mr. O—. Perhaps a better way may be found."

"I have thought of everything," he replied—"And I see but one course: a dreadful one, I admit; but desperate cases require desperate remedies. Laura's child shall not be dragged from her arms! I swear it, solemnly, this hour! With my life I will prevent this cruel outrage."

"You will not attempt the murderous deed you have threatened," I said, looking earnestly into the face of Mr. O—.

"But I'll tell you what I will do. I'll guard the asylum of my injured child, and guard it with my life. I shall return home to-night, well armed, and, remaining at home, await the issue. If the myrmidons of the law come to drag our sweet

babe away from us, they will do their work only by passing over my dead body. I have formed this instant resolution; and I mean to abide by it."

"Let me suggest a better way," I said, in reply to this.

"There is no better way; but let me hear what you have to propose."

"I will go home with you to-night, and see your daughter. To-morrow we will return, and I will go into court and testify as a physician, that to remove the child will be to destroy either the mother's reason or her life. I will also describe to the court the distressing consequences already attendant upon this unnatural prosecution, and urge every humane consideration in favor of letting the suit go on without farther disturbing the unhappy mother."

"That is, you would merely *beg* for justice?"

"Call it what you please. In a case like this, the best means are the wisest, and should be adopted by a wise man, without letting his feelings come into the question. You propose to defend your daughter from this outrage by an appeal to deadly weapons? Very well; suppose you shoot half-a-dozen men, you will be at length overpowered and dragged away, if not killed upon the spot. Do you think this would make Mrs. Ruffin's position any better? You know that it would not. No—no, sir; I have proposed the only safe course, and one that will, I am sure, bring about the result we so much desire."

"Well, if you think it will do any good, I am willing to see the trial made; but I have no faith in the result. It will have to come at last to what I have said."

"I do not think so. For such an alternative I cannot believe there is any necessity."

"There is *law* in this country, Doctor, but little *justice*. However, I have agreed to let you manage the thing in your own way—or at least try to manage it. I will wait as patiently as I can for the issue of that trial. You go home with me this afternoon?"

"Yes."

"Can you start at once?"

"I will be ready to go with you in a very few minutes," I replied, and left him for a short time, in order to make a few hurried preparations to attend him.

A rapid drive of an hour and a half brought us to the secluded spot where Mrs. Ruffin imagined she was concealed from the knowledge of every one. As the carriage came up to the door, we found her seated in a garden-chair, on a beautiful lawn in front of the house—her little girl playing near her. She remembered me the moment I alighted from the carriage, and came forward with my name upon her lips. No smile lit up her pale face as she greeted me: no light sparkled in her eye. I spoke cheerfully to her, but she did not answer in a cheerful voice. When I took her little girl by the hand, a look of alarm gathered upon her face, and she took fast hold of the child's hand. I smiled and said:

"You are not afraid of me?"

She did not make any answer; but I could see from her half-averted face, and whole manner, that she regarded me with suspicion.

"Come, dear," she said to her child, "the dew is beginning to fall: we must go into the house"—and she led her daughter away. The child was reluctant, but passive. As she followed her mother, she looked back frequently, and called out—

"Grandpa, come!"

"Poor child!" said Mr. O——, in a voice of tender regret. "Accursed villain!" he added, with a sudden change of manner and tone. "You shall yet suffer for this"—and he clenched his hand, and ground his teeth in a paroxysm of anger.

"Much depends, my dear sir," I said to him, "on your controlling yourself. Do not let your daughter see that you are excited, for she will attribute all to fear."

"Am I a stock or a stone, Doctor? Is it possible for me to look on and be calm? Do you suppose I can mark, day by day, the pale face of my child growing paler, the light in her eye fading, the tone of her voice growing sadder and sadder, and not feel? Look at her, Doctor! Do you see no change since your eyes last rested upon her? Is she the same? I believe her heart is already broken. Ah, sir! This is all hard to bear!"

I felt that it must be. I had already noticed the change to which he referred—a change that indicated the rapid progress of a malady for which I had no remedy.

We followed Mrs. Ruffin into the house. As we entered from the lawn, she went up stairs with her child, who called out earnestly:

"Grandpa, come up! do come, grandpa."

"Go, my dear sir, at once. Do not make any ceremony with me," said I. Mr. O—— took me at my word, and followed his daughter and her child up to her chamber.

I felt troubled at the appearance of things. Poor Mrs. Ruffin had changed more than I had dreamed. Mr. O—— had truly described her appearance; she looked like one whose heart was breaking. Her face was almost colorless, and painful to look upon—it was so very sad.

I remained alone for nearly the space of half an hour. Then both Mrs. Ruffin and her father joined me. Little Ella was asleep. Few and brief were the sentences that were uttered by any of us, until tea was announced. At the table a light, rambling conversation sprang up between Mr. O—— and myself, and relieved the sense of oppression under which we all labored. As soon as we arose from the table, Mrs. Ruffin retired to join her child.

"Don't you see a great change, Doctor?" said Mr. O——, as soon as we were alone.

"Your daughter certainly has changed since I last saw her," I replied. "But, living as she has lived, is a change to be wondered at?"

"No, Doctor, it is not," he replied, bitterly. "But the necessity for living thus is what drives me almost mad. I feel myself growing more and more desperate every day. No consequences, it seems to me, can be more dreadful than those already existing. There must come a change, and that speedily."

As best I could, did I soothe this state of excitement; but I had little or nothing to say in regard to the daughter's physical or mental con-

dition that was at all favorable. I did not see her again that night. On the next morning we met early at the breakfast-table. The child was still asleep. I tried to draw Mrs. Ruffin out into a conversation on some general topic; but this I could not do. Her mind dwelt upon only one subject, and could not be interested in any other. After breakfast, Mr. O—— and myself started for the city.

"Do you believe Laura would survive the removal of her child from her?" he asked me, as we seated ourselves in his carriage.

"I certainly do not," I could but reply.

"Do you believe she could bear its production in court, even if she accompanied it?" he added.

"To attempt to bring it into court would certainly destroy either her reason or her life," I said.

"If she were your child, would you permit a thing to be done that would produce one or both of these direful consequences?"

"Not if I could prevent it."

"No—nor would any father."

"I trust—nay, I am sure, the order of yesterday will be withdrawn, so soon as I make a statement of Mrs. Ruffin's condition."

"It may be—I am not sanguine. But even if it is, the matter is by no means settled. In less than a week, the decision of the court may be adverse."

"Do not anticipate the worst. Mr. O——."

"Ruffin has the law on his side."

"And his wife humanity."

"A feeble hope that. What has humanity to do in a case of law?"

"The judges are men."

"But without human feeling."

"I believe differently. Two upon the Bench I know to be men of the better sort—men who will lean to the side of humanity, and let their decision be governed by it as far as is possible."

O—— shook his head. "I have no faith in men," he gloomily answered. "I have lived too long in the world."

"I have lived some years in the world, also," I said, "and I have some faith in men. Man's better feelings are not all perverted."

O—— still shook his head, and seemed disposed to be silent and indulge his own reflections. Seeing this, I leaned back in the carriage, and was silent also.

At ten o'clock I entered the court-room. It was already well filled. The case had been called on the previous day, and this fact, with the order that immediately followed, to produce the child in court, had sped quickly through the circle of the unhappy mother's friends and their acquaintances. Ladies of the first families, who had never before seen the inside of a court-room, now filled every bench that could be had, or stood in the open spaces, anxiously waiting for the proceedings to begin. The first person upon whom my eyes rested, as I entered the room, was Charles Ruffin. He sat by the side of his counsel, unabashed, although every eye was upon him, and almost every heart execrating him. He looked steadily at Mr. O——, who came in with me, his eyes not once sinking beneath the

withering scowl that settled upon the father's brow.

In the course of ten or fifteen minutes, the proceedings commenced. The first thing was a repetition of the order of the court to produce the child. All eyes turned towards Mr. O——; there was a breathless pause. The counsel for the defence here stated that he wished to produce the testimony of the physician, who had attended Mrs. Ruffin, as to her state of health, and the certain effect that would be produced if the order of the court were carried out. I was then called upon to give the proposed testimony.

In performing this duty, I strove to present as vivid a picture as possible of the unhappy state of the mother's mind. I described all I had seen in the strongest colors, and concluded by saying, that as a physician, I believed, solemnly, that if the order of the court were executed, it would instantly destroy the mother's life.

I do not think there was more than two with unmoistened eyes in the room, when I left the stand—those two were Ruffin and his counsel; the first was unmoved, because malignant passions sustained him—the latter because he heard all that was related as an opposing counsel; his thoughts kept all emotions quiescent. Even the Judges were disturbed, and had great difficulty to rally themselves.

The counsel for the defence was about rising to enforce the evidence I had given, when he was requested by the judges to defer what he was going to say for a few minutes. A brief consultation was held upon the bench, and then one of the associate judges declared the order of the preceding day rescinded. A murmur of satisfaction ran through the crowded room; Mr. O—— was overpowered with emotion. He felt what he had not felt before, that there was a leaning of the court towards the side of humanity.

A few minutes after the court had set aside the order of the previous day, I turned my eyes to that part of the room where I had seen Charles Ruffin seated by the side of his counsel. The lawyer was there, but Ruffin I could nowhere see. A suspicion flashed across my mind.

"Did you see Ruffin go out?" I whispered to Mr. O——

Either my words, or manner, caused him to turn pale.

"No," he replied, glancing hurriedly around.

"Has he gone out?"

"I do not see him anywhere in the room. He must have left it."

"Where can he have gone? Why has he left so abruptly at this particular moment?"

"I cannot, certainly, tell," I said.

"I must go home immediately, and you must go with me, Doctor;" and Mr. O—— turned and moved away as he spoke.

"My patients will need attention. I have already been away from them too long," I replied.

"You must go with me, Doctor. A case of life and death rules over all others. Come!"

I felt that I dared not refuse to go. Vague suspicions crossed my mind. I followed Mr. O—— out and hurried by his side to the stables where he kept his horses at livery.

"Put Barney and Tom into my light wagon as

quickly as possible," said Mr. O——, "and see well to the harness!"

The vehicle was soon ready. Mr. O—— took the reins, and spoke to the horses, large, strong animals, and fleet of foot. They dashed ahead at a noble speed. I do not think we were three-quarters of an hour in going a distance of ten miles. Not a word was spoken during the whole ride; and neither of us knew what was in the mind of the other except by conjecture. The house in which Mrs. Ruffin had sought to hide herself from the search of her cruel persecutor, was situated a short distance from the main road, and could be seen from a point in the approach, nearly two miles away. From this point the road descended in a straight line, into a long valley, and then rose by a gradual ascent upon a high ridge opposite. As we commenced descending into this valley, we noticed a man riding at a swift pace up the hill, directly in front of us. My heart gave a sudden bound as my eyes rested upon him; were my suspicions indeed too true? The horseman was only visible for two or three minutes, and then disappeared just at the point where a road led off to the house in which Mrs. Ruffin lived.

An exclamation of alarm escaped the lips of Mr. O——. His whip was applied to the horses with a smarting energy that caused them nearly to double their rapid pace. Down the hill we dashed at a furious rate, and up the one opposite with scarcely a perceptible diminution of speed. In a little while we were in sight of the house. There was a horse standing at the gate. Mr. O—— applied the whip still more vigorously—and in a few minutes we were there; as we sprung from the wagon, our ears were pierced by one of the most heart-rending, despairing cries that it has ever been my lot to hear. It chilled the blood in my veins, and caused a cold shudder to run over my whole body. Before we could reach the door, a man (it was Ruffin himself) emerged from the house, bearing little Ella in his arms. Our presence, so unexpected, confused him for a moment; before he could recover himself, the sharp crack of a pistol rang upon the air, and he fell backwards upon the ground. Ere the child he held in his arms struck the earth, she was snatched away by the grandfather, who rushed into the house, and up to his daughter's chamber, in order to restore her treasure to her arms. He was too late! The mother's heart was broken! He found her upon the floor, to all appearances dead. She never spoke again. Life rallied feebly after a few hours, but gradually declined from that time, until the vital spark went out entirely. She recovered her perceptions far enough to recognize her child, over whom she wept as if her eyes were a fountain of tears. She died, clasping the sweet young creature in her arms.

When I saw Ruffin fall, I hurried to him, and found the blood flowing freely from his side. A servant, whom the report of the pistol brought to the door, assisted me to take him into the house. He was insensible.

On removing his clothes, and examining the wound, I found that the injury was not at all serious. The ball had struck one of his ribs on

the right side, fracturing it, and then glanced upwards, tearing away the thin covering of flesh, and lodging against the clavicle. It was easily extracted. While engaged in doing this, I was summoned to attend Mrs. Ruffin. I obeyed this summons immediately, and found her in the state I have described. Perceiving that her condition was beyond the reach of medicine, I retired as quickly as possible to attend to the wounded man below. By the time I had completed all the required dressings, he recovered his senses. As soon as he fully comprehended where he was, and the circumstances under which he was placed, he rose up from the sofa upon which he was lying, staggered towards the door, and, regardless of all I could say, mounted his horse, and rode off.

When these facts became known, on the following day, to the Court, all proceedings in the case were stopped. But it was too late—at least, too late for the heart-broken mother. She could no more be affected by human agencies. She had suffered her last pang. Her fear, and sorrow, and pain were at an end for ever.

Charles Ruffin left Baltimore immediately after her death; I have never seen him since. He may yet be living. If so, wherever he is, he must bear about him a moral cancer that is eating daily and hourly into his heart. I would not have his consciousness for millions of worlds.

## SKETCHES OF TRAVEL—No. 3.

BY THOS. E. VAN BEBBER.

### THE PEDESTRIAN EXCURSION CONCLUDED.

I have already stated that the city of Ghent is situated in a country, which, though perfectly flat, is by no means uninteresting. It stands upon the confluence of four rivers, the Lys, the Scheldt, the Leive and the Moer, which by their various branches and ramifications divide it into 26 islands. When the city gates are closed, it would be difficult for an invading army to enter, as the town is then entirely surrounded by water. The traveller cannot walk three squares in any direction without meeting a canal, a river, or a dock, covered with vessels which are as round fore and aft as though they had been modelled after a Flemish beauty. And where there is so much water, there must necessarily in so considerable a city be many bridges; there are in fact as many as 78, of which 44 are in stone and 34 in wood. They are all constructed so as to turn upon pivots, and that by a mechanism so admirable that the very largest can easily be managed by one man. It has a very amphibious look, and in many parts a very fishy smell; the men are corpulent and waddling, the women round and rubicund.

I should never be done were I to attempt a description of all its curious antiquities. I might tell of the queer old gate which stands upon "*le marche aux poissons*;" where a time-worn statue of Neptune presides with his trident over a little kingdom of fish-women; I might enlarge upon the mammoth remains of the old *Chateau des Contes*, built in 808 by Baldwin, of the "iron arm," and

of which the loop-holed and turreted entrance is still to be seen, whilst the huge skeleton itself is completely girdled by a motley collection of shops and modern dwellings; I might relate of the *Marché de Venderdi*, where the citizens of Ghent in former times held their festivities and executions, their mobs and their rejoicings; I might dilate on the antique Abbey of St. Bavon with its singular little octagonal chapel, and its fountain whilome as efficacious in the cure of plagues and fevers.

I once met with a German professor who told me that it was one of his travelling canons never to visit antiquities and curiosities; but instead of wandering through picture-galleries, haunting old churches, and lingering among ruins, it was his custom to frequent coffee-houses, hotels, estamines and public gatherings. I believed him, for his countenance bore witness to the truths of the confession, and his complexion had become very nearly of the color of dark brandy. To an American, for the first time in Europe, old things appear often the newest; and he will very likely, whilst brooding over the mouldering ruins of the past, imbibe impressions which will color the current of his thoughts for the remainder of life.

In the Church of St. Michel I saw a picture which pleased me more on account of its subject than for the excellence of the execution, as showing one of the many singular legends which abound in the Romish religion. St. Hubert is seen with hounds and horns in the midst of a wild forest; the hunter-saint catches sight of a deer having upon his antlers a crucifix; whereupon he drops bow and arrows, falls on his knees and begins to worship, whilst his dogs, struck with sudden awe, give up the chase, hang down their heads and crouch at the feet of their master.

I must confess I am pleased with the pictures of the old Dutch and Flemish masters. For a household scene, a dance of peasants, a drinking-bout, a fish-market; for views of quiet ruminating cattle, for a breathing piece of real life, as life manifested in these quaint old times, give me a Dutch painter for ever. The very boors lose their boorishness, their lumpishness and vulgarity: the spotted cow stands lolling by the river-side, as though she enjoyed the music of her own echoes: the knife-grinder follows his low calling amid the enchanted illumination of sunset; torch, sun and moon-light, all add their peculiar sources of magic.

And even when the artist attempts subjects of a more lofty character there is a quaintness and naivete about his representations which captivates at the same time that it excites a smile. The Flemish cherubs are chubby-faced children, who, notwithstanding their wings, laugh, bawl and play just like other children. When the tortures of hell are depicted, we are presented with devils in every variety of form and occupation; some with their crooked nails scratch and tear the poor howling sinner; some gore and wound him with their boar-tusks; some coil around him in the shape of vast serpents; some hug him in their long ape-arms, all the while grinning and curling their tails; some lifting him on sharp hooks or forks, toss him into a boiling cauldron; some chain him to a wheel of fire, or

pour down his throat streams of red-hot iron. In all this there is something to strike the eye, however much it may offend the taste—something Dantesque and Gothic, smacking of the wild conceptions of the Middle Ages, and presenting to the mind the same sort of imagery with which we are so fascinated in the Divine comedy.

What traveller ever visited Ghent without going to see the celebrated Beguinage? At the time we visited it, it contained 700 saintly sisters. They may be said to live in a little town of their own; for it is surrounded with walls, divided into streets, possesses a church, and is governed by laws of its own. As the gates are left open all day, we found no difficulty in gaining admission, and it was with very peculiar emotions that we traversed this singular abode of the pious. There we found no noise of carriages, no bustle of business, no sounds of merriment, nothing to disturb their contemplations or their labors. About 7 P. M., they all assemble in their chapel to worship, where with outstretched hands and the whole head covered with a long white veil, they listen in a kneeling posture to vespers. As soon as the service is completed, each one takes her veil from her face, and folding it up very nicely after the fashion of a napkin, slings it on top of her head, performs her genuflections before the altar, and quietly walks out. Thus among this singular people, the solemn is ever tinged with the droll, and divine comedies, though no longer written in books, are daily enacted in their churches and convents.

Before closing this account of Ghent, I must say a few words concerning the Cathedral of St. Bavon. It is one of the most gorgeously ornamental edifices in the world. To begin with the pulpit. Imagine to yourself a tree most cunningly carved out of oak, with top branches spreading out and overarching the desk of the preacher. Immediately under the desk is a marble Time, with his usual accompaniments, wings, beard and an hour-glass. The steps which on either side lead up the pulpit, are supported by four beautiful cherubs. The whole forms a bizarre mixture of wood and marble, remarkable for the beauty of its workmanship and the elaborateness of its details.

This magnificent building has beneath it a vast crypt, which may be called a subterranean church, it having as many as fifteen chapels. Beneath its echoing aisles repose the bones of many distinguished individuals. Every Sunday, the children of the Sunday-school are taken down into these mournful cloisters of the dead, and, by the light of waxen tapers, are instructed in the mysteries of religion, and are taught to meditate upon the shortness of human life.

But of the splendor of the interior of the cathedral itself it would be difficult to convey any idea. The solemn aisles, the beautiful side-chapels, the gorgeous choir, the elegant pictures, the wonderful statues, all these strike the beholder with perfect amazement. The choir is so rich as to be somewhat overloaded. Four splendid candelabras taken from St. Paul's, in London, and once the property of Charles II., are stationed at the four corners. Four mausoleums, surmounted by as many statues of celebrated

bishops, carved out of the most costly marble, and finished with an uncommon degree of polish, add to the general magnificence. There can be seen the good Bishop Triest, looking up with reverence towards the Holy Cross; the fat Bishop Van den Bosh kneeling on a gorgeous cushion; the pious Bishop Allemont on his knees before the Virgin, whilst a skeleton stands grinning horribly behind him, and holding in its hand a scroll with the inscription, "Statutum est hominibus semel mori;" and, lastly, the dignified Bishop Charles Maes, reclining with all his pontifical garments about him, and looking as comfortable as though he were reposing on a sofa.

Around the sides are twelve pictures, which are such admirable imitations of *basso-relievo* in marble, that it requires more than one glance to be convinced that it is only a deception.

But I have already lingered too long about this captivating old city. At the end of the week we again strapped on our knapsacks, and started for Brussels, which we expected to reach in two days. Our feet, before so travel-worn and blistered, were now completely restored, and we trudged merrily along over a country not quite so flat as that we had hitherto seen in Belgium, but which was diversified with occasional undulations. We met everywhere with the same smiling faces which had greeted us ever since we had been in the dominions of King Leopold. We still continued to pass rosy maidens, and to be cheered with the sight of farms which equalled gardens in fertility. Our spirits became buoyant, so much so in fact that on one occasion they hurried us into the perpetration of a freak which was absolutely childish, and which many may consider far too silly to hold a place in such grave and instructive "Sketches of Travel." But at that time we were young and merry, and being utterly unable to maintain, for many miles in succession, a becoming dignity of deportment, we commenced with one accord to make faces at every man, woman and child we passed. This gave occasion to no small amount of laughter on both sides. The road was very crowded, so that we had an opportunity, every minute or two, of varying our powers of grimace and distortion. Such puckered lips, and twisted mouths, and squinting eyes, and swollen cheeks, as we presented in succession to the passers-by, may sometimes be seen in the wild chaos of dreams, but have seldom been witnessed in reality. Our young student of theology, Mr. L——e, on one occasion inflated his jaws (naturally very plump and round, and garnished with a pair of bushy whiskers) to such a tremendous extent that his appearance actually became appalling, and sundry squads of ragged children, who were hovering around us with the hope of getting a few coppers, incontinently took to their heels like a covey of young partridges in a harvest-field.

But once we were paid back in our own coin, and from a quarter, too, from which we least expected to receive anything in return. A tall, grim, old figure, with a basket in his hand and a long pipe in his mouth, came slowly marching towards us, puffing away with extreme gravity, and apparently totally indifferent to everything passing around him. A more imperturbable countenance could not be found in the whole extent of the Low

Countries. Except for the motion and the fumes of smoke, you might have taken him for a wooden man, incapable of any change of feature or movement of muscle. Upon this man we all three of us expended our very best efforts. But he, without appearing in the least to be taken by surprise, or excited either to mirth or anger, stopped suddenly short, pulled out his long pipe leisurely from his mouth, and when the last clouddlet of vapor had curled from his nose, he saluted us with a grimace so unexpected, so thoroughly original, so grotesquely hideous, so surpassing anything which fancy ever drew in her wildest portraiture, that we acknowledged ourselves vanquished, and were effectually cured from attempting the same thing in future. The man himself, as if nothing unusual had happened, and, without relaxing into the smallest approach to a smile, had no sooner completed his master-piece of distortion, than his features returned to their same wooden outlines, his pipe again found its way to his mouth, he went on his way puffingly, and we soon lost sight of him. We had started on our journey, as I have before stated, on the 1st of April, and we had at last become April-fools in downright earnest; and I confess, with some shame, that of all the wonderful sights which I saw during the course of my travels, that man's unimaginable grimace recurs oftenest to my memory.

The next day, about the time of sunset, we caught a distant view of Belgium's capital, where we were to lay aside our staves, and bring our pedestrian labors to an end. Beautifully, in the rosy evening, uprose the tall spire of the Hotel de Ville, and the commanding towers of St. Gudule. It could not be denied that the joints of our legs were not quite so supple and well-oiled as when we had left Paris, but we were in higher health and in finer spirits. The idea of entering a renowned city for the first time is always exhilarating, and we felt, as we approached our journey's end, as if, like Achilles, our heels were our only vulnerable point.

But, before bringing my narrative to a close, let us take a bird's-eye view of the city and its principal objects of interest. Brussels possesses a very marked duality or two-foldness. Side by side we have the New and the Old. It is like looking at "the new moon in the old moon's arms." It is like a young bride reposing beside an antiquated husband. It is like a library in which worm-eaten parchments and illuminated manuscripts are found in the same apartment with volumes in all the variety of modern binding and adornment. The union is a very pleasing one. Antiquity and Progress embrace each other. By walking a few squares you pass from the most modern imitation of Parisian splendor to the very heart of old "Flandersland." The one has its boulevards, its avenues, its palaces and its parks; the other its narrow, tortuous streets, its tall step-roofs, its grotesque gable-fronts, its antique town-hall, and its Gothic churches. In short, the city, like the statue of Janus, is double-faced, and with one face looks back into the past, and with the other forward into the future.

Though the metropolis of the Low Countries, a great part of the city stands upon a hill which



is both steep and lofty. From this elevation are obtained some beautiful prospects. The eye ranges over a succession of sharp-roofed old houses and weather-beaten towers, and reposes with delight upon distant fields and green hill-sides, surmounted by windmills, which move faster or slower, according to the state of the winds. In the park belonging to the royal palace, I was struck with a fine statue of a dog made of white marble, and placed under a tall tree; when viewed at night, it looks as though he were baying the moon. With one of the avenues of this park I was also much pleased on account of the view it affords;—you look through a long sylvan vista, upon the tall Gothic spire of the Hotel de Ville, which, from your not being able to see the building which supports it, looks as though it were poised with all its slender tracery in empty air. This park will, moreover, be ever dear to my memory, from the fact of my having there, for the first time, heard the song of the nightingale; for, whilst the crouching dog was paining the fancy with imaginary howlings, the living bird was charming the ear with most ravishing melody—not the only instance in which I have found a *real* pleasure, heightened by an *unreal* and visionary torment.

Why does not some enterprising bird-fancier import a few dozens of these delightful songsters, and also that of the favorite with the poets, the skylark, for the purpose of stocking the States? Is there anything in our climate to prevent them from thriving and multiplying?

I can recollect well the first occasion when the full grandeur of Shakspeare's genius flashed upon me. Before that, the god-like poet had always made his appearance as Jupiter did to Io, with his dazzling majesty veiled and shrouded. It was in Brussels that I first obtained a similar manifestation of the genius of Rubens. It was whilst standing before his Martyrdom of St. Levin, I saw before me the mangled limbs of the saint, enduring, with fainting body, but unflinching fortitude, the most barbarous tortures. I saw his lacerated flesh, his pallid face, his sinking, bleeding frame. I saw in the midst of all this, his front still unwrinkled and serene, his eye lambent with hope even in the hour of death. Around him stood a group of ruthless murderers: one had in his mouth a bloody knife; another was throwing to the dogs a piece of flesh which he has just torn from the body of the sufferer; another stood stroking down his long grizzled beard, and looking on with the morose gruffness of a demon. The ruffians! And does Heaven permit such barbarities, perpetrated upon a pious man, to go unpunished? Look up! behold the heavens open, and an angel flies down, armed with a thunderbolt. And already, as if blasted by the brightness of the celestial apparition, I see a figure of herculean mould, prostrate upon his face; whilst another, deformed, and Caliban-like, a vast unwieldy mass of flesh and blood, is reeling with unsteady steps, as if every moment about to tumble with a heavy fall to the earth.

If ever there was a picture calculated to seize the eye, and hold it captive, to fascinate and wildly stimulate the fancy, it is this. There is something about it Titanic, and which reminds

us of the Prometheus of Æscylus. What an intensity of moral brightness and blackness is here brought into startling contrast! Human nature is here exhibited in its most revolting and in its most celestial aspect; we have passions depicted, which link their possessor with the inmates of hell, and emotions portrayed which irradiate a human face with all the glories of Heaven. The imagination has a vivid glimpse into the two worlds of good and evil, of light and darkness, and at the same moment of time takes in both. What a depth of conception both upwards and downwards! A starveling dog, gloating on the flesh of a saint, and a winged messenger flashing confusion on a band of murderers!

The finest church in Brussels is that of St. Gudule. The pulpit is made of carved oak, and seems absolutely alive. Adam and Eve wandering mournfully out of Paradise, serve as a support for the preacher's desk; an angel is driving them along with a flaming sword. The trunk of a tree is seen behind, and on its branches, which spread out thick and far on either side, are perched animals of various kinds, many of them extremely grotesque, but all admirably executed. The eagle, with outstretched wings, ready for flight; the squirrel, on his hind legs, cracking nuts; chauncleer on a high bough, crowing with all his might, with his faithful hen by his side; the monkey, cramming his already stuffed jaws with an apple—all these, and many other such animals as we may suppose once clambered among the trees of the garden of Eden, are here represented to the life. So much for the lower part of the pulpit and its environs. Above, is a canopy formed by the upper branches of the tree of life. Around the tree itself an enormous serpent is twisted in many tortuous folds; his tail reaches to the root, and his head is bruised by the infant Jesus, who stands on top with the Holy Virgin. I have been thus minute in my description of this pulpit, because it struck me at the time as being extremely curious. How such an one would be stared at in this country! It looked to me like an oaken edition of Paradise Lost.

And with this I conclude my notice of Brussels, and the narrative of my Pedestrian Excursion from Paris to that city.

Ignorance, says the Dutchman, is a great substitute for paragonic. Show us a block-head, and we will show you a man who can sleep twelve hours out of a dozen. Before you can make men wakeful, you must make them intelligent. If we owned the fee simple of a railroad, we would consider no person fit for a switch-tender who didn't take four daily papers and a monthly.

"We wish," says the Presbyterian Quarterly Review, "that Mr. Dickens could be persuaded for once, if only for the sake of variety and truth to nature, to become acquainted with one decent minister, of any denomination, and give us his portrait as an offset to the disgusting hypocrites he delights to paint. Is there no such thing as an honest man in England preaching the Gospel?"

## INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

## COULDN'T BE CHOKED OFF.

The Clinton Courant tells a story of a rural philosopher, who had somewhat advanced in years without learning much of the mysteries of nature. What knowledge the old gentleman had gleaned was entirely independent science. He did not know whether a microscope was "something to eat or a new fangled farming machine." A young friend, fresh from school, once paid him a visit, and was very anxious to enlighten the old man on the wonders of the microscope, a specimen of which he carried about him. While the old philosopher was making a frugal meal in the field at noon, the youth produced his microscope, and explained its operation, which he illustrated by exhibiting its power upon several bugs and divers minute atoms of animate matters at hand. To his surprise, the aged pupil did not manifest much astonishment, and, stung by his indifference, he detailed to him how many scores of living creatures he devoured at every mouthful, and in each drop which quenched his thirst. At this his hearer was skeptical; to prove the fact the boy snatched from his hand a chunk of rich cheese which he was then devouring, and placing it under the magnifier, the mass of wriggling animalculæ was triumphantly pointed out.

The old man gazed upon the sight indifferently, and at length, with utmost nonchalance, took another huge bite.

"Don't," exclaimed the boy; "don't you see 'em! See 'em squirm and wriggle!"

"Let 'em wriggle!" said the old philosopher, munching away calmly, "they've got the worst on't: if they kin stan' it I kin," and he deliberately finished his meal.

## ANECDOTE OF A FAT MAN.

"Bridget," said a lady in the city of Gotham one morning, as she was reconnoitering in her kitchen, "what a quantity of soap grease you have got here. We can get plenty of soap for it, and we must exchange it for some. Watch for the fat man, and when he comes along, tell him I want to speak to him."

"Yes, mum," said Bridget.

All that morning, Bridget, between each whisk of her dish-cloth, kept a bright look out of the kitchen window, and no moving creature escaped her watchful gaze. At last her industry seemed about to be rewarded, for down the street came a large, portly gentleman, flourishing a cane, and looking the very picture of good humor. Sure, there's the fat man now, thought Bridget—and when he was in front of the house, out she flew and informed him that her mistress wished to spake to him.

"Speak to me, my good girl!" replied the old gentleman.

"Yes, sir, wants to spake to you, and says would you be good enough to walk in, sir?"

This request, so direct, was not to be refused; so in a state of some wonderment, up the steps went the gentleman, and up the stairs went Bridget, and knocking at the mistress' door, put her head in and exclaimed, "Fat gentleman's in the parlor, mum."

So saying, she instantly withdrew to the lower regions.

In the parlor, thought the lady. What can it mean? Bridget must have blundered—but down to the parlor she went, and up rose our fat friend, with his blandest smile and most graceful bow.

"Your servant informed me, madam, that you would like to speak to me—at your service, madam."

The mortified mistress saw the state of the case immediately, and a smile wreathed itself about her mouth in spite of herself as she said, "Will you pardon the terrible blunder of a raw Irish girl, my dear sir? I told her to call in the fat man to take away the soap grease, when she saw him, and she has made a mistake you see."

The jolly fat gentleman leaned back in his chair, and laughed such a hearty ha! ha! as never comes from any of your lean gentry.

"No apologies needed, madam," said he. "It is decidedly the best joke of the season. Ha! ha! ha! so she took me for the soap grease man, did she? It will keep me laughing for a month. Such a good joke!" And all up the street, and round the corner was heard the merry ha! ha! of the old gentleman, as he brought down his cane, every now and then, and exclaimed, "such a joke."

## "COULDN'T! COS HE SUNG SO!"

Leaning idly over a fence, a few days since, we noticed a little four-year-old "lord of the creation" amusing himself in the grass by watching the frolicsome flight of birds which were playing around him. At length a beautiful bobolink perched himself upon a drooping bough of an apple tree, which extended to within a few yards of the place where the urchin sat, and maintained his position, apparently unconscious of the close proximity to one whom birds usually consider a dangerous neighbor.

The boy seemed astonished at his impudence, and after regarding him steadily for a minute or two, obeying the instinct of his baser part, he picked up a stone lying at his feet, and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself carefully for a good aim. The little arm was reached backward without alarming the bird, and Bob was within an ace of damage, when, lo! his throat swelled, and forth came Nature's plea: "A link—a link—a l-i-n-k, bob-o-link, bob-o-link!—a-no-weet, a-no-weet! I know it—I know it!—a-link—a-link—a-link! don't throw it!—throw it, throw it," etc., etc. And he didn't. Slowly the little arm subsided to its natural position, and the despised stone dropped. The minstrel charmed the murderer! We heard the songster through, and watched his unharmed flight, as did the boy, with a sorrowful countenance. Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feelings, we approached him and inquired: "Why didn't you stone him, my boy? You might have killed him and carried him home." The poor little fellow looked up doubtfully, as though he suspected our meaning; and with an expression half shame and half sorrow, he replied: "Couldn't! cos he sung so!" Who will aver that music hath no charms to soothe the savage breast? Melody awakened Humanity, and Humanity—Mercy! The angels who sang at the Creation whispered to the child's heart. The bird was saved, and God was glorified by the deed.—Clinton Courant.

## VARIETIES.

Is Smith a common or proper name?

Why is a cow's tail like the letter F? Because it's the end of *beef*.

Why is an egg like a colt? Because it is not fit for use until it is broke.

Many come to bring their clothes to church rather than themselves.

"Is your watch a lever?" "Lever, yes. I have to leave her once a week at the watchmaker's for repairs."

The men who flatter women do not know them sufficiently, and the men who only abuse them, do not know them at all.

An exchange tells us of the sad case of a man who was shipwrecked, and cast upon an uninhabited island, without a shilling in his pocket!

An exchange paper has this advertisement: "Two sisters want washing." We hope they may be washed.

The less a man needs money, the more he worships it. Misers are always people with small appetites and no children.

"Mike, and is it yerself that can be afther telling me how they make ice crame?" "In truth I can—not they bake them in cowl'd ovens, to be sure."

The substance of the verdict of a recent coroner's jury on a man who died in a state of inebriation, was—"Death by hanging—round a rum-shop."

The Albany Knickerbocker lately received a letter, inquiring, among other things, whether pig iron was petrified pork, and if it was, which was the best way to cook it to make it juicy.

Talk much with any man of vigorous mind, and we acquire very fast the habit of looking at things in the same light, and on each occurrence we anticipate his thought.

Hats worn on the heads of a discourse—the bucket that hung in "All's well," and fragments of the man that burst into tears, are said to be the last curiosities found.

When a man takes a full morning bath, nine million mouths are open to thank him; for every pore of the skin has separate cause to be grateful for its daily ablution.

"How do you accomplish so much in so short a time?" said a friend to Sir Walter Raleigh. "When I have anything to do, I go and do it," was the reply.

"My German friend, how long have you been married?" "Vell, dis a thing that I seldom don't like to talk about, but ven I does, it seems to be so long that it never vas."

An exchange wisely remarks "that no dust affects the eyes so much as *gold dust*." We might also add, that no *glasses* affect the eyes more unfavorably than glasses of *brandy*.

Arithmetic is differently studied by fathers and sons; the first confining themselves to addition, and the second to subtraction.

The Boston Times says that Europe is "a very respectable quarter of the world; no doubt, but antiquated, and not so influential as formerly."

Grocers who sell sweet peas for "old government Java," should remember their latter end, and bear in mind that "Jordan is a hard road to travel." Things are not judged by their "labels" in the next world.

Prosperity too often has the same effect on a Christian that a calm sea has on a Dutch mariner, who, frequently, it is said, in those circumstances, ties up the rudder, gets drunk and goes to sleep.

"It's a beautiful tail, sure, that your honor's horse carries behind him," remarked Pat to a gentleman. "And doesn't everything that carries a tail, carry it behind?" was the reply. "No, your honor; a *cint*, sure, carries its tail on one side and its head on the other."

The pimples on a toper's face, (observes Will Winrow) are an old-fashioned sort of "spiritual manifestations." They cannot be said to come exactly from beyond the grave, but they show clearly that the "medium" is hurrying himself toward the grave.

To see a wasp-waisted young lady, in ringlets and an abundance of flounces, gracefully sail to the head of the table, and with a voice as angelic as a tenor flute, call to the waiter for a plate of cold pork and beans, is the most trying thing romance can encounter.

Johnson says he never was in a tight place but once, and that was when he had a mad bull by the tail. Had he held on, the bull would have dragged him to death over a stubble-field, while if he had not held on the critter would have turned round and gored him to death. The question now is, which did Johnson do—hold on or let go?

The true secret of earthly happiness is to enjoy pleasures as they arise; for that man who can keep his eye upon the bright present, while it is bright, tastes the cup of sweetness prepared for him; but we are prone to look forward to dark objects, while we should be enjoying those that are more agreeable.

The most beautiful flowers are those which are double, such as double pinks, double roses, and double dahlias. What an argument is this against the chilling deformity of single bedsteads! "Go marry," is written on everything beautiful that the eyes rest upon—beginning with birds of paradise, and leaving off with the apple blossoms.

"What is the reason that fellow is always indisposed at the moment he is wanted to sing?" inquired an Exeter Hallite, just as a sort of Sims Reeveian apology had been made for a popular singer. "Oh! it's easily accounted for," answered his tall neighbor; "when you think of the great airs he is continually giving himself, it's no wonder he so often catches cold."

## EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

## HOW MUCH SLEEP.

"Show us a man who sleeps twelve hours," says a cotemporary, "and we will show you a blockhead." The meaning of the writer, as we gather from the rest of his article, is that four or five hours' sleep is sufficient for any man. This, however, is an error. Differences of constitution require different quantities of sleep, for while one person is healthy on five hours' sleep, another requires eight. Generally speaking, individuals in whom the nervous organization predominates, need the largest amount of sleep; the wear and tear of brain being so great, while they are awake, that a proportionate excess of rest is demanded. Overtaking themselves, without adequate sleep, is to such persons premature death; for neuralgia, if not insanity, is sure to intervene, followed eventually by loss of life. For this class of individuals to endeavor to do with as little sleep as those differently constituted, is like expecting a cistern, fed by periodical rains only, to yield as inexhaustible supplies of water as a hydrant supplied from a public aqueduct. It is like looking for crops, when nothing is put on the land. It is exhausting vitality, in a word, and allowing no time for recuperation.

There are some persons, fortunately constituted, who, with a high nervous organization, yet require comparatively little sleep. Brougham is a living instance. Napoleon was a still more remarkable example. The great Emperor rarely slept five hours. In truth, he owed his wonderful success as much to his capacity to endure fatigue as to his genius, for he could outwork two ordinary men, if not more. Yet, after periods of immense and protracted exertion, he would sleep for nearly a day. Bourrienne, his secretary, relates that, after Napoleon returned from Russia, he slept eighteen hours, without waking. Very few intellectual men, however, could have performed Napoleon's quantity of work, at any time, with so little sleep. Laboring with the brain is even more exhausting than laboring with the muscles, and consequently demands as much repose for purposes of recuperation.

Nevertheless, there are persons with whom sleep has become a disease. They rise late, doze after dinner, nod in the evening, and, in fact, may be said never to be more than half awake. Such people kill themselves, in the end, as surely as if they had been deprived of needful sleep; for every vital function becomes torpid, life stagnates, and death at last carries off the victim.

The above from the Ledger is sensible. The same amount of sleep will rarely answer for any two persons. It is, therefore, an error to fix a certain number of hours' sleep as the needful amount in all cases. Peculiarities of constitution, as well as the employment in which a man is engaged, will always make a difference in this matter. For our own part, we rarely sleep less than eight hours in every twenty-four. Nature

seems to demand this long period of release from the incessant brain-work, such as it is, that fills so long a period in every day. Usually, our sleep is sound, and we dream but rarely. To the fact of going to bed at an early hour, and procuring sleep in the "midnight watches," we attribute the continued ability to pursue our work with undiminished mental powers, though with too perceptibly failing bodily vigor. How long we shall keep up is a problem a few years will solve. At present, we see no early prospect of release from the toiling oar. Thanks to eight hours of pretty sound sleep in every twenty-four, we have borne up wonderfully well so far, and hope to keep busy a good while longer.

Too little sleep will injure a man much quicker than too much sleep. In prolonging the hours of rest, the evil to be feared is, a lapsing into sluggishness.

## MAGAZINE LITERATURE.

Under this head, the editor of the *Macon Republican*, Tuscogee, Ala., gives the following defence of our Magazine literature.

"Two Sundays ago there was a Sabbath School celebration in this place, and Rev. D. P. B—— was the orator of the day. Mr. B—— is a minister of the B—— Church, and, we believe, President of one of the colleges in Marion. His fame as a speaker is as wide as the State, both as a preacher and a politician. Last year he was Elector on the whig Presidential ticket, and rendered the party good service in that capacity. He is said, also, to be unaffectedly pious, and a well-bred gentleman. We were delighted with his address on Sunday. It was positively an intellectual treat to hear him, and the audience (which was a large one, and nearly filled the Chapel of the East Alabama Female College) seemed to agree, perfectly, with us in our estimate of him who we had the pleasure of listening to. Nothing that we can say, however, can add to his extensive and most enviable reputation.

Our present object is to notice the remarks of Mr. B—— in regard to Magazine Literature. He estimated that sort of literature very lightly, and evidently considered the lighter magazines of the day "with a picture at the beginning, a song at the conclusion and a love-story in the middle," as unfit for the perusal of good people of any age, or of any size. Now, if Mr. B—— had in his mind, when he made the remarks referred to, such magazine literature as is contained in the *Southern Lady's Book*, *Graham's Magazine*, *Godey's Lady's Book*, and *Arthur's Home Magazine*, and two or three others that we could mention, we give it as our opinion that he is at least twenty years behind the age. We do not hesitate to say, that there is more mind employed in getting up one number of either of these works,

than is displayed in any half dozen volumes of sermons that has been published in the last half dozen years. Nor do we hesitate to say, and with equal confidence in the justness of our opinion, that the reading of one number of either of these works, will have a *better effect* upon any given number of minds, *taken promiscuously from society*, than the same amount of reading from any volume of sermons in Mr. B——'s library. Why, what is the character of that reading? Does Mr. B—— suppose that it is made up of love-sick tales, and false-sentimental songs? If he does, he was never more mistaken in his life. These works contain some of the best reading any where to be met with—instructing the understanding, purifying the affections, refining the taste, and exalting the imagination, as well as amusing the fancy. Some of the best lessons of household economy; of sweet, and gentle, and unobtrusive charity: of firm and faithful reliance on the goodness and justice of Providence, of Christian forbearance and resignation under insult and wrong—in short, some of the best lessons taught in the great charter of Christian belief, are here, in these magazines, illustrated, explained, made attractive, and enforced, with an efficiency and success not always attained by the teachings from the pulpit. Did Mr. B—— ever observe the names that grace the pages of these magazines? Some of the best and purest in the literature of our country. Irving, whose writings he so much admires, and which he recommended so strongly to the youth of our country, as the best purifier of the taste. Paulding and Kennedy, both of whom have alike adorned the literature of our country, and elevated our national character. Simms, whose name is illustrious as a novelist, historian, and poet. Bryant, Halleck, Buchanan Read, John Quincy Adams, T. S. Arthur, Prentice, Fay, Willis, and a host of writers of both sexes, who have actually made nearly all that we have of American literature. But we have not time or inclination, and perhaps not information properly to dwell on this theme. Mr. B——'s opinion is evidently formed upon insufficient observation. It is clear that he does not read the works which he condemns, and without doing it, how can he justly estimate their value?

It is not our purpose, of course, to depreciate the value of good sermons, or to exalt above their merit our popular pictorial magazines. But our purpose is simply to do justice to both. Both have a mission to perform in the renovation and purifying the world, and both, we believe, are performing that mission with great success. But the mission of neither one can be performed by the other. It does not become any one, therefore, to attempt to degrade either below what it merits, and whoever attempts it will find himself engaged in a very unprofitable business.

It is unnecessary to repeat that we were delighted with Mr. B——'s address as a whole, and sincerely regret that we have not an opportunity of hearing him more frequently."

We thank the editor of the Republican, in the name of our literary co-laborers, for the above manly defence of magazine literature, against the

condemnation of one who spoke unadvisedly, and from a prejudiced state of mind. He has left us little or nothing to say on the subject. Pulpit declamation should be more guarded; and clergymen, when they denounce a thing as hurtful to morality and religion, should be very sure that they have facts on their side.

#### FUTURE OF WOMEN.

In an article with this caption in a late number of the Christian Inquirer, of New York, we have found a number of observations which, as they seem the product of uncommon judiciousness and great maturity of thought, are well entitled to the consideration of parents, and of all who take an interest in the reformation and amelioration of society. We subjoin a few of the remarks which have appeared to us peculiarly interesting and suggestive.

"We feel no disposition to limit the sphere of woman. We would not speak harshly even of those who have over-stepped the ordinary limits of retired duty. Remembering the Miriams and Deborahs of old, we cannot join in the hue and cry that is always raised against any woman who feels moved by a genuine purpose to be as the prophetess of the time, and bear witness against predominating sins. Let the field be open, and genius and piety be shackled by no fetters. Yet with all allowances for remarkable cases, we must look to more retired scenes for the true sphere of woman. The home, the school, the church—these are the spheres of her best influence, and that, too, without violating the instincts of her nature.

"It is enough to sadden any thoughtful mind to know the deplorable ignorance of so many young women as to the essential dignity and utilities of home. Not to be harping always upon household labors, let us take what may be called a higher view. What is the chief grace and ornament of home? what is the crowning accomplishment in the mistress of the home, the queen of the social circle? Is it dress? no; for few care for showy apparel except she that wears it, and ribbons and laces have little to do with making home graceful or happy. Is it beauty? Even that soon becomes an old story, and is insipid enough if on the surface merely and not in the mind. The chief grace and ornament of home, the crowning accomplishment in her who should be the arbiter of the social circle, is CONVERSATION—conversation apt, sensible, kindly, and when need requires, brilliant and beautiful—the words fitly spoken, far better than any painting or embroidery, and like apples of gold in pictures

of silver. Some women there *are*, the splendor and wisdom of whose conversation makes their presence a benediction, and men wish that harp and piano should cease, that they might speak. But generally the power of conversation is entirely neglected, left to mere chance; and we will leave it to those most concerned in the matter to decide what are the chief topics of feminine conversation. \* \* With a little more care and discipline, the conversation of women would be worth more to their husbands, a thousand times over, than all the music and dancing and drawing neglected, left to mere chance; and we will leave it to those most concerned in the matter to decide what are the chief topics of feminine conversation. \* \* With a little more care and discipline, the conversation of women would be worth more to their husbands, a thousand times over, than all the music and dancing and drawing neglected, left to mere chance; and we will leave it to those most concerned in the matter to decide what are the chief topics of feminine conversation.

"Alas! that scarcely an hour is ever given to its culture, and no place is assigned to it in our systems of education. Let woman understand its power, and although a few shallow fops might deride her for eclipsing by her apt, good sense, their foolish words, she would have a power in the home and social circle that would save the most brilliant of the sex from desiring to stand at the bar or in the pulpit. New graces and charities would surround the family fireside, and society, no longer a crowd of *very juvenile* persons, who come together to dance and laugh and eat and drink, would be a centre of refinement, intelligence, high thought, cheerful spirit, exalted sentiment. To rescue society from its degradation is the office of her who is its great arbiter. To go to the rescue, the Gospel bids her, for a low tone of society is both the cause and the consequence of a low tone of morals and religion.

"Home is the great school, and woman the most powerful teacher therein. Let us not be thought assuming, then, in saying a word of exhortation to parents, teachers and all, who have the care of those who are to be the women of the rising age. Do you not habitually place before them a very false and artificial standard of character and reputation? Are you not educating them for creatures of sunshine, instead of making them equal to either fortune—for the dark as well as the bright day? Are you not wrong in making no adequate provision for those reverses of fortune which are so common in our country, and which so often make those who have not learned self-dependence, obliged to take care of themselves, or else be cringing guests in homes not their own, or the partners of men whom not love but money has made their husbands, in an adulterous although a legalized connection? In many a home where fashion sits supreme, and capricious maidens are indulged in contempt of utility, disregard of parental control, ridicule of those who cannot live in their idleness and dress in their gorgeous-

ness—in many homes such as this, are you not thoughtlessly planting the seeds that *must* bring forth a harvest of woes? Is not female education, as it usually is, one of the chief, if not the chief abuse of the age? There is *some* promise of a better day. Heaven speed its coming, and join beauty with utility, grace with wisdom!"

#### EUROPEAN SONG BIRDS.

Our friend, Mr. Van Bebber, in the present number of his admirable "Sketches of Travel," advocates the naturalization of the English nightingale, by importing a number of them, for the purpose of casting loose in our American forests. The suggestion is a happy one, and the experiment has already been tried upon a small scale; but it is a curious question with us, whether the emigrant birds would not lose their song in our climate. It seems to be a law of nature that in cool, moist, equable regions, the birds should be of homely plumage, but gifted with what musical critics would call "great powers of vocalization;" while in countries where the alternations of heat and cold are very great, and in all the torrid zones, the birds are of rare plumage, but have no song. With us there are no singing birds, so to speak, with the exception of two or three; while in Europe the leafy aisles ring constantly with one unceasing stream of enchanting melody. Indeed, there almost every bird common to the woods and fields is a bird of song. The nightingale, cuckoo, lark, thrush, black bird, goldfinch, robin, wren, titmouse, and even the sparrow, are feathered musicians, whose desultory strains add a charm to "field and fell, and woodland dell," to which the traveller, especially if he be from the land of silent forests, often recurs in after times, and as constantly regrets that his own magnificent country is barren of so endless a source of natural delight. If European song birds could be acclimated here, a greater benefit could not be bestowed upon our rural population than by the importation of these feathered minstrels in large numbers.

The humanizing tendencies of song birds, by reason of their operating insensibly and through a long period of time, are difficult to appreciate; yet there can be no question of doubt that they form no unimportant link in that chain of associations which binds the peasant and the yeoman to the land of their nativity, and renders their love of country oftentimes stronger than the oppression which would otherwise cancel it.

We regard the experiment well worth trying, inasmuch, as if successful, it would be productive of happy influences, but we should like to see it embrace all the song birds common to Europe.



Fanciful as the whole affair may appear at first glance, it is nevertheless fraught with more elements of real good, than we can confidently attribute to certain philanthropic schemes which many earnest, well-meaning men advocate at the present day. We believe that those emigrants who are pouring into our country, day by day, in such large and constantly increasing numbers, would feel their removal into a strange land far less, and would sooner assimilate to its habits and customs, if they were familiarized to their new homes by the daily welcome of birds, whose songs they have been accustomed to hear from the windows of the rustic cottage, which overlooked some winding tributary to the Thames, the Rhine, the Shannon, or the Clyde.

If little children, wandering by the low bushes which skirt our water courses, even now delight to listen, with a tiny finger pressed upon their lips, to the changeable song of the mocking bird, how much more would they be charmed to hear the mellow notes of the cuckoo, the liquid strains of the nightingale, or the wonderful outgoings of the meadow lark, which, rising from its nest in the wheat field, wings its way upward and upward, showering out as it goes, a perfect rain of melody, audible to the entranced listener long after the ascending minstrel has passed beyond the range of human vision, and is nearing the gates of the morning?

#### OUR FUTURE POPULATION.

A few days ago, in glancing over a column of items of intelligence in one of our favorite papers, we very suddenly paused. The little item of news which caused this sudden arrest of our attention to the contents of the paper before us, and directed our thoughts to a question suggested at the moment, was simply this:—"There are now about twenty-two thousand Chinamen in California." This brief announcement brought us to a dead pause in reading, and started us out on a train of thinking. Twenty-two thousand foreigners wholly ignorant of our language, our customs, our religion, our political institutions, already among us, and in a short time likely to claim the privilege of citizenship; and thousands more likely soon to follow them! What, we asked ourselves, what is to be the end of this wonderful addition to our population from various foreign sources—from China, from Ireland, from England, from Germany and various other countries in Europe? They are coming upon us by thousands every month. Some, as those from China, are altogether pagan, and others, though nominally Christian, are little better, so far as a

knowledge of the Bible or a possession of its spirit, are concerned. Some come with prejudices against our political and social institutions, being taught that these are inimical to the allegiance which they owe elsewhere: and with the great majority of them it must take many long years of observation, thought and discussion, ere they can thoroughly appreciate our institutions, or understand those questions which every voter should understand as he does something towards a final determination of them. And yet, in a few years, these thousands on thousands of foreigners will be fellow-citizens, fellow-voters and fellow-jurors, taking a part in making and administering the laws of this great Republic. Considering what powers they will soon be entitled to exercise, what influences unfriendly to Republicanism are industriously brought to bear upon a part of them, what a great privilege and responsibility that of citizenship here is, we cannot look upon the advent of large additions to our population without some fear and alarm—without a feeling that we can hardly escape some of the evils impending over us.

#### DOINGS IN LIBERIA.

The colored republicans of Liberia, in solemn scorn of Vattel, and with a happy ignorance of international law, have been proceeding against a refractory native chief, by the name of Boombo, after a fashion of their own. It appears that this Boombo, in a paroxysm of African ferocity, had led his warriors against various neighboring tribes, carrying their towns by storm, massacring their inhabitants, and carrying off in barbarian triumph much plunder and many captives. These savage acts were perpetrated upon inoffensive and friendly tribes, in direct contravention of an existing treaty with the Republic of Liberia, some of whose merchants suffered considerable loss in goods. Having thus an admirable "*casus belli*," President Roberts ordered an armed detachment to proceed into the enemy's country, and arrest the rebel chief whose organs of destructiveness were so strongly developed. The expedition was quite successful. Boombo was taken prisoner with an ease that is remarkable, considering the bloody character of his late exploits. The subsequent proceedings of the colored republicans are rather at variance with common usage. Had Boombo been an Affghan, or Burmah prince, who had fallen into the hands of the English, they would have formally declared his estates forfeited, and have annexed his principality to their former acquisitions. But our Liberian friends have a way of

their own in these matters, and we do not know but that it is quite as good as any other, even though it is not laid down in Vattel. They indict Boombo, in the Court of Quarter Sessions, for high misdemeanor, as they would any other felon, and after examining witnesses in proof of the facts alleged against him, the Attorney-General, assisted by William Draper, Esq., of Grand Bassa, elaborately argued the guilt of the prisoner, while Messrs. Harris and Phillips, with equal talent, tact and ingenuity, appeared in behalf of Boombo, and "did all that honest and patriotic men could do under the circumstances." Happily for justice, their eloquence was of no avail; and Boombo was found guilty on each count. He was sentenced to restore the goods stolen, or indemnify the losers, to pay a fine of *fifty thousand dollars*, and suffer an imprisonment of two years. When this judgment was pronounced, Boombo proved himself more of the savage than the hero, for he cried bitterly.

#### HIIS WIFE WROTE A BOOK.

The fair author of "Shady Side," a Mrs. Hubbell, of Avon, Conn., drew portraits in her interesting book, whether from imagination or from life-sitters we know not, which, being recognized as belonging to certain originals, occasioned no little excitement in her immediate vicinity. The Independent tells the story, which we copy:—

"Rev. Mr. Hubbell, of Avon, Conn., has lately been dismissed from his pastoral charge of the congregation whose minister he has been for the last thirteen years. And what was the occasion of his dismissal? Any heresy in faith, or any conduct inconsistent with the Christian or clerical profession? Not at all. It was simply because his wife has written a book of such interest and power as to cause her name to be spoken along with that of Mrs. Stowe. We betray no secret in saying that Mrs. Hubbell is the authoress of that touching and impressive book, 'Shady Side,' of which we have lately spoken. The good people of Avon, however, would have it that some of themselves had sat for sundry most life-like portraits in the volume; and the painter, while successful in pleasing all outside that little town, appears to have almost as generally offended those living within it. But what to do with a *woman*, and one who had simply written a book, and that, too, so universally admired, was a question not so easy of solution. But the solution shortly comes. She is the wife of a minister, who, of course, may be made the object of attack on the slightest pretext, and *he* cannot escape. He is guilty, if not of heresy, of having a wife who is a genius, the next worst thing to witchcraft. A council is convened, and the pastor, who has been faithful in his office for thirteen years, is dismissed because his wife has had the audacity to write a book which thousands have read with tears, and which the dis-

mission from Avon will cause thousands more to read.

"We are happy to add that Mr. Hubbell has been invited already to assume the pastoral charge in an eligible place, North Stonington, Conn."

If every clergyman's wife were to publish her experiences, or dare to speak out plainly as she thinks and feels, there would be trouble in a great many other congregations. It is a very difficult thing to portray evils, wrongs, and petty vices, in any class, without giving deep offence; and whoever ventures upon this species of writing will be very fortunate if bitter enemies are not the consequence of his temerity. Hold a man up to public contempt or ridicule, and you must not hope to be forgiven.

#### A HAPPY MAN.

The original of the following picture of a happy man, drawn recently by Theodore Parker in one of his sermons, is said to be a highly esteemed resident of Newton, Mass. There ought to be a great many more just such happy men in our country, but we are afraid there are not.

"The happiest man I have ever known is one far enough from being rich, in money, and one who will never be very much nearer to it. His calling fits him, and he likes it, rejoices in its process as much as in its result. He has an active mind, well filled. He reads and he thinks. He tends his garden before sunrise, every morning—then rides sundry miles by the rail—does his ten hours' work in the town—whence he returns happy and cheerful. With his own smile he catches the earliest smile of the morning, plucks the first rose of his garden, and goes to his work with the little flower in his hand and a great one blossoming out of his heart. He runs over with charity, as a cloud with rain; and it is with him as with the cloud—what coming from the cloud is rain to the meadows; is a rainbow of glories to the cloud that pours it out. The happiness of the affections fills up the good man, and he runs over with friendship and love—connubial, parental, filial, friendly, too, and philanthropic, besides. His life is a perpetual 'trap to catch a sunbeam'—and it always 'springs' and takes it in. I know no man who gets more out of life; and the secret of it is, that he does his duty to himself, to his brother, and to his God. I know rich men and learned men—men of great social position; and if there is genius in America, I know that—but a *happier man* I have never known."

#### MATERNAL INSTRUCTION.

Our beautiful steel engraving, for September, presents a scene that must win its way to every mother's heart. It is a sweet home picture, and full of pleasing interest. Look at the patient mother, the dear, earnest, wee scholar, and the loving sister with her thoughtful countenance. We will not ask you to take the group into your heart. It has found its way there already.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

— *The Wigwam and the Cabin; or, Tales of the South.* By William Gilmore Simms. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1st series.—*Norman Maurice. An American Drama.* By William Gilmore Simms. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. We have already welcomed, in previous numbers of the Gazette, this republication in handsome form of the works of Simms, by the enterprising house of Lippincott, Grambo & Co. We regard Mr. Simms as one of the foremost of our American writers; not only because the staple of his novels and principal poetical contributions, is purely national; but also by reason of his general vigor of intellectual grasp, his admirable sketches of Southern character, his remarkable fertility, and the great range and variety of his acquirements. The volume published under the general title of "the Wigwam and the Cabin," consists of a collection of tales from magazines and annuals. They are all ably written, and some of them of intense interest. The drama of Norman Maurice, exhibits the dramatic powers of Mr. Simms in a very favorable light, and while never rising to the higher range of poetry, is full of bold and vigorous thoughts natural to the characters delineated. The incidents are, perhaps, rather too melo-dramatic, and if we were to find any fault at all, it would be with the denouements of "The Snake of the Cabin," in the sketches; and of that of "Norman Maurice." Whether the summary death of the bigamist and kidnapper by the hands of a negro in the one; or that of Warren, by the distracted wife of Norman Maurice, could be justified by the laws of morality, we leave for casuists to determine. These, if blemishes, are but minor ones, and are far overborne by the numerous excellencies which are to be found scattered throughout the writings of this author.

— *The Sword and the Distaff; or, Fair, Fat and Forty.* By William Gilmore Simms. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. We are gratified to find the works of one of the best American novelists, issued by a publishing house capable of doing them justice, and in a style worthy of their merits. Of all our writers, Simms is, perhaps the most intensely American, and taken all in all, we question whether we have among us, at the present day, his superior, especially in stories that relate to Southern life, and to the Revolutionary period of our history. Perhaps no American author possesses more industry and energy of character than Simms. As historian, novelist, poet and essayist, he has been before the public so many years, that his printed works have become voluminous. Some of these are the very best of their kind, and all of them are characterised by a greater or less degree of excellence. It should be

a marked feature in our estimate of Simms as a writer, that we should take into consideration *how much* he has done, the variety of his studies, and the general excellence of all he has given to the public. "The Sword and the Distaff," as a picture of Southern manners, and a most perfect daguerreotype of the language and habits of Southern negroes, is equal to anything that Simms has written. Porgy, with all his good traits, we do not like. The corporal, though selfish and unamiable, is well and naturally drawn, and the widow Eveleigh beyond all praise.

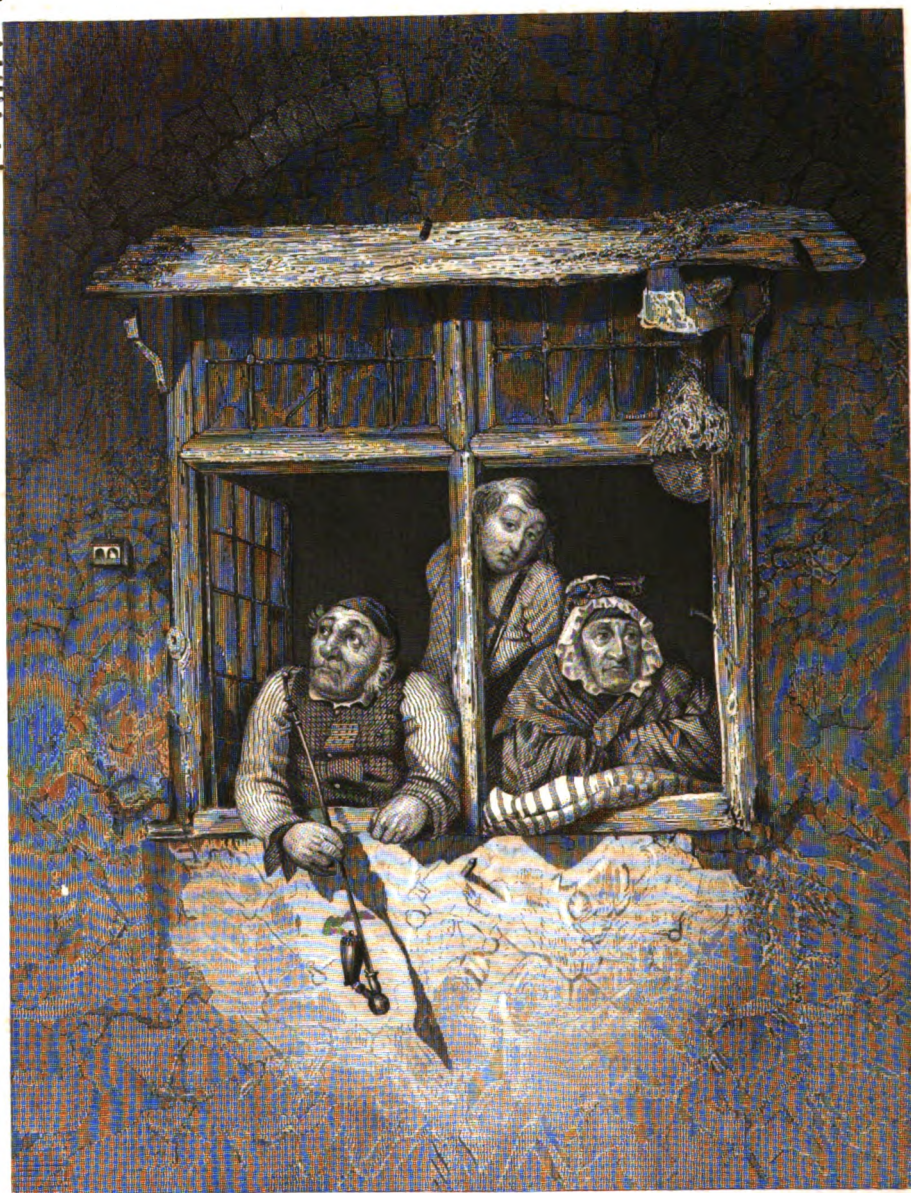
— *Wonders of the Insect World. With illustrative engravings.* By Francis C. Woodworth. New York: D. Austin Woodworth. There is no better caterer for the young folks than Francis C. Woodworth. Having studied the wants of youth, he has entered most thoroughly into their feelings, and selected, and condensed, and written for them, "con amore." Take up one of his books for youth, and you find it neither dull, prosy, nor commonplace. His "Wonders of the Insect World" is an illustration of how easily a judicious person can blend amusement with instruction. Full of facts in natural history, they are yet so presented as to carry with them that kind of interest which makes a lasting impression upon the youthful mind. There is no safer guide, whether as writer or collater of stories for youth, than Francis C. Woodworth.

— *The United States Illustrated, in Views of City and Country, with Descriptive and Historical Articles.* Edited by Charles A. Dana. Vol. 1, Part 2d. *The West.* New York: Hermann J. Meyer. We have already spoken in high terms of this capital national work, and can only reiterate our commendation. The plates are admirably executed, and the accompanying letter-press well and lucidly written.

— *The Works of Shakspeare, reprinted from the Corrected Folio of 1632.* Edited by J. Payne Collier, Esq. Part 6th. New York: Redfield. We need not say that this edition will be the only correct edition of Shakspeare's works ever issued in this country; the twenty thousand manuscript corrections lately discovered by Mr. Collier, having been incorporated into the body of the text.

— *Passion and Principle. A Domestic Novel.* By Mrs. Gray. New York: Bunce & Brother. (For sale by T. B. Peterson.) It is always safe to recommend a novel by Mrs. Gray, since we well know that it illustrates moral principles by examples admirably wrought, and inculcates no lesson but what tends to purify and instruct. In the present work, the evils arising from unrestrained passions are presented as a warning, the ill-regulated temper of the girl being productive of bitter misery to the wife.

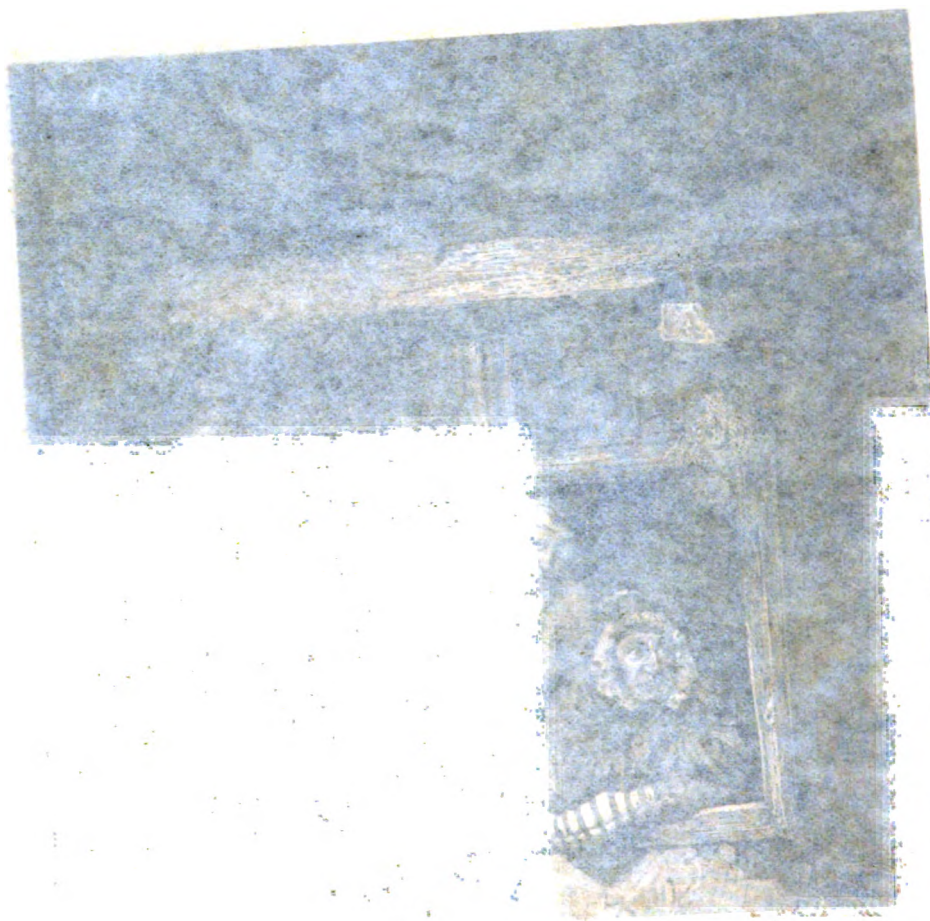
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THE WEATHER PROPHECY.







THE WEATHER PROPHECY.



THE VINTAGE.

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BLACKBERRYING.

See page 305.

# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: OCTOBER, 1853.



## OCTOBER.

"Of all the months that crown the year,  
Give April unto me."

So sung the poet. But Spring, with her fitful smiles and tears, we like not half so well as serene October. At no time is the landscape so beautiful in our eyes. And when the dreamy Indian Summer comes, how pleasant to go forth among the fields—to linger in the many colored woods, and listen to the subdued, but eloquent voices of nature! The leaf comes rustling to your feet; the flower shrinks withering to its

stem, or scatters its faded petals over the ground, yet, you know that the leaves and flowers are not lost—that they will come again with a fresher greenness and sweeter fragrance.

In the pleasant morning, with what an elastic step you clamber the hill side, or go tripping over the brook, bearing your forehead to the cool airs, and drinking in beauty and health. And when, wearied at last, you sit down on some rocky ledge, comes not up from the record of memory, these exquisite lines of Bryant, in which you



recognize a deeper meaning than was ever apparent before:—

OCTOBER.

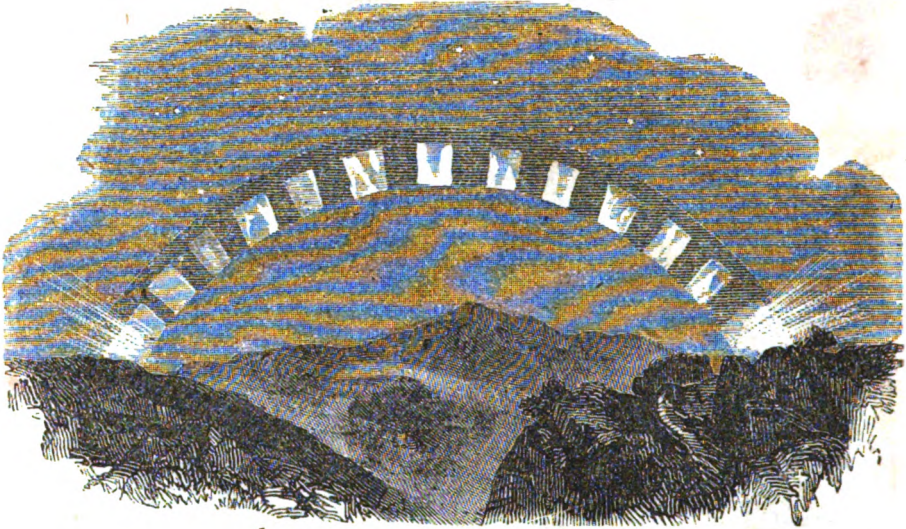
Ay, thou art welcome, heaven's delicious breath!  
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,  
And suns grow weak, and the weak suns grow  
brief,  
And the year smiles as it draws near its death,  
Wind of the sunny South! Oh, still delay

In the gay woods and in the golden air,  
Like to a good old age, released from care,  
Journeying in long serenity, away.

In such a bright, late quiet, would that I  
Might wear out life like thee, 'mid bowers and  
brooks

And, dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,  
And music of kind voices, ever nigh;

And when my last sand twinkled in the glass,  
Pass silently from men, as thou dost pass.



### AURORA BOREALIS.

Of all optical phenomena, the Aurora Borealis, or the Northern day-break, is one of the most striking, especially in the regions where its full glory is revealed. The site of the appearance, in the north part of the heavens, and its close resemblance to the aspect of the sky before sunrise, have originated the name. The "Derwentwater Lights" was long the appellation common in the north of England, owing to their display on the night after the execution of the unfortunate Earl of that name.

The appearances exhibited by the Aurora are so various as to render it impossible to comprehend every particular in a description that must be necessarily brief and general. A cloud, or haze, is commonly seen in the Northern region of the heavens, but often bearing toward the East or West, assuming the form of an arc, seldom attaining a greater altitude than 40 degrees, but varying in extent from 5 to 100 degrees. The upper edge of the cloud is luminous, sometimes brilliant and irregular. The lower part is frequently dark and thick, with the clear sky appearing between it and the horizon. Streams of light shoot up in columnar forms from the upper part of the cloud, now extending but a few degrees, then as far as the zenith, and even beyond it. Instances occur in which the whole hemisphere is covered with these coruscations; but the brilliancy is the greatest, and the light the strongest in the North, near the main body of the

meteor. The streamers have in general a tremulous motion, and when close together present the appearance of waves, or sheets of light, following each other in rapid succession. But no rule obtains with reference to these streaks, which have acquired the name of "the merry dancers," from their volatility, becoming more quick in their motions in stormy weather, as if sympathizing with the wildness of the blast. Such is the extraordinary aspect they present, that it is not surprising the rude Indians should gaze upon them as the spirits of their fathers roaming through the land of souls. They are variously white, pale red, or of a deep blood color; and sometimes the appearance of the whole rainbow as to hue is presented. When several streamers emerging from different points unite at the zenith, a small and dense meteor is formed, which seems to burn with greater violence than the separate parts, and glows with a green, blue, or purple light. The display is over sometimes in a few minutes, or continues for hours, or through the whole night, and appears for several nights in succession. Captain Beechey remarked a sudden illumination to occur at one extremity of the auroral arch, the light passing along the belt with a tremulous, hesitating movement toward the opposite end, exhibiting the colors of the rainbow; and as an illustration of this appearance, he refers to that presented by the rays of some molluscous animals in motion. Captain Parry notices the same effect as a common

one with the Aurora, and compares it, as far as its motion is concerned, to a person holding a long ribbon by one end, and giving it an undulatory movement through its whole length, though its general position remains the same. Captain Sabine likewise speaks of the arch being bent into convulsions, resembling those of a snake. Both Parry, Franklin, and Beechey, agree in the observation that no streamers were ever noticed shooting downward from the arch.

The preceding statement refers to the Aurora in high Northern latitudes, where the full magnificence of the phenomenon is displayed. It forms a fine compensation for the long and dreary night to which these regions are subject, the gay and varying aspect of the heavens contrasting refreshingly with the repelling and monotonous appearance of the earth. We have already stated that the direction in which the Aurora generally makes its first appearance, or the quarter in which the arch formed by this meteor is usually seen, is to the Northward. But this does not hold good of very high latitudes, for by the expeditions which have wintered in the ice, it was almost always seen to the Southward, while by Captain Beechey, in the Blossom, in Kotzerne Sound, 250 miles to the Southward of the ice, it was always observed in a Northern direction. It would appear, therefore, from this fact, that the margin of the region of packed ice is most favorable to the production of the meteor. The reports of the Greenland ships confirm this idea; for, according to their concurrent testimony, the meteoric display has a more brilliant aspect to vessels passing near the situation of the compact ice, than to others entered far within it. Instances, however, are not wanting of the Aurora appearing to the South of the zenith in comparatively low latitudes. Lieutenant Chappell, in his voyage to Hudson's Bay, speaks of its forming in the zenith, in a shape resembling that of an umbrella, pouring down streams of light from all parts of its periphery, which fell vertically over the hemisphere in every direction. As we retire from the Pole, the phenomenon becomes a rarer occurrence, and is less perfectly and distinctly developed. In September, 1828, it was observed in England as a vast arch of silvery light, extending over nearly the whole of the heavens, transient gleams of light separating from the main body of the luminosity; but in September, 1827, its hues were red and brilliant. Dr. Dalton has furnished the following account of an Aurora, as observed by him on the 15th of October, 1792:—"Attention," he remarks, "was first excited by a remarkably red appearance of the clouds to the South, which afforded sufficient light to read by at 8 o'clock in the evening, though there was no moon nor light in the North. From half-past nine to ten there was a large, luminous, horizontal arch to the Southward, and several faint concentric arches Northward. It was particularly noticed that all the arches seemed exactly bisected by the plain of the magnetic meridian. At half-past ten o'clock streamers appeared, very low in the South-east, running to and fro from West to East. They increased in number, and began to approach the zenith apparently with an accelerated velocity, when all on a sudden the whole hemisphere was

covered with them, and exhibited such an appearance as surpasses all description. The intensity of the light, the prodigious number and volatility of the beams, the grand intermixture of all the prismatic colors in their utmost splendor, variegating the glowing canopy with the most luxuriant and enchanting scenery, afforded an awful, but at the same time the most pleasing and sublime spectacle in nature. Every one gazed with astonishment, but the uncommon grandeur of the scene only lasted one minute. The variety of colors disappeared, and the beams lost their lateral motion, and were converted into the flashing radiations. The Aurora continued for several hours."

A correspondent of the *National Intelligencer*, writing over a year since, offers the following remarks on the causes of the Aurora. He says:

"A vast number of theories and hypotheses have engaged the attention and ingenuity of philosophers regarding the Aurora Borealis. Among other things, it has been ascribed to particles thrown off from the sun's atmosphere, to reflections of the sun upon the polar ices, to broken up comets and to electricity in vacuo; while in an earlier age it awakened superstitious terrors, being deemed ominous of war, pestilence and famine, and a fearful supernatural precursor of the Day of Judgment.

"The revelations of science have brushed away those delusions, and late experiments and discoveries show that it is an atmospherical phenomena, that all the elements necessary to account for it exist in the air, and are regulated and governed by atmospherical laws, as plainly as the rainbow, or the hues which glow in the evening sky.

"The basis or 'substrate' of the Aurora is unmistakably a light, thin, transparent vapor, approaching the condition of the cloud, called Cirrus, by meteorologists—each stratum peculiarly susceptible of magnetic influences.

"Mr. Faraday, in his recent explanation of the power and force of electro-magnetism, states that 'the magnetic force invests the earth from pole to pole, rising in one hemisphere, and passing over the equatorial regions into the other hemisphere, which completes its circuit of power.'

"These 'lines of magnetic force' rise at greater angles in the high than in the equatorial latitudes. In the higher latitudes they encounter, and act upon, and irradiate the vaporous media which form the basis of the Aurora Borealis—while the coruscations—the fantastic motions—the sunny hues—the almost heat lightning glances, and the prismatic colors, are due to the electro-magnetic light reflected on the watery part of the vapor, and the chemical agitations of the elements in the mysterious meteorological processes.

"It appears from the foregoing data that the Aurora Borealis consists of a translucent humid vapor, analogous to and not higher than the clouds; inflated, condensed, spread abroad and otherwise modified by gases and chemical affinities, and illuminated by a 'meteorological process evolving Electro-Magnetic Light.'"

A man is in the sight of God what his habitual and cherished wishes are.





### THE MACCARONI EATER.

I think, says F. C. Woodworth, in his notes of travel in Italy, beggars are more plenty in Naples than any other Italian city I visited. That's saying a good deal, I am quite well aware, and possibly it is saying a little too much. It may be that Rome will consider herself entitled to the palm in this respect. If so, rather than be at the expense of having the census of the *lazzaroni* population taken in the two cities, so as to be enabled to decide the case accurately, I would yield so far as to acknowledge that there were six beggars in one city to every half-dozen in the other.

Many of the *lazzaroni* of Naples, I am sorry to say, do not scruple to steal a little, now and then, if they do not get a competent support by begging. One day I took a long promenade in the city, and visited portions of it where I never had been before. I was soon lost, but I did not care for that. I wandered on, intent only on seeing what sights of interest there were to be seen, well knowing that when I wished to find my way out of that labyrinth of short, narrow, dirty lanes, I could easily do so by means of one of the cabs which abound in every part of the city. Well, I saw quite strange, curious sights, though I had to pay for them rather more dearly than I anticipated. Several beggars, that

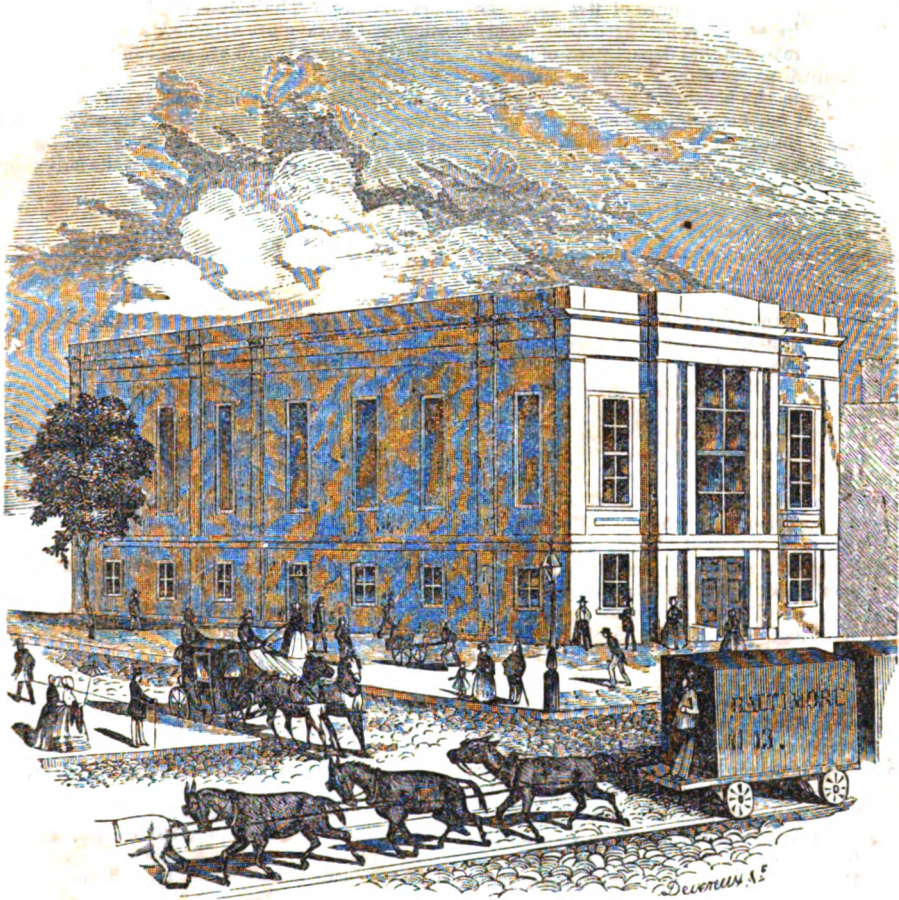
looked as if they might have been cannibals, (though there is an old and I suppose a good adage that "you should never hang a man for his looks") accosted me at different times, and one or two of them, I recollected afterwards, approached pretty near me before I could get out of their way. I had in my coat pocket, when I went into that district, a new silk handkerchief, one which I had purchased in Europe, and which, consequently, I valued very highly. But when, after emerging from that district, I felt for the handkerchief, behold it was gone! Some beggar had filched it from my pocket. My loss, I suppose, may be regarded as an illustration of the fact that all valuable knowledge is more or less expensive.

A curious set of people are the *maccaroni-eaters*. "But does not everybody eat macaroni in southern Italy?" you ask. Yes, almost everybody. "Then why do you call a particular class of people *maccaroni-eaters*? why not call them all so?" I will tell you. There are certain people, of both sexes—generally men rather than women, though—who eat macaroni for the amusement of spectators. You will find them at every corner, almost; and if you wish to see an exhibition of their inimitable skill, you pay a *grano* or two (not more than a couple of cents general-



ly) for a dish of macaroni; the *professor* takes it, and in an almost incredibly brief space of time, it disappears. Your macaroni-eater is very primitive in his habits. With him, such a thing as a knife, fork, or spoon, is quite superfluous. "But, did you pay for such an exhibition as this?" Candor compels me to reply that

I did. I confess to having invested the sum of two cents in macaroni, which a half-starved fellow ate, in his best style, for my edification and his own. If you will promise not to laugh at me for the investment aforesaid, I will give you a portrait of this macaroni-eater, in the very act of performing the feat.



### THE ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES.

The "Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia" was formed on the 25th of January, 1812, and incorporated by an act of the Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania, on the 24th of March, 1817.

The object of the Institution is to cultivate the Natural Sciences exclusively, and to diffuse a knowledge of them amongst the people. Of the 409,000 inhabitants of Philadelphia, about 150 only are now engaged in this laudable enterprise, which is little known and little understood by the community. Its members include representatives of almost all vocations; clergymen, physicians, lawyers, merchants and mechanics, who devote simply leisure moments to the study of natural history. For this purpose they have formed a

museum and library of books on the natural sciences and on the arts. At this time, the museum contains nearly 150,000 objects of natural history, and the library almost 14,000 volumes.

The "Hall of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia" is forty-five feet front on Broad street, and one hundred and fifteen feet on George street, with an elevation of fifty feet. The style of architecture is plain and unpretending; and, as already intimated, the exterior remains unfinished for want of funds, all the resources of the Society being required to meet the current expenses incurred for preserving the objects in the museum, binding, books, warming and lighting, etc. etc.

The visitor is admitted at a door on Broad

street, and ascends a flight of stairs, on the left hand as he enters the vestibule. He finds himself in a spacious saloon, one hundred and ten feet in length and forty-two feet broad, lighted from the roof and tall windows at the east and west extremities. Three ranges of galleries, supported on light and graceful iron columns, surround the apartment. The walls are hidden by glass-cases, filled almost to overflowing with specimens of natural history. Three ranges of flat cases occupy the floor, in which are arranged fossil organic remains, illustrative of that department of natural science termed palæontology. The American specimens are in the southern, and the foreign in the middle and northern range of cases; the whole constituting a collection of more than 60,000 individual specimens. Among them are some of great rarity and interest. There are several of those gigantic fish-lizards, called ichthyosaurians, imbedded in massive limestone; teeth and bones of the mastodon, of elephants, of an extinct species of bird, found in New Zealand, called the *Dinornis*; impressions of coal-plants, etc. etc. On the southern side of the hall is a collection of skeletons and parts of skeletons of mammals, birds, reptiles and fishes; and the extraordinary collection of human skulls, brought together here from all parts of the world, by the late Dr. Samuel George Morton, so extensively known for his publications in various departments of the history of the human race. On the northern side is a collection of mammals, representing about 200 species of the various quadrupeds. The cases on the galleries are occupied by the extraordinary collection of birds, which is three times more extensive than that of the British Museum: it contains at this time 27,000 specimens, of which no less than 22,000 are labeled and beautifully mounted, and as well displayed as the want of space will permit. Among the mammals are a specimen of the polar bear, obtained during the voyage recently made under the command of Capt. De Haven, in search of Sir John Franklin, and a fine male specimen of the Rocky Mountain sheep, a very rare animal, this being, it is believed, the second specimen ever brought to this city; the first was obtained by Capt. Lewis, during his famous expedition with Clarke to the Rocky Mountains, more than thirty-five years ago.

Besides the collections alluded to, there are others of great interest which are not exhibited for want of space. The collection of crustaceans or crabs, and that of reptiles, are equal to any in Europe. The specimens of shells number 25,000; and of minerals more than 4000; but they are not at present accessible to the public for want of room to display them. The herbarium or hortus siccus, contains 46,000 species of plants.

The value of the library is not easily estimated by the number of its volumes. It contains many works which are not possessed by any other library in the United States; and on this account is oftener visited by scientific men from a distance.

The Society meets every Tuesday evening throughout the year; and publishes periodically a journal of its proceedings, which is circulated among the learned societies of all parts of the world.

Since the year 1828, the museum of the Academy has been open gratuitously two afternoons in every week; tickets of admission on Tuesday and Friday afternoons, from one o'clock, P. M., till sunset, are furnished on application to any member of the Society.

The Institution is sustained by the annual contributions of the members, and by donations from those generous persons who are friends of natural science. The names of donors to the museum and library are attached always to whatever they present, and are published in the journal of proceedings.

A full history of this most valuable but little known institution has been recently printed; copies of it may be obtained at a trifling cost, from the door-keeper on days when the hall is open to the public.

## BURNING BUSH.

A FARMER'S LAY.

BY THOS. E. VAN BEBBER.

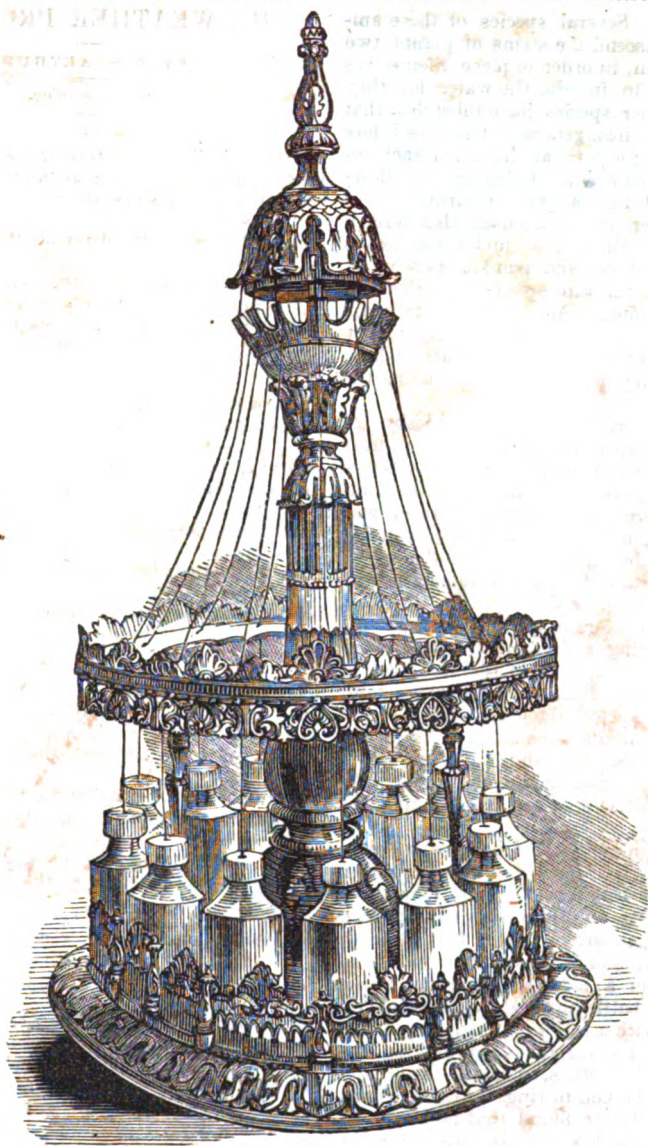
Year after year yon barren hill,  
Haunt of the plaintive whippoorwill,  
Unfit for pasture and for plow  
Has reared aloft its sterile brow,  
Each Spring-tide with wild violets blooming,  
Each rosy Summer eve vocal with nighthawk's  
booming.

But, lo, to-night,  
Most cheering sight!  
My children from my porch in wonder gazing,  
See light on light,  
Each one more bright,  
Along the barren hilltop upward blazing.

Along the sedge and sallow grass,  
Now looming large, now almost hid  
Behind some quivering pyramid,  
I see tall forms pass and repass,  
Tossing on heaps of sassafras  
Old gnarled roots and thorny briars,  
To feed the fires,  
And build the pyres,  
The funeral pyres of yellow Barrenness;  
And as each lofty pile outflashes  
It leaves behind most fertilizing ashes.

All this the farmer views with pleased emotion.—  
But, mark! how ever higher—higher—  
All alone  
One fiery cone  
Shoots spirally aloft with corkscrew motion,  
Madly whirling  
Fiercely twirling  
Amidst frantic  
Blasts and currents round it eddying,  
Ever more and more gigantic,  
Till having reached its stature full,  
Its own red column firmly steadying,  
It stands for a moment immovable.  
Oh, how its bowing brothers court it!  
And as some mighty Mind  
Rising above its kind,  
Itself creates the circling gust  
Which lifts it towering from the dust,  
So does that fiery shaft,  
As if with sense of power it madly laughed,  
Itself create the stormy currents that support it.





DR. MERRYWEATHER'S TEMPEST PROGNOSTICATOR.

## WEATHER SIGNS.

Farmers and watermen of the past generation were noted as weather prophets; and though science in its pedantic and oracular boyhood laughed at their prognostications, and at best gave them credit for being only shrewd guessers, their weather-signs rarely failed. Now, scientific men are beginning to admit the facts known to these old readers in Nature's book, and to give scientific reasons for facts once denied.

At the scientific convention, which recently held its session at Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. William H. Thomas, of Cincinnati, read an essay, in which he referred to the indications of weather,

as shown by animals, insects and plants. This essay was full of facts and scientific explanations. Birds, it asserted, invariably show, by the way they build their nests, whether a season is to be windy, or otherwise. If the former, they thatch the nest, between the twigs and lining. If the latter, they omit these precautions. If a dry season is in prospect, they build in open places. If a wet one, they choose sheltered spots. A careful observation of these peculiarities will afford, Mr. Thomas says, a certain criterion, early in Spring, of the coming weather. Snails also reveal, by their habits, whether rain may be



expected or not. Several species of these animals invariably ascend the stems of plants two days before a rain, in order to place themselves on a leaf, there to imbibe the water, for they never drink. Other species have tubercles, that rise from their bodies, generally ten days before a rain, there being a pore at the end of each tubercle to imbibe the water. Others grow yellowish white just before a rain, returning to a darker color after rain. Locusts also foretell rain, by sheltering themselves under the leaves of trees, and in hollows and trunks, as soon as, by the changes in the atmosphere, they discover that rain is impending. Most leaves of trees are also barometers, for, if a rain is to be light, they turn up so as to receive their fill of water, while, for a long rain, they double so as to conduct the water away.

Another member, Professor Brooklesby, of Hartford, read a paper, describing a spring, near his residence, whose waters rose invariably before a rain. He suggested that the diminished atmospheric pressure which precedes a rain, was the cause of the phenomenon, and recommended that observation should be made, over the whole country, to ascertain if the phenomenon was general, or only exceptional.

One of the signs of rain, observed in the country, is this:—During a drought, the margins of streams remain dry almost to the very edge of the running water. But, shortly before a rain, the moisture will spread along the surface of the ground, away from the stream, for a distance of several inches, or feet, according to the grade of the bank, and the porous nature of the soil. Diminished atmospheric pressure is, no doubt, the cause of this.

The most singular weather prognosticator is that invented by a Dr. Merryweather, of England, and exhibited at the World's Fair, London.—Above is a drawing of this curious affair, which shows an arrangement of twelve bottles, each containing a leech, and each having an open tube at the top. From a piece of whalebone in the opening of each bottle proceeds a brass chain, communicating with a bell hung in the top of the apparatus. When a tempest is approaching, the leeches rise in the bottles, displace the whalebone, and cause the bell to ring. After a year's experience, the Doctor found that no storm escaped notice from the leeches. Dr. Merryweather has also satisfied himself that it is the electric state of the atmosphere, and not the occurrence of thunder within human hearing, which affects the leeches, and causes them to rise to the top of the bottles.

The editor of the Springfield Post says:—"A man who leaps into the matrimonial maelstrom now-a-days, often marries more than he stipulates for in the contract. He not only weds himself to a woman, but a laboratory of prepared chalk, a quintal of whalebone, eight coffee bags, four baskets of novels, one poodle dog, and a lot of weak nerves that will keep four servant girls and three doctors around the house the whole time. Whether the fun pays for the powder is a matter for debate."

## THE WEATHER PROPHETS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

*See Engraving.*

I.

"It will rain," said old Gaspar, as upward his eye  
He turn'd, and gaz'd long at the threatening sky—  
"It will rain, for since morning an east wind has  
blown,  
And swift through the damp air the light scud has  
flown.

I know by this sign what the weather will be  
On to-morrow: so, Edward, take counsel of me,  
And let not the reapers put sickle in grain,  
For sure as the day come, 'twill rain—it will rain!"

II.

"I know it will rain," said the sober old wife;  
"This sign I have noticed throughout my whole  
life—  
When the leaf of the maple turns white in the breeze,  
And the elm and the willow grow pale 'mid the  
trees,  
Few hours pass away ere the clouds, sweeping  
high,  
Pour forth their bright treasures of rain from the  
sky.

Last night a wide circle was cast round the moon,  
Sure sign of wet weather—'twill visit us soon."

III.

Thus spoke the old couple; and Ned, lazy wight,  
Believed—for he wish'd to—the prophecy right;  
And away to the town for a rare frolic sped,  
With thanks for the dark clouds that hung over-  
head;

While Gaspar still gazed at the thick mantled sky,  
Till he saw the rain falling—though with fancy's  
eye—

And his dame at the window still linger'd, to see  
The leaves turning white on the old maple tree.

IV.

Sure enough, on the morrow down pour'd the free  
rain,  
While rush'd the east wind through the golden  
topp'd grain.

Old Gaspar was right, and his weather-wise wife  
Her sign had read truly once more in her life.  
"I knew it—I knew it!" said he, looking wise.  
"I knew it," said she, turning up her gray eyes.  
And "I knew it!" "I knew it!" throughout the  
dark day,

Old Gaspar and dame, self-complacent would say.

V.

Thus could they foretell, from the face of the sky,  
From the turn of a leaf, from the wind passing by,  
If in sunshine the morning would smile on the  
earth,

Or clouds, bending sadly, weep over its birth.  
But the signs of the times they could never dis-  
cern,

Although in light written wherever we turn.  
In the old-fashion'd way they were plodding life's  
round,  
Believing no better one ever was found.

VI.

In books, Gaspar saw but a cunning device  
For wasting both money and time; and the price  
Of a newspaper ever had scrupled to pay,  
For he'd call it the throwing of so much away.

His taxes he settled with grumbling; but most  
At his school-tax he grumbled, for that was all  
lost—  
He had paid for Ned's figures t' the hard Rule of  
Three,  
And that had 'most ruin'd the lad, he could see.

## VII.

Years and years pass'd along, and old Gaspar grew  
older,  
And his weather-wise dame felt the winters grow  
colder;  
While Ned farm'd the land in the old fashion'd way,  
Content with a ton, to the acre, of hay;  
Content if the old, worn-out ten-acre field,  
Ten bushels of corn to the acre would yield;  
And content, when a rainy day came, to ride down  
And have a good time, as of old, in the town.

## VIII.

To the last, though life-weary, and feeble, and bent,  
Old Gaspar, the weather-signs noted intent;  
But he saw not a sign of dark days drawing nigh,  
Though the tokens were many and plain to the eye:  
Farm wasted, stock dwindled, house tottering to  
fall,  
And Ned a worse wreck, and more wasted than  
all—  
For rainy days spent in the town, only led  
Into drinking, and evils much worse, lazy Ned.

## IX.

From the sky, from the tree, from the wind they  
could tell,  
Whether sunshine or tempest were coming, right  
well:  
But forgot, amid all—very strange, but yet true—  
That on rainy days Ned must have something to  
do.  
Books, papers, and pamphlets, Ned found not at  
home,  
So, to kill time, on stormy days, forth he must  
roam;  
And, as that old fellow, whom Satan we name,  
And load at all times with all manner of blame,

## X.

For idle ones ever has work ready plann'd,  
Ned enter'd his service—a right willing hand.  
Such service is paid, but, like apples which grow  
By that sea whose dark waves over lost cities flow,  
At first the bright wages seemed gold in the clasp,  
But turn'd in a moment to dross in his grasp.  
And on these poor wages, Ned toil'd, strange to  
say!  
For the cheating old rascal full many a day.

## XI.

'At last the old farmer and dame sank to rest—  
Not calmly, 'mid sunshine, on Nature's soft  
breast;  
For storms, unforeseen, swept across their dark  
skies,  
And tears dimm'd the light of their weary old  
eyes.  
Mid strangers, in sadness, life's waves ebb'd  
away—  
Mid strangers, unwept, in their death-sleep they  
lay—  
And strangers stood, tearless, above the green sod,  
While the preacher committed their spirits to God.

## XII.

Where was Ned? From the home he had wasted,  
estrang'd!

In the service of evil most grievously changed!  
He wept not, he thought not, he cared not for  
those

Whose hearts he had smitten with bitterest wo-a.  
For him they had read not the weather-signs  
well—

Storms came that their wisdom had fail'd to fore-  
tell:

This truth, when too late, e'en by them was de-  
scried—

And they mourn'd o'er their error; and, mourning  
it, died!

## THE VINTAGE.

*See Engraving.*

There have long existed pleasing, and in some  
sort poetical, associations connected with the  
task of securing for human use the fruits of the  
earth; and to no species of crop do these pictu-  
resque associations apply with greater force than  
to the ingathering of the ancient harvest of the  
vine. From time immemorial, the season has  
typified epochs of plenty and mirthful-hearted-  
ness—of good fare and of good-will. The an-  
cient types and figures descriptive of the vintage  
are still literally true. The march of agricultural  
improvement seems never to have set foot amid  
the vines. As it was with the patriarchs in the  
East, so it is with the modern children of men.  
The goaded ox still bears home the high-pressed  
grape-tub, and the feet of the trader are still red  
in the purple juice. The scene is full of beauty,  
and of tender and even sacred associations. The  
songs of the vintagers frequently chorussed from  
one part of the field to the other, ring blithely  
into the bright summer air, pealing out above the  
rough jokes and hearty peals of laughter shouted  
hither and thither. All the green jungle is  
alive with the moving figures of men and women,  
stooping among the vines or bearing pails and  
basketfuls of grapes out to the grass-grown cross-  
roads, along which the laboring oxen drag the  
rough vintage carts, groaning and cracking as  
they stagger along beneath their weight of purple  
tubs heaped high with the tumbling masses of  
luscious fruit. The congregation of every age and  
both sexes, and the careless variety of costume,  
add additional features of picturesqueness to the  
scene. The white-haired old man labors with  
shaking hands to fill the basket which his black-  
eyed imp of a grandchild carries rejoicingly away.  
Quaint broad-brimmed straw and felt hats—  
handkerchiefs twisted like turbans over straggling  
elf-locks—swarthy skins tanned to an olive-  
brown—black, flashing eyes—and hands and  
feet stained in the abounding juices of the precious  
fruit—all these southern peculiarities of costume  
and appearance supply the vintage with its plea-  
sant characteristics. The clatter of tongues is  
incessant. A fire of jokes and jeers, of saucy  
questions, and more saucy retorts—of what, in  
fact, in the humble and unpoetic, but expressive  
vernacular, is called “chaff”—is kept up with a  
vigor which seldom flags, except now and then,  
when the but-end of a song, or the twanging  
close of a chorus strikes the general fancy, and  
procures for the *morceau* a lusty *encore*. Mean-  
time, the master wine-grower moves observingly

from rank to rank. No neglected bunch of fruit escapes his watchful eye. No careless vintager shakes the precious berries rudely upon the soil, but he is promptly reminded of his slovenly work. Sometimes the tubs attract the careful superintendent. He turns up the clusters to ascertain that no leaves nor useless length of tendril are entombed in the juicy masses, and anon directs his steps to the pressing-trough, anxious to find that the lusty treaders are persevering manfully in their long-continued dance.

The reader will easily conceive that it is on the smaller properties, where the wine is intended, not so much for commerce as for household use, that the vintage partakes most of the festival nature. In the large and first-class vineyards the process goes on under rigid superintendence, and is, as much as possible, made a cold matter of business. He who wishes to see the vintages of books and poems—the laughing, joking, singing festivals amid the vines, which we are accustomed to consider the harvests of the grape—must betake him to the multitudinous patches of peasant property, in which neighbor helps neighbor to gather in the crop, and upon which whole families labor merrily together, as much for the amusement of the thing, and from good neighborly feeling, as in consideration of francs and sous. Here, of course, there is no tight discipline observed, nor is there any absolute necessity for that continuous, close scrutiny into the state of the grapes—all of them, hard or rotten, going slap-dash into the *cuvier*—which, in the case of the more precious vintages, forms no small check upon the general state of careless jollity. Every one eats as much fruit as he pleases, and rests when he is tired. On such occasions it is that you hear to the best advantage the joyous songs and chorusses of the vintage—many of these last being very pretty bits of melody, generally sung by the women and girls, in shrill treble unison, and caught up and continued from one part of the field to another.

Yet, discipline and control it as you will, the vintage will ever be beautiful, picturesque, and full of association. The rude wains, creaking beneath the reeking tubs—the patient faces of the yoked oxen—the half-naked, stalwart men, who toil to help the cart along the ruts and furrows of the way—the handkerchief-turbaned women, their gay red-and-blue dresses peeping from out the greenery of the leaves—the children dashing about as if the whole thing were a frolic, and the gray-headed old men tottering cheerfully a-down the lines of vines, with baskets and pails of gathered grapes to fill the yawning tubs—the whole picture is at once classic, venerable, and picturesque, not more by association than actuality.

This which people call the *real* world, is not real to me; all its sights seem to me as shadows, all its sounds echoes. I live at service in it, and sweep dead leaves out of paths, and do errands as I am bid; but glad am I when work is done, to go home to rest. Then do I enter a golden palace, with light let in only from above; and all forms of beauty are on the walls, from the seraph before God's throne, to the rose-tinted shell on the sea shore.

## LITTLE BENNY'S GRAVE.

BY BRAINARD WILLIAMSON.

Make him a grave on the mountain side,  
Dig him a grave not deep nor wide,  
Little wants he a grave far down,  
Who walks on high with a starry crown!  
Yet dig ye a grave for his boyish frame,  
And raise ye a white stone to his name!

Throw up the earth by his mountain home,  
The loose, bright pebbles, the sandy loam,  
Hollow it neatly, cut down the clay,  
Here let his child-dust slumber for aye,  
Where the grey granite cliffs, looming above,  
Shall watch him silently, watch him in love!

Now heave in the clods, heave them down light!  
Hide away all that is dear to our sight;  
Men of strong arms, cover up neatly  
That we still love and cherish so sweetly;  
Gather the loose earth, solemnly, slowly,  
And place it above the bed of the lowly!

Winds of the crag, blasts of the gorges,  
Holding, at nightfall, Winter's wild orgies,  
Shriek not above him, hushed on his pillow,  
Move not the pines and stir not the billow,  
Cease ye the revel, and pass ye his headstone  
Muffled and silent, for 'tis the dear dead's stone!

Go now, ye parents, go now, ye mourners,  
Stand not longer at the small grave's corners,  
Stay the tear-fountains, haste ye, make certain,  
When Death draws aside Immortality's curtain,  
That ye meet your bright boy, that your arms  
may enfold him

Close to your bosom, and for ever behold him.

## A SOFT PILLOW.

Whitefield and a pious companion were much annoyed, one night, at a public house, by a set of gamblers in the room adjoining where they slept. Their noisy clamor and horrid blasphemy so excited Whitefield's abhorrence and pious sympathy, that he could not rest.

"I will go in to them, and reprove their wickedness," he said.

His companion remonstrated in vain. He went. His words of reproof fell apparently powerless upon them. Returning, he laid down to sleep. His companion asked him rather abruptly—

"What did you gain by it?"

"A soft pillow," he said, patiently, and soon fell asleep.

Yes. "A soft pillow" is the reward of fidelity—the companion of a clear conscience. It is a sufficient remuneration for doing right in the absence of all other reward. And none know more truly the value of a soft pillow than those parents, whose anxiety for wayward children is enhanced by a consciousness of neglect. Those who faithfully rebuke and properly restrain them by their Christian deportment and religious counsels, can sleep quietly in the day of trial.

Parents! do your duty now, in the fear of God, in obedience to His law, at every sacrifice, and, when old age comes on, you may lie down upon a soft pillow, assured of His favor who has said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

## THE VIRTUE OF VENTRILOQUISM;

OR, MICK MURPHY AND THE GHOST.

An incident occurred in the hotel of one of the picturesque marine villages which skirt Lake Ponchartrain, on a certain occasion, last summer, that effectually served to dispel the listless *ennui* too prevalent in such cases. Among the guests there, for the time being, was one Michael Murphy, an eccentric, good-natured soul, from what used to be, *par excellence*, the land of potatoes, but which now may be called the potato-less land. He had been on a "spree" in the city, and went over the lake to dispel the fumes of his debauch, and take salt-baths and soda-water at the same time.

All this became known to a ventriloquist, who paid a flying visit to the place, and who had such command over his voice that he could make it do anything, from the squeaking of a pig under the gate to the singing of a mocking-bird. Believing that Michael was just about that time in an impressible state, in a reformatory mood, he thought he would, through the medium of his art, endeavor to effect a change in his morals. With this view, he booked his name for a bed in the same room with Michael, and about twelve o'clock at night—that hour the superstitious mind has so fraught with terrors—he "pitched his voice" outside of the door, saying, in a kind of trombone tone—

"Michael Murphy! Michael Murphy! are you asleep?"

"Who's that?" said Michael, much startled at the sepulchral tone in which the query was put, and the time of putting it.

"Ask me not, but answer," said the ventriloquist, still continuing his ghost-like accent.

"Well, what have you got to say?" said Michael.

"Much of which I want you to take notice," said the ventriloquist, or rather the ventriloquist's voice.

"Oh, clear off," said Michael, "or else I'll give you your say."

"Better you had continued to take tea than to break the pledge, as you have done," said the voice outside the door.

"What is all this noise about?" said the ventriloquist, speaking from the bed.

"Some dirty blackguard, that's outside the door there," said Michael, "interfering with what's none of his business."

"Why don't you drive him from it?" said the ventriloquist, speaking from the bed.

"I wish he'd dare," said the voice of the ventriloquist, speaking outside of the door.

"I'll let you see I dare," said Michael, jumping up, seizing his hickory, and hurriedly opening the door, ready, on sight, to knock down the annoyer.

"Give it to him," said the ventriloquist, from the bed.

"I believe it's the old boy himself was in it," said Michael, "for I don't see a soul here."

"It's very mysterious," said the ventriloquist, from the bed.

"I wonder," said Michael, "if there's any evil spirits in this country?"

"I don't know," said the ventriloquist, "but they say the ghosts of departed Indians haunt the place."

"Oh, that's no Indian ghost," said Michael, "for it spoke as good English as I do myself."

"And a little better, Michael," said the voice, as if it proceeded from one standing by his side.

"Och," said Michael, "what are you at all, at all?"

"No evil spirit, but your guardian genius," said the voice.

"A mortal queer genius you are," said Michael, "that can be heard and not seen."

"Get into bed, then," said the voice. "I have something to say to you."

"You won't do anything bad to me?" said Michael.

"Nothing," said the voice.

"Honor bright?" said Michael.

"Honor bright," said the voice. "You know you have been a hard liver."

"That's a fact," said Michael.

"You have broke the pledge," said the voice.

"Thru as praychin," said Michael.

"And did other bad things," said the voice.

"More than I could ever keep tally of," said Michael.

"Then will you pledge yourself to me, that you'll change your mode of life?" said the voice.

"I'll do anything you ask me," said Michael.

"Then you promise never to drink a drop again?" said the voice.

"Not as much as would bathe a wren's bill," said Michael.

"Then I'm off," said the voice, "but, remember, if ever you attempt to break it, I'll be present and punish you through life."

"Who is that with whom you are holding conversation?" said the ventriloquist, speaking again from the bed.

"Nobody at all," said Michael, "barin' some mighty polite, invisible gentleman, that seems to take a great deal of interest in my welfare."

"Oh, you're dreaming," said the ventriloquist, continuing to speak in *propria persona*.

"Faix, it's like a dream, shure enough," said Michael.

The next morning, a friend asked Michael to take his bitters. He consented, but, just as he took the glass in his hand, the voice of the ventriloquist, who was present, was heard above his head in the air, crying out, "Touch it not, Michael Murphy—remember your promise!" It was enough—Michael would taste not.

"The pleasure of wine with you, Mr. Murphy," said a gentleman at the dinner-table.

"With pleasure, sir," said Michael; but just at that moment a voice was heard to issue from a corner of the room. It was that of the ventriloquist, who sat by his side uttering his admonitions.

Thus the thing went on for a week, till Michael was then and for ever made a teetotaler of. He now industriously minds his business, enjoys good health and prospers. In relation to the circumstances under which he became a teetotaler, he says he never had the pleasure of seeing his best friend.





### TAKING CARE OF NUMBER ONE.

"Every one for himself." This was one of Lawrence Tilghman's favorite modes of expression. And it will do him no injustice to say, that he usually acted up to the sentiment in his business transactions and social intercourse; though guardedly, whenever a too manifest exhibition of selfishness was likely to affect him in the estimation of certain parties with whom he wished to stand particularly fair. In all his dealings, this maxim was alone regarded; and he was never satisfied unless, in bargaining, he secured the greater advantage, a thing that pretty generally occurred.

There resided in the same town with Tilghman—a western town—a certain young lady, whose father owned a large amount of property. She was his only child, and would fall heir, at his death, to all his wealth. Of course, this young lady had attractions that were felt to be of a most weighty character by certain young men in the town, who made themselves as agreeable to her as possible. Among these was Lawrence Tilghman.

"Larry," said a friend to him one day—they had been talking about the young lady—"it's no use for you to play the agreeable to Helen Walcott."

"And why not, pray?" returned Tilghman.

"They say she's engaged."

"To whom?"

"To a young man in Columbus."

"Who says so?"

"I can't mention my authority; but it's good."

"Engaged, ha! Well, I'll break that engagement, if there's any virtue in trying."

"You will?"

"Certainly. Helen will be worth a plum when the old man, her father, dies; and I've made up my mind to handle some of his thousands."

"But certainly, Larry, you would not attempt to interfere with a marriage contract?"

"I don't believe any contract exists," replied the young man. "Anyhow, while a lady is single I regard her as in the market, and to be won by the boldest."

"Still, we should have some respect for the rights of others."

"Every one for himself in this world," replied Tilghman. "That is my motto. If you don't take care of yourself, you'll be shoved to the wall in double quick time. Long ago, I resolved to put some forty or fifty thousand dollars between myself and the world by marriage, and you may be sure that I will not let this opportunity slip for any consideration. Helen must be mine."

Additional evidence of the fact that the young lady was under engagement of marriage soon came to the ears of Tilghman. The effect was to produce a closer attention on his part to Helen, who, greatly to his uneasiness, did not seem to give him much encouragement, although she always treated him with politeness and attention whenever he called to see her. But it was not true, as Tilghman had heard, that Helen was engaged to a young man in Columbus; though it was true that she was in correspondence with a gentleman there named Walker, and that their acquaintance was intimate, and fast approaching a lover-like character.

Still she was not indifferent to the former, and, as he showed so strong a preference for her, be-

gan, gradually, to feel an awakening interest. Tilghman was quick to perceive this, and it greatly elated him. In the exultation of his feelings, he said to himself—

"I'll show this Columbus man that I'm worth a dozen of him. The boldest wins the fair. I wouldn't give much for his engagement."

Tilghman was a merchant, and visited the east twice every year for the purpose of buying goods. In August, he crossed the mountains as usual. Some men, when they leave home and go among strangers, leave all the little good breeding they may happen to have had behind them. Such a man was Tilghman. The moment he stepped into a steamboat, stage, or railroad car, the every-one-for-himself principle by which he was governed, manifested itself in all its naked deformity, and it was at once concluded by all with whom he came in contact, that, let him be who he would, he was no gentleman.

On going up the river, on the occasion referred to, our gentleman went on the free-and-easy principle, as was usual with him when in public conveyances; consulting his own inclinations and tastes alone, and running his elbows into any and everybody's ribs that happened to come in his way. He was generally first at the table when the bell rang; and, as he had a good appetite, managed, while there, to secure a full share of the delicacies provided for the company.

"Every one for himself," was the thought in his mind on these occasions; and his actions fully agreed with his thoughts.

On crossing the mountains in stages (this was before the railroad from Baltimore to Wheeling was completed) as far as Cumberland, his greedy, selfish, and sometimes downright boorish propensities annoyed his fellow-passengers, and particularly a young man of quiet, refined, and gentlemanly deportment, who could not, at times, help showing the disgust he felt. Because he paid his half dollar for meals at the taverns on the way, Tilghman seemed to feel himself licensed to gormandize at a beastly rate. The moment he sat down to the table, he would seize eagerly upon the most desirable dish near him, and appropriate at least a half, if not two-thirds, of what it contained, regardless utterly of his fellow-passengers. Then he would call for the next most desirable dish, if he could not reach it, and help himself after a like liberal fashion. In eating, he seemed more like a hungry dog, in his eagerness, than a man possessing a grain of decency. When the time came to part company with him, his fellow-travellers rejoiced at being rid of one whose utter selfishness filled them with disgust.

In Philadelphia and New York, where Tilghman felt that he was altogether unknown, he indulged his uncivilized propensities to their full extent. At one of the hotels, just before leaving New York to return to Baltimore, and there take the cars for the West again, he met the young man referred to as a travelling companion, and remarked the fact that he recognized and frequently observed him. Under this observation, as it seemed to have something sinister in it, Tilghman felt, at times, a little uneasy, and at

the hotel table, rather curbed his greediness when this individual was present.

Finally, he left New York in the twelve o'clock boat, intending to pass on to Baltimore in the night train from Philadelphia, and experienced a sense of relief in getting rid of the presence of one who appeared to know him and to have taken a prejudice against him. As the boat swept down the bay, Tilghman amused himself first with a cigar on the forward deck, and then with a promenade on the upper deck. He had already secured his dinner ticket. When the fumes of roast turkey came to his eager sense, he felt "sharp-set" enough to have devoured a whole gobbler! This indication of the approaching meal caused him to dive down below, where the servants were busy in preparing the table. Here he walked backwards and forwards for about half an hour in company with a dozen others, who, like himself, meant to take care of number one. Then, as the dishes of meat began to come in, he thought it time to secure a good place. So, after taking careful observation, he assumed a position, with folded arms, opposite a desirable dish, and awaited the completion of arrangements. At length all was ready, and a waiter struck the bell. Instantly, Tilghman drew forth a chair, and had the glory of being first at the table. He had lifted his plate and just cried, as he turned partly around—"Here, waiter! Bring me some of that roast turkey. A side bone and a piece of the breast"—when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and the clerk of the boat said, in a voice of authority—

"Further down, sir! Further down! We want these seats for ladies."

Tilghman hesitated.

"Quick! quick!" urged the clerk.

There was a rustling behind him of ladies' dresses, and our gentleman felt that he must move. In his eagerness to secure another place, he stumbled over a chair and came near falling prostrate. At length he brought up at the lower end of the table.

"Waiter!" he cried, as soon as he had found a new position—"waiter, I want some of that roast turkey!"

The waiter did not hear, or was too busy with some one else to hear.

"Waiter, I say! Here! This way!"

So loudly and earnestly was this uttered, that the observation of every one at that end of the table was attracted towards the young man. But he thought of nothing but securing his provender. At length he received his turkey, when he ordered certain vegetables, and then began eating greedily, while his eyes were every moment glancing along the table to see what else there was to tempt his palate.

"Waiter!" he called, ere the first mouthful was fairly swallowed.

The waiter came.

"Have you any oyster sauce?"

"No, sir."

"Great cooks! Turkey without oyster sauce! Bring me a slice of ham."

"Bottle of ale, waiter," soon after issued from his lips.



The ale was brought, the cork drawn, and the bottle set beside Tilghman, who, in his haste, poured his tumbler two-thirds full ere the contact of air had produced effervescence. The consequence was that the liquor flowed suddenly over the glass, and spread its creamy foam for the space of four or five inches around. Several persons sitting near by had taken more interest in our young gentleman, who was looking after number one, than in the dinner before them; and, when this little incident occurred, could not suppress a titter.

Hearing this, Tilghman became suddenly conscious of the ludicrous figure he made, and glanced quickly from face to face. The first countenance his eyes rested upon was that of the young man who had been his stage companion; near him was a lady who had thrown back her veil, and whom he instantly recognized as Helen Walcott! She it was who stood behind him when the clerk ejected him from his chair, and she had been both an ear and eye-witness of his sayings and doings since he dropped into his present place at the table. So much had his conduct affected her with a sense of the ridiculous, that she could not suppress the smile that curled her lips: a smile that was felt by Tilghman as the death-blow to all his hopes of winning her for his bride. With the subsidence of these hopes went his appetite; and with that he went also—that is, from the table, without so much as waiting for the desert. On the forward deck he ensconced himself until the boat reached South Amboy, and then he took good care not to push his way into the ladies' car, a species of self-denial to which he was not accustomed.

Six months afterwards—he did not venture to call again on Miss Walcott—Tilghman read the announcement of the young lady's marriage to a Mr. Walker, and not long afterwards met her in company with her husband. He proved to be the travelling companion who had been so disgusted with his boorish conduct when on his last trip to the east.

Our young gentleman has behaved himself rather better since when from home; and we trust that some other young gentlemen who are too much in the habit of "taking care of number one" when they are among strangers, will be warned by his mortification, and cease to expose themselves to the ridicule of well-bred people.

### EGLANTINE.

I wear a thorny crown? Yes, but the wreath,  
The sweet-briar wr-ath doth precious odor bear,  
And make me oft forget the thorns that tear  
The surface, which it heals with balmy breath.

The poet's wilding! Now its buds unsheath,  
At May's soft touch to shed a fragrance where  
No heavy sweetness may pervade the air,  
Etherealised to fit the couch of death.

The poet's wilding-wreath! by Heaven wove  
To soothe the sufferer on a stony path,  
Which yet its downy-soit oases hath,  
With many a finger-post to point above.

Ay, 'tis a thorny crown' yet its rich breath,  
Hallows the sick-room, and makes welcome, Death!  
May 11th, 1863. A. P. O.

## HOW THE WATER BOILED AWAY FROM THE POTATOES.

BY J. B. NEWMAN, M. D.

I am residing, for the summer, with my family in a retired and very romantic place in Connecticut, seven miles from a railroad depot, and some thirty in all from New York city. The distance from the depot makes the weather an object of some consideration in visiting the city. Yesterday was a fine, clear day, pleasant for either walking or riding, there being sufficient breeze to moderate to comfort the heat of the sun. Quite exhilarated by these circumstances, I declared at dinner my determination to go early the next morning to New York, as it was just the weather for travelling.

"You cannot go to-morrow," said my aunt, gravely; "it is going to rain."

"I see no signs of it," said my wife; "wind like this often continues for days together without any storm."

"I do not judge from the wind, but from a sign that never fails, and that is, the boiling entirely away of the water from the potatoes, this morning."

"Did you put in as much water as usual?"

"About the same. You laugh, I see; but it will rain to-morrow, in spite of your laughing."

Incredulity did make us merry, and each one began to recount tales of country superstitions generally. In the course of the conversation, some one told a story of an English gentleman, well known in the scientific world, who, while on a visit to a friend, started, one morning, on a hunting expedition, but missed his way, and inquired of a lad tending sheep to direct him. The boy showed the desired path, but told him it would rain shortly, and he had better return home as soon as possible. The gentleman, observing no signs of the predicted storm, ridiculed the boy's notions, and proceeded. In the course of two hours, however, he was retracing his steps completely drenched, and found the boy eating his dinner in a little hut near where he had left him. Curiosity as to the source of the knowledge which he had found thus verified prevailed over his desire for speedy shelter, and he stopped his horse, and offered the boy a guinea to enlighten him on this point. The boy took the guinea, and pointed to the closed flowers of the Scarlet Pimpernel, some plants of which happened to be growing near the hut. The gentleman himself had written about this very fact, mentioning that its open buds betokened fair weather, and its closed flowers abundance of rain, and hence its title to its common name of Shepherd's Weather-Glass. Fully satisfied, he rode on.

We all allowed that there was some sense in this sign, and that it could be ascribed to the instinct with which Nature endowed her children, to guard them from injury.

"But are there not," said my aunt, "some contrivances made to foretell rain? I have seen a long glass tube filled with quicksilver, to which there was a dial-plate attached, and the rise and fall of the quicksilver regulated the hand on the

dial, so that changes of weather could be told. I do not see why the boiling away of the water from the potatoes may not be as good a sign as the rise and fall of the quicksilver."

Again there was a laugh at the comparison of the water around the potatoes with the handsomely-finished and expensive philosophical instrument termed a barometer.

The weather continued as pleasant as before, so last evening I packed up my carpet-bag, and made the necessary preparations, requesting them to wake me at five o'clock, and have the carriage ready in time to convey me to the depot.

I awoke this morning, and all was still in the house. Quite pleased to be beforehand with them, I looked at my watch, and with some difficulty, on account of the dim light, found it to be fifteen minutes after six. Much surprised at not having been called, I jumped up, and threw open one of the blinds of the window, but directly closed it again, as a driving rain poured in. The reason why I had been permitted to sleep on was evident enough. I dressed, and went down to the breakfast-table, where sat Aunt H. enjoying her triumph.

On my return to my study, forced as it were by circumstances to do so, I began to reflect on the boiling away of the water from the potatoes, and tried to discover whether the ensuing rain was mere coincidence, or due in some way to cause and effect; whether in reality connected with it or not. The result of my deliberations, and subsequent conviction of the connection of the phenomenon with rain, I will now proceed to give.

The pressure of the atmosphere, which is about fifteen pounds to the square inch, forces many substances to retain the liquid condition that would, were that pressure removed, assume the form of gases. Of this, ether is an example.

Chemistry assumes that all matter is made up of exceedingly small particles called atoms, and that around every atom there are two atmospheres, the inner one of attraction and the outer one of repulsion. Bodies exist in three forms, as solids, liquids and gases. When the attractive force predominates, the form is a solid; when the attractive and repulsive forces are balanced, the form is a gas. Caloric, or the principle of heat, is considered by many, and perhaps rightly so, as synonymous with the repulsive force. Hence an increase of heat will make the solid become fluid, and the fluid becomes gaseous. Thus ice changes to water, and water to steam.

The atmosphere, by its pressure, assists the attractive force in the same manner that heat assists the repulsive, the pressure and heat, of course, acting in opposite ways. Whatever then, would lessen the amount of pressure, would enable the heat to act more powerfully. A certain amount of heat, under the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere, is required to convert water into steam. The less the pressure, the less the heat required; but if the same amount of heat is applied to the same quantity of water, under such circumstances, the more rapidly it will be evaporated, or, in other words, boiled away. It is evident enough then, that if the atmospheric pressure is less at

at times preceding rain, the water will boil away more rapidly than usual from the potatoes.

I was frequently puzzled in my boyish days by the assertion in scientific books that the air is lighter in rainy than it is in dry weather. It seemed to me as if the air at such times should be heavier, as, in addition to its own substance, it holds suspended abundance of heavy clouds, which must surely increase its weight. For many years the problem remained unsolved in my own mind, as it is yet unsolved, perhaps in the minds of many who read this. At last the thought occurred to me, that as the weight of the air *per se* must remain the same at all times, taking it as a whole, did it not really contain more moisture in solution in clear than in rainy weather? And such is really the fact. As water, by the addition of salt, can be made dense enough to float an egg, and as the more the brine is diluted with fresh water, the deeper will the egg sink in it; so is the air, by holding water in solution, rendered dense enough to float clouds at a great height, and the greater the amount of water it loses, the lower do the clouds fall. This very dryness of the air is, in fact, one of the many circumstances that cause rain.

The air then is lighter, the pressure consequently less, and the unusually rapid evaporation of water from the potato-pot is as good and trustworthy a sign of approaching rain as the falling of the mercury in the barometer; and thus the cook in the kitchen may foretell as confidently as the natural philosopher in his cabinet. And yet more, for nature is bountiful: even where the apparatus of the kitchen and the cabinet are denied, she furnishes, without expense to her faithful observers, means even more certain; for the shepherd boy has an unerring guide in the Scarlet Pimpernel.—*Plow, Loom and Anvil.*

## FINGER-MARKS.

Some time since, a gentleman, residing at Cambridge, employed a mason to do some work for him, and among other things to thin whiten the walls of one of his chambers. This thin whitening is almost colorless till dried. The gentleman was much surprised, on the morning after the chamber was finished, to find on the drawer of his bureau, standing in the room, white finger-marks. Opening the drawer, he found the same marks on the articles in it, and also on a pocket-book. An examination revealed the same finger-marks on the contents of the wallet, proving conclusively that the mason, with his wet hands, had opened the drawer, searched the wallet, which contained no money, and then closed the drawer, without once thinking that any one would ever know it. The thin whitening, which chanced to be on his hand, did not show at first, and he probably had no idea that twelve hours' drying would reveal his attempt at depredation. As the job was concluded on the afternoon the drawer was opened, the man did not come again, and to this day does not know that his acts are known to his employer.

Children, beware of evil thoughts and deeds! They have all finger-marks, which will be revealed at some time. If you disobey your pa-

rents, or tell a falsehood, or take what is not your own, you make sad finger-marks on your character. And so it is with any and all sin. It defiles the character. It betrays those who engage in it by the marks it makes on them. These marks may be almost if not quite colorless at first. But even if they should not be seen during any of your days on earth—which is not at all likely—yet there is a day coming in which all finger-marks or sin-stains on the character “will be made manifest.”

Never suppose that you can do what is wrong without having a stain made on your character. It is impossible. If you injure another, you, by that very deed, injure your own self. If you disregard a law of God, the injury is sadly your own. Think of it, ever bear it in mind, children, that every sin you commit leaves a sure mark upon yourselves.

Your characters should bear a coating of pure truth. Let truthfulness ever be manifest. Beware of sin—“and be sure your sin will find you out;” for it makes finger-marks which, even should they not be seen by those around you on earth, will yet be seen, to your condemnation, at the bar of God.

### IMPRISONED REPTILES.

Not long since, says the Scientific American, a number of specimens of mineral and animal products were received at the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, from New Mexico, and among other things was a horned lizard, accompanied by a letter from Judge Houghton, of that Territory, stating that the animal was taken alive from a block of stone, so solid as to preclude the entrance of the smallest insect; the lizard lived forty-eight hours after it was released from its long imprisonment. The letter states that this lizard must have been in the position in which it was found since the commencement of the formation of the rocks, and which, if true, must make it a very old animal indeed. Many stories have been reported of toads and lizzards having been liberated alive from solid rocks, and it is a prevalent opinion that they were enclosed while alive by the rock forming over them. We have seen a stone ourselves from which a toad was liberated of this antideluvian type, but not different in any respect from the present species. The place from which the animal was taken was somewhat hollow, and appeared to be a snug, strong nest, but as part of the rock was broken up before we saw it, we could not tell whether there was, or was not some entrance into it. Geologists have no faith in toads or lizzards being enclosed alive in solid rocks—the rocks forming over them. On this subject, Dean Buckland, the celebrated zoologist, remarks:—

“There is,” he says, “a want of sufficiently minute and accurate observation in those so frequently recorded cases, where toads are said to be found alive within blocks of stone and wood, in cavities that had no communication whatever with the external air. The first effort of the young toad, as soon as it has left its tadpole state, and emerged from the water, is to seek shelter in holes and crevices of rocks and trees.

An individual, which, when young, may have thus entered a cavity by some very narrow aperture, would find abundance of food by catching insects, which, like itself, seek shelter within such cavities, and may have increased so much in bulk as to render it impossible to go out again through the narrow aperture at which it entered. A small hole of this kind is very likely to be overlooked by common workmen, who are the only people whose operations on stone and wood disclose cavities in the interior of such substances. In the case of toads, snakes and lizzards, that occasionally issue from stones that are broken in a quarry, or in sinking wells, and sometimes even from strata at the bottom of a coal mine, the evidence is never perfect to show that the reptiles were entirely enclosed in a solid rock; no examination is ever made, until the reptile is first discovered by the breaking of the mass in which it was contained, and then it is too late to ascertain, without carefully replacing every fragment (and in no case that I have seen reported, has this ever been done), whether or not there was any hole or crevice by which the animal may have entered the cavity from which it was extracted. Without previous examination, it is almost impossible to prove that there was no such communication. In the case of rocks near the surface of the earth, and in stone quarries, reptiles find ready admission to holes and fissures.”

### LUDICROUS BLUNDERS.

General knowledge is unquestionably necessary for the lawyer. Ludicrous mistakes have frequently occurred through the deficiencies of some of them in this respect. We have heard an anecdote somewhere of an eminent barrister examining a witness in a trial, the subject of which was a ship. He asked, amongst other questions, “where the ship was at a particular time.”

“Oh!” replied the witness, “the ship was then in quarantine.”

“In Quarantine was she? And pray, sir, where is Quarantine?”

Another instance given by Mr. Chitty, of the value of general knowledge to the lawyer, is worth citing. It is well known that a judge was so entirely ignorant of insurance causes, that after having been occupied for six hours in trying an action on “a policy of insurance upon goods (Russia duck) from Russia, he, in his address to the jury, complained that no evidence had been given to show how Russia ducks (mistaking the *cloth* of that name for the *bird*) could be damaged by sea water, and to what extent.”

An anecdote has been told of a learned barrister once quoting some Latin verses to a brother “wig,” who did not appear to understand them. “Don’t you know the lines?” said he; “they are in Martial.”

“Marshall,” replied his friend, “Marshall—oh! I know—the Marshall who wrote on *underwriting*.”

When this anecdote was related to a certain judge of the Court of Review, he is reported to have said, “Why, after all, there is not much difference between an *underwriter* and a *minor poet*.”

## THE TRUE REVENGE.

BY REV. EDWARD C. JONES, A. M.

"When one asked Diogenes, how he might be avenged of his enemies? he replied, to be yourself a good and honest man."

When vaunting malice opes its bitter scroll,  
And fixes fangs of venom in the soul,  
Roused by the sense of wrong, how soon we burn,  
The foul aspersion on our foe to turn.  
What! shall we take *such* weapons to retrieve  
Assaults upon our peace? Shall angels grieve  
To see us put aside the coat of mail  
Which Innocence bequeaths, and then assail  
The dark designer, with his own mean dart?  
No, bring not to the contest *such* a heart,  
Measured in scales of paltry selfishness,  
Which proving *him* so little, prove *thee* less:  
Rise up afresh to duty. Clear thy brow—  
Smooth off its wrinkles, be a Giant now.  
Sternly resolved, give every hour to good;  
Let Honor have "its mark and likelihood."  
Walk thou with Justice; and with meek-eyed Peace  
Go arm-in-arm—bid works of Love increase.  
Let honied accents round thy pathway fall—  
Words of unwonted gentleness to all.  
Be the true central light of Home. Fill up  
With fireside charities, thy being's cup.  
Abroad, be courtesy thy end and aim;  
Be swift to eulogize, and slow to blame.  
Still move *confidingly* among the throng;  
Nature, unwarped, is just, and final wrong  
Will not be done thee. Beautiful and true,  
Thy rounded orb of Goodness, *must* pierce through  
By its inherent lustre, vapory clouds,  
Nor own a mist, which *finally* enshrouds.  
When insects settle on the birdling's wings,  
In the clear sunshine, still she mounts and sings;  
One flapping of her pinion, bright and gay,  
Has brushed the elfin multitude away;  
And, poised against the clouds, far up the height,  
She seems to mingle with the Infinite;  
So, shall, at last, the Lilliputian throng,  
Who traffic daily in the mart of wrong,  
Be brushed from Virtue's swift and tireless wing,  
Disarmed their malice—vain their menacing;  
While the calm Victor rises on our view,  
Link'd with the Beautiful, the Good, the True.

## IS IT ANYBODY'S BUSINESS?

[The following is submitted, for the consideration of all whom it may concern, by a member of the "Mind Your Own Business Society," with the hope that it may be productive of good results.]

Is it any body's business  
If a gentleman should choose  
To wait upon a lady,  
If the lady don't refuse?  
Or—to speak a little plainer,  
That the meaning all may know—  
Is it anybody's business  
If a lady has a beau?

If a person's on the sidewalk,  
Whether great or whether small,  
Is it anybody's business  
Where that person means to call?  
Or, if you see a person  
As he's calling anywhere,  
Is it any of your business  
What his business may be there?

The substance of our query,  
Simply stated, would be this:  
Is it anybody's business  
What another's business is?  
If it is; or if it isn't,  
We would really like to know,  
For we're certain if it isn't,  
There are some who make it so.

If it is, we'll join the rabble,  
And act the noble part  
Of the tattlers and defamers  
Who throng the public mart;  
But if not, we'll act the teacher,  
Until each meddler learns  
It were better in the future  
To mind his own concerns.

## SWEET ELLEN LEE.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

Incline your ear to me, brother,  
My heart is beating low;  
I have a mournful tale to tell,  
A mournful tale of woe,  
Of a little maiden that we loved,  
In the days of long ago.

You knew sweet Ellen Lee? whose cheek  
Sham'd the young rosebud's glow;  
Whose tiny, merry, restless feet  
Went tripping to and fro?  
That bounding step is still, that cheek  
Is like the winter's snow—  
The little maiden that we loved,  
In the days of long ago.

My head is drooping wearily,  
My breath comes faint and slow;  
A heavy weight is on my heart,  
A heavy weight of woe;  
For low the little maiden lies,  
We loved so long ago.

Sad memories come rushing back,  
With steady mournful flow;  
She may lie cold and pale, brother,  
But I cannot make her so;  
She stands before me now, as then,  
In her young beauty's glow—  
The little maiden that we loved,  
In the days of long ago.

## THINK OF ME.

Go where the water glideth gently ever,  
Glideth through meadows that the greenest be;  
Go, listen to your own beloved river,  
And think of me!

Wander in forests, where the small flower layeth  
Its fairy gem beneath the giant tree;  
List to the dim brook pining as it playeth,  
And think of me!

And when the sky is silver-pale at even,  
And the wind grieveth in the lonely tree,  
Go out beneath the solitary heaven,  
And think of me!

And when the moon riseth, as she were dreaming,  
And treadeth with white feet the lulled sea,  
Go, silent as a star beneath her beaming,  
And think of me!

## PATIENCE WORTHINGTON

AND  
HER GRAND-CHILDREN.

BY MRS. MARY A DENISON,  
AUTHOR OF "BETTY AND NELL," "HOME PICTURES," ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

PATIENCE WORTHINGTON AND HER GRAND-CHILD,  
LITTLE MARY.

"The Lord hath seen good to afflict thee, sister. At such a time as this, words are vain things; though out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Therefore, I say unto thee, 'the Lord doth not willingly afflict the children of men.' 'Why art thou cast down, oh! my soul, why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance and my God.' And yet thou hast been familiar with the Scriptures from thy youth up; apply, therefore, the consolations thou hast found therein to the wound in thy heart. As for the child, may the Lord keep her and spare her to bless thy declining years. Let us pray."

The fervent and sonorous "amen" of the good man echoed through the large old-fashioned parlor. He arose circumspectly from his knees, wiping them carefully with his snowy handkerchief. With his customary precision, he placed his hat over his still luxuriant though grey-sprinkled locks, methodically latched and unlatched the door of the venerable house, and with measured gait moved down the prim walk leading to the road.

Patience Worthington sat motionless, her head bowed upon the soft, wavy curls of the child who had fallen asleep on her bosom. Not a sob shook her frame. In strong anguish the soul is still, gathering up its mightiest energies to resist the complete enervation of sorrow. But an hour before, she had seen the pale sunshine streaming across the white brow of her youngest born; and even to this moment the dull, heavy sound of the clods, as they rattled upon her coffin, echoing through the old house.

Perhaps another hour passed, and only for the slight movement of the foot, grand-mother and child might both be locked in soothing slumber. All at once the huge chimney clock doled out six heavy chimies. The solitary sunbeam had crept to its sole outlet over the door, a moment playing there, and a twilight darkness began to gather in the farther corners, creeping gradually to where the bereaved one sat, and the unconscious child slept, knowing not, poor little one, the full weight of sorrow which bore so heavily on the heart of the stricken mother.

Aroused by the shrill voice of the clock, and hearing quick footsteps in the outer room, Patience Worthington, as she was still called, though the hair had turned to grey upon her brows, lifted the sleeping babe, kissed her forehead, and, bending her tall form, carried the child up to its little chamber, and laid her upon a bed. Standing, for a moment, she looked round upon every separate thing: lifted a scrap of paper upon which a trembling hand had traced a few lines, and, reading it with compressed lips,

laid it carefully aside in a little drawer filled, apparently, with relics.

Then she went slowly down stairs, paused at the foot to lean her head for one moment against the side of the staircase, giving vent to a groan which, though low, issued from the very depths of no common spirit, and, striving to banish the gloom somewhat from her fine face, she entered the cheerful kitchen.

Cheerful, because a great, glowing fire blazed and sparkled in the immense chimney. The black jambs flushed red with the light, and the white oaken floor shone with unwonted polish. In the centre, her little round table was set, spread for the evening meal, and the bright, ruddy face of Susy Mann, a neighbor's daughter, crimsoned with exercise, gleamed upon her, thoughtlessly smiling as if there was no ache in her heart to banish responsive cheerfulness.

"I'm sure I thank you, Susy," said Patience, making even the cloth at one of the corners; "I did not know you were here. I am afraid you have taken your mother's time," she said, in a constrained voice, for the rosy cheeks and general happy expression of the girl's face, jarred sadly on her own life-weary spirit.

"I was not wanted at home, ma'am," said Susy, rather timidly. "Mother told me perhaps I had better come in and help you, and so I came. The minister was here, and I thought I wouldn't disturb you. Shan't I pour the tea for you? or—maybe you'd rather be alone," she added, noticing the deep sadness mantling the face of the widow.

"I had rather you would leave me, Susy, though I thank you for your attention. Tell your mother that I have a deep sense of her many kindnesses, both to myself and—Mary—" the word trembled out from between her pale lips. "I have great reason to be thankful for all my mercies yet. I trust I may be able to repay my friends," she added, suddenly resuming a haughtiness that seemed more in keeping with her lofty bearing. "Good night, Susan, and thank you."

The girl walked home, serious, and evidently unhappy. "I do think it's the hardest thing in the world to do a favor for Patience Worthington," she exclaimed, as she entered the room where her mother and the rest of the family sat. "When she thanks you, it gives you cold chills, and as for being grateful for any little kindness, I'm sure, if she says so, she don't mean it."

"O! Susy, it's cruel to talk that way, when she has just had so much sorrow."

"Well, hasn't she brought it all on herself? Mother, that's what you have always said. Do tell us now what the reason was. I never could think what made Mary so weary-like and sorrowful, and so fearful in the presence of her mother."

"Pride is the bane of Patience Worthington," remarked Mrs. Mann, quietly. "When we first moved here, she was a beautiful woman, in the prime of life, with four sweet daughters and one son. The latter died when he was only twenty, the most inflexibly haughty boy I ever saw. His sisters were all self-willed and as lofty as himself—all but Mary, the one who was to-day buried. Two of the girls married well, that is,

they obtained rich husbands, of their mother's choice more than their own, and, living unhappily, became the prey of melancholy. One died in an insane hospital; the other lies where Mary was carried to-day. Beatrice, the only child living, had the self-will to marry just as her inclination prompted. An Italian singer saw and loved her, a penniless adventurer, with almost every virtue but that (in the world's estimation) of wealth. He was as high-spirited as Patience herself. He claimed her daughter fairly, offering her a comfortable home. In her estimation, it was an insult not to be overlooked, and he received a formal though not angry reply. Patience never condescended to anger. The result was an instant separation of mother and daughter, for Beatrice clung to the lover of her choice. They were married from this house, and that is the reason why Patience has never been more intimate with me. They left immediately for some Southern city, since which time I have only occasionally heard from them. I am inclined to think that the husband is dead, though I don't know why I should."

"Well; and Mary, what of her? I am sure she must have seen deep, deep sorrow."

"And she has; deep sorrow, indeed, poor child; a sorrow that has been worse than death to her mother; a sorrow that must and will humble her pride, if anything earthly can. She was a pliant creature, fatally worshipping her mother, blindly relying upon everything she said, and feeling, with a trusting confidence, that she could in reality do no wrong. Led by her into a marriage that seemed, in every worldly point of view, unexceptionable—for one who claimed to be an English nobleman sought her hand in marriage—she was carried from home by her husband, and, in a foreign land, it is said, learned that she was no longer a wife. The man had deceived her, bitterly, cruelly; and, deserting the poor child, she was forced to accept charity, and lived wretchedly poor, till some benevolent person brought her across the water, a broken-hearted mother, to reach her home, and die."

"And does everybody know this?"

"Yes, and I fear many rejoice. God knows I could not, if the woman had been my bitterest enemy. But when the children were young, they were not allowed to associate with others of the village. They were taught to consider themselves in all respects their superiors. This, of course, fostered a spirit of hatred, not only among the young, but the parents took an inveterate dislike to the family. As my great-great-grand-father was a nobleman in England, she thought me good enough for her company on that account," continued Mrs. Mann, smiling a little, "but I always knew my family-tree was the object of her attentions, not myself. We were never very intimate. It was chiefly on account of her distance and superciliousness that she was and is still called Patience, instead of Mrs., Worthington, the people thus signifying their contempt of her aristocratic airs. Poor woman, she is to be pitied."

"And that sweet little Mary?"

"Ah! that sweet little Mary will be but another victim, I fear, if her grand-mother's life is

spared. I sincerely hope the Almighty will change the heart of this proud woman."

## CHAPTER II.

### ALL ALONE WITH THOUGHT.

After she was left alone, Patience Worthington drew a chair up to the table, and sat moodily down. The tea was smoking beside her, in a little silver pot that had been used in her family for four generations. With an absent air, she poured some of the sparkling beverage into the single cup, and then, instead of drinking it, leaned her head upon her hand, and closed her eyes.

What were the visions of that lonely creature, who, by assuming an ascendancy over the mass of God's creatures around her, had isolated herself as completely as if her home were a parched desert, so far as human sympathy was concerned? Did memory call up the form of that poor husband, who, ever patient and kind, had ruined himself for her sake, by living far beyond his means? Did she think how often and earnestly he had expostulated with her to subdue that dreadful pride that made her defiant to God and unjust to man? Did she remember the words he used in his last sickness, "It may be, Patience, the Lord will punish us in our children?"

There was but one left—Beatrice. Where she was the widow knew not. It might be, in that hour of her softening, could she have reached her, she would have taken her back to her heart and home.

Unable to taste a mouthful of her supper, Patience Worthington arose mechanically, and proceeded to clear off the table. A stranger might have read her mental suffering in her rigid brow, her grey eye, but stranger or friend would hardly venture to offer her sympathy. One instinctively felt that her joy or her grief was her own, and that she was satisfied that so it should be; that, in the language though not the spirit of Scripture, she wished no one to intermeddle with her sorrow.

Her very appearance did, as Susan Mann described it, cast a chill over one's heart. She was very tall, very erect. Her features, once beautiful, were thin and pinched; her eye cold, keen and hard; her brow finely formed, from which the silken white hair was smoothly parted, and folded high upon the back of the head. She wore no cap, because caps were so common. Her very dress seemed made of materials that were never seen on other people. Her collars were her own fashion. Her ways were all different from those of her neighbors, or your neighbors, reader; they were born of pride, had been fostered by pride, and confirmed in pride.

Yet, withal, she was not wholly disagreeable, for she so seldom smiled that when she did, it gave her face almost an irresistible beauty, and warmed the heart up as with a flash of heart-lightning. All her children, but Beatrice, she could make conform to her wishes with that singular smile. But for days and days she had not relaxed in the stern, thoughtful sorrow of her face; and, as she moved about the old kitchen now, stately and unbending, there was some-



thing almost awful in the immobility of her features.

Gradually, the darkness had come on. Without, it was draping the whole sky in gloom; within, the fitful glow of the fire danced oddly on the walls, and seemed sometimes to set the ancient furniture in motion.

It was the very last day in September, and the morrow was the Sabbath. The fall-sprites had made rapid progress, and changed all the fields to a sombre brown, and on *her* grave was no green thing. The widow thought of this as she drew her stand, with the Bible upon it, nearer to the fire, and then, as was her wont, leaning her brow upon her hand, the vision of her children passed before her. Singly they came. First Isabel, with her dark beauty and flowers upon her queenly head—her smile, scornful when it was not sweet, and passing sweet, like her mother's, when it was not scornful; then Clara, with her little childish ways, and a susceptible heart, that it took long years and great patience to spoil. Next Henry, by whose untimely death her soul was almost rent from the body; Henry, who, most of all, resembled her in mind and form, and who had almost spurned to bear that common lot of death. Beatrice, frank, sunny-tempered, but wild, defiant, and determined, stood before her with a strange sadness drooping on the downcast brow and heavy lids; but she melted away, and in her place knelt the lamb of the flock, "canny Mary," the true, pure-hearted child with her soft, pensive beauty, and her willing, winning way. Could it be that she was asleep in that dreamless rest! that a coffin enclosed and the black earth covered her? Should she hear no more the ringing of her little bell, and hastening up, bear that dear head tenderly upon her bosom, never again? It could not be; she had seen the tremulous light fade from her blue eyes; she had herself pressed down the waxen lids, and, after severing one golden curl, laid the shiny tresses back, thread by thread, till, like the sculptured marble, they almost seemed to blend into the snowy whiteness of her brow.

And yet another phase of thought: she was with her again. Yes, even by her side, hemming a white frock for her little Mary. How fast her slender fingers flew; how the flash of the fire brightened up the stray curls that had before been in the shadow! How mournfully sweet was her smile, and her gentle acquiescence, "Yes, dearest mother!" The past was forgotten—Mary was with her, not in the lonesome grave, but with her, *with her*—her soul was light again—when, at a sudden sound, the widow sprang from her chair. It was no delusion—it *could be* no delusion. "Mother! mother!" called a silvery voice, and the door shook with the beating of a hand. "Mother! mother!" and again the door shook and trembled.

The blood ran chillily round her heart, thrilling every vein with a fear new and strange.

"God help me! What is it?" she cried aloud, in her wild agitation.

"It's I, mother," echoed the little voice, so calmly that it acted like magic upon the startled woman. She drew a deep breath, threw open

the door, and caught little Mary in her arms, as she murmured—

"I had forgotten you, child."

"It's all dark up stairs. Where's mother?" asked the little one, folding her arms about that withered neck. "It's all dark up stairs."

"It's all dark here, poor child—dark all around us; dark in my heart," murmured Patience, for the first time since her daughter had died, bursting into tears. The child sat mute with surprise; she seemed to have forgotten her momentary question, in the mystery of this new emotion. The feelings of an adult are interpreted by his thoughts. The thoughts of a child are interpreted by its feelings. Little Mary had always *felt*, till now, that there was a wide, wide distance between her grand-mother and herself. Kisses, caresses, had not lessened it; but tears, blessed tears, opened her heart, young as she was, to a new love, and now the clasp of her dimpled arms interpreted warmth and intensity.

In a few moments, when all was still, looking up again, she said—

"Where is my mother?"

"Have you forgotten so soon?" whispered Patience, laying her wet cheek on the little girl's yellow hair.

"I didn't hear her up there," murmured the child, very plaintively; "it's all still up there—and dark—I put my hand over, but couldn't feel mamma's face. I went all about the bed, and couldn't find mamma anywhere."

The flame brightened, flashed up, and sank down again into the red coals. Little Mary watched it with unsteady glances. The brightness in her eyes was only the reflection of the fire. They moved slower and more slowly, were fixed for a moment, then the lids drooped, closed, the fair head fell back, and the child slept again, before her grand-mother had answered her question, "Where is my mother?"

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE FIRST SABBATH AFTER THE FUNERAL.

Sunday proved dreary and rainy. The few crimson flowers that had clung to the vines, laid spotted and beat into the earth by the storm. The vines themselves with their yellow leaves curled, clicked against the casement as the wind shook out their summer vigor. The fields, the hedges, the hills, the sky, all were grey and dismal; the apples had been gathered in, so the trees in the near orchard no longer sheltered the golden fruit under their coverts of emerald. It was a very cheerless Sabbath morning to the happy, the young-hearted; but to her who knew where the winds sighed most mournfully, and where the little brown tufts of withered verdure bent closer over a bosom she loved—it was a terrible day.

Little Mary sat in her high chair opposite her grand mother, slowly eating the bread and milk from her silver cup—Patience Worthington had never parted with her family plate,—when, with a low knock at the door, Susy Mann came in.

"Mother sent me over," she said—she always said that, for a sort of make welcome—"to ask you if you would like to use the carriage to-day.

No one is going but father and I," she continued, stroking back little Mary's curls, for the child had got down, being fond of Susy, and stood clinging to her dress.

"Mrs. Mann is very kind, very kind indeed," said Patience, measuring out her words. "It is true, it *does* rain, but then I will not put you to the trouble—I can wear my clogs, and leave Mary at home. Mary, it isn't pretty to hang on to Susy's dress, child—I won't trouble your folks to come round."

"O! it's no trouble, no trouble in the least," said Susy, now holding the white hand of little Mary, who kept her serious blue eyes fixed on her face. "Mother told me to tell you there would be plenty of room, great plenty, and then we can take little Mary."

"My mother's dead," said the sweet child in a sorrowful voice, while her coral lips quivered, "my mother's dead."

Susy bent down and kissed her, shutting her eyes hard to keep back the sympathetic tears, while Patience walked hurriedly to the closet.

"I know it dear," at length she found voice to say.

"They carried her away, and they wont bring her back again; and I don't want to stay here alone," she sobbed out.

Susy wiped her eyes with her apron, and thought how gloomy the great kitchen looked, and how sad it was for that little child to be companionless as it were, with nobody but her strange, stately grand-mother, moving about like a ghost. Patience Worthington swallowed her pride at the sight of her weeping grand-child.

"Stop crying, Mary," she said, "and you shall go; I am obliged to Mrs. Mann for her kindness. I will be ready when the carriage calls. Once I had a carriage of my own," she murmured with a bitterness indescribable, as Susy went out—"yes"—she folded her arms and stood gazing from the little window, "and a husband of my own, and children of my own—and where are they now? Gone, gone, gone—oh, poverty! oh, death! I hold a grudge against ye both; ye have spoiled my beautiful possessions; ye have laid the mould upon my heart's treasures."

For a moment she bowed her head to hide the struggle that convulsed her features; then sweeping her hand over her face, she raised it defiantly, smiled with a scornful lip, and muttering "Broken but not bent," she carried Mary up stairs to prepare her for church.

She had read her Bible that morning; a practice she had not once omitted since the day she was ten years of age; and now she was sixty; she could repeat the psalms from beginning to end without misplacing a preposition, and yet, oh! human blindness, she could not apply a single rebuke, nor adopt a single promise. She knew not Him who said, "I will be with thee in six troubles, and in the seventh I will not forsake thee."

Floating in the hazy air came the chime of the bells: Patience Worthington had folded her shawl in its precise triangular fashion, and her long veil, old but spotless, hung almost to her feet, under which her tall figure shot up to an unearthly stature. Yet black though it was, and thick

withal, the sharp glances of her grey eyes pierced through, and the outline of her white forehead and the pale shade of her hair, took a more ghastly hue from its duskiness. Little Mary had a strip of black ribbon tied around her straw hat, but there was more of mourning in her blue eyes—she was very young, but she missed her mother.

They were soon seated in Mr. Mann's carriage, and driving slowly up the hill that intervened between home and the meeting-house.

Never looked the church-yard so dismal as when they passed it this morning. The rain was dripping from off the brown slabs, dripping from the naked branches of the oaks, and the mournful plumes wet and drooping of the weeping willow, dripping all over the stone wall. Not a bird was abroad. Now and then a squirrel darted out from some black nook; the ground all soaked and bare, heaped in some places, and in others hollowed, bore the marks of recent footsteps, in which water had settled all along its narrow path.

There under two mounds, one of them freshly made, near the eastern corner, laid a Clara and a Mary. The widow turned her glance away to the leaden sky, but as was the chamber of little Mary the preceding night, "*it was all dark up there.*"

The old grey minister dwelt eloquently upon the beautiful character of the dead; but not once did Patience Worthington lift her eyes to the high pulpit; though to a stranger there was something in the pastor's mien and face that alone might command attention. He was one of the old pilgrim stock, and the tallest man in the parish, as Patience Worthington was the tallest woman.

In the breadth of his full face dwelt a somewhat heavy expression, but when he turned, as it was his habit frequently to do, the stern, almost classic severity of his profile was a fitting and refined study for an artist.

There was grandeur in every feature: in the stately curve of his brow, massive and bare at the temples, in the perfect outline of his full grey eye, and when as he rounded a sentence, he was apt to compress his lips and raise slightly his noble head, one would involuntarily compare him with some ancient Roman. Yet it must be confessed that nature had done more for the casket than the gem. Minister Farrell was not far removed from an ordinary preacher, though in the best and most sterling qualities of nature and religion, he was as perfect as poor humanity can be.

It was well known that an unfortunate attachment was the cause of his single blessedness, but of that we will say farther hereafter.

Many a sweet word was spoken from a distance to the bright little creature who walked so slowly and shyly up the narrow aisle after service, her white hand hidden in the folds of her grand-mother's dress. From a distance we said, for Patience Worthington spoke to, was spoken to by none but the pastor, who murmured a very few words in a low tone, and held out his hand to Mary. But the child shrank behind her grand-mother; she only remembered him as the man who stood with immovable face above the body of her dead mother, when everybody else was weeping, and prayed with uncovered head, not that God would send her back to bless her child, but as *her* little mind comprehended, would keep

her for ever away from those that loved her so much more than it seemed even He could.

There was but few at church that morning. After the congregation was dismissed, some staid in the porch—old meeting-goers who were willing rather to lose their warm dinners than the afternoon service. The rest hurried out through the driving rain, either to their country vehicles, or gathering up their garments, moved quickly on to the low-roofed cottages in the vicinity.

Within their snug carriage sat Patience Worthington and little Mary, comfortably ensconced on the wide back seat. Patience sat with her head bowed, spoke not, scarcely moved; little Mary looked eagerly out and listened to that sound thrilling to the heart of every child, the heavy pattering of the drops, as they showered against the canvas covering.

At the top of the hill, the antique gable of Worthington house came slowly in view, covered with scarlet vines, torn roughly by the wind, and showing many a mark of ruin on the unpainted surface beneath. The mansion was very old—at the back entrance propped up; but the front still bore evidence of the taste that had once distinguished it as a pleasant residence, and the ornament of the village. The windows were latticed, the cornices elaborately carved, jutting over the top and nearly meeting at the centre, the heavy ornamental porch by which the little black door was almost hidden. At every window there hung a narrow white curtain, looped and fringed; at each window also, the running woodbine clambered over and thrust its ambitious tendrils against the diamond panes, tapping there all day and all night when there was a breeze.

In by-gone times some sweet young face had often looked forth from those windows into the road, delighting the passer-by with its beauty; but how like a dream those visions of youth and loveliness seemed on such a day as this, as one gazed at the desolate old home!

Is it not so, that wherever time spoils, it is with the master touch of an artist? Over all the ravages, when years have done their round of duty, he throws a mantle of shadows and ivy. The very mould in unsightly crevices catches beauty from the dew-laden winds, and in yellow, blue, and brown, its sinuous length creeps up stained walls.

The plot before Worthington house was still freshly green. November left beauty without, where death had been desolating within. The vines were spotted in red and purple, and twining about the old-fashioned pillars and over the porch, looked like withering garlands of summer flowers. A blue settle stood stidly against the wall. With every gust, showers of faded leaves swept from the great elm, and coiled in circles tremulously verging away, away, till they fluttered beyond the protecting trunk, and were beaten and discolored by the rain.

Patience and her little grand-child stepped out and hurried under the porch. With an air which she strove to make agreeable, the former thanked kind farmer Mann, and as both disappeared beyond the gloomy entry, Susy shuddered, saying to her father, "I had almost rather die than live with Patience Worthington."

Patience did not go out again that day. Her darling had been eulogized—her pride satisfied. What earthliness yet lingered in the heart of the old preacher, had prompted him to say much in honor of the dead; and perhaps one, the very least of his reasons was, that Patience Worthington might listen and be pleased. But the subject was worthy all his pathos—he had loved gentle Mary Worthington, and the memory of her great trial softened his voice and added a charm to his manner that was wanting on ordinary occasions.

And so the stricken mourner sat in that lonely chamber, sacred to the memory of her lost one, with her arms folded vice-like over her bosom, thinking—thinking. Thought chased thought, and mingled as did the great round drops upon the window-pane.

Little Mary sat looking her picture-book through again and again; then moved uneasily about, first standing at the window to watch the driving storm, and after that with her dimpled arms thrown over the white counterpane, stepping slowly up along by the side of the bed where her dear mother had laid, and earnestly gazing at the vacant spot where that sweet pale face had been; where the two, meek, faded blue eyes had so often smiled upon her.

A long time elapsed, and her dreamy glances were riveted upon the pillow; she had folded one dimpled hand, and leaning her cheek upon it, she stood there very still, while a strange, sad expression gathered over her face. Suddenly she gave a long drawn sob, and turning towards her grandmother, burst into tears.

"Are you sick, Mary?" asked Patience, rising in alarm.

The child shook her head; her little coral lips quivered with grief, as she exclaimed in her peculiarly plaintive voice,

"My mother's dead."

"She is happy and in Heaven, dear; she is very much happier than we," said Patience, lifting her upon her knee.

But the sobs came stronger and faster; she lifted her blue eyes streaming with tears to her grand-mother's face, as she murmured, half in fear, "My father's dead, too; is my mother dead, too?"

Patience Worthington started; a gesture of passion silenced the trembling child; a gleam of hatred shot from her dark eye; she gathered Mary to her bosom, and closed her arms as if she could have folded them all over her. "Your father—your father," she muttered between her clenched teeth; "Poor child! may God shield you from knowing who was your father."

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE PRESENT AND THE PAST.

All the week after Sabbath, was glad, bright weather; Patience Worthington performed her round of duties with no apparent diminution of interest: but had one looked intently upon her brow, he might have seen a few more faint wrinkles indented there, and her hair was lighter, whiter silver. Little Mary at times regained all her natural vivacity. She was a remarkably

happy child, and in her brighter moments you might almost see a brilliant little mirth dancing in her blue eyes. Patience had already begun to glory in her beauty. After every visit the child made to the lean old cow in her half broken shed, or to the chickens, whose play-ground and food-ground was the area of a large corn-field, or to the one pig, that grew fat off the poor leavings of Patience Worthington's scanty meals, and the heaps of luscious desert that farmer Mann sent stealthily over by his bare-footed boy every evening; the fond grand-mother would call the child in, and with her neat little basin beside her, and comb in hand, re-arrange the soft curls that the wind had thrown over her fair cheeks. The child was sunshine in the old house, and Patience with all her stately ways, and lonely, sorrowful moments, could not resist the artless appeals to her whole love; she was compelled to caress her, for the child's spirit was so tender, a look would call up *tears*, a harsh word almost break her heart.

She would sit in her grand-mother's lap, would lay her beautiful head upon her bosom, and some way, always over the heart, as if she knew that place by right should be hers; she never wearied of lisping all her little love, for she transferred her affections entirely upon this cold, haughty woman. If the latter did at times lift her with a quick, harsh manner from her knee, because a terrible thought checked the current of her warmer impulses, stopped the tide almost of life itself, and placing her impetuously in her chair, or upon the floor, leaving her there wondering, sought her chamber to walk herself into calmness, the timid, asking manner of the dear child on her return, revived the old tenderness, and she would exclaim,

"Mary, little Mary, thou art a joy and a pain to me; but for thy mother's sake, little Mary, I will forget the pain, and thou shalt seem to me even as she did;" while the child understanding that through a broken cloud the sun was drifting, opened her little heart to its light and warmth, and ran dancing through the old rooms till a smile crept to the pale lips of the poor widow; something like the smile of the olden time.

Since Mary's death, minister Farrell had called quite often at Worthington house. His good heart really pitied the desolate widow. He fancied that she was changed; for she talked more of her children, calling up memories with which he was connected, and dwelling upon their various excellencies as long as the old man would listen.

And twice she had asked him to stop to supper—she had not done that for long years before; the last time she had urged him in so gentle a tone, that he consented with all the stammering bashfulness of a youth in the first flush of timid love. Thoughts that for twenty-five years had not troubled the calm surface of his heart, flitted to and fro like boats sharply tossed upon troubled waters, as he sat in the low parlor, looking alternately at the rustic pictures on the walls, and through to the sombre tints on the bushes, when the wind looped up for a moment the tremulous gauzy curtain. He heard the measured footsteps of Patience as she was arranging for tea in the kitchen, and insensibly emotions, that he had

deemed crucified, kindled at the smouldering fire of his affection.

For, twenty-five years ago, he had loved Patience Worthington with a passion so intense that it threatened to overbalance reason. He had first seen her at school, when her father came, that stern, straight old man, and requested that his only child might, for various reasons, sit by herself.

It seemed but yesterday that the old deacon stood upon the moss-covered step of that little school-house, his long white locks falling over a coat-collar of precise make and pattern. And just by his side stood Patience, beautiful Patience, haughty Patience Worthington; her little feet buried in bright clover buds, her graceful head—from which hung masses of clustering tresses, curling thickly on her shoulders—perched disdainfully a little on one side.

Her flashing dark eyes followed the swaying of a white cambric sun-bonnet—a very queen among the flowers she stood, while envious whisperings went on at the window where many a bright face peeped out. Haughty Patience Worthington, who deemed the earth honored with the press of her footstep, and wondered why flowers sprang not up in her pathway to do her homage!

He remembered how he had stood as the stately creature entered, forgetting the nearly finished exercises, following her languid motions with his eyes, and scarce breathing as she took the seat to which he pointed; then recalled by the smothered mirth of his young-lady pupils, how dreamily he recommenced his task; rectifying no mistakes, noting no misdemeanor, while his glances would stealthily wander to where she sat, with that strange, defiant loveliness that craved half hate, half admiration.

It seemed but yesterday that he had dismissed school, and overheard his oldest scholars declaring that they would not suffer that intolerable, vain Patience Worthington to eclipse them; nor should she be entitled to the least consideration on account of her beauty, or her father's wealth; that they would be on the watch to torment her, and lay plans to thwart her progress. Perhaps that was the reason why he determined to watch assiduously over his new pupil, and to make up by his twofold interest for the coldness which his pupils, with jealous school-girl spirit, had determined on manifesting towards her.

Perhaps that was the reason—there might have been another.

Every day his heart beat with the wildest hopes, when that proud young face sparkled through the little dark door-way. Towards him she was unaccountably gracious; she must have been blind indeed not to have read his devotion in the very deference with which he offered her the merest trifle; and her first conquest assumed more consequence from the fact that her school-mates felt no congeniality of taste or sympathy with her; so she gloried in reigning pre-eminent in his domain, and by her cutting speeches and withering sarcasm, so alienated all but one over-fond heart, that they never felt again the rebound of what kindly feelings they might have cherished spite of their prejudice, when she first came among them.

He gave her a moss rose-bud one summer's night. They were leisurely walking across the fields towards home. The heavens were serenely beautiful—so was Patience. She threw her hat carelessly back; the soft winds spread the shining masses over her shoulders, and clasped them around her white throat. To the enamored schoolmaster, she looked more than angelic; truth glanced from the depths of her clear eyes; and a brilliant light seemed mysteriously evolving therefrom.

Never was the schoolmaster so transcendently happy. To him the vast field glittered as if the stars in all their yellow splendor had dropped down, and tipped each glittering grass-blade. A warm glow at his heart made him long to break out in rapture, and tell how glorious every object appeared, more especially the lovely creature at his side.

But his emotions grew too sacred for language; they welled to the tip of his tongue, and then crept softly back to the fountain that sent them forth, to give silent happiness, to impart a delight that only the spirit sense can fully experience.

The next day a moss-rose—the bud of the previous twilight—peeped from the rich ringlets of the favorite pupil; and the sight gave young master Farrell a hope that had never before dared even unfold to the faintest petal.

"Why do you wear the rose?" he whispered, while his temples crimsoned, and he dared not lift his eyes.

"O! for the sake of the giver, to be sure."

The simple sentence leaped out laughingly, but those rosy lips closed afterwards, with an expression of contempt. But the expression (the manner was all unnoticed) flashed like fire through his brain; sank burning into his heart. *For the sake of the giver.* Would she thus trifle with him if she loved him not? Would she dare thus encourage him? Noble-minded himself, he would not allow a possibility of deception in that fair young being. She a coquette—scarcely more than a child! He would cast the thought from him. He was beloved, and by the most glorious creature in the world; whose very pride made her seem a prize worth braving death to obtain.

All that day pupils and master were bewitched. Everything went wrong, and yet everything seemed right. At evening Patience and her young tutor walked home together again, and the rash man dared to say what his lips had better have for ever sealed, unless he had been a deeper student of the heart. But how often does a man in love pause to study that most complex of all human things, a woman's nature?

Bitterly was he refused; haughtily was the daring act resented.

It was just such another radiant evening—the stars as bright, the moon as yellowy soft, the grass twinkled with dew-drops, the birds skimmed across the field, with short, sharp twitterings; a few white clouds sailed from the burning censurs of the still faintly crimsoned west—and Patience, her tall form drawn superbly regal to its utmost height, looked twice the queen she ever had in her loftiest moments of pride.

But with her own beautiful lips she had woven

a pall for his spirit, and it would have been the same to him, had the landscape been shrouded in the darkness of a cloudy midnight. His first eager gift of pure and undefiled love had been contemptuously flung back upon his heart; and that mocking laugh! and those cutting words!

"Mr. Farrell, do you remember who you are?"

Yes, too well he remembered: an indigent schoolmaster, doomed perhaps to be unknown to fame: a poor young man, with nothing in the world but a fine figure, a handsome face, and a small trunkful of clothes and books.

For a moment indignation superseded every tenderer emotion.

"I am a fool!" he exclaimed passionately, "for what I have done this evening."

"I think you are," she replied, with a light, mocking laugh; "but as you own it like a man, there's a chance of your improvement. Good night."

He remembered how he had stood like a pillar of granite, watching, with a swelling heart, the stately movements of that overweening proud creature. He could see, as the wind lifted her ringlets, the beautiful arch of her white neck; and while still almost stunned with the conviction that she had been a cold-hearted coquette, he could have worshiped her.

Chilliness and darkness settled down upon his spirit; at a long, long distance he followed her to her home. Worthington house was then in its glory; the vines were trained by a skilful hand, and the warm flush of bright red roses, clustering here and everywhere, imparted a softness to the outlines of the cream-painted building, that made it a most picturesque object. Near there he flung himself down, where, secluded from all observation, he could look into the cold, dark entry, across whose floor bright bridges of light were flung from room to room, for there was much company at Worthington house, and all the windows were a-blaze. He heard the merry, thrilling laughter, that had always been such rich music to his heart; there was not a tone unaltered; it leaped up and died away as naturally as ever; and all the while the great elms, with their waving arms, that looked spectral in the moonlight, threw the soft outlines of their shadows even to the pretty porch. The rose-bushes leaned up to the lattices, and the tall, blue lilies swung their bells, and threw their perfume faintly on the air; and the provoking bird, upon the bough overhead, chirped its shrill "Katy-did" monotonously.

He could not reason definitely why, but he seemed to feel as if the elms should be blasted, the roses withered, the lilies bruised and broken, and the songs of birds hushed for ever.

He did not move as Patience came to the door, and, standing outside, leaned her head back against the column that supported the porch. He only thought how dazzling she was, with that silvery moonlight falling on her white forehead, and throwing here and there a bright gleam upon the midnight tresses that curled over and mingled with twining tendrils, and glossy green leaves.

Had she gone out to where he laid, he would

have remained there still, and perhaps have told her that he meant to till he died.

She danced out twice to the great elms, now throwing her white arms gracefully upward, then holding her bright garments from the dew, flung a few trilling notes up to the "Katy-did," then vanished, like a dazzling vision, into the house with her cousin.

A feverish fire crept to the poor schoolmaster's brain, as he lay with no desire but that of death, and with that feeling of utter forlornness which the first bitter love-sorrow throws over the spirit: that feeling that the soul is sinking, and no hand to stay it up.

Again that merry laugh thrilled him. It seemed nearer. He sprang to his feet, and leaned his burning head against the trunk of a great elm. He threw his arms around it; its kindly shaggy body was like a friend to him. There shone a light in the chamber which Patience occupied. She had thrown up the curtain, and he could see her, standing in the centre of the room, unlooping the blue ribbon that girdled her waist.

She threw back her hair, and gathering its masses together with one hand, knotted it to the top of her head, while the curling tips fell branching over like a coronet. So still was the night, that every few moments he distinguished her words, and with a painful shrinking, he fixed himself in an attitude of attention.

"Did you ever hear anything so ridiculous?" and then gushed out a peal of derisive laughter. The answer was undistinguishable, but again that voice reached him—"Why! he is only our country schoolmaster; I marry him? ha, ha, ha!"

Strangely did his passionate love blend with anger toward the cruel girl who could jest about so holy a thing, and bandy his name with contempt before strangers.

"I will hate her! I will hate her!" he gnashed between his teeth; but just then he looked upward; she was leaning from the window, reaching with her little white hand and round, full arm, after the catch that fastened the blind back—pressing away at the same time the clinging vine ambitious to clasp her forehead.

Groaning, the schoolmaster shut his eyes, and when she was locked away out of his sight, he turned from Worthington house, and walked home with faltering steps.

The next day, nor the next, nor ever again, did Patience go to the country school; the master's pale face and listless demeanor was likely to be accounted for after their own fashion by the roguish scholars, and teacher Farrell's name became a by-word among them.

After a few weeks he gave up his task, and went back to the home of a relative, there to prosecute his studies. Sorrow, though it refined the dross of his nature, did not call up his energies, nor strike out the vigor of his intellect into bolder relief. His was one of those timid minds that droop under an ungenial atmosphere, though the sun of prosperity might have called into kindlier being, the elements that make great men. As it was, he was destined never to be great.

It is strange how, in different characters, genius will develop itself. Some minds, sur-

rounded by all the elegancies of art, the love of dear friends, will only grow into a healthy maturity; while others, in the wretched rooms of city homes, with creaking tables and broken-backed chairs, and while the wind whistles to them from dingy corners, create a paradise from utterly barren material, and call into glowing, living beauty the most delightful master-pieces of imagination. Of the latter class was not schoolmaster Farrell.

Five years passed, and he returned to the village of Westerlin, a minister of the Orthodox church: returned to find Patience married to a young lawyer, and the mother of two beautiful girls. He never loved again; he schooled his heart to stoical indifference, and became almost as a stranger to the proud being who had once been in all his thoughts.

These pictures had passed through the minister's mind, till the past had become so blended with the present, that when Patience again stood before him, he gazed upon her for a moment with all the tenderness of old.

The light had grown grey, save where the pink flush on the horizon sent now and then a faint rose-hue that tinted the shadows in the parlor. The minister did not much observe the grey locks, the faded cheeks. He only saw the white hands, the eyes bright as in youth.

How comfortable the old kitchen looked as he entered it! The blazing fire, the neatly covered footstools, and yellow shining floor, seemed fitly accompanied by the table, with its quaint silver dishes and delicate food.

Patience noticed that he acted strangely at supper, when he stirred his tea with the little indented sugar tongs, and attempted to cut butter with his fork; she thought the good man had grown exceedingly absent-minded, and quite pitied him for lifting the preserve saucer to drink his tea from, and in his embarrassment spilling the syrup over his immaculate linen. Though proud, she was woman-hearted; with her own hands she dipped the delicate finger-cloth in water, and erased the stain; so the minister's heart beat a quicker march than ever to the recollection of early days.

They stood together after supper, watching the last purpling tints of the sun upon the hills. A comely couple they were—both tall, both still very handsome in their old age. The widow had forgotten, it may be, that she was better than other flesh and blood—or who knows whether the spirit of coquetry can live in the bosom of sixty? The suggestion is not a pleasing one.

Minister Farrell, in the newly-awakened warmth of tenderness, dropped his measured accents, and spoke cheerfully—perhaps briskly.

The old, true love! how it had rushed back in a living torrent upon his heart! What a tide of sacred emotions it had called forth!

Silently, and unawares, he gazed at Patience, long, earnestly; and a second time came the impulse strong upon him, to pour out that tide, and pray her not to reject him now. How happy they might live together, forgetting all the sorrows of the past, thanking God for the joys of the present! But he became painfully conscious that the widow drew her head up more stiffly—that



the old defiant pride, which he had learned so well how to interpret, gloomed down upon her features; that a coldness was gradually settling between them into a gulf that he never might cross. He felt the reaction upon his own nerves; his limbs relaxed—his brow bent downwards, thoughtfully, a change passed over his features, like a brief, but strong struggle—and he was calm again.

Little Mary bounded in, shouting something about "beautiful flowers," a fragrant bunch of which she held in her hand. In his heart the old minister thanked God for this timely interruption; with one smothered sigh, he bent low, and kissed her rosy cheek.

A moment ago, he could have fallen upon his knees before the woman he had once so madly loved—now, with his formal voice, and ceremonious manner, he bade her good night, lifted his broad-brimmed hat, and choking down once more and for ever, all his new-born feelings, he passed along the garden-walks, without deviating from the straight middle path, and as slowly as when he had first visited Patience Worthington and her family as their spiritual guide.

In three short hours what an experience had that old man passed through! How new joys, like fresh flowers, had opened to his view, to fade while they blessed him; he had lifted the marble slab from the tomb of the past—but only to find that tomb filled with the ashes of dead hopes.

He never spoke of love in connection with Patience Worthington again!

## CHAPTER V.

### THE BROTHER'S VISIT.

For ten years, Patience Worthington had held little or no correspondence with the family of her only brother. They were rich, and lived in a style so much beyond her means, even in the first years of her marriage, that she declined all visits, until a coldness had gradually grown between them so frigid that they were as formal as strangers.

And yet in her heart there was love for her brother, though she scarcely knew it. For her sister-in-law, she in reality cared little. She had once been a belle, was always extremely fashionable, and had mortally offended Patience, long ago, by some sarcastic allusion to her circumstances.

How this proud woman had hoped that, in her children, she might yet rival her brother—and they were (all but one) dead.

It was Winter. The hills, roads and fields glistened in white light, fanciful festoons hung from all the naked branches—from the eaves, over the door-ways, on the black porches—wherever a cottage was in view, the sparkling crystal had taken grotesque shapes: here of a face, there of a limb, so one might trace out any vagary to please the most picturesque imagination.

In a very small, snug room, leading from the kitchen, Patience had laid the brightest carpet the house afforded, (and that is not saying much for distinctness of hue or pattern), she had brought hither and arranged old and shining furniture, and withal made a com-

fortable sitting-room in which, with little Mary, she might pass the cold weather. It was a pleasant place, save that it looked out upon the shattered barn, once fragrant with high-stacked hay and clover, but now forlorn and dilapidated. To tell the truth, much of the interior had been cut away for firewood—for Patience Worthington was very poor this winter.

She had fashioned over some of her old clothes to suit Mary's delicate form. The child grew dearer to the widow day by day. With her sweet words of hope, and large, mournful blue eyes, she was to her now more a joy than a pain; and very seldom the thought of her parentage gave her one pang.

Still, Mary, as she became older, was not a child to be vain of. One would quietly love her without asking why, or what peculiar charm wrought upon the sympathy. She glided unobtrusively into the heart without craving much attention, yet mutely asking for a corner there—and she invariably shared the best.

Patience Worthington was in perplexity; her pig had sickened and died just as he was in good condition to kill; her little hoard of money was fast disappearing, and, at times, with the silver on her table, there was but scant food to place upon it.

If it was not that the kind Susy Mann insisted upon sending a quart of new milk, every day, into her little favorite, the poor child would often have gone hungry to bed.

Thanksgiving day was near, and no prospect of a feast.

It was a sad disappointment to Patience Worthington, for she had ever been accustomed to distinguish that day, in commemoration of the many happy family gatherings that once met beneath the old roof. Pride alone kept her from sinking at the thought of coming destitution. One day she had turned the matter over in her mind many times, and at last placing the frock she was busy upon in little Mary's hands to keep her from following her, she went slowly up stairs into what had been her daughter's chamber; opening the little bureau drawer, took from thence one shining piece of gold of considerable value. With a sort of loathing touch she held it, and gazed thoughtfully upon it; then all the sternness of her haughty character concentrated upon her features.

"No," she exclaimed aloud, "the spirit of my child would haunt me if I used that accursed gold. He gave it her when he left the poor child in her misery, and she would have starved before condescending to purchase one loaf of bread with the money polluted by his touch. 'No! honest means shall buy my little Mary bread—or we will live upon faith and cold water.'"

A heavy rap at the door startled her from her reverie. Well she knew whose it was, for many a mournful ceremony had made her familiar with his loud knock—old John Ingolls, the sexton's. She hurried down. The aged man handed her a letter, saying—

"Something for you, Miss Worthington, I expects—a letter; you see son Bill, he brought it in town somewhere about five, and I jist waited to

milk old Bess afore I fetched it round; guess it's from Bostin."

"It is," answered the widow, looking at the post-mark, and then at him as if she expected him to vanish; but he stood still, rather hesitating, now gazing up to the sky, then at her, then at his feet.

Presently, he said, with many a little cough between—

"Well, you see, Miss Worthington, hem—son Bill he—he paid a little suthin—'twan't but a trifle—but—every leetle sort's helps in a big family like mine are, and—I—hem—rally wouldn't valley it, but—you see son Bill he paid the matter of a shillin' or so—cause you see it's staid a smart lot at the office, and so on."

Poor Patience! the blood rushed over her face, and tingled in her ear-tips. A shilling! she had not a cent, and should *she* avow her penury to this poor sexton? Her self-possession almost forsook her. It was a galling thing to her pride—to know herself thus poverty-stricken. Fortunately, she recollected herself, and catching her breath, said—

"I happen to have nothing smaller than a gold bit, Ingolls; but I will not forget you. I will send the change round, and, perhaps, a trifle more, to-morrow or next day."

She would not have told the story of that gold bit for worlds—how a cruel deceiver had thrust it upon a broken-spirited creature, and bade her seek the home she had deserted for him.

The grey-headed sexton nodded his acquiescence, but muttered, as he left the door—

"I don't know as nothin' would take that high way out of her. If she was a beggar, she'd stand up to the rack jest so, and her father afore her. The old man used to be so powerful proud that folks said if death didn't make an apology for takin' him off, he'd knock him down. I rally believe the old king did wait for him some time, and so on. Snug enough, now, though, old 'Squire Worthington—right in the next lot to old Joe Simpkin, too—wonder if the old men 'ill speak together resurrection morning?"

Patience hurried to her little room. Mary, roguishly laughing, was spoiling her work, clipping with the scissors and snarling the thread, but her grand-mother was too much engaged with her thoughts to notice the mischief she was about. The sun shone yellowly in and laid all over the little room—the west was deeply crimsoned. Coming from out the still cold of the air, the present atmosphere seemed most grateful to her chilled frame. Patience Worthington grew lighter hearted as she threw wood on the genial blaze, and sat down, while the coals glowed with a redder lustre, to unfold her letter.

The signature was—as she surmised—her brother's; but she had not read many lines before a deathly paleness overspread her cheeks. Covering her face with her hand, she leaned back in her chair, quite overcome.

For the letter stated, in these words, that—

"Beatrice, her daughter, having deceased, had left her little child, then seven years of age, in their charge, and they had adopted it.

"That Mrs. Worthington, her sister-in-law, being in failing health, contemplated a voyage to

Europe, and desired to have as little care upon her mind as possible: therefore, she knew no one with whom she could entrust the child with a better conscience. She desired to know if her grand-mother would undertake the care of young Beatrice during their absence, however long it might be, stipulating that she should have, monthly, a handsome sum to defray expenses, and as the masters, who would come out regularly, were already compensated beforehand, she would have nothing to do in the matter of her education."

It was a strange kind of letter—neither cold nor warm; but its contents rankled in that sensitive heart—weighed upon—almost crushed the spirit within her. She had hoped, had prayed in self-lauded humiliation, that Beatrice might yet bless her with her presence, although she had said to her, "Choose your path—go from me—let us never conflict again;" and this news of her death was a terrible blow.

So pale, so motionless did she sit, with crossed hands, from one of which the letter hung mournfully, like the faded banners of her hopes in her desolate heart, that Mary, who had been on the point of springing towards her, and sitting on her knee, as was her wont, looked at her grand-mother wonderingly, and, with finger on her lip, moved shyly all round the room, standing at last before her, mute and tearful, till terror made the tears come, and she sobbed aloud.

To this outburst of grief, Patience Worthington answered nothing—for nothing moved her any more, it seemed. She only arose, muttering that strange defiant expression, "Broken, but not bent," with accents that seemed to proceed from no human source, and, taking the child by its little hand, she led it, shrinking and trembling, up the narrow stairs, robed it in its little white night-dress, made her repeat, between her sobs, "Our Father;" then, without a kiss, or one expression of endearment, she left the motherless child to grieve herself to sleep in the chamber where so often it had seemed "all dark to her."

So she went slowly to the room below stairs, and sat down again mechanically. Her features assumed the rigidity of an iron profile.

Fold by fold the magnificent curtain of evening shook out, with its stars, from the drapery of the gloomy west. The blue of the hills melted into violet and purple, till, in the grey mist floating between them and the sky, their soft outlines were lost. But as evening wore on, grandly they loomed up again, a silvery light flickering along their edges.

The moon shimmered between rifts of broken clouds, and sent sometimes a thin, faint ray into the lonely sitting-room. It mocked over the stern face of the sorrowful woman, and struck out her motionless form like a statue of bronze that might make one shudder to look at.

Still and melancholy she sat with her thoughts. She lighted no lamp. She heeded not how, one by one, the embers died out, and the ashes fell dead—white, like a shroud covering their fading crimson from her sight.

The chill air gathered the cold from the valley without; insidiously it crept in at every corner. She felt not the cold then, nor till she was so

numb that her feet almost refused to bear her weight.

The bell tolled one from the church tower. She heard it and saw three young brides moving up the sombre aisles, shining in youth, beauty and their rich bridal dresses. She heard it; and again saw the trappings of funerals that ended in the old burial ground.

As always in her terrible vigils of thought, her children had been about her: as always, Remorse, with his spear to thrust in her side, and his gall to press upon her lips, had stood close by her, defiant in mien as the angel of death—and like him as remorseless.

What wonders she tottered to her bed, and then dared not whisper her formal prayers. Was it not through her own sin that she was childless?

A glorious morning succeeded. Patience was awake at dawn; restless and unhappy, she did not rise till long after her usual hour. There was but one thing that seemed like the faintest approach to a solace—that was the thought of soon beholding the little Beatrice. The warm mother's heart had decided the question of the child's adoption, immediately. As she dwelt upon the thought, the little oasis brightened; gladness, beauty and freshness lingered in sunny spots upon it. The timely compensation would enable her to pass the winter in comfort, when she had been dreading the stern battle with want.

A few lines were hastily written. The proud woman traced them with trembling fingers. Strangely enough, she could not even bring herself to say "dear brother," or "dear sister," or give any other expression of tenderness she was past feeling. Indeed, the spirit of her note breathed the genuine haughtiness of her character; had she been conferring a princely favor, she could scarcely have couched it in colder or more studied terms.

In a week her brother came. He was a worn-out looking man, with little of his sister's selflessness of manner. He had gathered wealth, but it was at the expense of a fine constitution. He drove up in a splendid establishment, drawn by four spirited grey horses. Patience met him on the threshold; he kissed her forehead, took her proffered hand and entered the parlor formally, without noticing Mary, who sedulously kept behind the skirts of her grandmother's gown, and then sitting in a dark corner, gazed at the dark looking man with an unequivocal expression of fear.

After a little conversation, during which he expressed some emotion, he described the manner of Beatrice's death. She had blessed her mother with her dying lips, but for some reason of her own, did not wish her to know of her decease at that time. Her husband had then been dead a year, and thus at this last stroke the little Beatrice was an orphan. Struck with her beauty, and having no children of their own, they had adopted her; "But," he continued, pressing his pallid forehead with his fingers, "my health is miserable, my wife is sick nearly all her time, and has consequently little chance to attend to Beatrice. The child has been left with nurses and teachers, and nearly spoiled; should we carry her to Europe, the event of our sickness or death,

would throw her upon strangers; so after due deliberation, we have thought our easiest plan would be, to give her into your keeping; besides she needs a companion, and I hear—is it true—that Mary left a little girl. I would have attended the funeral, but unfortunately I was confined to the house by illness."

"Come here, Mary," said Patience, in a subdued tone.

Her brother started, as the timid little thing, whose thoughts had been wandering back, came slowly towards him. He was pleased with her gentle face, and drew her nearer.

"My dear," he murmured, laying his hand upon her golden curls, "how would you like a little cousin to live with you?"

But Mary had no thought, no care for the future; during his brief statement, the memory of the past had been busy with her little heart; she stood for a moment with the tears gathering in her eyes, and then sobbed forth that old, sad plaint:

"My mother's dead."

"Poor child, poor child," exclaimed the merchant, hastily bending down and kissing her white brow—"something—a—not exactly right; isn't it so, sister?—false marriage, or something of that sort, wasn't it?" he asked in ejaculatory sentences, looking toward Patience. "Well my little one," turning to Mary, "cheer up, we'll have a bright merry cousin here for you to play with next week, there—there; and here is something for you;" he placed a shining gold coin in her slender hand, the glittering beauty of which soon claimed all her attention.

"I should like to go over the old house," he said, rising and nodding to Patience. "I believe it is nearly twelve years since I was here. I have been rather recreant to the memory of my childhood," and he laughed a little dry laugh. Patience opened a corner cupboard, took from thence a bunch of keys, and proceeded with her brother up the wide staircase. Room after room they traversed, some of them nearly empty and dark, with carpeted floors and mouldy furniture.

"Here was our nursery, Patience," said her brother, as they entered the large darkened apartment facing the south; "there hangs the old grey horse and the hunter yet. That was my beau ideal of a picture once—and the green frock has not lost a tint of its bright coloring."

"Unlike our hearts," murmured Patience, smiling grimly, "it has retained its freshness. See; here is the corner where the plastering fell upon your head, and you were so nearly killed. We hung over you for weeks, never expecting to hear you speak again. You can trace where the ceiling was mended."

While she was saying this, Patience had moved towards a high antique secretary, and slowly unlocked the heavy doors. Her brother hurried to her side and looked in without speaking, as she pointed silently to shelf after shelf.

Here stood a little box of curious shells that they had collected forty-five years ago on the seashore. The same mosses, stained and crisp, curled against the delicate hue of blue and crimson. Fragments of whips and toys were laid carefully around, with bats battered, and tops

pointless. In another place a little family of faded dolls, in ancient costume, leaned their unpainted cheeks against each other; and chairs without backs, bureaux without drawers, tables with half a complement of legs, and hundreds of little useless things, that to them were once more than the treasures of Ophir, were orderly arranged.

There is something sacred in the treasuring up of infant toys. The rattle that dumpling fingers have closed over; the ring elastic that ruby lips have often pressed, the little wheel toy that was carried so triumphantly about the garden walks, the miniature box in which have laid rubies and emeralds that after all were only old bits of broken china—all these will start the fond tear at the recollection of so much innocence, contentment and beauty—when the plastic mind of the little child was a kingdom serenely guarded by happiness—and if that child has long slept in dust—some holy presence seems to linger about his little toys.

The worn-out merchant stood by Patience, and looked long, earnestly, somewhat regretfully.

Like two statues they appeared, aptly resembling Time and his sister Change, musing over their spoils.

Was there once a period when those two way-worn, grief-worn, world-stricken beings were content to fill their little hands with innocent things like these, weave flowers in garlands and bind them about brows now all covered with the hues of weary care and earthly passion? That cap and feather yonder, hanging with a wooden sword appended, and turning to a reddish brown, did it rest once upon the head that had often since longed to be laid in the quiet grave-yard? Did the straw-hat, so carefully preserved—its white ribbons once blue and shining—sit jauntily on rich, dark ringlets, and bend over eyes brighter than the diamond, over cheeks whose flush more than rivalled the rose?

And where now was the brightness, where the pink lustre, where the wavy ringlets?

"Don't you remember," exclaimed Patience, "when we were children, I once said that I meant to keep our playthings till we were old men and women?"

These words recalled her brother to himself; a moment before he had been shouting from the window to a school companion—bounding after his little sister through the large room, a handkerchief tied tightly over his eyes, while he personated the blind man—and sitting in the sunniest corner, eagerly turning the leaves of his picture-book.

He drew himself up as these sunny scenes faded; he was a man. He had lost his innocence—his upright form, his ruddy cheeks, his bounding health; he had gained a large but painful experience—a heap of long-coveted gold—was it worth the fighting of so hard a battle after all, to find himself only a sick man?

"Let us go to father's chamber," he said, in a low voice, and as Patience shut the treasury with a half-drawn sigh, he stole behind her, whipped a snowy handkerchief from his pocket, and with a hurried, almost frightened movement, pressed it twice to his eyes, and quick as a thought, thrust it back into his pocket. His sister should

not see how deeply he felt, since she was apparently unmoved.

"Father's chamber looks as it did the day he was carried from it," said Patience, moving slowly round in the gloom: "I have neglected it lately—it is full of dust," she continued, slightly shaking the old, grey-white curtains that fell from the posts of the high bedstead.

A smothering cloud rolled slowly upwards and faded into the general mistiness of the room.

"Dust to dust," exclaimed her brother in a tone of deep emotion.

"Dust to dust," echoed Patience, as her eyes sought with his the almost living portrait of her father.

"It seems as if I could see him lying here," murmured Patience; "he has been dead sixteen years."

"Do you remember mother?" her brother asked, abruptly.

"Only a little; she was pale and beautiful, and never to my recollection, smiled; you were a year old when she died."

"And now I am almost sixty," he uttered, slowly.

They passed out, each heart heavier with thought; the door was locked, and they walked without speaking into the room below, where Mary was still playing with her gold cent, as she called it.

Before the door the grey steeds stood, pawing the earth and snapping at the slender post to which they were tied. A smart-looking young man walked round the carriage and back with folded arms, seeming eager by his many glances at the house, to be gone.

Patience had always been accustomed to the good old fashion (now alas! obsolete,) of passing round refreshments on a little hand-tray, and she felt mortified that she had nothing in the house—that is, no delicacy; but her brother would not listen to an apology.

"I think," said he, standing hat in hand, ready to go, "as Beatrice has been accustomed to luxuries, we must bring over her nursery furniture, her toys and a few other things; the room that used to be ours will be just the thing, fitted up, for her. To-morrow, I will send them with one of my men and her nurse (who I will discharge this week) to assist you in setting it up. Mary is not self-willed, I see," he added with a smile, as the little girl meekly obeyed her grand-mother in some trifling request: "I wish I could say the same of our child. Beatrice is at times a very tiger; she has all her mother's beauty and her father's Italian temper, and I fear you will have some trouble with her management; but in the main she has a good heart."

Patience stood with little Mary in the old porch, looking after the superb equipage. It gratified her to see her brother leave her in such style, and almost compensated for the lack of real sisterly love that should have warmed her bosom. And as she passed into the house, not exactly satisfied, yet still in a pleased flutter of expectation, little Mary sang out, "I'm to have a new cousin, and her mother is dead, too." Need I say how this jarred upon the chords of feeling.

## CHAPTER VI.

## LITTLE BEATRICE.

Preparations were busily going forward for the reception of the stranger-child. The nurse sent by the merchant from the city lightened the labor of cleansing and removing, with her garrulous tongue. She never wearied talking of her charge and her high spirits, gladdening the heart of haughty Patience Worthington, by her assurance that she had as much pride as if she was a born princess, and everybody must stand aside when Miss Beatrice was in the way.

By the time the great room was emptied of its lumbering furniture, there came paper hangers, with bright and beautiful rolls of landscapes and flowers; with these they made the nursery look like a fairy hall, to the delighted eyes of the child Mary. She never wearied of walking back and forth, calling the little lambs by names of her own invention, and the uncouth shepherdesses with their unwieldy crooks, "sweet ladies."

How she screamed and laughed and danced about when the great load of furniture came! There was a dainty little rocking-chair, all covered with crimson flowers, and a little sofa that sank down when she sat down upon it, and a beautiful gilded table, that had marble on the top; and such another carpet, with its silken, velvet softness, she had never seen before—poor little Mary.

"It was thoughtful in him," murmured Patience, with new emotion, when the servant unrolled another heavy carpet, and brought into the parlor, a large, elegant, easy-chair. With these came a richly inlaid cabinet table that had once belonged to her mother, and had on its centre the initials of her family and her father's, aptly interwrought. "The second carpet," said a note, "was for Patience's parlor, and in a few days, little Beatrice herself would be sent but."

No words can describe Mary's astonishment as she saw the multitude of toys unwrapped, and placed in their different compartments. Such mammoth dolls, dressed in glistening silks and satins! and that moved their eyes! Such fine, real furniture, and a little house to put it in—such quantities of picture books, and tumbling Jacks and squeaking monkeys, and barking dogs: such curious games of black and white ivory, and gilt boxes, with glasses in them! It would take a great deal of time to name over the bewilderingly pretty things.

Mary did not touch them; they were entirely too nice, she thought too beautiful for any except the little mistress who must indeed be, as her grandmother had repeatedly said, a real little lady, if she had all her life been accustomed to such things. They dazzled her eyes and bewildered her; she could not understand why she had always played with corn-cob babies and bits of broken china, while here were dolls of all sizes and conditions for this little lady-child, and many different sets of cups and saucers, and everything one needs to furnish a miniature household with.

"O! grandmother," she would say, "what a very, very good little girl she must be to have such nice things—what a very, very nice thing to be such a little lady-girl."

She had learned already to look upon her cousin as something very wonderful.

At last everything was fitly arranged and in order.

Patience Worthington stood with head erect, pride shining in her eyes as she surveyed the really gorgeous nursery; and equally was she pleased with the appearance of her fine parlor, with its handsome carpet.

Every part of the old house bore the appearance of improvement. The blinds, along the entire front, unoccupied rooms and all, were thrown widely back, and the fresh muslin curtains looped with tassels that had long been swinging in inglorious darkness. The furniture had been replaced in the parlor and lower rooms, and distributed more evenly about the chambers. The wide, grand old kitchen rejoiced in stainless walls, and a thick coat of varnish along its yellow floor that glistened in the fire-light as if its surface had been gold.

It was noon of the first day of January. Patience had laid the table for supper, immediately after their early dinner, to save time. Again and again had the last touch been given to the neat sitting-room. A bright fire leaped crackling up the wide chimney, and the sun welcomed the new year with its broadest smiles. Patience and little Mary were every moment expecting Miss Beatrice, who was to come in charge of the nurse; and little Mary was arrayed in her best.

With her smiling, hopeful face, she appeared like a young cherub; her round, large eyes looking as if she was in an ever innocent surprise, as they were turned from the garden to the road.

At last, "here she comes!" cried little Mary, and both sprang impatient to the door. Patience delighting in the wonder of the neighbors, who, standing in groups, could not at all comprehend what was going on.

Swiftly the vehicle swung about—a pair of flashing eyes scanned the premises with childish curiosity; in another moment, little Miss Beatrice was placed upon the steps, and held warmly against Patience Worthington's bosom.

The child sprang impetuously away, and without deigning to answer her grand-mother's queries, ran into the house, through the rooms up stairs and down again before she could scarcely take breath.

Then she entered the parlor, stood in the centre of the room eyeing little Mary with an inquisitive stare that brought tears to the lashes of the sensitive creature.

"Are you my little cousin?" she ventured, throwing off her bonnet, and tossing it with a gesture of haughty carelessness towards the nurse, "because, if you are, I'm come to stay with you till next summer."

"Won't you come here, and speak with me?" asked Patience, her pride all a-glow at the superior air of the little creature.

"No, I don't think I will," replied Beatrice, turning her bold, but imperiously beautiful face towards Patience Worthington; "yes, I will, too; for you are my mother's mamma, aren't you?" she asked, moving slowly towards her.

Patience pressed back the curling brown hair

from the temples, and looked long and tearfully in the child's flashing eyes. Her mother's eyes, they were, only not so mild and tender.

The lips, too, with that fine outline that marked the Worthington family; the crimson so delicately cutting the pure white skin beneath, and rounding up into a plump rosiness; the thin, uneven eye-brows, the oval of the colorless cheek—all were so like her mother! She could not speak for the emotions of tenderness and sorrow that welled up more freshly than ever from that stricken heart.

"Say! are you my mother's mamma? say!" repeated the child, with arrogant impatience; "and that's my little cousin—I like her; what pretty white hair she's got! won't she let me kiss her?"

"Mary, come and kiss Beatrice," said Patience, her soul full of Beatrice. Timidly the little girl came forward; the embarrassment of her manner detracted somewhat from her gracefulness; her cheek almost bursting with the crimson tide that rushed over her face, gave unnatural lustre to her tearful eyes. Beatrice threw her dimpled arms over her neck, and kissed her, saying, "Oh! I mean to love you dearly."

The singular and capricious nature of this child, neglected as she had been, might be known from the fact that she had given all her rich playthings, without reserve, to little Mary before night, and taken them all back the next day before noon.

But she was soon, though impulsive, really attracted towards her gentle, loving cousin—at- tachments between opposites are not unfrequent—and although it took long for the delicate vine to wind its tendrils around the passion-flower, yet Mary became in time very fond of her singular cousin.

Beatrice was in person and age seven, in mind perhaps a dozen years. Her mother had been her only companion until she regained her fifth season, and conversing with her much, being teacher, companion, and parent in one, had matured the strange child, till the growth of her mind threatened to destroy the confiding artlessness of infancy. When she died, the child's grief took the form of intense and violent despair; she would neither eat, drink, nor sleep, and insisted, with loud cries, that her beautiful mother should be brought to life; dashed her head against the coffin, and had, finally, to be taken away, and watched over by competent persons, until the poor woman had been laid in the vault beside a husband she had loved till death.

From the humble abode of poverty, she was taken where opulence and splendor flourished in their full magnificence. Under charge of a weak and sickly woman, who cared for her no further than to decorate her wonderful beauty, and exhibit her to admiring crowds when they assembled in her drawing-rooms, on the occasion of many a brilliant gathering—with servants to fly at her bidding, and who were soundly rated in her presence if they failed to anticipate her wants, it is scarcely a wonder that she grew up into the self-willed, though not vain creature that she was; for there was something too inately

noble in her nature to foster self-pride, or crave a mean admiration.

## CHAPTER VII.

### OLD SILE WITHERS.

Home sickness had come and passed, and Beatrice was getting accustomed to her humbler surroundings. Her grand-mother worshipped her; in her pride the child was like herself.

Beatrice and Mary were also on the best of terms, always together, day and night. Patience Worthington pursued the same plan of isolation that she had adopted for her own children. Mary went to the humble school in the town, and though Beatrice had masters, she would go with Mary, yet never would Patience allow them any associates beyond themselves.

In this she was inflexible—it was a mania with her—and even Beatrice, self-willed and overbearing as she was, was obliged to conform to the almost sacred rule. Two or three times she had dragged in other children, and wept, stormed and threatened, till little Mary shrank away in fright and tears, because Patience would not allow them to remain; and at last she submitted with as good a grace as she was able, though she made no scruples of saying—"When my grand-mother is dead, I will have as much company as I please; and village children, too—that I will."

Her grand-mother loved Beatrice best; and Mary, with her delicate nature, could not but perceive it, yet it made but little difference in her gentle heart. She grieved sometimes, sometimes went away to one of the old chambers, and sitting by herself, would weep and mourn with that childish exclamation that seemed to ease her heart—"Oh! my mother's dead; if I only had a mother."

But she was consoled with the love of her cousin, though it sometimes seemed a strange enough love, for she had often to endure passionate reproaches and taunts, that were hardly made up for by the half-frantic hug that followed closely after anger, and the protestation that she didn't mean to, she loved her sweet nice little cousin a thousand times better than that ugly grand-mother; and then Mary would beg her not to call her an ugly grand-mother, for she had always been very kind to her.

"I can dance," exclaimed Beatrice one day; "what can you do?"

Mary was thoughtful and sad for a moment, then she looked up, saying with a bright smile, "I can sew."

"Pooh! we kept a maid to sew at my foster-mother's—sewing is servant's work," replied Beatrice with the utmost contempt; "are you going to be a servant?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said the poor child.

"I can draw," reiterated Beatrice, wheeling round the room on her toes—"come—say, can't you draw?"

Mary shook her head, following the pretty motions of the little girl with wondering eyes.

"I can paint—I can embroider on silk, I can make flowers and men's faces, and women's faces: I can talk French, *parlez vous*; I can spell in four syllables—can't you?" she continued, still whirling round, her beautiful face and bright eyes



flashing and disappearing as they glanced at Mary over her shoulder with each turn; "say, Miss Duncie; Miss Stupid, can't you?"

Mary still shook her head, but the thoughtless appellatives had stung her to the heart; she turned hastily away, retreated to a corner, and burst into tears.

"There! you coward, you cry-baby, you," exclaimed Beatrice, though she was almost ready to cry herself; "there, you silly cousin, you darling darling Mary—I didn't mean to make you cry. I can't dance much, and I can't embroider on silk, only the first stitch, I can't draw very well—yes, I can draw better than I can do other things, but I can only say *parley vous*, that's all I know of French—now don't cry, for I love you so dearly, and I mean to teach you all I know. There!" she continued, delightedly, as Mary ceased sobbing; "if you want to, I'll learn you to draw, and my foster-papa said if I could make one real picture before he comes home, he'd give me a whole hundred dollars in gold—only think; and you shall have half."

Mary eagerly accepted the proposition, and in a few moments the children were engrossed with pencils and paper.

When Spring had returned they had become more than ever attached to each other; together they hunted for the early flowers, and hand in hand they took their walks. Beatrice had grown more gentle, but Mary had retained the same loving, womanly spirit that had always been inseparable from her character.

Half a mile from Worthington House, upon a road that branched away in a triangular direction, stood an old red frame house, that had occupied its elevated position upon a gentle rising, before the recollection of that ancient of wonders, the oldest inhabitant. On every side the window panes were few and broken, and the sun, when it laid in the black hollows, looked a languishing red, and made the interior frightfully gloomy. The villagers called it Crab Cottage.

It was completely surrounded by fields in the highest state of cultivation. The rich golden grain, the rye and the barley glistened all day in the Summer's light, or bent its shining beauty to the soft whisper of the winds. In the rear, blossomed hundreds of fruit trees, the peach, pear, apple, plum, cherry, and all varieties of each.

To the proprietor of the old tumble-down house belonged all these fields and orchards. Some said he was a miser; be that as it may, he was a singular man, who hated everything that was polished, and bestowed liberal curses on all the professions. He was ungracious to his neighbors; uncouth in his appearance, therefore without friends.

The same month in which Beatrice was consigned to her grand-mother's care, old Sile Withers—or Sile Crab, as he was generally called by the villagers—saddled up his best cart-horse one frosty morning, and with a rusty cloak hanging from his broad shoulders, jumped astride and jogged as fast as the nag could trot, into the city.

Riding along through narrow streets and dismal lanes, he stopped at last before a low, dirty house, pushing through a crowd of men and boys to reach the door. Three or four officials were

just coming out, talking loudly, but with serious faces.

Without heeding the exclamation from a ragged boy, "Mister, there's a man killed hisself in there," he gave his horse in charge of an impish-looking youngster, and hurried through the long, narrow, suffocating entry.

Women with tangled hair and frightened eyes, lined all the way; there seemed to be a still horror brooding over the place.

The farmer stopped before the last entrance; he did not knock, but after hesitating a moment, opened the door and walked within a large darkened room, in which was but little and wretched furniture.

Upon a narrow table directly opposite the door, rested a common looking coffin, projecting some feet each end beyonds its support. The lid was sealed; the ghastly face of the deceased was no sight for a human being: the suicide had left awful marks of his crime upon his throat and his mutilated features.

In one corner, upon a miserable cot, a human being laid, whether man or woman could not at first sight be told; but on nearing her a few long black tresses winding over the pillow, gave evidence of her sex.

When the farmer went in and walked uncomfortably to her bedside, she gazed at him from under the wide bandage across her forehead, and groaned bitterly.

"Well," he muttered, in a harsh, bitter voice, "I hope now you're satisfied. What did I tell ye? didn't I say he'd kill ye both some day?"

A haggard face, with bright eyes, looked up from the opposite side of the bed, and a voice hoarse with weeping exclaimed full of anguish—"Oh! mother, mother, mother."

"Silas," said the sick woman softly, while she appeared to be gathering her failing energies—for she evidently had not many hours to live—"don't be too hard on me now. Perhaps, God forgive us all, if you'd a done that little favor for him then, in his utmost need, he wouldn't a killed himself—nor me neither. But his soul is with the great Judge—may He be merciful. O! Silas, fifteen years we havn't spoken together: come with blessings, not with curses: don't be hard on me now, I ain't many hours more to stay—I feel it."

"Mother, what makes you say that?" sobbed the boy again.

"Poor orphan," murmured the ghastly creature, tears running from her eyes; "thank God that six are in Heaven."

The shaggy frame of the farmer trembled from head to foot; he seemed as yet little affected by pity—more by anger.

"Didn't I tell ye so—ha, don't ye remember?" he muttered. "I said God would forsake ye if ye married that wretch—and hasn't he, eh?"

"No, Silas," she returned, very solemnly, "He has been all my help; He pardons me, blessed be His name, He is going to take me home—blessed be His name," she again added, tremulously.

Awed by her manner, the farmer was for some time silent. Still his shaggy brows were bent when those pale lips moved and the feeble voice came forth.

"Silas, dear Silas, we were young and happy once."

"Yes, and blame it! you've thrown away youth, beauty, everything that's worth having."

"No, Silas, I have not thrown my soul away—that is worth everything; it will be up there soon, I trust."

Again the man was silenced. He glanced round the room. Dark, repulsive, forsaken it seemed—and that long stained coffin, and the dreadful sight within, from seeing which his stout nerves revolted.

"Silas, you loved me once—don't, don't speak, don't say anything hard now. I *know* you loved me once, dear brother. We played about the same dear form, we slept upon the same bosom. The same eyes looked down into ours once, Silas, the same sweet lips kissed us both—the same hands caressed us. O! we were the children of one mother; she prayed with us—she said to us both, how often! 'little children, love one another.'"

The farmer gave a heavy gasp.

"She said we must be everything to each other; I will not reproach you now"—her voice failed, "but don't you remember how she folded us in her arms before she died, and told us to—to—" overcome with emotion, she could not proceed. A stifled sob choked up her voice.

The lips of the farmer trembled; his heavy chin quivered; his hand shook, as he thrust his fingers through his wiry locks. "Don't, Susy—don't; blame it! You've said enough; I feel like as if I could lay right down and die for you, poor creetur; don't make me feel any worse, for mercy's sake, or—or I don't know what 'll be the consequences;" and he started to his feet, the sweat standing thickly on his brow.

"Then, Silas, will you, *will* you forgive me?"

"Yes, yes, poor creetur; but a curse on the soul of that—"

"Don't—don't say it—don't!" almost shrieked the woman, half raising herself, and looking fixedly at him with her frightfully blood-shot eyes.

He was silent again, but his head dropped upon his breast.

"Forgive all men—forgive everybody now," she murmured, in changed tones, falling exhausted on the pillow, "forgive—*all*—your—enemies, now, as I do this moment. O! brother, there'll come a time; you'll know, some day, what it is to lie on a bed like this; then, if your heart is crusted with sin, and revenge has lived there where all ought to be peace, you won't think of death as I do now—blessed be God! O! Silas, where are you?—my sight is gone. Stay, brother, stay with me; give me your hand. Oh! sweet, sweet to be forgiven. Good bye, brother—my precious boy, my precious boy—good bye for a little while. I'm going—oh! how tired! I'm going," she gasped; "dear brother—Silas—be—be kind—to—my poor—boy."

For an hour the bronzed farmer sat by that terrible couch, watching the last agonies of a sister, whose unwise choice had darkened his whole life—had made him a morose, fault-finding, unhappy man.

It was all over—that peace had fallen upon

the weary soul that only death can give. A cold, stark form, inanimate, disfigured, all that remained of a once beautiful being, laid before the awe-stricken man. Another form had fallen beside it—that of the poor orphan. He had witnessed all that harrowing scene. It was a wonder it did not drive him mad. He laid as motionless as the corpse until his uncle exclaimed—  
"Here! boy, boy!"

The child lifted his head, and seemed not to see anything.

"What is your name?" asked the farmer.

"Ernestine," was his hollow answer.

"What, for him?" he asked, vehemently, pointing towards the coffin.

"After—my—father," muttered the boy, shudderingly.

"Well, youngster—look here; you're to go with me now, and remember—I call you Sile. Blame me if it shall be after the villain, yonder," he said, savagely, glancing at the coffin. "So, Sile, get your hat and fixins ready, and I'll call for ye, after I've seen what arrangements has been made about this business.

"Pretty, murdered creetur," he muttered, half turning to the bed; "pretty creetur," he said again, going towards her and shudderingly touching her cold forehead, "seems as if I could see her now—fresh as a rose-bud—all sperits—and a death like that! oh! blame it, blame it!"

He clenched his brawny fist. Something like a spasm crossed his rough features. He caught up his hat, and hurried out, leaving the poor boy alone with his dead parents.

In an hour he returned. An hour of agony it had been to the boy, such as threatened to remain a dark blot upon all his after life. He had cowered there in the gloom—had seen frightful faces—had heard fearful noises, all born of his imagination, but still none the less horrible.

Poor, helpless, friendless orphan! a cold world for him, and no mother to smile between the years of toil; no dear parent to come home to, and feel that he was working for—aye, that he was willing to work the fingers to the bone for.

The dead were decently buried. Sick at heart, longing, in the hours that should have been so sunny, to lie down beneath the mould beside his mother, the boy mounted behind his uncle, and with part of his cloak wrapped around his thin form, rode to a home scarcely less cheerless than the one he had left.

In the brightness of the summer noonday, the ruined house was an object as picturesque as it was lonely, with the snow dripping while it melted from the broken eaves; but even poor Ernest, in the midst of his grief, wondered if there could be an entire room in the tenement.

Dismounting, together, they entered the shattered door, which the farmer bolted behind them; and from room to room they came at last to a rude, wide kitchen, somewhat comfortable, with tight windows and an immense fire-place, in which the farmer soon built a crackling fire.

"Here Sile Withers lives, eats, drinks and sleeps," said the latter, bluntly; "and here you will live, eat and sleep, if you work hard enough. You'll find no time hanging on your shoulders—there's a plenty to do here; to-morrow, I'll set

you about something. Working hands, lad, are the best balm for sorry hearts, I've heern say. I'm tired, blast it; I havn't passed a harder day since I was a shaver. Sit down and toast your toes. Oh! blame it! that pretty creetur dead, buried—oh! *blame it.*"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE RAGGED GENIUS.

Many times through the winter the cousins met young Ernest. They often spoke of and pitied that handsome boy, who went over the fields with such great shoes and ragged clothes. They commented upon his piercing yet mournful eyes and his general appearance, wondering between themselves who he could be, and from pitying him they came to take a great interest in his fortunes.

Beatrice, under the constant example of her milder cousin, angelic little Mary, ceased to jeer and laugh at him; and, by the time Spring clothed the earth in new beauty, they had spoken with him, and asked him all sorts of questions about his uncouth home.

Abashed at first, he soon acquired confidence, and though he hardly dared lift his glance to the transcendently beautiful Beatrice, his eyes would linger upon the more pensive and yet scarcely less lovely face of Mary, with a satisfied pleasure. Still, the more he saw them the more he felt his own inferiority. Often would he follow them with his eyes to the school-house, till the tears would rain down his cheeks at the thought of his ignorance, and he would wish he dared to tell his uncle how much he longed to go to school.

As summer advanced, and the sultry days of August came on, these favored children grew more and more intimate with the bright-looking boy. They had learned that his real name was Ernestine, and preferred it much before the other.

"I'm sure, with such a name and better clothes," exclaimed Beatrice, thoughtlessly, "you would be as smart-looking as any one."

The boy's cheek crimsoned, he held down his head, and escaped from them as soon as he could. Little Mary, with her heart-instinct, pitied him, but Beatrice was not so quick. After that, whenever they came to talk with him, leaning over the style, or ran across the new-mown meadow to meet him, he would not appear as he had hitherto—he shrank from their pity. He, too, was proud, poor boy, though he knew it not.

One sultry day, Beatrice had not been well. Her grand-mother insisted that Mary should take her usual walk, because she had read all day to her cousin; so, after an affectionate kiss, she threw on a light sun-bonnet, under which her yellow curls escaped on her fair shoulders, and wandered away in the direction of Crab Cottage. She was nearly there, when she was arrested by the sound of strong sobs. After standing and listening for a while, she moved cautiously around a little knoll, and there, beneath a clump of trees, in a place that was called Wild-Woman's Hollow, laid poor Ernest, weeping as if his very heart would break.

The sympathetic child stood mute with grief and surprise, wondering what great misfortune

had overtaken her favorite. At last, she said, softly—

"Sile—Ernest—what is the matter?"

The boy started up as if stung, and glancing just once towards his gentle questioner, hid his face in his hands.

A less gentle-hearted child, with equal perception of the ludicrous, would have laughed loud and heartily at this uncouth appearance. His long, lean arms extended much beyond his sleeves; a short, ragged, dirt-stained jacket, gathered into a strap, graced his slight form. His red feet and bony ankles protruded awkwardly out from under his tattered trowsers, and his frame shook with the sorrow that filled his soul, whatever it was.

"Won't you tell me—Mary—what the matter is?" asked the soft, childish voice again, with that plaintiveness of tone it had never lost.

He shook his head. "I can't, I can't," he murmured.

"Is there trouble up to Crab Cottage?"

"No more than always," he answered.

"Then tell me, what does ail you? Maybe, I can do something for you."

Once or twice he essayed to speak. At last, he dashed the tears away, saying—

"You'll laugh at me."

"O! no; indeed, indeed, I won't."

"Well, I don't know as I know *what* makes me cry—everything does lately. I want to say something. It makes me cry to see one of these little flowers," and he pointed to a sweet, modest daisy, "and a great, high, waving tree—oh! it makes me feel so with its grandness. And when the birds fly about, and the butterflies, with their spotted wings, all splendid, all red and yellow and brown. I want to *make* something of it. I want to tell what it is they sing."

"Is *that* it?" asked little Mary, wonderingly.

"Yes; and when I look at the green grass, that mother used sometimes tell me about, when we lived down in that—a—before—" he stopped, blushing painfully, and turning his eyes from little Mary.

"Well, tell about it," said the soft voice.

"The grass all spread out so many miles, and them hills over there, and that river that peeps out like a blue eye. I feel something in my heart; oh! I *can't* tell what it is, but it seems as if I must say it," he continued, his lip quivering.

"Say what?" asked little Mary, still vaguely listening.

"That's what I don't know. I want to *tell* about it. The feeling goes up, up to my shoulders, and seems like springing out there. It's all warm here, over my heart. It makes me cry when the birds sing. I want to do something about it. I feel as if I had wings and couldn't fly. It makes my head ache so to think, and uncle scolds me because I don't work enough—and I darsn't tell him about it; and it makes my heart ache because I can't say something. What shall I do?"

"Perhaps you would like to read," suggested the child.

"O! if I could!" he exclaimed, springing up; "I'd give—I'd—" he stopped to consider what he could give; and slowly added, "I'd give my

life; and then," he continued, triumphantly, "I could say it then, perhaps."

"I can read pretty well," said little Mary.

"And you a bit of a girl—and I a great boy and don't know nothing about it."

"Perhaps I can teach you," suggested the child, after a moment of reflection.

Ernest's beautiful grey eyes sparkled till their brilliancy was painful. "Will you, will you, you a lady's child, Mary?" he asked, breathlessly.

"I'll see"—the little creature felt her importance; "I'll talk to Beatrice, and—"

"No, no," he exclaimed quickly; "not her, I don't love her *half* so well as I do you; keep it all to yourself, and see what you can do—but, oh dear—I shan't never make nothing;" and the despondency came back again.

"Yes you will, maybe—oh! yes, you will, perhaps—" the child slowly drew a little book from her pocket, a book of fairy tales. "Now, listen a moment," she said, sitting upon a little knoll, "here is something that makes me think of you; it's a little mite of a story, but I know you will like it.

"'L.'s parents were so poor that they could not send him to school. This was to be regretted, for the boy was eager to learn many things that he could acquire only in that way; and there was no one to teach him.

"One day as he was very sad and thoughtful, he felt as if a spirit said to him: Speak to these spangled fields; sing of these leaping rivers, with their flocks of snowy sheep, and the shearers on their banks.

"See the golden showers flashing over the little pebbles in the brook; and the white pearls dancing like fairies with silvery hair, upon the clear, blue river floor. Take wings and fly away up to the brilliant heaven—shake the folds from its great curtain, and find where the stars hide themselves.'"

Ernest started to his feet, breathlessly exclaiming, "That's it, that's it; find where the stars hide themselves!—where *do* they flash all day? say! what do they hide under?"

"Perhaps a fairy could tell us," said little Mary, looking seriously up into the broad heaven "maybe they have little houses to go into as we do—but sit down and hear me through," she continued, in her gravest manner—"you know you must be silent and good if you are going to be my scholar."

Ernest let himself down like a bird, but the quick heaving of his chest, the heightened color and eager look, all spoke of the new aspirations awakened in his benighted soul.

"Then go to the flowers under the moonlight," continued the little girl, looking intently at her book, "when the fire-flies have lighted their lamps down in the cool, dark grasses—and there, perhaps, you may see the queen of the roses floating around and among them, laying on brow and lip the wonderful tints that make them so beautiful, and filling their little bosoms with sweet scents."

"Yes, oh! that is so nice," murmured Ernest, with mouth and eyes devouring the pictured scene.

"Then," continued the child's soft voice, "this

boy folded his hands, and said—I cannot do those things, I am a poor child, and know nothing; if I was rich, I could do all this, and even more.

"He had not done speaking, when a bower of crystal and sparkling stones shot up from the ground. Green leaves and fresh flowers of every hue were intertwined with the precious gems. And in the centre of the bower stood a fairy with a dazzling glory-light all over her. She glittered so, that the boy could not fix his eyes upon her till she waved a little wand that flashed about his head. Then he saw that she had shining eyes, and locks of soft hair, that fell curling all over her pure robes. Her forehead and neck were like a snow-drift when the sun lights it up. Her cheeks were pink, her lips coral, and she wore a mantle that seemed woven of butterflies' wings.

"And while he was looking at her, she began to sing—"

"O! musn't it have been beautiful?" asked Mary, carried along with her own rapt feelings, till she felt a childish enthusiasm, then looking up, and noticing Ernest's steady glance; "why! you act as if you thought it was true," she exclaimed, with a short, merry laugh.

"Well, isn't it true? isn't it?" he eagerly enquired.

"Why! no;" and her little face grew grave at the poor boy's ignorance; "somebody made it up; there are no such things as fairies now-a-days, you know."

"O!" exclaimed the disappointed boy, his features relaxing, and the musical voice floated on.

"And she sang,—

"I the queen of fairies am,  
Crystal bowers,  
Changeful flowers,  
Dappled skies and emerald seas,  
Singing bird and sighing breeze,  
Guard I well—with snowy lamb.

"You, immortal spirit, never  
Can be great, without endeavor,  
Earnest, soaring, strong and true,  
Constant as yon arch of blue.  
Mite by mite the silver flakes;  
Fleck of gold—a century makes;  
Fears ingather grain by grain,  
Hills, where summer's nymphs have lain.

"Toil by hour, toil by minute;  
Grasp at fame, you cannot win it;  
Woo her slowly, yet be bold,  
Glorious treasures she'll unfold.  
In endurance sleepeth bliss—  
Ready gifts are tardy curses."

"O! if you knew how that made my heart swell," exclaimed Ernest, interrupting the child-reader, and leaping to his feet.

His whole form had dilated with the expansion of awakened and excited genius. "I seem to see great, glorious mountains going up, up, way up into the heaven, and the sun swimming there in fire tells me something. O! what does it tell me? What shall I do? What shall I say about it?" He stretched forth his arms imploringly. "What is that speaks to me, and tells me to be something, I don't know what?"

An expression of rapture passed over the or-

phan's pale face; an inward inspiration glowed through his burning eyes.

The sun flashed over the tree tops, touched the outward edges of the hollow, laying lightly on the tips of the boy's chestnut curls, and making a brilliant circle around his large, unearthly orbs; but, little by little, his limbs shrunk back, the light passed, leaving a plaintive, asking look, that was quite touching; and he slowly resumed his seat on the turf.

Mary forgot her story; she vaguely remembered that once the good minister Farrell had narrated his early troubles, his strivings with want, his battles with the prejudices of friends—all because he was determined to be a minister.

She kept her thoughtful glance full on the boy; "perhaps you want to be a minister," she said, dreamily.

"A minister! yes—but think of *me* being a minister."

"Ask your uncle to let you go to school; tell him you want to be a minister—tell him *I* want you to go; maybe he will let you; ask him, Ernest."

"I will!" exclaimed the boy, with new energy; "I'll tell him so if he kills me for it; but see how wet the grass is getting; and the air grows thick like as if the shadows was stirring it up; you'll get cold, maybe, if you sit here."

Mary arose, tied on her little bonnet, put by her book, and laughing a farewell to the poet-boy, who little knew the divinity within him, hurried away towards home.

At a short distance the tall, grey form of the minister moved leisurely along. Mary called him. He stopped till she gained his side, panting, and then said,

"Why! Mary, my child, you are out late; how are they all at home?"

"Very well, dear minister, except cousin; she had the headache badly—but, minister, I want you to do something for me."

"What is it?" he smiled, and took her delicate hand in his own, while her blue eyes beamed up with such soul in their depths, that the good pastor was interested beforehand.

"Go to poor Ernest's uncle, and coax him to send poor Ernest to school."

"You don't know what you ask, little Mary," he replied musingly; "that hard old uncle of his hates ministers, and I do not know but he would bolt his door in my face."

Yet even as he spoke, his voice and his heart were troubled. There was a determined spirit-rapping at the door of his conscience, and the voice of its angel said, slowly and solemnly, "Is that an excuse? have you not lacked in the performance of your duty? Who is to be feared—God or man?"

He was conscious that he had not called upon the selfish man for years. To a minister of religion, a true evangel, rude treatment, a few harsh words, should be no stumbling block, but rather an incentive to farther and stronger effort.

Little Mary ran tripping by the side of her pastor, her thoughts full of Ernest and his wants. She felt quite unhappy, for she feared the minister would not accede to her wish.

"I'll go, little Mary," at last he said—"I have

noticed the lad more than once, with his bright, earnest eyes."

They were now at the entrance of Worthington house. Mary looked up with a sweet smile, and a "Thank you, dear minister," that repaid him for whatever sacrifice to his feelings the visit might involve; and, shaking his hand, she bounded into the house.

The minister walked on to the great elm, now richly foliated, and purpling with the last tints of the western light. He surveyed it thoughtfully, stepped back a pace or two, looked carefully round to the closed window parallel with its fullest growth, and murmuring—"It was there," moved onward with a musing sort of smile.

And yet it was not a smile of bitterness, but a pleased, resigned smile.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A ROYAL WHIM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WILHELM MEINHOLD.

We are about to tell our readers a very strange event that occurred in the reign of Frederick William I., of Prussia, father of the great Frederick, and a man generally despised on account of his rough and frequently tyrannical manner, but who was really one of the best regents of his fatherland, as he alone—and to this his son afterwards bore testimony—was the real founder of his future greatness.

This extraordinary man, who should be judged by the customs of the age in which he lived, in order to prove him extraordinary both in his errors and his virtues, had one passion which far outweighed all others—namely, love for the chase. We remember reading, in his historian, Forster, that within one year he killed upwards of three thousand partridges with his own gun, without taking the other game into account, in which the queen was the greatest sufferer, as she had to find him, according to a marriage contract, in powder and shot gratis. When there was nothing for him to shoot in his own forests, he never declined the invitations of the landed gentry to pay them a visit.

Thus it happened that—it might be about the year 1720—the rich landed proprietor, Von W—, sent his majesty an invitation to a wolf-hunt, with the humble request that he would bring his most illustrious consort with him, as the nobleman's wife had formerly belonged to her majesty's suite.

On a fine September day, then, the king and queen, with several officers and ladies of the bed-chamber, as well as the court-fool, Baron Von Gundling, arrived at the nobleman's ancestral chateau. On the very next day the chase commenced, and Von Gundling, who found as little pleasure in the sports of the field as the king did in the arts and sciences, took a solitary walk in the meadows, and lay down to read in the long grass.

But before we hear what happened further, we must first give our readers a description of this strange man. He was, as we have already remarked, the king's fool, and he had received all imaginable titles and honors, in order to afford

his majesty and the court greater sport. In fact, his Excellency, the Supreme Master of the Ceremonies, Privy Councillor, and President of the Arts, Baron Von Gundling, acquired such arrogance through his titles that nothing could be more comical than the contrast between these dignities and the indignities he had to suffer daily, even from the youngest lieutenants. His excellency, on such occasions, would grow very angry—the very thing his tormentors wished—and would lay a protest before the king against a man of his rank being so treated, which naturally increased the laughter. Through such scenes, which were in that day considered remarkably comical, our fool had become a necessity for the king and court. Besides, we may add that he was a walking lexicon, and able to give all possible explanations in the daily meeting of the so-called “*tabaks collogien*.” His pedantry, in fact, was the best thing about him. As for wit, he possessed as little as a mule; but, to make up for it, he could be as vicious and obstinate as that amiable animal.

The Baron Von Gundling, then, lay at full length on the grass, in his peculiar dress, the chief ornament of it being an immense full-bottomed wig, and in such a position that only the locks of his peruke could be seen as he moved from side to side. A gentleman, who arrived rather late for the chase, happened to notice it; and, taking it for some strange animal, fired point blank at the wig, but very fortunately missed it. His excellency sprang up immediately, in the highest indignation, and cried out—

“You vagabond rascal, how dare you—”

The gentleman, however, when he perceived that the strange animal must necessarily belong to the royal suite, did not wait to reply, but ran off at full speed to the neighboring forest. The baron, however, was not satisfied with this, but, as he saw a man plowing at a short distance from him, he called out in his arrogant manner—“Come, hither, man!”

“I have no time or inclination to do so; but if you speak civilly, I may.”

His excellency was not accustomed to such an answer; he, therefore, walked towards the impudent plowman with upraised stick, and was about to apply it to his back, when he noticed that it was the clergyman of the village, whom he had seen the previous evening at the nobleman's chateau. The baron, therefore, lowered his stick, and contented himself by punishing the clergyman with his tongue.

“How can you be such an impertinent ass? Do you know who I am?”

“Oh! yes, you're the king's fool.”

His excellency trembled with rage, and raised his stick again; but, on measuring the sturdy pastor from head to foot, and seeing no help near, he let it fall for the second time, and merely uttered the threat—

“Just wait, my fine fellow. I'll tell the king you pretend to be a pastor, and yet go out plowing.”

The clergyman replied, quite calmly—

“My gracious master will probably remember

that Cincinnatus plowed, too, and he was a dictator, while I am a poor village pastor.”

“Yes,” the baron said, after inspecting his course and peasant-like dress; “but when Cincinnatus plowed, he did not look like a common peasant.”

“I am certain he did not look like a fool,” the clergyman replied, as he drove his oxen on.

This was too much for the baron, and he rushed away towards a peasant he saw approaching, vowing vengeance on the impudent pastor, whom he determined to ruin on the first opportunity.

He was very glad, then, to find in the peasant a most determined enemy of the clergyman, who complained bitterly of his sternness, and of the fact of his compelling him to make up a quarrel he had carried on very successfully with his wife for several weeks.

Our fool was clever enough to see that this anecdote would not be of any service to him in trying to injure the pastor with the king; he, therefore, answered most pathetically, “But the pastor was perfectly in the right; that could do you no harm!”

“Well, that's very true,” the peasant replied, “especially as he's getting old, and can't carry on as he used; but I'm sure when his son takes his place—a fellow like a church steeple, he'll break all our bones for us. For that reason, if the matter was left to me, I wouldn't choose him for our clergyman; for if the patron is to beat us on week-days, and the pastor plays the same game on Sunday, when will our backs find time to get well?”

Gundling now listened attentively, and his plan was soon formed, when he learned that the pastor's son would return from Halle in a few days, to preach his trial sermon on the next Sunday, as the patron had promised him his father's living. He, therefore, quitted the peasant with a mocking smile, and made some pretext for visiting the sexton, to make further inquiries into the matter. The latter confirmed the story, and gave his opinion that the young master must be at least six feet two in height, and as straight as a poplar tree.

“Wait!” Gundling murmured between his teeth, as soon as he again reached the road; “we will put a blue coat on the young fellow, and that will annoy that vagabond preacher.”

He, therefore, returned to the chateau, where he looked up a captain of his own acquaintance, whom he took on one side, with the hurried question—

“How many fellows have you already got?”

To understand this question, our readers must know that the king, at every review, requested each commander of a company to present his new recruits to him. If the poor gentleman had less than three he fell into partial disgrace; and so each captain, about review time, which was close at hand, tried to procure a few young men by any method, legal or illegal, but especially those particularly tall, for the king had a peculiar delight in such soldiers.

“Woe is me! I've but one,” the officer replied, “and he is only a journeyman tailor.”



"Well, then," Gundling replied, "you can get a journeyman clergyman of six feet two."

"Well, that's not a tremendous height, but it's better than nothing."

The captain then requested an explanation, and both discussed the measures by which to get hold of the clergyman's son. They soon agreed that the officer should feign illness when the king departed. Gundling would remain with him as company; a few soldiers would be secretly procured from a neighboring town, and the young candidate taken away, *volens volens*, by the ears, and transported to the next garrison.

In the meantime, the king and his suite followed the chase on the next day with their usual ardor. It so happened that two ladies, in attendance on the queen, tortured by *ennui*, followed the windings of the stream, which led from the nobleman's garden into the open fields. One of them, Wilhelmine Von B—, was a young and charming creature, and was evidently attempting to cheer her companion, who was silent and not so charming. In consequence there was a deal of laughing, which might have been heard at some distance off, and might have led to the conclusion that the old, though still ever new, story of marriage and love was being discussed by the ladies. They had gradually wandered some quarter of a mile from the village, when a wolf, probably disturbed by the beaters, and which they at first took for a dog, ran towards them, regarding them with a look which they interpreted—"This little darling I'll make my breakfast of, and the other little darling I'll leave on that bed of forget-me-nots till supper time."

The poor girls had not in the least expected such a bridegroom, and stood petrified with fear as soon as they recognized the animal, for they possibly did not know that a wolf, in the summer or autumn, would attack nobody, and that the Isegrim who fascinated their eyes was, probably, as much afraid of them as they were of him. The silent young lady sobbed out a masculine name, we presume that of her lover, while the charming one, after recovering from her first terror, looked round on all sides for assistance.

Suddenly, a carriage made its appearance from a branch road, drawn by two horses, in which a young and handsome man was sitting. Both ladies cried out together in joyful surprise when they perceived this unexpected assistance, and the wolf immediately ran off, and took up his station some distance from them.

"You have saved us from death," the charming Wilhelmine said, as she approached the young man, who immediately ordered the coachman to stop, and leaped from the carriage. After begging, in the style of French gallantry, to have his doubts cleared up as to whether he looked upon nymphs or hamadryads, or actual mortals, and all possible explanations had been furnished him, he presented himself to the ladies as the son of the old pastor, and just arrived from Halle, in order to act as curate to his father. The young man, whom we will call Carl, then invited the ladies to take seats in his vehicle, and thus return to the chateau.

The ladies quickly accepted this invitation,

and Carl had the pleasure of lifting them into the lofty carriage, in which he also took a seat, exactly opposite the fair Wilhelmine, who, however, was cruel enough, for some time, to look every way but at him. At length, when he began to speak of Halle, where he had been several years "*Famulus*," at the house of Freylinghausen, she turned her eyes with pleasure towards him, for she was well acquainted with this poet, and became so eloquent that her companion blushed, nudged her repeatedly, and at length whispered in her ear—

"Ah! he is not a nobleman."

Wilhelmine, however, paid no attention to her, and as the young man was very well read, and recited several of Freylinghausen's newest poems, the time passed so quickly, that they stopped before the rectory almost without perceiving it. Here all the family assembled round the carriage, and wished to embrace their dear relative; but this he declined, and first presented his fair companions, who were immediately invited into the rectory, which the silent one at first declined, but the other immediately accepted.

After the first stormy salutation the old clergyman clasped his hands, and commenced the hymn, "Praise God for all His gifts!" in which the whole family joined; among them our friend Carl, with such a splendid tenor voice, that the young lady could not refrain from saying, after the hymn was ended:

"If you would do me a real favor, you would sing me that song of Freylinghausen's which you recited to us on our road here."

This request was so flattering that Carl could not refuse to comply with it. He therefore sang as solo, the song, "My heart should feel contented," without the least idea, that in a very short time, not merely all his consolation but all his good fortune, would originate from this song.

The charming Wilhelmine was highly delighted when he had finished the song; and the two ladies took their leave, on the earnest persuasion of the silent one of the two.

The young man felt for the first day or two as if he had lost something necessary to his existence; but as a difference of rank between himself and a lady of the royal suite seemed an insurmountable obstacle, he soon forgot the strange adventure, in which he was materially assisted by the composition of his trial sermon, which he was to preach the next Sunday before his patron and the congregation. In the meanwhile, however, the king and his suite returned to Berlin, while Gundling and the captain remained behind to carry out their treacherous scheme. The captain pretended to be suffering from a frightful attack of gout, and had secretly ordered a corporal and six men to come on the ensuing Sunday night from the neighboring garrison of G—n, as he had learned that their kind host had intended to pay a visit at a gentleman's house some thirty miles off, as soon as the candidate's sermon was ended, and would not return for a week. During that time they expected to have the young recruit so securely hidden away, that any reclamation would be unavailing; and besides, the king's adjutant, who attended to all military affairs, was

the captain's cousin. Gundling, after his usual fashion, rubbed his stomach with both hands, as he thought of the pastor's terrible despair at the loss of his beloved son.

As soon as the anxiously desired Sunday arrived, both gentlemen went to the over-crowded church; the captain, as he hypocritically told his host, to return thanks for his sudden and fortunate recovery, but in truth to have a nearer look at his young recruit, whose height he was delighted with, and paid Gundling repeated compliments for his discrimination. The poor young man gained complete approbation from his patron and the whole parish, and even Gundling, after the service was over, approached the pastor, and treacherously praised his good fortune in having such a son. We must say, that the captain, to his credit, was not guilty of such hypocrisy in the case.

At a late hour in the evening, which was both stormy and cold, the sound of arms and a loud knocking was heard at the door of the parsonage. The door was at length opened by Carl, with these words:

"Who are you, and what do you want at this unseasonable hour of the night?"

"We want you!" the captain exclaimed, as he sprang forward, and seized the young man by the arm. "You must come with us, and change your black coat for a blue one."

We may easily imagine the terror of the wretched man, who, only partly dressed, was standing speechless before them, when his old father, who had heard this conversation, rushed out of bed, and interposed between them. He, too, was unable at first to speak through terror, when he perceived in the moonlight the soldiers, and among them Gundling, who burst into a loud laugh on seeing the father's agony. This insult restored the old man to consciousness, and crying, "You villainous Judas!" he rushed with clenched fists at the baron. Carl, however, interposed; but as the old man could not be calmed, and the confusion and cries had become general, for the mother and sisters had joined them, the young man repeatedly begged to be allowed to speak; and when he had gained permission, he addressed the following question to his father:

"Do you believe our Heavenly Father is aware of my fate, or not?"

At this all were silent; but when the question was repeated, the old man replied:

"Why do you ask such a question? How should He, who knows everything, not be aware of your fate?"

"Well, then," the son calmly replied, "if you believe that, you must not forget that 'all things work together for good to those who love God.' I love Him, and willingly yield to my fate; and will only dress myself, and then be ready to follow the captain."

"No!" the latter replied, "you must come directly. *Allons—march!*"

All ran after the unfortunate man, crying to him, and striving to retain him, but in vain. Father, mother and sisters were driven back by the butt ends of the muskets.

"He will be frozen," the captain cried, "before getting out of the village, and then he'll put on his accoutrements."

We will not attempt to give any description of

the condition of the sorrowing family, as a soldier's life in that day was not merely the most disgraceful, but also the most wretched on earth; and many a father, had the choice been left him, would sooner have seen his son in the coffin than in the colored coat.

The unhappy father waited in vain for a letter from his son for one week—from one month to another. The captain had taken all necessary precaution to cut off every opportunity for communication. No one knew what had become of him, and although it was so very difficult on this account to reclaim him, still both pastor and patron attempted it, though, as may be easily imagined, in vain. After repeated petitions to his royal majesty, they at length received a very harsh reply from the minister of war himself; that they made a most insane request in asking them to look for a recruit in the ranks of the whole Prussian army, when no one, not even themselves, knew where he was; and he must be getting on well or else he would have written to them.

Two years thus elapsed, without the disconsolate father, who had long since received a young curate to assist him, hearing the least news about his son, and therefore supposed that he died through the cold on the frightful evening, or at the halberts.

At length, when the second year was just ended, he received a message from the neighboring town, to say, that his son was in good health, and intended to visit him that same evening, in company with the lady of the Dean of P—. When their joy at this unexpected news, which appeared to the old man almost fabulous, was moderated, and a thousand questions asked of the messenger, no one could certainly furnish any explanations as to his strange companion; but this was their least anxiety.

"The dean's lady," the old mother gave it as her opinion, "will soon be tired of us."

And long before evening the whole family set out to welcome their Joseph, as the old man called him. They had just arrived at the cross-roads we have already visited, when a carriage drove up, out of the window of which a charming little white hand was stretched, and a silvery voice uttered the words, "Yes, yes, dear Carl, here it was that you saved me from the wolf."

At the moment he looked out he recognized his parents. A cry of joy burst from him, which was echoed by the whole family. The coachman was bidden to stop, the lady and gentleman sprang out, and it was some time before the old father could say, "Now, then, tell us all, you wicked boy; you caused us much grief by not writing a single word."

"I could not—I dare not," Carl replied. "The captain made me pledge my honor that I would not send you any news of my place of abode. If I kept my word, he promised to give me my liberty at the end of three years."

"And the worthy captain set you free at the expiration of two," his father remarked.

"Not he," Carl replied. "Death alone could have saved me from his clutches. I owe my liberty to our glorious king."

"Tell us—tell us how," all cried; "let the carriage drive home."

"Yes," the patron cried, who had come to share in the general joy; "let the carriage drive home. I must know all about it. We will take our seats on this bank."

All—among them the dean's lady, to whom no one had yet paid any attention—seated themselves on the grassy couch, and kept their eyes fixed on the young man, who wiped away his tears, and then commenced thus:

"How badly I fared, and how grieved I was at not being able to send any news to my dear parents and sisters, I need not tell you. My only trust was in God; for, had I not had Him to support me, I should have acted like a thousand others—either deserted, or put an end to my life. But my faith, which daily found nourishment in the beautiful text with which I quitted you on that night of terror, 'We know that all things work together for good to them that love God,' supported me in all my necessities.

"Thus it happened that, just fourteen days ago, I stood as sentinel in the grand corridor of the royal palace at Berlin. I was thinking as usual of home, and as I felt very low-spirited, and, besides, fancied the neighboring apartments unoccupied, I commenced singing that sweet song of Freydinghausen's, 'My heart should feel contented;' when I was singing the third verse, a door opened to my great embarrassment, and I saw this lady's head."

"Ah! the dean's lady," the old pastor said, as he bowed to her. "Now I am beginning to see more clearly into matters."

And he straightway poured forth a multitude of apologies for not having noticed her before, through his immoderate joy at his son's return.

"But, father," the son inquired, "do you not recognize the lady?"

The old man, however, and his wife had long forgotten the features. One of Carl's sisters at length said:

"That must be the young lady, if I am not mistaken, whom you saved from the wolf?"

"Certainly," Carl replied, "and at this very spot where we are now sitting so happily together."

But as all began crying, "Proceed, proceed with your story," he continued it in the following fashion:

"As soon as I saw the head I was in great fear, and ceased singing. The lady, however, came very kindly towards me, measured me from head to foot, and at length said:

"I could scarce believe my ears when I heard that voice, but my eyes cannot deceive me. Surely you are the son of the clergyman of H—, who saved me from the wolf two years ago?"

"I am that unhappy man," I said to her; and then proceeded to tell her what a frightful revenge Gundling had taken. Her eyes filled with tears, and she seemed to me like an angel sent from on high to comfort me.

"You saved me from a wolf," she exclaimed, "and I will do as much for you;" and then hurried back into the room.

"I stood there with a beating heart, till a page approached me with the words:

"Sentinel, as soon as you are released from

duty you must go through that door, and present yourself to her majesty, the queen."

"I need not say with what anxiety I waited for the hour.

"At length I was released, and, trembling, I entered the queen's apartment. She asked my history very graciously, and when I had finished it she added:

"I can do nothing for you, my son, but will beg the general to see that you are on duty here to-morrow morning between eleven and twelve, the hour at which the king pays me a visit. Then sing, with your clear voice that pleased me so much, any verse you like of his majesty's favorite hymn, 'Who puts his trust in God alone.' I will then see what more I can do for you."

"With these words her majesty dismissed me, and without the door I met this lady, who whispered to me:

"Courage, courage: I trust all will be well."

"As I expected, I was placed on duty before the queen's apartments the next morning at eleven o'clock. As soon as I heard voices within I commenced singing a verse of the hymn that had been commanded. However, I expected in vain to be summoned again. The hour passed, and I fancied that no attention had been paid to me; and I despaired, for I did not dare to sing another verse."

"And yet," the young lady here interrupted the narrator, "all proper attention had been paid to your hymn, and I may be permitted to give an account of it, as Carl has already become my dear husband."

Another cry of astonishment was here raised.

"What! what! your husband?" all exclaimed:

"I fancied you were the dean's wife," the old pastor remarked. "I never heard of such a thing," the patron murmured, for he knew the lady was of a very old family, and both he and the pastor seemed scarce to know whether they were awake or dreaming.

"You must then hear my story," the young lady remarked, with a smile.

"The voice delighted both their majesties greatly, and as soon as I perceived this, I began saying everything I could in favor of the young man without, till the king laughed, and said:

"Why, she must be in love with the fellow."

"I felt that I blushed at this remark, but still answered boldly:

"Yes, your majesty, for he saved me, two years ago, from a frightful wolf."

"Diable!" the king added. "You are of a very old family, and might get a lieutenant, as far as I know."

"Here the queen interposed, and I begged his majesty, who was in a very good humor that day, not to torment me farther. I had opened my whole heart to her, and was determined on having this grenadier, or no one else, for my husband. 'I must beg your majesty to remember,' the queen continued, 'how carefully this good girl attended to our child in its last illness.'

"Well," the king remarked, "we'll see. The captain praises the fellow; but still she cannot by any possibility marry a simple curate. Well, as I said, we'll see. I'll examine the fellow myself: but, *apropos*, suppose he will not have you?"

"I did not know what answer to make to this inquiry, save by letting my eyes sink on the ground; but the queen came to my assistance, by saying:

"Your majesty will be best fitted to arrange that matter."

"Well, that's very true," the king replied. "We'll see, then; the fellow will not be such a fool as to refuse." And with these words his majesty left the room, apparently in deep thought.

"That is the end my story," the young lady said, "and my husband must proceed with his now."

Carl, therefore, continued:

"I naturally believed that I had been quite unnoticed, especially as nothing of the slightest importance occurred during the remainder of the day that might nourish my hopes.

"The next morning, however, at parade, the king cried out, after he had finished all other affairs:

"Where is the fellow who stood as sentry yesterday morning between eleven and twelve at the queen's door? Let him step out of the rank."

"With a beating heart I obeyed this order, on which his majesty, without moving a feature, first measured me from head to foot, and then said:

"Two under officers here—take the fellow's coat off!"

"I could fancy nothing else than that I was going to be tied up to the halberts for my unreasonable singing, and therefore began tremulously:

"I implore your majesty, with all submission—"

"But the king interrupted me:

"Don't argue—take his waistcoat off!"

"The under officers did as they were commanded, and the king in the same tone, and without moving a feature said:

"Now, his gaiters!"

"I now fancied I was going to be impaled at the least, and entreated in my fear,—

"I beg your majesty, on my knees, to be merciful to a poor fellow;" but the same answer was given me—"Don't argue."

"As I stood there, in my shirt sleeves, the king ordered—

"Now, bring that black chest hither to the front."

"I was now certain of death, when I saw this chest brought up, in which I fancied an executioner's sword at the very least was contained. I clasped my hands and commended my soul to God, when the king, before whom the chest had been deposited, cried out to me:

"Now look in, and see how that suits you."

"As soon as I had raised the lid, I saw, not a sword or an instrument of torture, but a black clerical dress, and the bands laid on the top of it. This change in my feelings almost took my senses away, but the king's voice again roused me.

"Now, dress yourself immediately, and listen to what I say. Bring four drums here, and lay a dozen side arms across them, so that he cannot tumble through. The grenadier shall preach us a sermon, for I must first examine him, and see

if he has learned anything. If he sits firm in the saddle, as the saying is, he can keep the black stuff, and all it contains; but if he's a stupid ass, I'll make him put on the coat again. Now then, up on the drums; you need not give it us long, but it must be good."

"Assuredly," the young man continued, "I should have talked nothing but nonsense, through the agitated nature of my feelings, and the fact that such a terrible alternative was offered me; but to my good fortune, during the whole duration of my wretched servitude, I had daily thought of my favorite text, and determined I would preach it on the very first Sunday after my release. In fact, from continually thinking on the subject, I had the whole discourse long before ready in my mind. I, therefore, boldly mounted the drums, and began immediately with the words—St. Paul says, in Romans viii., 28, 'And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God;' after which I gave a detailed account of my own misfortunes which had worked together for good by the confirmation of my faith, and then made a universal and particular application of it.

"I had noticed that the king, who stood close before me, and had never once took his eyes off of me, could not keep the tears from pouring down his cheeks; and I had scarce uttered the word 'Amen,' when he said to me:

"Now, come down from your pulpit; you can keep the black coat and all it contains. You had better inspect the pockets, and see what you have got in them."

"During my discourse I had noticed that one of my coat pockets seemed heavier than the other. I put my hand into that one first; and who could picture my astonishment, when I drew forth a gold *tabatière*, filled with ducats. I was silently regarding it, when the king said:

"That is a present from my wife; but now look and see whether there is anything in the other pocket;" and not yet able to utter a word through surprise, I drew out my appointment as a dean signed by the king's own hand."

"How is that possible! Such a thing was never heard of!" the old pastor exclaimed, as he raised his hands to Heaven. "My son a dean? A candidate and private in the grenadiers, a dean? Yes, I now understand why you sent to tell us that you would visit us in company with the dean's lady. But not to ask your poor old father to the wedding, as if you were ashamed of him—that is unpardonable!"

"Did I know anything about my marriage?"

the son continued; "but, listen, father.

"I naturally tried to murmur out my thanks, after all these fabulous events, but was interrupted by the king, who said:

"Now, come to the palace; you can eat your soup with us, and the regimental chaplain must accompany you."

"Giddy with the thought of all that had happened, I followed with the chaplain, who was hardly less astonished than I was, the king and his suite to the palace; and as soon as we had entered the audience-room, where all the court was assembled, with her majesty and this young lady, the king advanced, and asked me—

"Whom does he think he has to thank for all this?"

"I answered with a low bow—

"Besides God, my most gracious king, and his most illustrious consort."

"To which his majesty remarked:

"There he's right; but look ye here. This young and charming woman did the most for him. He has nothing to say to her? She is not proud, and I know not married. What does he think of it? He is now a dean, and has his pockets full of ducats. Will he try his luck, and fancy he is all alone with her?"

"Half mad with joy and hope, I raised my eyes and looked at the poor girl, who was blushing and trembling before me, and who could not raise her eyes from the floor.

"All was silent, though at intervals a slight sound of laughter could be heard in the room. In spite of my good fortune, I was even more embarrassed than I had been an hour before, when forced to mount the drums; but I collected myself, and in a few moments, said:

"His majesty, the king, to whom I owe all my good fortune, has inspired me with courage to ask you before this great assembly, whether you will accompany me in my wanderings, like as the angel Raphael formerly guided the youthful Tobias?"

"She immediately gave me her hand, silent and trembling, which I pressed with ardor to my lips, and her majesty had scarcely bidden God bless us, when the king added:

"Regimental chaplain, come hither and marry them. Afterwards we'll have our dinner; but I must get them off my hands to-day."

"The chaplain, with a bow, replied:

"It is impossible, the young couple have not been asked in church."

"Nonsense," replied the king, "I asked them myself, long ago. Come, marry them as quickly as you can, for I am hungry. Next Sunday you can ask them in church as many times as you like."

"Although the chaplain urged various reasons, all was of no avail. The marriage took place that very hour, and my parents can now see why it was impossible for me to invite them."

"I must really be dreaming," said the old pastor; "why it's a stranger than any story in the Arabian Nights. A grenadier made a dean! But what did the members of the consistory say to it? I cannot imagine."

"They kept me so long," the young man replied, "or I should have come to share my joy with you eight days ago. I had scarcely announced myself, and handed in my diploma, with a request to be ordained, when the gentlemen, as may be easily supposed, declared the whole affair impossible, and sought to demonstrate this to his majesty in a long petition. The king returned it with these words, written in his own hand, on the margin:

"I have examined him myself. If he does not understand Latin, he can afford to keep some one who does. I do not understand Latin myself.

FREDERICK WILLIAM."

"As they did not dare to trouble the king again in the matter, they proceeded to ordain me, after

an examination to which I voluntarily submitted."

The young man thus ended his story, and our kind readers can easily imagine the rest. We need only add that our hero made an excellent dean, and for many years held the living of P——.

In conclusion we are bound to state that the above anecdote is historically true, and that we have merely repeated the family tradition. Still, we thought it better to refrain from giving the real names, as the descendants of our illustrious grenadier might not desire the story to be publicly known in connection with themselves.

## SONG.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home;  
Across the sands o' Dee;"  
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,  
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,  
And o'er and o'er the sand,  
And round and round the land,  
As far as eye could see;  
The blinding mist came down and hid the land,—  
And never home came she.

"O, is it weed or fish or floating hair,  
A tress o' golden hair,  
O' drowned maiden's hair;  
Above the nets at sea?—  
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,  
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,  
The cruel crawling foam,  
The cruel hungry foam,  
To her grave beside the sea;  
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home  
Across the sands o' Dee.

## LOTUS-EATING.

Who would care to pass his life away,  
Of the Lotus-land a dreamful denizen—  
Lotus-islands round a waveless bay,  
Sung by Alfred Tennyson?

Who would care to be a dull new comer,  
Far across the wide sea's blue abysses;  
Where, about the earth's three thousandth summer  
Passed divine Ulysses?

Rather give me coffee, art, a book,  
From my windows a delicious sea-view;  
South-Down mutton, somebody to cook—  
"Music?" I believe you.

Strawberry icebergs in the summer time—  
But of elmwood many a massive splinter,  
Good ghost stories, and a classic rhyme,  
For the nights of winter.

Now and then a friend, and some Sauterne;  
Now and then a neck of Highland venison;  
And for Lotus-lands I'll never yearn,  
Maugre Alfred Tennyson.

## MAIDEN MEDITATIONS.—No. 3.

BY CULMA CROLY.

"Man toils from sun to sun,  
But woman's work is never done."

"Work! work!" It was the mandate our grandparents heard in Eden when they had eaten more fruit than they could pay for; and we, their progeny, driven to the antipodes of Eden, realize, not always with submission, that we too must earn our bread by the sweat of our brows. Grumble or fret we may, but that does no good; it is all supererogatory labor; for fretting and fuming, while it makes us sweat as profusely as it would to thresh or to mow, brings no return of bread. Refuse to toil we may, but without the sweat of the brow there is no hearty enjoyment of food. The idler receives the reward of his idling in indigestion, dyspepsia, and their accompaniments, which take away the relish for his daily bread, and leave him a victim to aches and pains, and doctor's bills.

There is a blessing in the curse. In the world's hive, the bees are happier than the drones. He who labors with an earnest heart knows that he is not living in vain.

Is the old couplet true, as it regards the relative activity of man and woman? The farmer, whose plough furrows wide acres, whose seed is scattered broad-cast over the land, thinks it a small matter to make and keep the hearth-stone bright. The man of business, whose brain is kept through the day at railroad speed between China and Brazil, over orange crops and ice cargoes, through ranchos and wigwags—returns at night to his pleasant home, as to a charmed spot where care never enters; and meeting the mild eyes that welcome his approach, he involuntarily thinks "What an easy life is a woman's!"

Oh! man, man! you know nothing about the matter. She who cares for your home may know little of the rise and fall of stocks; yet who but she attends to the weekly accumulation of your socks and stockings in her work-basket? The deficit they reveal must be supplied by her hand, her needle, and her patient half-hours. What if she does not sow the corn, the wheat and the barley—she is obliged to sew the rents in your coat-sleeves. If she has not time or patience to inquire into the affinities of foreign races, or the political relations of the Czar and the Sublime Porte, it is because she has been preparing some youthful descendant of Ham, or some promising delegate of Turkey, for a discussion at your dinner-table.

But such labors as these are only a counterpart to your own, and end with the day. It is the little things, the et ceteras, the filling up of life's mosaic, that cause this ceaseless feminine toil; things of which you would say, "It is nothing, and I cannot trouble myself about it;" and of which she says nothing, but knowing it must be done, does it at once, no matter what else is upon her hands; yes, once, twice, thrice, and again it is done, until the name of these little things is legion.

Little Charlie's shoe-string is untied, and nobody but his mamma can fasten it just right. Kate has closed a glorious race by a fall upon her

nose, and nothing but mamma's pity can check its bleeding or stop her screams. Mamma must put a new cover on Willy's spelling-book, or it will be unsafe to let it pass the ordeal of the school-room. Ellen has a fit of the pouts, because she cannot wear her new pink dress, and only mother knows how to soothe away these evil spirits that trouble her. Then, at night, when all are stowed away in cribs, cradles, and trundle-beds, and the "gude mon," out of whose hearing these little worriments have been kept as much as possible, lies quietly dreaming of Arcadia or El Dorado, what white form glides among the sleeping cherubs of the flock? What watchful ear listens for a breathing too thick, that may betoken the presence of that child's scourge, the croup? What eye bends so lovingly to see if the flushed face of the healthy one be not too feverish, or the lily complexion of the delicate one too pale? What hand is passed so lightly over the silken tress and the velvet cheek? What heart sends up its prayer with such earnestness through the still night to Heaven, for strength to guard her treasures well, to keep them pure on earth, and to present them faultless to their Giver at last?

It is the mother, the weak woman, strong in her weakness. It is her heart-work, her toils of love, untiring and unending, that make up the beauty and the burden of her existence.

And is it the mother alone whose heart and hand is so full? Recrunt let me not be to the single sisterhood. Oh! the head-aches, the nerve-jarrings, the heart-sinkings of the school-room; none knows them more thoroughly, none feels them more keenly than the neglected old maid. In the family, what a personage is the good-natured maiden aunt! How much she takes upon herself; too much to suit others, sometimes; but then, if she does it willingly, and is a patient scape-coat for the fretfulness of the child, the merriment of the girl, and the heedless raillery of the boy, who has not learned that words can cut deeper than jack-knives—no one ought to complain of her. What she does, tells very little for itself. Her existence sets in a strong, unnoticed under-current beneath the lives of those she loves, keeping them from becoming or taking a wrong direction; and as she toils the more constantly and quietly, the more smoothly things go on, and the less she is heeded, until death or some sharp-sighted widower comes and turns the tide of her activity into another channel. Thus much for old maids, as the demand of honesty and justice.

Has not man always had his own heaven, and woman hers? Jupiter reclined at the ambrosial feast of Olympus, with Hebe and the Graces to smile and pour out nectar at his nod. The paradise of the Moslem is a voluptuous repose, with the black eyes of attendant Houris shining like stars into his pavilion; and the gruff Norseman hoped to sit and receive refreshing draughts from his enemy's scull, at the hands of the maids of Valhalla. Woman had no admittance into the heathen's heaven, save as a minister to the pleasure of man; nor dared she lift up her voice against her lord, as to her own future. Had she spoken, what would she have asked?—to change places and be a goddess, surrounded by stalwart slaves? No; that was not in her nature. The old mytholo-



gies mirrored the heaven that was in human hearts; and the same dreams, refined and purified by Christianity, linger there still.

Man has been plodding and delving in the dust this world; he asks for *rest* hereafter. The true woman's heart inspires her labor, and heart-work is at once heart-strength and heart-rest. What is heaven to her, but a lengthening and glorifying of her labors of love? Gladly can she look forward to joining the spirits John saw in the Apocalypse, who "rest not day nor night before the Throne."

The ancient rhyme then may be repeated without repining, "Woman's work is never done;" so let it be! "Labor is life;" and when life's wheel is stopped, the rest of this human machinery is Death. But the stream that fed its activity runs on with an increasing flow, keeping pace with the pauseless cycles of eternity.

Welcome toil, which is drudgery only to the drudge. They say that chemists can transmute the most opaque of the earthy bases of matter into pure light. Love has a subtler chemistry. What the hireling groans under, grumbles and sickens over, the loving toiler takes for a staff, or wears as a halo around her head.

Aye, woman! in the light of a pure, high motive, thy kitchen is a golden palace. These brooms, pans and kettles are no mean, vulgar implements; in thy hand, that motive makes them brighter than the topaz, the sapphire and the amethyst. Do humbly and willingly what thou wert set on earth to do, and what more could an angel?

Such "labor is noble and holy!"

Let thy good deeds be thy prayer to thy God!"

## THE OLD BACHELOR FOGY.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, THE YOUNGER.

An old bachelor is the true old fogy, and all others are but "counterfeit presentments."—Moving isolated through a world composed of social circles, calling no woman wife, no child son, or daughter, he becomes the very incarnation of selfishness, and having wilfully ignored one of the objects of his creation, he lives lonely, and dies unloved and unregretted. With all his affections burnt out of him, he remains like the fabled apples of the Dead Sea, fair enough to the eyes, but within all dust and ashes. His first folly was that of believing himself sufficient for his own happiness; his second, the obstinate persistence in this belief, in spite of reason, instinct, and the impulses of his better feelings. His penalty is to lead a cheerless life, with no tender heart to sympathise in his troubles; no gentle hand to smooth his pillow in sickness; nor any dear voice to whisper comfort in his agony, or to lull him to slumber with a low murmuring song, which calls up old memories, and links together in a magic chain of melody, the past, the present, and the future.

If he lives in lodgings, his suspicious nature suggests that his landlady—haply a widow—seeks to cajole him into matrimony. If he tenants a domicile of his own, he is tortured by the imaginary forwardness of his housekeeper. At his club, he is crusty and uncommunicative; and

while playing of an evening his customary rubber of whist, with other old bachelor fogies, they mutually complain of the dreariness of the game, and testily accuse their respective partners of not playing so well as formerly.

When he hears that his former companion, Smith, rejoices in an affectionate wife, and a happy family of juveniles, he curls his lip contemptuously, and cries, "Bah! 'Tis all a sham. I don't believe it." But he does believe it, notwithstanding, and the iron enters still deeper into his soul. Presently, he ventures to call on Smith; and, forthwith, he hates Smith's wife for smiling so sweetly, and for keeping her house in such beautiful order. And he hates Smith's children also, from the chubby little thing crowing lustily in the cradle, to the blue-eyed eldest daughter, just tenderly blossoming on the margin of womanhood. He hates them all; grins sardonically at Smith for modestly avowing his felicity, and goes back alone, through the silent streets, to his dark and silent home. No tiny footstep runs to meet him at the door; no soft matronly voice welcomes his return with a smile. He ascends the stairs to his chamber, he never felt it so gloomy before; and his ample couch there, looks so cold and solitary.

Strange memories suddenly steal into his thought; and, as his eyes are fixed for a moment on vacancy, there rises slowly before him a graceful shape with a fair but melancholy face. Then all at once he cries out in his great agony, "Oh, Alice, dear, if I had known!—If I had only known!" and he buries his face within his hands, partly to stifle the mighty sobs by which he is so terribly shaken, and partly to shut out the light of those mild reproachful eyes; but when he ventures to look up again the Presence has disappeared.

## BRIDGET'S STRIKE.

"Biddy," said Mrs. Pennywise, "there is little starch in the dickeys this week, and altogether the clothes do not look very nicely."

"An' shure you must remember, ma'am, I git but sivin and sixpence for my labor: if you would have them rael nate, you must rise on my wages."

"And what would nine shillings do for me, Biddy?" enquired her mistress.

"An' faith, it would stiffen them more, but it takes tin and sixpence to put on the gloss."

"And how would two dollars work, Biddy?"

"Now lit me jist till you 'twould make them so iligant you nivir would know the cotton from the linen."

"So, Biddy, you are disposed to make 'a strike,' if I would have my work done to my liking?"

"Och! no mem; it's not me that will break the pace by striking: it's an ill-bred woman that would lift her finger to her mistress, and didn't I tell Patrick O'Flaherty so, when he bid me strike on ye. It's not me that would do the thing for all the money in Amiriky."

"Well, Biddy, then after this day we will try the nine shilling system."

"An' by the powers, Mr. Pennywise shall be stiffened, but I won't promise to gloss him."—*Olive Branch.*

## RICH AND POOR.

BY WILLIAM H. CARPENTER.

I saw a pale young girl, in tatters, stand  
Beside a lady loitering at her door;  
Of rarest tissues was the dress she wore—  
The suppliant lifted timidly her hand.

A weak, appealing gesture sure it was,  
To which her raised eyes, bright with tears un-  
shed,  
Mutely responded: "Pity the poor!" they said—  
And thus she stood and pleaded her sad cause.

The haughty lady—with a vacant stare  
Down looking from the mountain of her pride,  
At the lorn creature standing by her side—  
Shook from her satins, odors on the air.

Just then came by a lonely widow's child,  
Who, placing in the beggar's palm the food  
Which its own hunger craved, in tones subdued,  
Said "Take it, for you need it most," and smiled.

The scornful dame, rebuked by that sweet sight,  
Blushed through the crimson mockery of her  
rouge;  
Then lifted, with a curling lip, her huge  
And stately figure to its silken height.

Oh, lofty lady, when at Heaven's gate,  
Your franchised soul stands pleading for admit-  
tance,  
The guardian spirit will recall the pittance  
Denied the outcast in your worldly state.

Oh, tender urchin, soft angelic eyes  
Watched and recorded that good deed of thine;  
After life's travail you shall see it shine,  
All star-embazoned on your native skies.  
*Methodist Protestant.*

## A PIC-NIC.

BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

### I.

The lake is calm. A crowd of sunny faces  
And plumed heads, and shoulders round and  
white,  
Are mirrored in the waters. There are traces  
Of merriment in those sweet eyes of light.  
Lie empty hampers round; in shady places  
The hungry throw themselves with ruthless  
might  
On lobsters, salads; while Champagne, to cheer  
'em,  
Cools in the brook that murmurs sweetly near 'em.

### II.

Green leagues of park and forest lie around;  
Wave stately antlers in the glimmering distance;  
Up from the dusky arches comes a sound  
That tells the story of old Pan's existence—  
And now in song the summer wind is drowned;  
Now comes a call that conquers all resistance—  
A dance upon the turf! up, up, instantler!  
Away with quarried pie and stained decanter.

### III.

Small hands are linked, and dance divinest tresses,  
And agile feet fly down the pleasant glade in  
A merry measure; through the deep recesses  
How gaily trip they, youth and laughing maiden.  
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The shaken turf is swept by silken dresses,  
The woodland breeze with many a jest is laden,  
And lips are curled, and haughty heads are tossed,  
too,  
As none could picture them but Ariosto.

## TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY LILA M. LAIRD.

Goodly gifts did twilight bring me,  
As last eve I sat alone;  
Oh! if you but knew what treasures  
In *that* hour became my own—  
Treasur-s sweet, which time had stolen,  
All again became my own.

Blessed memories round me clustered,  
Showing, in their fairy light,  
Lovely faces, which had vanished,  
Lond ago from earthly sight—  
Cherish'd forms which had been hidden,  
Years ago from earthly sight.

Side by side, with this sweet vision,  
Then my absent *living*, came;  
Smiling in their unchanged beauty,  
Still in heart and soul the same—  
Greeting me with loving fervor,  
Still in heart and soul the same.

Precious links, which *duty* shivered,  
Sparkled brightly as of yore;  
And I gazed, and smiled, forgetting,  
They indeed were *mine* no more—  
And I lost the grievous knowledge,  
They indeed were *mine* no more.

Then came sweet and earnest yearnings,  
For that far off kingdom, blest,  
Where "the Spoiler's" sword is idle,  
"And the weary are at rest"—  
Where our King doth walk in glory,  
"And the weary are at rest."

All these thoughts did twilight bring me,  
As last eve I sat alone;  
Do you marvel that I lingered  
In the silence and the gloom?—  
Found I not rich spirit treasures,  
In the silence and the gloom?

Are you reaping for your garner,  
Pleasant sheaves of golden thought?  
Wait for twilight, *she* will bring you,  
All the treasures you have sought—  
In her misty fields are gleaming,  
All the treasures you have sought.

ANECDOTE OF MACKLIN.—Macklin was very quick at a reply, especially in a dispute. One day Dr. Johnson was contending on some dramatic question, and quoted a passage from a Greek poet in support of his opinion. "I don't understand Greek, though. Doctor," said Macklin. "Sir," said Johnson, pompously "a man who undertakes to argue should understand all languages." "Oh! very well," returned Macklin, "how will you understand this argument?" and immediately treated him to a long quotation in Irish.

## THE THREE WIVES.

BY F. H. COOKE.

Mr. Jeduthun Spike was an eccentric bachelor of fifty. His mother died in giving him birth, and it would seem that the mother-heart died with her, for from that hour the hapless Jeduthun seemed to have no perception of feminine excellence, and diverted himself with ridiculing the foibles of the sex, whose true character was to him a despised enigma. As a babe, he was fed and tended by an invalid brother many years his senior; and he afterwards grew in stature, and a hard, ungenial kind of wisdom, without much matronizing from anybody. As years and possessions increased, he boarded at a fashionable hotel, where the cook and attendants were of his own sex, and ignored the address of his laundress. His predispositions against matrimony were confirmed and strengthened by the fate of the brother alluded to, who married somewhat late in life, and, after an unhappy connexion of seven years' duration, left his widow, a permanent inmate of an insane asylum, and his three boys to the guardianship of their uncle. The recipient of this unexpected legacy, who had till then loved nothing in the whole of his miserable life, felt a strange pleasure in the duties of this new and unsolicited relation. The docility with which the little fellows accommodated themselves to the oddities of the eccentric humorist, their unquestioning faith in his most startling dogmas, and their artless exhibitions of personal attachment, won upon this isolated nature to a degree that surprised himself. It seemed that these helpless children were destined unconsciously to fulfil to the lonely old man that feminine mission without which human life is a failure, and happiness a myth. With a devotion and patience hardly to be expected of him, he reared the fragile boys to manhood, gave them all needful advantages of books, and schools and pocket-money, and at last saw them all established in business, and in a way to do credit to themselves and their connexions. Judge then of his painful astonishment when all three waited upon him in a body, to announce that they had jointly and severally formed the audacious resolution of committing matrimony. Neither would have dared approach the subject alone, and though countenanced by each other, they felt so much gratitude, reverence and compassion for the prejudiced old man, that they fairly trembled for the result.

When the confession was made to Mr. Jeduthun Spike, he turned his back on the agitated young men, and walked quickly to the window. After standing silently for some minutes, he turned and said very calmly:—

"Well, boys, I have nursed you through the measles, and the scarlet-fever, and the whooping-cough, and I did my best to alleviate what I could not prevent. You are now the victims of a disease quite as general as the other, and for which there is no remedy but experience. Neither precept nor example,"—here his lips quivered slightly—"have been of any avail in your case. Go then, and marry, if you will. I give my full consent, on one condition only. It is that you all

present yourselves in three years from this day and hour, and declare solemnly, upon the worth of your remaining manhood, whether you are unhappy, and why. The causes of misery in wedlock are very various, but the result is uniform. I will excuse you now, boys, as I have an appointment with my tailor."

It is needless to say that the three nephews availed themselves of the permission thus unwillingly given, and that any self-reproaches they might feel at defeating the cherished wishes of their kindest benefactor did not seriously embitter the honeymoon. The three years that followed stole a handful of grey hairs from the bald forehead of Jeduthun Spike, and, as if ashamed of the theft, secretly restored them hidden among the chestnut locks of his young relations. And, as a farther restitution, the same silent agents transferred unnoticed a portion of the hopeful tenderness of the youthful Benedicts to refresh the withered heart of the disappointed bachelor. The time for the interview so long anticipated, arrived at last. In the luxurious rooms of the lonely uncle, Henry and Charles, the two elder nephews, waited impatiently the arrival of the younger.

"It is useless looking for Edward," said Charles, at last. "We shan't see him before evening. His wife is now looking for a needle to darn his stockings, and replace the missing buttons upon his coat."

Yet, as he spoke, a cheerful step was heard without, and the tardy brother entered the room, breathing quickly, and with a smiling apology for his delay. The two first arrived exchanged meaning glances; but the merciless uncle cut short their merriment, by saying gravely,

"Henry, my boy, you are the oldest. It is just that you should lead upon this occasion. Tell us frankly, how do you enjoy married life?"

The young man paused for a moment, then, with a comical grimace that but ill-concealed his reluctance, he replied:

"It is a bitter dose to swallow, I confess. Uncle, you are revenged."

There was a slight movement of surprise, for Mrs. Henry Spike was recognized as decidedly notable.

"I thought," said the uncle, drily, "that yours was a pattern wife."

"Only too much so," returned the nephew. "It is my belief that she was modelled upon the most approved patterns and made up to order. If ever there was a machine for performing mechanically every outward virtue, it is Mrs. Henry Spike. She never loses her temper; indeed, I doubt if she has any to lose. She never betrays any flutter of vanity or wounded feeling. To the calmness of a statue, she adds an instinctive perception of decorum, a rigid adherence to rectitude, which leaves nothing to hope or fear, and very little to enjoy. Nothing can disturb her. When our infant was dangerously ill, she moved about his cradle with the same unperturbed composure, and dropped his last cordial, as we thought, into the cup with an untreble hand."

"I hardly see how you came to marry her," remarked Edward, *par parenthese*.

"She was pretty, and I mistook her natural roses for blushes, and her silence for delicate re-

serve. I was much moved when she once left me in tears; I have since learned she had the tooth-ache. I can never find in her deportment anything to forgive, and I am tired of praising where correctness seems inevitable. Besides, she don't care for praise. She was wound up at birth, and her heart pulsates with the regularity of a pendulum. If I should hang myself some morning of pure *ennui*, I know she would arrange everything for a respectable burial. My condition is desperate. In passing through New York last winter, I religiously avoided seeing Lola Montez for I knew I should be smitten at a glance. The slightest touch of human frailty seems absolutely refreshing. Speak, brother," he added, after a brief pause, "and in mercy point out some defect in Mrs. Charley Spike."

"Mrs. Charley Spike," responded the person addressed, "is not absolutely stupid, nor entirely indifferent in matters of feeling. She gives some variety to life in point of temper, and permits me to hope to please, as well as fear to offend. But like your Rectorina, she has, alas! one paramount idea. 'Order is Heaven's first law,' and it is not the less that of my immaculate Vesta. Especially does she insist upon the most spotless neatness, at the expense of all other considerations. I discovered soon after my marriage that the world was a little too good to live in. The parlors were shut up to exclude the flies; the chambers, to avoid the dust. The dining room furniture was robbed in Holland covers, and ugly mats deformed every square yard of carpeting. Canaries were banished because they littered their cage, and my pet spaniel dismissed for neglecting to wipe his feet. Then pickles spoil the cutlery, and eggs corrode the silver; coffee is liable to stain the linen, and even butter, if incautiously used, may be the parent of a grease-spot. Cigars I have long since abjured, because spittoons are an abomination. If I sit, it is, 'Mr. Spike, your chair mars the wall,' or 'Charles, you are rocking upon the rug.' If I walk, it is, 'Pray leave your boots at the door, Mr. Spike, and let me bring your slippers.' I sometimes think I will remove to an hotel, and send home my compliments daily in a perfumed note. I shall expect soon after to see the whole establishment modelled in wax, and reposing under glass, like a collection of fanciful wonders. Come, Edward, your wife is no paragon, luckily. Confess your misery, and don't detain us long."

"Mine is not a pattern wife, certainly," was the response of the younger brother. "She is not distinguished for order, nor faultiness in neatness, nor unerring in discretion. She is very far from being a piece of clock-work, and there is a great uncertainty, sometimes delightful, sometimes painful, as to what she will attempt, and whether the result will be success or failure. There is room for doubt as to particulars; none at all as to the general tendency of her conduct. She is as true-hearted a woman as lives, and that which she delights in must be happy.' You may smile if you choose, but I do most frankly assure you that I *am* happy. I know not what Beatrice is doing at this moment, but I feel sure that, in aims and efforts, she is true to herself, to me, and to her Maker. I am sure that she loves me more than all the world beside, but not so much as she loves

truth and duty and self-respect. Her errors are all mistakes. They are the redundancy of a loving, generous, richly-gifted nature. She is no model housewife, but she has made great improvement, and she has the strongest incentive to improvement, a sincere and unselfish affection. It is true that I was delayed to-day by waiting for a few last stitches from her practised needle, not however upon my clothing, as I see you imagine, but upon a pair of slippers she has just wrought for uncle Jeduthun. Let me see them tried, my dear sir. I have an idea they will fit you."

"Why, yes, tolerably," said the good man, who seemed more gratified than he cared to acknowledge. "The truth is," he added, speaking with hesitation, as if he felt the need of an apology, "The truth is, I am going to live with Edward, and give lessons to Beatrice in housekeeping."

WENDELL, MRS.

## BE KIND TO YOUR SISTERS.

One morning, there was a little girl sitting on the door steps of a pleasant cottage near the common. She was thin and pale. Her head was resting on her slender hand. There was an expression in her sweet face, which the dull, heavy expression about her jet black eye did not destroy.

Her name was Helen. For several weeks she had seemed to be drooping, without any particular disease; inconstant in her attendance at school, and losing gradually her interest in all her former employments. Helen had one sister, Clara, a little older than herself, and several brothers.

This day she seemed better; but something her sister had said to her a few moments before gave that expression of sadness to her face, as she sat at the door of the cottage. Clara soon came to her again.

"Helen, mother says you must go to school; so get up, come along and get ready, and not be moping any longer."

"Did mother say so?"

"Yes, she did. You are well enough, I know, for you are always sick just at school-time. Get your bonnet, for I shan't wait."

Helen got up slowly, and wiping with her apron the tear that had just started in her eye, she made her preparations to obey her mother's command.

Now Clara had a very irritable disposition. She could not bear to have Helen receive any more attention or sympathy than herself; and unless she was really sick so as to excite her fears, she never would allow that she was sick at all. She had determined not to go to school alone this morning, and, therefore, had persuaded her mother to make her sister go with her. In a few moments they were both ready. Their dinner had been packed in a large basket which stood in the entry.

"Helen," said Clara, "I've carried that basket every day for a week; it's your turn now."

"But it's twice as heavy now," said Helen; "I can't but just lift it."

"Well, I don't care," said Clara, "I've got my

geography and atlas to carry; so take it up and come along—I shan't touch it."

Helen took up the basket without saying another word, though it required all her little strength, and walked slowly behind her sister. She tried hard to keep from crying, but the tears would come as fast as she could wipe them off. They walked on thus, in silence, for about a quarter of an hour. Clara felt too much ill-humor to take any notice of her sister. She knew she had done wrong, but was too proud to give it up, and was determined to "hold out;" excusing herself by thinking—"Well, Helen is always saying she is sick, and making a great fuss. It's just good enough for her." When she had reached the half-way stone, she had half a mind not to let her rest there, as usual; but the habit was too strong to be easily broken, and she sat down sullenly to wait for Helen to come up.

The broad, flat stone was shaded by a beautiful weeping willow, and around the trunk of this tree ran a little brook. It would seem as if the beauty of this place must have charmed away the evil spirit that was raging in Clara's breast—but, no! This cool shade brought no refreshment to those evil passions. She sat down sullenly till Helen came up, and then commenced to scold her for being so slow.

"Why don't you come along faster, Helen? You will be too late to school, and I don't care if you are; you deserve a good scolding for acting so."

"Why, Clara, I am very tired, my head does ache, and this basket is very heavy; I do think you ought to carry it the rest of the way."

"Do give it to me, then," said Clara, and she snatched it away from her with such violence that the cover came off—the apples rolled out and fell into the water, the gingerbread followed, and the pie rolled into the dirt. It has been truly said that "anger is a short madness," for how little reason have those who indulge it. Helen was not to blame for the accident; but Clara did not stop to think of this. Vexed at having lost her dinner, she turned and gave her sister a push, and then walked on as rapidly as possible. Oh, could she have foreseen the consequences of this rash act. Could she have known the bitter anguish which it would afterwards cause her, worlds would not have tempted her to do it; but she was angry. Helen was seated just on the edge of the water, and she fell in; it was not deep. She had waded there many a day with her shoes and stockings off, and she easily got out, but it frightened her very much, and took away all her strength. She could not even call to her sister, or cry.

A strange feeling came over her, such as she had never known before. She laid her head on the stone, and closed her eyes, and thought she was going to die, and she wished her mother was there. Then she seemed to sleep for a few moments; but by-and-by she felt better, and, getting up, she took her empty basket, and walked on as fast as she could towards school.

It was nearly half done when she got there; and as she entered the room all noticed her pale face and wet dress. She took her seat, leaned her pale face upon her hand, and attempted to

study, but in vain. She could not fix her attention at all. The strange feeling came over her again—the letters became mingled together—the room became dark—the shrill voice of the child screaming its A B C in front of her desk grew fainter and fainter—her head sank upon the book, and she fell to the floor. Fainting was so unusual in this school that all was instantly in confusion, and it was some minutes before the teacher could restore order. Helen was brought to the air, two of her companions despatched for water, and none were allowed to remain near, except Clara, who stood by, trembling from head to foot, and almost as white as the insensible object before her. O! what a moment of anguish was this—deep, bitter anguish—her anger melted away at once; and she would almost have sacrificed her own life to recall the events of the morning. If Helen only recovered, she would spend the future in endeavoring to atone for past unkindness. It seemed for a short time, indeed, as if she would be called on to fulfil her promises. Helen gradually grew better, and in about an hour was apparently as well as usual. It was judged best, however, for her to return home, and a farmer, who happened to pass by in a new gig, very kindly offered to take her.

Clara could not play with the girls as usual. Her heart was full, and she was very impatient to be once more by her sister's side. O, how eagerly she watched the sun in his passage around the school-house; and when at length he threw his slanting beams in through the west window, she was the first to obey the joyful signal, and books, paper, pen, ink, and slate, instantly disappeared from her desk.

Clara did not linger on her way home. She even passed the half-way stone with no other notice than a deep sigh. She hurried to her sister's bedside, impatient to make up by every little attention for her unkindness. Helen was asleep. Her face was not pale, but flushed by a burning fever. Her little hands were hot; and, as she tossed restlessly about on her pillow, she would mutter to herself, "Stop, stop!" and then again beg her not to throw her to the fishes.

Clara watched long in agony for her to awake. This she did at last, but it brought no relief to the distressed sister and friends. She did not know them, and continued to talk incoherently about the events of the morning. It was too much for Clara to bear; she retired to her own little room and lonely bed, and wept there. By the first dawn of light she was at her sister's bedside, but there was no alteration. For three days Helen continued in this state. At the close of the third day, Helen gave signs of returning consciousness, recognized her mother, and anxiously inquired for Clara. She had just stepped out, and was immediately told of this. O! how joyful was the summons.

She hastened to her sister, who at her approach looked up and smiled; the flush in her cheek was gone, and her face was deadly pale. Clara was entirely overcome; she could only weep; and as she stooped to kiss her sister's white lips, the child drew her still nearer. It was a long embrace—then her arms moved convulsively and fell by her side—there were a few

struggles—she gasped once or twice—and little Helen never breathed again.

Days, weeks and months rolled on. Time had somewhat healed the wound which grief for the loss of an only sister had made. But it had not power to remove from Clara's heart the memory of her unkindness. She never took the little basket with her dinner to school, nor passed the half-way stone, without a deep sigh, and sometimes a tear of bitter regret. Children who are what Clara was, go and be now what Clara is—mild, amiable, obliging and pleasant to all.

## THE PROSE OF THOMAS MOORE.

Moore's prose was as happy as his verse. In Lalla Rookh alone he sacrificed his judgment to the seductions of his fancy. The prose of Lalla Rookh is spun sugar, and cloyes the palate. Lord Byron, who gloried in the poem, could not endure the interstitial links of narrative, and there are few readers, whose opinions in such matters are worth recording, that do not heartily agree with him. But in the *Lives of Sheridan and Byron*, in the *Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion*, and in the *Memoirs of Captain Rock*, sparkling with trenchant wit, and presenting an infinitely more complete bird's-eye view of Irish history than the elaborate work under that name which appears unfinished in the *Cyclopædia*, Moore has left behind him passages of power and eloquence that will long endure amongst the noblest specimens of English prose. "Considered merely as a composition," says Mr. Macaulay, speaking of the *Life of Byron*, "it deserves to be classed among the best specimens of English prose which our age has produced. The style is agreeable, clear, and manly, and when it rises into eloquence, rises without effort or ostentation." This is high praise for a writer whose most conspicuous excellence lay in another and totally different direction, but it is not the highest praise these works deserve. The varied erudition they exhibit, the extensive range of reading and inquiry drawn upon to enforce and illustrate their statements, and the calm and thoughtful judgment, the critical acumen and earnest spirit which everywhere pervade them, bear testimony to a severe mental training, which poets rarely submit to, and which, even when they do, they still more rarely get credit for.

His correspondence was as delightful as his *Rhymes on the Road*, or the most playful of his terse and pointed satires, thrown off apparently with ease and facility, and abounding in the happiest touches of wit and sprightliness. His animal spirits ran riot in his little notes, although there were always a certain grace and finish that, from any other hand, would have suggested a suspicion of premeditation. From him this minute and exquisite brilliancy seemed to flash out spontaneously. The very hand-writing, neat, close and pearly, was in itself a part of the charm of these epigrammatic billets. How far hand-writing may ever come to be considered as a safe index to character is a question that may be left to the solution of the philosophers who dedicate themselves expressly to the ethics of

caligraphy; but certainly in Moore's case there was a remarkable affinity between his diamond lines and the bright thoughts and images that lay in them. His small, subtle writing was admirably suited for shutting up essences in. The vehicle was singularly adapted for the uses to which it was put. We could give a thousand instances which, although they suffer by being separated from the context, would at least show what dexterity and finesse, gayety and point he threw into his most trivial correspondence. Thus, speaking of one who had published anonymously a song of his, disfigured somewhat, after the manner in which the gypsies stain and disguise stolen children, he says, "There are some people who will not let well alone, but this gentleman" [we suppress the name] "is one of those who will not even let ill alone." On one occasion, after leaving Ireland, he says, "The people of Dublin, some of them, seemed very sorry to lose me; but I dare say by this time they treat me as the *air* treats the *arrow*, fill up the gap and forget that it ever passed that way." In 1807, at a moment of considerable public difficulty, one ministry went out to make room for a worse; he communicates the fact to his mother in this way: "Fine times, to be sure, for changing ministry, and changing to such fools, too! It is like a sailor stopping to change his shirt in a storm, and after all putting on a very ragged one." Upon the separation of friends, he writes to Miss Godfrey, "I wish such precious souls as yours and mine could be *forwarded* through life with 'this is glass' written on them, as a warning to Fortune not to jolt them too rudely; but if she was not blind she would see that we deserve more care than she takes of us." To the same correspondent he announces the close of the season: "That racketing old harridan, *Mother Town*, is at last dead. She expired, after a gentle glare of rouge and gayety, at Lady L. Manners' masquerade, on Friday morning, at 8 o'clock; and her ghost is expected to haunt all the watering places immediately." A king, in his own best manner, at the Prince Regent, in a letter to Lady Donegal: "The Prince, it is said, is to have a villa on Primrose Hill, and a fine street leading direct to it from Carlton House. This is one of the 'primrose paths of dalliance,' by which Mr. Percival is, I fear, finding his way to the Prince's heart." At another time, telling Lady Donegal how much he misses her, and urging her to come back to England, he says, "The more I narrow my circle of life, the more seriously I want such friends as you in it. The smaller the ring, the sooner a gem is missed out of it." In one of his lively notes to her, he says, "I wrote to you last week, at least I sent a letter directed to you, which, I dare say, like the poor poet's 'Ode to Posterity,' will never be delivered according to its address." It is necessary to feel one's spirits soaring in the buoyant atmosphere of his letters to be able to enter into the airiness of such passages as these: "I suppose you have been amused a good deal by the reports of my marriage to Miss —, the apothecary's daughter. Odds, pills and boluses! Mix my poor Falernian with the sediment of phials and drainings of gallipots! Thirty thousand pounds might, to be sure, *gild the pill* a



little; but it's no such thing; I have nothing to do with either *Sal Volatile* or *Sall* —." "I would have sailed with Miss Linwood the other night, only I was afraid she would have given me a *stitch* in my side!" "I was very near being married the other night here at a dance the servants had to commemorate St. Patrick's day. I opened the ball for them with a pretty lace-maker from the village, who was really *quite beautiful*, and seemed to break hearts around her as fast as an Irishman would have broken heads. So you see I *can* be gay." These are mere scintillations which afford us no better idea of the sustained vivacity of Moore's correspondence than one might form of the heat of a fire from the sparks. But readers familiar with his style will be able to estimate the gayety of his letters even from these particles.

## HINTS ABOUT FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

The difficulty is, education does not usually point the female heart to its only true resting-place. That dear English word, "*home*," is not half so powerful a talisman as "*the world*." Instead of the salutary truth, that happiness is in duty, they are taught to consider the two things totally distinct: and that whoever seeks one must sacrifice the other.

The fact is, our girls have no *home education*. When quite young, they are sent to schools where no feminine employments, no domestic habits, can be learned; and there they continue till they "come out" into the world. After this, few find any time to arrange, and make use of, the mass of elementary knowledge they have acquired; and fewer still have either leisure or taste for the inelegant, every-day duties of life. Thus prepared, they enter upon matrimony. Those early habits, which would have made domestic care a light and easy task, have never been taught, for fear it would interrupt their happiness; and the result is that, when cares come, as come they must, they find them misery. I am convinced that indifference and dislike between husband and wife, are more frequently occasioned by this great error in education, than by any other cause.

The bride is awakened from her delightful dream, in which carpets, vases, sofas, white gloves, and pearl ear-rings are oddly jumbled up with her lover's looks and promises. Perhaps she would be surprised if she knew exactly how much of the fascination of being engaged was owing to the aforesaid inanimate concern. Be that as it will, she is awakened by the unpleasant conviction that cares devolve upon her. And what effect does this produce upon her character? Do the holy and tender influences of domestic love render self-denial and exertion a bliss? No! They would have done so had she been properly educated; but now she gives way to unavailing fretfulness and repining; and her husband is at first pained, and finally disgusted, by hearing, "I never knew what care was when I lived in my father's house." "If I were to

live my life over again, I would remain single as long as I could, without the risk of being an old maid." How injudicious, how short-sighted is the policy which thus mars the whole happiness of life, in order to make a few brief years more gay and brilliant! I have known many instances of domestic ruin and discord produced by this mistaken indulgence of mothers. *I never knew but one where the victim had moral courage enough to change all her early habits.* She was a young, pretty, and very amiable girl, but brought up to be perfectly useless; a rag-baby would, to all intents and purposes, have been as efficient a partner. She married a young lawyer, without property, but with good and increasing practice. She meant to be a good wife, but she did not know how. Her wastefulness involved him in debt. He did not reproach, though he tried to convince and instruct her. She loved him; and, weeping, replied, "I try to do the best I can; but, when I lived at home, mother always took care of every thing." Finally, poverty came upon him "like an armed man," and he went into a remote town in the Western States to teach school. His wife folded her hands and cried, while he, weary and discouraged, actually came home from school to cook his own supper. At last his patience, and her real love for him, impelled her to exertion. She promised to learn to be useful, if he would teach her. And she did learn! And the change in her habits gradually wrought such a change in her husband's fortune, that she might bring her daughters up in idleness, had not experience taught her that economy, like grammar, is a very tiresome study, after we are twenty years old.

## CHILDREN OF THE PAST AND PRESENT AGES.

Verily, this is a great country, and a wonderful age. We are rushing on so rapidly, and luxuriantly, and recklessly! True, we have many steamboat explosions and railway accidents; but what of that? Nobody can beat us in speed. And then look at our children, how quickly they grow up. They are scarcely out of their cradles, before they become young gentlemen and ladies. And at an age when our ancestors thought proper to confine their sons and daughters to pinafores, short hair, and the spelling book, ours are puffing their Havanas, whirling in the midnight dance, and reading Don Juan and the Mysteries of Paris. We have, also, in these latter days a new commandment; and, unlike the old ones—which by the way have become so obsolete, that we have forgotten almost all about them—it is kept with all our hearts, and all our souls, and all our might. It is this:—"Parents, obey your children in all things, for that is right."

Therefore, we strive, by night and by day, to gratify every whim and caprice of their selfish and unreasonable natures.

People of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries thought that a child of a year old should be taught to *mind*; that the word *obedience* comprised almost all that he need to learn in the first years of his life; to do, or not to do, a thing

simply because father or mother said so, without hesitation, or a reason being given: that thus correct habits would be early and easily formed, and would probably be retained through life. They very absurdly thought that a child could not reason as soon as he could talk, but said that, when he arrived at the years of understanding, which they placed somewhere beyond the first decade, he might be made to comprehend the why and wherefore of many things: and a respect for his superiors having been established, and a deference to their judgment, the youth would more readily be led in the right way.

To this end they governed their households with a strong will and an unwavering purpose, instituting rewards and punishments, which were impartially and unflinchingly bestowed, and they sometimes went so far as to take the advice of that old tyrant, Solomon, and administer "the rod of correction!" O, it is enough to make one shudder to think of it. We are altogether too refined for anything like that. Watching our little ones every moment with the greatest care, if perchance one should fall and hurt his nose, or his toes, we do not say to him, "That is a trifle: jump up, be a man, and don't cry;" but we take him up ourselves, and sympathize with him, till he fancies he has been greatly injured, and will henceforth be likely to magnify every slight accident he meets with; but then he will know us to be tender-hearted and compassionate, which is something, and will run to us for consolation, if it comes only in the shape of a lump of sugar.

As to applying "the rod of correction," literally, whipping a child with a stick, we could not so outrage our own sensibilities, much less degrade him, and lessen his self-respect, *whatever* he may have done. We can mildly expostulate with him, but if he still persists in a wrong course, why we think we have done our duty, and ought to be free from blame in the matter.

Strange to say, there are some, even in these days, who tell us that this course is quite wrong, and originated in a wicked self-indulgence on our parts. That we do not chastise our children, because we feel that the doing of it would pain us more than it would them, and we do not exact respect and obedience, simply because we think it too much trouble.

They say we are responsible for the conduct of our children through life: that they will ever deport themselves as they have been taught to do when young, and they quote the words of an old fashioned writer, "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined;" but we let all this pass by us as the idle wind, only wishing that these croakers had been born at the right time, that is, in the year of grace, 1720.

We have said that the old commandments were almost obsolete, but there is one precept which yet influences us—"Let each esteem the other better than himself." Consequently, at all times and places, we give our children the preference. At the table, they are waited upon the first, and the one that clamors the loudest is the soonest gratified. In the social circle, whoever we may be conversing with, if our child begins to talk, we give him our undivided attention.

We will give up a seat if he fancies it: or a book, and in every particular surrender our wishes to his. Thus we endeavor to make him happy, and if by it he becomes very selfish it is not our fault, as we set him an example of self denial. But we do not believe in that twig and tree story, and think that however exacting and unreasonable they may now be, they will know and do better of themselves, when they grow older. This is the easiest way of getting along with them, and we have no fear but that they will make as good men and women as did our great-great-grand-parents.

We cultivate their self-respect by never punishing, but always praising and preferring them. If we ever do refuse them anything, we invariably grant it after they have coaxed and teased awhile, thus encouraging perseverance; and their independence is developed in a thousand different ways. We were highly amused, the other day, to hear a boy, of twelve years of age, whose mother was entreating him to stay in the house one evening in the week, roundly assert that he "cared nothing for *her*, and would do as he pleased, *any how*."

We train them so that with a good stock of impudence, that "open sesame" to credit and renown, they may push their way through the world with the stoutest and boldest. The future sovereigns of our country, each one of whom may be the President, we allow them to practice early, by governing at home. Surely, our system is a decided improvement upon that of the past ages.

HORTENSIA.

## ANECDOTE OF COMMODORE MORGAN.

A back number of the "Spirit," says a correspondent of that excellent paper, brought to my mind an anecdote of Commodore Morgan, while off Naples, receiving a visit of the King: after which a sailor informed him that "One of them 'ere Kings had fallen down the hatchway."

Whether the following is true, I know not; I dare say that it is as true as the foregoing. However, it is good enough to be true. The Commodore's vessel had been in the harbor of Naples but a few days, when a court ball was given, to which the Commodore alone was invited. Morgan waited on our Charge d'Affaires, and through him addressed a note to the Lord Chamberlain, or some such functionary of the King's household (I'm not versed in royal terms,) stating "that it had been the custom elsewhere to invite the other officers of a national vessel, and he hoped that His Majesty would grant invitations to the other officers." &c., &c. His Majesty, through the Lord Chamberlain, replied, "That it was not the custom in Naples to invite any but the commanding officer of a vessel of war," &c.

Our Charge thought the Commodore read this haughty reply with admirable calmness, and, that after the first flush of indignation, he thought no more about it.

The officers knew that the Commodore had tried to get their invitations for them, and seeing our representative come over the vessel's side,

naturally enough concluded that this visit bore some reference to the object of their desires. They watched eagerly for some indication of success or failure, and soon read the latter on Mr. —'s face. As for the Commodore, he turned to them and calmly said—

"No invitations, gentlemen!"

The Commodore's temper did not appear at all ruffled, which caused some remark on the quarter-deck; and the middies, up to all sorts of mischief themselves, going upon the adage of "set a thief to catch a thief," thought they could detect something of that style in the countenance of their superior. That night they held a meeting, "for the purpose of investigating what meaning should or ought to be attached to sundry and various twinklings noticeable in the visual organs of Commodore Morgan, U. S. N."

After various pros and cons, Midshipman — gave the very satisfactory elucidation of the mystery, "that the starboard and larboard rollings of old Morgan's eyes, like empty casks in the Bay of Biscay, evidently mean that something was in the wind, and that in his, Midshipman —'s opinion, this assembly ought to 'square its crochets yards,' and look out for squalls."

The ball came off, but Morgan stayed away.

Three days after this ball was the birthday of the Neapolitan King. According to custom, the various vessels in the harbor were decked in their gayest colors, while the men-of-war fired salutes at sunrise, noon and sunset, with one single exception, however, and the exception was the Commodore's vessel.

As the story goes, there has been, for a long time, a custom for the King to ride out on the hill, at sunset, as a token of his appreciation of this respect paid him by the foreign flags.

The hill, as everybody knows, completely overlooks the splendid bay. The king, according to custom, went there with a large attendance, and his pride was gratified as he gazed upon the various vessels now firing the sunset salute.

On looking more closely, he noticed one large vessel, which by its silence appeared to care very little whether it was the King's birthday or his funeral. He could just see over her lofty bulwarks the stacked bayonets of the marines, tinged with the last rays of the setting sun, and the forms of the two sentinels, as they slowly passed each other on the deck. Only this told that she was a national vessel; her ports were closed, and, besides the sentinels, not a single soul was visible. The monarch's eye ran from the deck to the masthead. A kiss of wind just then flung out the lazy flag, and showed to his astounded gaze the stars and stripes.

In a much worse humor than when he started from his palace, the King returned, and sent for Mr. —, who was as much confounded as the King. He sprang into the boat, and ordered to be pulled to the frigate. As he was about to step on board, the sentinel warned him off.

"Cannot you see who I am? I'm Mr. —, the Charge d'Affaires at Naples."

"Can't help it, sir; if you were the President of the United States, you shouldn't step on board this vessel this day. Such are my orders."

It was talking to no purpose—the marine was

inflexible, and Mr. — was obliged to return in no very enviable state of mind. The next morning early he came on board, and in answer to his question the Commodore only desired that he should be brought before the King. The King received him in court,

"Gathering his brows like wintry storm,  
Nursing his wrath to keep it warm!"

As a matter of course the courtiers followed suit to whatever card the king led.

"Commodore Morgan, I wish to know if your nation desired that you show to me that disrespect which I observed yesterday?"

"May I ask your Majesty," said the Commodore, "how I have been wanting in respect towards your Majesty?"

"Yesterday was my birthday, and, of all the vessels in port, yours alone did not deign to fire salutes."

"Ah, sir!" replied Morgan, "pardon my republican manners. We have no kings in America, and it is not the custom to fire salutes upon our President's birthday."

The King bit his lips, and having waved his hand towards the Commodore, the latter took the hint, and "backed out."

There was another court ball, and, singular as it may appear, all the American officers were invited.

There was another fete day, too. All the vessels "belched forth their flame," but the Yankee Paixhans out-thundered them all.

## A BROADWAY SHOP REVERIE.

Forty dollars for a pocket-handkerchief! My dear woman, you need a straight jacket, even though you may be the fortunate owner of a dropsical purse.

I won't allude to the legitimate use of a pocket-handkerchief: I won't speak of the sad hearts that "forty dollars" in the hands of some philanthropist might lighten; I won't speak of the "crows' feet" that will be pencilled on your fair face, when your laundress carelessly sticks the point of her remorseless smoothing iron through the flimsy fabric, or the constant espionage you must keep over your treasure in omnibuses, or when promenading; but I *will* ask you how many of the lords of creation, for whose especial benefit you array yourself, will know whether that cobweb rag fluttering in your hand, cost forty dollars or forty cents?

Pout if you like, and toss your head, and say that you "don't dress to please the gentlemen;" I don't hesitate to tell you (at this distance from your finger nails) that is a downright — mistake! and that the enormous sums most women expend for articles, the cost of which few, save shop-keepers and butterfly feminines, know, is both astounding and ridiculous.

True, you have the sublime gratification of flourishing your forty-dollar handkerchief, of sporting your twenty-dollar "Honiton collar," or of flaunting your thousand-dollar shawl, before the envious and admiring eyes of some weak sister, who has made the possible possession of the articles in question a profound and life-time study; you may pass, too, along the crowded

*paré*, laboring under the hallucination that every passer-by appreciates your dry-goods value. *Not a bit of it.* Yonder is a group of gentlemen. You pass them in your promenade: they glance carelessly at your *tout-ensemble*, but their eyes rest admiringly on a figure close behind you. It will chagrin you to learn that this locomotive load-stone has on a seventy-five cent hat, of simple straw—a dress of lawn, one shilling per yard—a twenty-five cent collar, and a shawl of the most unpretending price and fabric.

All these items you take in at a glance, as you turn upon her your aristocratic eye of feminine criticism to extract, if possible, the talismanic secret of her magnetism. What is it? Let me tell you. Nature, wilful dame, has an aristocracy of her own, and in one of her independent freaks has so daintily fashioned your rival's limbs that the meanest garb could not *mar* a grace, nor the costliest fabric *add* one. Compassionating her slender purse, nature has also added an artistic eye, which accepts or rejects fabrics and colors with unerring taste; hence her apparel is always well chosen and harmonious, producing the effect of a rich toilet at the cost of a "mere song;" and as she sweeps majestically past, one understands why Dr. Johnson pronounced a woman to be "perfectly dressed when one could never remember what she wore."

Now, I grant you, it is very provoking to be eclipsed by a star *without a name*—moving out of the sphere of "upper-ten"-dom—a woman who never wore a "camel's hair shawl," or owned a diamond in her life; after the expense you have incurred, too, and the fees you have paid to Madame Pompadour and Stewart for the first choice of their Parisian fooleries. It is harrowing to the sensibilities. I appreciate the awkwardness of your position; still, my compassion jogs my invention vainly for a remedy—unless, indeed, you consent to crush such democratic presumption by labelling the astounding price of the dry goods upon your aristocratic back.

—*N. Y. Journal.*

FANNY FERN.

## A MOTHER'S TRIALS.

I always read with interest anything that is calculated to encourage mothers, or to impart instruction or advice with regard to the duties devolving upon them. And it is my wish to be personally benefited by such instruction. But, notwithstanding this, I almost invariably think, when anything of the kind comes under my notice, of the old adage: "It is easier to preach than it is to practice."

At the present time we hear much about the trials of mothers, with careless, negligent, bad servants, together with those which of course a mother must experience, if she has the care of her children. But there is a class of mothers who are seldom troubled with bad servants, who have not only the care of the family, but the work of the household to perform; who are toiling, day after day, and esteem it a privilege, if in the enjoyment of health. But they, too, are subject to pain and disease like others, and need our sympathy, and at times they have it, but are they not too much overlooked? There is Mrs. S., for

instance, the mother of five children. Her husband is a mechanic, and respected by his neighbors, but his income is not sufficient, with strict economy, to admit of keeping a servant. We will just glance at one day in her experience, (and not a washing-day either.) The husband has arisen early in the morning, and says, "Come, Mary, I want my breakfast: I must be at the shop by such a time, you know." Mrs. S. leaves her bed, weary, having scarcely slept an hour at a time through the night, on account of the children. She steps quietly out of the room for fear of disturbing the baby, and she sets herself about preparing the breakfast. Directly, she hears the little one, for Kate has been hugging her little brother till she has made him cry, and he is not to be coaxed to lie any longer, but up he must get, and the mother must have him in her arms. The meal is on the table at last, and Mr. S. eats, and, after a few words to the children, who by this time are up, he is away to the shop. The others are to be dressed, after which Mrs. S. calls them round the table, and waits upon them as well as she can, with the baby in her arms, and some of us can imagine how little she would eat herself in such circumstances. Time passes, and the older ones must go to school. They are washed, and brushed, but just at this moment Willie happens to think that the teacher said that he must have a new book, and Sarah has broken her slate, and little Jane wants a pencil to mark with. The mother, with a promise to each, sees them start for school. She now scarcely knows what to do first; the house must be put in order, and the dinner made ready. The husband comes home at the usual hour, and, when seated at the table, the promise made to the children, in the morning, is mentioned. Mr. S. says, "Well, really, there is something wanting all the while." The mother thinks it best to get the articles, but he is soon away again, and they are forgotten. She feels after dinner that she needs rest, but who will see to the little ones, and so she toils on till night.

Willie and his sisters return from school. They have their supper, and, after hearing them say their prayers, and seeing them in bed, the mother, with a pain in the head, and weary, and care-worn, seats herself by the cradle to repair a coat for her husband, who, by-the-by, is in a neighboring store, talking and smoking his cigar, with his associates. The clock has struck ten, and Mrs. S. goes to see if all is right with the children, as is her practice before she retires. She finds one breathing hard, and with a hoarse cough; she fears the croup. There is no time to be lost, and she immediately goes to dosing and bathing the child, with but little prospect of rest for her weary limbs, or her aching head. Who will not say that this mother needs sympathy? Yes, and she has it; there is a "friend that sticketh closer than a brother," and she can go to Him, and pour out her heart before Him, and ask for wisdom to direct, and strength to perform whatever is before her.

Then, there is the wife of the intemperate man, who has her peculiar trials, and the widow, who has to support herself and children by her own industry. There are hundreds of mothers,

in these different classes, who think no one cares for them, and who feel at times discouraged by reason of the roughness of the way. But, faint not, dear mothers; bear with patience these trials, for if we are the children of God, "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ,"

"Our troubles and our trials here,  
Will only make us richer there,  
When we arrive at home."

—*Mother's Journal and Family Visitant.*

## NAPOLEON AND MASKED BALLS.

Great as was Napoleon's repugnance to masked balls, he was induced to attend one of them: when, for the first and last time in his imperial life, he is said to have participated in the dance. He had ordered ten different dresses to be taken to the apartment designed for him, but in each disguise he was detected. Several of his marshals often amused themselves with a good laugh at his utter failure in his attempt to unplay the emperor.

"Do you know," said Napoleon, when rallied on the subject, "that I was regularly discovered by a *jeune dame*, who seemed to be an accomplished intriguer; and yet, would you believe it, with all my efforts, I could not recognize the flirt."

Josephine was present during this conversation, and, unable to constrain herself any longer, fell to laughing immoderately. Thus the discovery at last came out that she had been the *jeune dame* herself.

During the carnival of that winter, the masked balls at the opera were frequented by all the upper classes, and were particularly amusing. Josephine was very anxious to have Napoleon see one, but he would not go.

"Then I shall go without you, *mon ami*," replied the Empress.

"Do as you like," was the response, as the Emperor rose from the breakfast table.

At the appointed time, Josephine left for the ball: but the very moment she had set out, her husband sent for one of the *femmes de chambres* to learn exactly how she was dressed. With a game to play, the Emperor resolved to do his part well; so, with Duroc, another officer, and his own favorite valet, all completely masked, he entered a carriage, and arm-in-arm entered the ball-room. Napoleon was that night to have the name of Auguste, Duroc was to be Francois, &c. They made the tour of the apartments, and not a person resembling Josephine was visible. He was about leaving, when a mask approached, and rallied him with so much wit, that he had to stop for a reply; but he was somewhat embarrassed, which, being perceived by the mask, harder repartees fell thick and fast. The crowd mingled in the giddy and electric movements of the *bal masqué*, but at every turn this mask whispered low in his ear a state secret of little importance in itself, but startling to Napoleon. At length, he exclaimed, after one of those whispers—

"*Comment diable! Who are you?*"

And thus he was tormented for nearly an hour, till he could endure it no longer, when he withdrew in disdain and disgust. When he entered

the palace that night, he learned that Josephine had some time before retired to her room. As they met next morning, Napoleon said—

"So you were not at the ball last night?"

"Indeed I was."

"But I assure you I was there."

"And you, *mon ami*," with a half-suppressed smile she continued, "What were you about all the evening?"

"I was in my cabinet," said Napoleon.

"Oh, Auguste!" replied the Empress, with an arch gesture.

The whole secret was out; Josephine had donned a costume, of which her *femme de chambre* knew nothing, and Napoleon enjoyed and repeated the joke a thousand times. It were all in vain to hope that her husband, in any costume, could move without having his identity immediately detected by a woman of such keen perceptions as Josephine.

## THE BOX OF SUGAR-PLUMS.

My children were made happy by a basket of presents from a city friend. Among other things a box of candy created considerable excitement. Sarah and Emma shouted that they had "never, never seen such funny sugar-plums before." The interest growing louder and more loud, I turned from my writing to learn the cause of it.

"Oh, father," cries Emma, "see these sweet little sugar bottles: full, too. Won't they be pretty for our baby-house? won't they be new?"

"New!" exclaims my son; "nothing new. The boys at school treat with them; they are almost the only sugar-plums the boys buy now. At first, I could not bear them, but they taste good now. Father, they are only brandy-drops."

I took the box up to examine the contents. There were little sugar bottles labelled, "Porter," "Whiskey," "Wine," and bell-shaped candy drops filled with all sorts of liquors, thus put up to evade the law of our State, which forbids the sale of intoxicating drinks.

"And the boys like these kind of sugar-plums, do they, Frank?"

"Yes, sir; they get to like them first-rate, and some of the boys are buying them all the time."

"Do you buy them, Frank?" I asked.

"No, sir, not very often, because I don't have money to spend so: the boys give me some."

"Well, which of you does this box of candy belong to?" I asked, glancing round upon the group.

They looked at each other, and Frank answered—

"To us all, I suppose, as it had no name on it."

"Now, children, I want you to empty this box into the fire." They looked as if it were a tough case, and not one of them moved. "Which of you," I repeated calmly, but firmly, "has confidence enough in your father instantly to obey?"

Frank looked earnestly into my eye for an instant; then seizing the box, he poured its contents upon the glowing coals. The sugar melted, the bottles burst, and such a fume of liquor we never had in our sitting-room before. The children watched the blue flames in silence, until all

were consumed; then they took a long breath, and turned wistfully to me.

"What is our only safe rule about intoxicating drinks?" I asked.

The children again surveyed each other, when Sarah timidly answered—

"Touch not, taste not, handle not."

"Frank, my boy, 'Touch not, taste not, handle not.' Never forget this; never fail to act upon it; never suffer yourself again to be imposed upon by a sugared temptation."

I have felt this matter deeply. My boy, it may be, was acquiring, unknown to me, unknown even to himself, an appetite that might ruin him for this world and drag him to perdition hereafter. Is there not a fearful responsibility resting upon both the maker and seller of these well-named "Devil's sugar-plums?" — *Maine Paper.*

## THE PARSEES.

For the sake of those of our readers who are little versant in Oriental matters, we advert to the circumstance that, after the Mohammedan conquest of Persia, in the seventh century, a small number of the fire-worshippers betook themselves to the Khorasan mountains, or the scarcely less dreary deserts of their own country; whence, about half a century afterwards, a company of them sailed for the western coasts of Hindostan, obtained leave to form settlements under the rajahs of the country, and acquired the appellation of Parsees. The first Englishman whose attention they appear to have excited was Mr. Lord, who, above 220 years ago, published a short account of the community, as he became acquainted with them at Surat, and gained a knowledge of their religion through one of their priests. According to his information, the duties of the laity, as prescribed in the *Zend-avesta*, appear to be almost wholly of a moral character, and nowise remarkable. The clergy, who are divided into two orders, are obliged to observe a greater degree of holiness. A priest of the higher class is enjoined never to touch any person of any strange religion whatever, or even a layman of his own; if he do so, he must thoroughly wash himself before approaching Deity in prayer. He must perform with his own hand whatever is necessary for his own life—such as setting the herbs in his garden, sowing the seed in his field, and dressing his victuals; and this, both in testimony of his humility, and for the preservation of his sanctity. He is obliged to consecrate to charitable uses all the overplus of his large revenues, after supplying the wants of a recluse and austere life. He is forbidden to make known the divine revelations he receives in the visions of the night; and, above all, he is enjoined to keep up an ever-living fire, kindled from that which Zerdusht brought from Heaven with the book of the law; which fire is to endure till fire shall come to destroy the world. To provide, however, for the possibility of this fire-suffering extinction, or of its being impossible, under some circumstances, to obtain a communication from it, the Parsees are allowed to compose one of various mixtures, when necessary—and the greater the

number of sources the better: seven at least are indispensable. The most celebrated one in India, which had been kept alive for above 200 years before Mr. Lord's time, had been composed, first, of fire produced by the striking of a steel; secondly, of that made by rubbing two pieces of wood together; thirdly, of that occasioned by lightning; fourthly, of wild fire, which had laid hold of something combustible; fifthly, of ordinary artificial fire, kindled in coals or wood; sixthly, of that used by the Hindoos in the burning of their dead; and seventhly, of that obtained from the beams of the sun, by means of burning-glasses. The most remarkable of the usages connected with this religion may be thus briefly described:—

When the Parsees assemble for worship in the temple or fire-house, they stand round the fire at the distance of eleven or twelve feet from it, and the priest utters a speech, to the effect that, as fire is the virtue and excellence of Deity, it must be worshipped as part of Him; and that all things resembling it, as the sun and moon, which proceeded from it, are to be loved; and they pray that they may be forgiven if, in the ordinary uses of this element, they should either spill water on it, or supply it with any fuel unworthy of its purity, or commit any other irreverence or abuse, in the necessary employment of it for the wants of their common life.

As soon as a child is born, the priest is sent for; and, on his arrival, he ascertains the precise moment when the birth took place, calculates the nativity according to astrological rules, and names the infant. Some time afterwards the child is brought to the temple, when the priest takes pure water, and puts it into the bark of a tree which grows at Yezd, in Persia, and which, they say, receives no shadow from the sun. Out of this he pours the water on the child, praying that it may thus be cleansed from the pollutions of its parents. At seven years of age the child is again taken to the temple, to receive religious instructions; and as soon as he knows the required prayers perfectly by heart, he is directed to repeat them over the fire, his mouth and nostrils being covered with a cloth, lest his sinful breath should pollute it. After prayers he is required to drink water, chew a pomegranate leaf, and wash himself in a tank, when he is considered inwardly and outwardly clean, and the priest invests him with the linen sadra, or sacred shirt, and the girdle of camel's hair, woven by his own hand. He then prays over him, that he may continue a faithful follower of the religion of which these garments are the badge. All which being duly transacted, the child is held a confirmed Parsee.

According a more recent author, the Parsees are now far from remaining so peculiar a people as they were two hundred years ago. They have spread from their original settlements in Western Hindostan into various parts of the East; and, like the Jews in their dispersion, have retained certain of their ancient usages, which, as well as their physical constitution, mark them as a distinct race; while they devote themselves to commercial pursuits with such keenness, that they are known as eager and unscrupulous money-



makers, much more than as zealous fire-worshippers. They seem to have attached themselves peculiarly to the Europeans, who are now in the ascendant. The Parsee has not only been the best sutler to the British forces in Scinde, Afghanistan, and Lahore, but he is generally the messenger at the different military stations throughout the presidency of Bombay; he is found likewise in some localities of Bengal and Madras, and in the British consular ports of China. He endeavors by all means to obtain for his sons an education in the English language, which many of them speak and write with remarkable facility. The government offices, the banks, the merchants' counting-houses, and the attorneys' offices, are crowded with clerks of this race.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

## MODELS FOR MODERN MINSTRELS.

"Ego mira poemata pango:  
Occupet extremum scabies; mihi turpe relinquat,  
Et quod non didici, sane nescire fateri." — HORACE.

"I can write admirable poetry! A murrain take the hind-rost; I am ashamed to be outdone and to confess myself to be ignorant of what I have never learned."

There is no article, of which there is more in the market, in this day of almost infinite production, than Original Poetry. The total neglect, with which it is treated by all persons of learning and taste, seems in no way to cool the ardor of these enthusiastic children of rhyme. They, doubtless, think themselves "born poets," yet they furnish sad evidence that they are very distantly, if at all, related to the Muses. They seem, however, determined to sing themselves into notice, like begging ballad-singers in crowded cities.

But who has not read of "The poet's eye in a fine phrenzy rolling," from which it would appear that the best efforts of the very best poets are called into being under the influence of a species of madness; and the only difference we can see between Sappho, of ancient, and "Lizzie Linwood," of modern, days, judging from their respective strains, is in the fact that the phrenzy of the former may, with some show of justice, be called *fine*, whilst that of the latter must, most undoubtedly, be pronounced *miserable* phrenzy. What physician, alas, can minister any wholesome or effectual remedy to so wide-spread and deep-rooted a malady? What mechanic can undertake to mend a cracked vessel, made of indifferent clay? Human skill must fail. And as long as the almost numberless pages of our papers and journals are open to what these *poor* authors think fit to call "original poetry," and neither editor nor critic thinks fit to lay on the rod of correction and instruction, so long will public taste suffer, and our national literature be classed with the very lowest articles of home production. I wonder if it has ever entered into the minds of these scribblers that to write poetry, or even prose, well, natural genius and taste are absolute requisites; that even these are but original elements; the raw materials which, without that mental culture which is the result of a good, sound and judicious education, can at best bear but wild and tasteless fruit. The annals of our highest and noblest standard literature bear me

out in these remarks; nor is it likely that any one who has well considered the subject, will attempt to controvert them. To excel in any business, trade, or profession, time, thought, and continuous practice are necessary, whether a man stands at the counter, the bench or the bar, and the history of authors and their works enables us at once to see that nothing has come down to us from the past, that now challenges our admiration, which has not been written by those possessed of the prerequisites upon which we have laid no unnecessary stress. Let the present and the past of poetical literature be placed in juxtaposition, and what do we find? The one reminds us of the effort of an intellectual giant, the other of the puny and abortive labor of a sickly dwarf dying of consumption! Horace, in his day, directed those who would excel in that high art, of which he was himself so great a master, to make it their constant business to study the Greek models, as well as the standard works of their own nation, to study much, write slowly, and be in no great haste to give anything to the world before time for sound criticism and mature thought had strengthened the conviction of the author that his work would live. One of the most popular of the Roman poets, even at the present day, exclaimed, at the conclusion of what he considered his great work, with the prophetic inspiration of a great poet:—

"The work is finish'd, which dreads not the rage  
Of tempests, fire, or sword, or wasting age;  
Come soon or late, death's undetermined day,  
This mortal being only can decay;  
My nobler part, my fame, shall reach the skies;  
And to late times with blooming honors rise.  
Whate'er the unbounded Roman power obeys,  
All climes and nations shall record my praise:  
If 'tis allow'd to poets to divine,  
One half of round eternity is mine."

What noble enthusiasm is here! What well-grounded hope of literary fame, where profound scholarship, and sublime philosophy, and towering genius, have laid the foundation for the poet's monument! Now, with such facts before us, it seems somewhat strange that vast mines of learned lore should be within our daily reach, the greater portion of which, if not, indeed, all, is wholly unknown to seven-eighths of newspaper and journal readers, and that not one paper or periodical in a thousand should ever cull a gem from so vast a heap, as a model for young aspirants, or to gratify the taste of those who may be satisfied to feast their minds upon the wealth hoarded by others! It seems, therefore, but reasonable to suppose that the journal which would open its pages to proper selections from our standard literature, ancient and modern, would do great and good service to both these classes. It would hold up a mirror to the young poet, burning for lays, in which a look now and then may prove to him the truth of the words,

"Spiret idem; sudet multum, frustra que laboret ausus idem."

He might hope easily to do the same, but, having tried, he would sweat much and labor in vain, and afford to the latter much pleasure which they can find neither time or facilities to seek for themselves.

As a beginning, we give the following, which

seem to our taste exquisitely beautiful and simple of their kind, and we may say that our best advice to the young composer of talent is—*study the best models, and aim at ease and simplicity.* To meet all tastes, two are selected from the works of the poets of the middle of the sixteenth century, and two from those of a poet still living:—

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Go, soul, the body's guest,  
Upon a thankless errand  
Fear not to touch the best,  
The truth shall be thy warrant;  
Go, since I needs must die,  
And give the world the lie.

Go tell the court it glows,  
And shines like rotten wood;  
Go tell the church it shows  
What's good, and doth no good:  
If church and court reply  
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates they live  
Acting by other's actions,  
Not lov'd, unless they give,  
Not strong, but by their factions.  
If potentates reply,  
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition  
That rule affairs of state,  
Their purpose is ambition,  
Their practice only hate.  
And if they once reply,  
Give them all the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles  
In tickle points of niceness;  
Tell wisdom she entangles  
Herself in overwiseness,  
And when they do reply,  
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness,  
Tell skill it is pretension,  
Tell charity of coldness,  
Tell law it is contention.  
And as they do reply,  
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,  
Tell nature of decay,  
Tell friendship of unkindness,  
Tell justice of delay.  
And if they will reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,  
But vary by esteeming,  
Tell schools they want profoundness  
And stand too much on seeming.  
If arts and schools reply,  
Give arts and schools the lie.

So when thou hast as I  
Commanded thee, done blabbing:  
Although to give the lie,  
Deserves no less than stabbing,  
Yet stab at thee who will,  
No stab the soul can kill.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

Words are easy, like the wind;  
Faithful friends are hard to find.  
Every man will be thy friend  
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend:

But, if store of crowns be scant,  
No man will supply thy want.  
If that one be prodigal,  
Bountiful they will him call;  
And with such-like flattering,  
"Pity but he were a king."  
If he be addict to vice,  
Quickly him they will entice;  
But if fortune once do frown,  
Then farewell his great renown:  
They that fawn'd on him before,  
Use his company no more.  
He that is thy friend indeed,  
He will help thee in thy need;  
If thou sorrow he will weep,  
If thou wake, he cannot sleep:  
Thus, of every grief in heart,  
He, with thee, doth bear a part.  
These are certain signs to know  
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

THE SNOW.

An old man sadly said,  
"Where's the snow  
That fell the years that's fled?  
Where's the snow?"  
As fruitless were the task  
Of many a joy to ask,  
As the snow.

The hope of airy birth,  
Like the snow,  
Is stained on reaching earth,  
Like the snow:  
While 'tis sparkling in the ray  
'Tis melting fast away,  
Like the snow.

A cold, deceitful thing  
Is the snow;  
Though it come on dovelike wing—  
The false snow!  
'Tis but rain disguis'd appears;  
And our hopes are frozen tears—  
Like the snow.

FORGIVE, BUT DON'T FORGET.

I'm going, Jessie, far from thee,  
To distant lands beyond the sea;  
I would not, Jessie, leave thee now,  
With anger's cloud upon thy brow.  
Remember that thy mirthful friend  
Might sometimes *pique*, but ne'er offend;  
What mirthful friend is sad the while,  
Oh, Jessie, give a parting smile.

Ah! why should friendship harshly chide  
Our little faults on either side?  
From friend we love, we bear with those  
As thorns are pardon'd from the rose:—  
The honey bee, on busy wing,  
Producing sweets—yet bears a sting—  
The purest gold most needs alloy,  
And sorrow is the nurse of joy.

Then, oh! forgive me, ere I part,  
And if some corner in thy heart  
For absent friend, a place might be,  
Ah, keep that little place for me!  
"Forgive—forget" we're wisely told,  
Is held a maxim good and old,  
But half the maxim's yet,  
Then, oh, *forgive*, but *don't forget!*

GAMMA.

## MRS. DENISON.

[Mrs. Mary A. Denison, whose recent volume of "Home Pictures" is attracting so much attention, we regard as one of our best delineators of social and domestic scenes. There is truth to nature in nearly everything she writes; and often a tenderness and pathos that overcome the feelings irresistibly. Witness the following, from the Olive Branch. A poor widow and her daughter are toiling hard, early and late, amid self-denial and privation, to pay off debts incurred by the husband and father. The daughter, with twenty dollars in her purse, goes to the house of a rich creditor, in order to tender him the sum in part payment, when this scene transpires:—]

"Softly her feet sunk in the luxurious hall-carpet. Statuary in bronze and marble lined all the way to the stair-case. The splendor of the room into which she was ushered, seemed to her inexperienced sight too beautiful for actual use, and he who came in with his kindly glance and handsome face, the noblest perfection of manhood she had ever seen.

" 'Well, young lady,' he said, blandly smiling, 'to what am I indebted for this pleasure?'

" 'My father, sir, died in your debt,' said Eva, blushing, speaking very low and softly. 'By the strictest economy and very hard work, we, my mother and I, have been able to pay all his creditors but yourself. If you will be kind enough to receive the balance of your account in small sums—I am sorry they must be so small, sir—we can in the course of a very few years fully liquidate the debt, and then—a sweet expression lighted up her blue eyes—we shall have fulfilled my father's dying wish, that every stain might be wiped from his honor.' She paused a moment, and said again, falteringly, 'My father was very unfortunate, sir, and broken in health for many years; but, oh, sir, he was honorable; he would have paid the last cent if it had left him a beggar.'

"Very thoughtful sat Mr. Miner, his dark eyes fastened upon the gentle face before him. After a moment of silence he raised his head, threw back the mass of curling hair that shadowed his handsome brow, and said—

" 'I remember your father well. I regretted his death. He was a fine fellow, a fine fellow,' he added, musingly; 'but, my dear young lady, have you the means? do you not embarrass yourself by making these payments?'

"Eva blushed again, and looking up, ingeniously replied, 'I am obliged to work, sir, but no labor would be too arduous that might save the memory of such a father from disgrace.'

"This she spoke with deep emotion. The rich man turned with a choking in his throat, and tears glittering on his lashes. Eva timidly held out the two gold pieces; he took them, and, bidding her stay a moment, hastily left the room.

"Almost instantly returning, he handed her a sealed note, saying, 'There is the receipt, young lady, and allow me to add that the mother of such a child must be a happy woman. The whole debt, I find, is nine hundred and seventy-five dollars. You will see by my note, what ar-

rangements I have made, and I hope they will be satisfactory.'

"Eva left him with a lighter heart, and a burning cheek at his praise. His manner was so gentle, so fatherly, that she felt he would not impose hard conditions, and it would be a pleasure to pay one so kind and forbearing.

"At last she was home, and, breathlessly sitting at her mother's feet, she opened her letter. Wonder of wonders—a bank-note enclosed; she held it without speaking, or looking at its value.

" 'Read it,' she said, after a moment's bewilderment, placing the letter in her mother's hand—'here are fifty dollars; what can it mean?'

" 'This,' said the sick woman, bursting into tears, 'is a receipt in full, releasing you from the payment of your father's debt. Kind, generous man—Heaven will bless him—God will shower mercies upon him. From a grateful heart I call upon the Father to reward him for this act of kindness. Oh, what shall we say, what shall we do to thank him?'

" 'Mother,' said Eva, smiling through her tears, 'I felt as if he were an angel of goodness. Oh, they do wrong, who say that all who are wealthy have hard hearts. Mother, can it be possible we are so rich? I wish he knew how very happy he has made us, how much we love and reverence him whenever we think or speak of him, or even hear him spoken of!'

" 'He has bound two hearts to him for ever,' murmured her mother.

" 'Yes, dear Mr. Miner! little he thought how many comforts we wanted. Now we need not stint the fire; we may buy coal, and have one cheerful blaze, please God. And the tea, and the strip of carpet, the sugar, the little luxuries for you, dear mother; and the time, and a very few books for myself. I declare I'm so thankful, I feel as if I ought to go right back and tell him that we shall love him as long as we live.'

"That evening the grate, heaped with Lehigh, gave the little room an air of ruddy comfort. Eva sat near, her curls bound softly back from her pure forehead, inditing a touching letter to their benefactor. Her mother's face, lightened with the loss of carking care, shone with a placid smile, and her every thought was a prayer calling down blessings upon the good rich man.

"In another room, far different from the widow's home, but also bright with the blaze of a genial fire, whose red light made richer the polish of costly furniture, sat the noble merchant.

" 'Pa, what makes you look so happy?' asked Lina, a beautiful girl, passing her smooth hand over his brow.

" 'Don't I always look happy, my little Lina?'

" 'Yes, but you keep shutting your eyes and smiling—so,' and her bright face reflected his own. 'I think you've had something very nice to-day; what was it?'

" 'Does my little daughter really want to know what has made her father so happy? Here is my Bible; let her turn to the Acts of the Apostles, 20th chapter, 35th verse, and read it carefully.'

"The beautiful child turned reverently the

pages of the Holy Book, and, as she read, she looked up in her father's eyes—

"And to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Ah! I know," she said, laying her rosy cheek upon his hand, 'you have been giving something to some poor beggar, as you did last week, and he thanked you, and said. God bless you! and that's what makes you happy.'

"Lina read a confirmation in her father's smile—but he said nothing, only kept repeating to himself the words of the Lord Jesus, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

### THE FIRST STEP UPWARDS.

The first step of man's ascent upwards originates in a deepened sense of the moral worth and high responsibilities of man's life. The religion of children, as of some uncultivated and simple tribes, consists in a vague wonder and awe, intermingled with a diffusive feeling of gratitude and trust. They are taught, perhaps, to blend the idea of God with that of duty; but the association is not in general very vivid, till sorrow or death, or the consequences of heedless transgression, have awakened the mind to profounder reflection on the destination of humanity. While life flows on—in the main innocent and happy—the moral consciousness is tranquil, but it is not quick and operative. Such, however, can rarely be for any length of time, the condition of a dweller on earth. Sorrows and trials are too thickly spread—misfortune and disappointment reach us through too many avenues—to leave any one many years undisturbed by the importunate question—Why am I here? and what have I to do? An ideal gradually shapes itself before every reflective mind, of man's function and duty, which his actual performances and even his habitual aims fall immeasurably below, and the comparison of which, with the reality, fills him with grief and shame. Perhaps some unwonted deed of passion or evil deepens the feeling of disparity between what he is and what he ought to be—rouses him to a sense of danger—and puts him on efforts that he never made before. Perhaps he is awakened without passing through this ordeal of personal humiliation. He is conscious of powers that have never yet been adequately exerted, or finds himself possessed of opportunities which he has hitherto failed to improve. He looks around on a world languishing in darkness, wrong-doing and woe. Can he linger in sloth and apathy, with no earnest aim or chosen work, while the wrongs and woes of the world make such solemn calls upon him, and opportunities of promoting human welfare are inviting him daily to improve them? His self-reproach may be less for what he has than for what he has not done. But in this upbraiding sense of deficiency lies the hidden source of future strength. By whatever consciousness produced, whether of positive wrong, or of defective goodness, and however designated—in this strong and clear persuasion of a moral purpose in existence, and in the resolute sacrifice of all worldly, selfish and carnal impulses that are at war with

it—the first step upwards, the true life of the human soul, has its origin; and no one probably ever attained to eminence in virtue, wisdom or moral excellence, ever rose above the standard morality of his age, or wrought any lasting good for mankind as a philanthropist and a reformer—whose character had not passed through some such crisis as this. For with all states of mind which involve the birth of a new and higher life, the idea of moral obligation, of duty unfulfilled, of responsibility and retribution, is deeply inter-fused. And all these influences or ideas blending into one, and acting with a single impulse on the mind, create the force which bursts the bondage of former habit, and sets the bias of the character in a new direction. The sentiments which possess the soul, on the first experience of this change, are, a grave and earnest sorrowfulness, humiliation, tenderness of heart, fervent aspiration, and moral watchfulness. The soul for the time is broken and cast down, and waits for encouragement to look up and proceed. Such are the sentiments usually accompanying this first stage of a renovated life.

The first stage of a renovated life! Is there not danger of resting in it—of being satisfied with taking this—which is but the first step upwards? It should be remembered that it is but preliminary—but a first step; that it marks transition; that it is but an effervescence of strong emotion, which must be fixed in principle and condensed into habit, or it will evaporate and pass away. The satisfying consciousness of progress and growth in goodness is never reached by those who rest at this first step or stage upwards.

### CHIPPINGS OF THOUGHTS.

(1.) The last and highest stage of the religious life is that in which the mind arrives at the blessed consciousness of co-operating with God in the great design of His creation, and of being one in purpose and endeavor with Him. This is the highest height of human duty, privilege and felicity. For it is joy unspeakable in our highest moods and holiest aspirations, to feel that we can co-operate with the Supreme in His high designs, that we can secure the sunshine of His smile, experience the answerings of His love, and to know, that if we keep our minds in this heavenward course, we shall approach Him and become more intimate with Him through eternity. True union with God is the sympathy of our wills, and the co-operation of our endeavors, with the benevolent and glorious tendencies that pervade His works—the finite working with the Infinite—not from mechanical necessity, but with spontaneous reverence and love, to bring forth and realize that ideal of truth and beauty and goodness, which glows and dilates in ever brighter and grander manifestation on the opening vision of all pure and earnest souls, as they climb the upward path towards higher worlds and the invisible throne of God.

(2.) All errors that have had extensive currency among earnest and thoughtful men, are allied to some truth, and were originally designed to correct some excess or meet some want of the

spiritual nature. In the action and re-action which mark the progress of ideas, doctrines mischievous in their remoter consequences may help to qualify too strong a tendency in the opposite direction, and so adjust the final balance of opinion. In pronouncing judgment, therefore, on an individual, it is not fair to allege even the undeniable consequences of his opinions, if we have reason to think that he did not anticipate them. In a man's education and surroundings we can often find the determining impulse of his peculiar opinions.

(3.) Man needs many things. He needs bodily sustenance: daily bread, and clothing and shelter. He needs to subdue the earth and to have dominion over it. He needs to turn the forest into utensils, ships and houses. He needs to fabricate, to manufacture, to discover, to invent, to trade, to accumulate. He needs the decencies of a customary appearance and deportment among his fellows. He needs exemption from exhausting and ceaseless labor for the development of his understanding. But he needs other and greater things than these. He needs inward peace. He needs "a conscience void of offence towards God and man." He needs moral courage in every good cause, and a trust in all-controlling wisdom and love, which the fluctuations of the world cannot unsettle. He needs to be endeared to his fellows by sentiments of love and deeds disinterested. He needs to be united to them, not by ties of blood, but by ties of love, of mutual blessing and good-will.

### A SCHOOL INCIDENT.

In my early years, I attended the public school in Roxbury, Mass. Dr. Nathaniel Prentice was our respected teacher; but his patience, at times, would get nearly exhausted by the infractions of the school-rules by the scholars. On one occasion, in rather a wrathful way, he threatened to punish, with six blows of a heavy ferule, the first boy detected in whispering, and appointed some as detectors. Shortly after, one of these detectors shouted—

"Master, John Zeigler is whispering."

John was called up, and asked if it was a fact—(John, by the way, was a favorite, both of the teacher and his school-mates.)

"Yes," answered John, "I was not aware what I was about. I was intent in working out a sum, and requested the one who sat next to reach me the arithmetic that contained the rule, which I wished to see."

The Doctor regretted his hasty threat, but told John he could not suffer him to escape the punishment, and continued—

"I wish I could avoid it, but I cannot, without a forfeiture of my word, and the consequent loss of my authority. I will," continued he, "leave it to any three scholars you may choose, to say whether or not I omit the punishment."

John said he was agreed to that, and immediately called out G. S., T. D., and D. P. D. The Doctor told them to return a verdict, which they soon did, (after consultation,) as follows:—

"The master's word must be kept inviolate—

John must receive the threatened punishment of six blows of the ferule; but it must be inflicted on volunteer proxies; and we, the arbitrators, will share the punishment by receiving two blows each."

John, who had listened to the verdict, stepped up to the Doctor, and, with outstretched hand, exclaimed—

"Master, here is my hand; they shan't be struck a blow; I will receive the punishment."

The Doctor, under pretence of wiping his face, shielded his eyes, and telling the boys to go to their seats, said he would think of it. I believe he did think of it to his dying day, but the punishment was never inflicted.—*Cin. Times.*

### BED CLOTHES.

Three-fourths of the bed covering of our people consists, of what are mis-called "comfortables," viz: two calico cloths, with glazed cotton wadding laid between, and quilted in.

The perfection of dress, for day or night, where warmth is the purpose, is that which confines around the body sufficient of its own warmth while it allows escape to the rest. Where the body is allowed to bathe protractedly in its own vapors, we must expect an unhealthy effect upon the skin. Where there is too little ventilating escape, what is called insensible perspiration is checked, and something analogous to fever supervenes. Foul tongue, ill taste and lack of morning appetite betray the error. In all cases the temper suffers, and "my dear, this is execrable coffee," is probably the table greeting.

How much of the rosy health of poor children is due to the air-leaking rooms of their parents; and what a generator of pale faces is a close chamber?

To be healthy and happy, provide your bed with the lightest and most porous blankets. The finer the better. The cheapest in price are the dearest in health. "Comfortables," are uncomfortable and unhealthy. Cotton, if it could be made equally porous, and kept so, we should prefer to wool. The same for daily underclothes. But more than all else, let your chamber be ventilated. Knock in a hole somewhere to give your escaping breath exit, and another to give fresh air to your lungs in the place of what they have expired. So shall you have pleasant dreams at night, and in the morning cheerful rising, sweet breath and good appetite! These blessings combined, will secure to healthful parents a household full of bright and rosy-checked memorials of rich and fruitful affection.

It is the perfection of human life to combine spiritual with natural uses. Spiritual uses are properly of an interior kind, and consist in a man's preparing his understanding and will for God's purposes. From the spiritual states thus wrought in him during the progress of his regeneration, will spontaneously proceed outward uses, both religious and temporal, as opportunities offer. Until the mind is thus devoted to the Lord, although the uses performed may relate to the Church, they cannot properly be called spiritual uses.

## BLACKBERRYING.

*See Engraving.*

I am a child again, as I look on this pleasant picture. I am far from the noisy town; far from the bustling crowd; and away among the broad open fields and shady woodlands, basket in hand, and heart full of joy as the heart of a singing bird. None knew better than I where the blackberries grew largest and ripest, and none could quicker fill to the brim her basket. What cared I for a torn apron or a few scratches? What cared I if a July sun made my cheeks as brown as a nut? There was health and vigor in every vein and muscle, and joy in my free spirit.

Dear childhood! To me it is pleasant, sometimes, to go back to that sweet season, when life was bright as a summer day, and hope unsaddened by disappointment; when, if tears came now and then, they were dried up quickly in smiles.

Last summer I was in the old place where, years ago, as a child, I chased the butterflies, gathered wild flowers, and picked berries in their season. The ever-advancing step of improvement had done much to remove the old landmarks, and obliterate the signs by which I could know it as the dear spot where, in the early time of life, I sported with the light-winged hours. I felt sad as I looked in vain for the spring that threw up its bright waters in a shady grove, a little way from where the home of my childhood still reared its modest front. The trees—fine old oaks and chestnuts—had fallen beneath the axe of the woodman, and the sun had dried the spring. The plough had followed, and now the golden grain swayed there to the caressing breeze. To the eyes of the farmer, who had ploughed the ground and sowed the seed, that field, all ripe for the hand of the reapers, was a pleasant sight. But beyond that field was a pleasanter sight for me. It was a little dell, along which meandered a quiet stream as in years gone by: so quiet that the softly gliding waters gave not so much as an answering sigh to the wooing zephyrs that came down and kissed its glassy surface. How many a basket of blackberries, large, sweet, and luscious, had this spot yielded me? and there were the thick, tangled bushes still, loaded with fruit as when I was a child. So little change had taken place, that it seemed as if a month had not intervened since, a merry-hearted little girl, I was here with my playmates.

Nothing has ever carried me back so realizingly to life's early spring-time as that visit to the shady dell, in and around which the blackberry bushes grew so thick that a rabbit could hardly make his way between them. And when I left the spot with a basket of fruit, scratched hands, and dress torn in a dozen places, my heart was full of old emotions—I was, in fact, a child again.

I am of opinion that the Bible contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they have been written.—*Sir William Jones.*

## MATERNAL CARES OF ANIMALS.

*Translated from the French.*

BY ANNET T. WILBUR.

I commence by creatures on the lowest step of the social ladder, to ascend afterwards to those whom we look upon as endowed with a greater amount of intelligence. I will not speak here of the polype, among which family affection does not exist, but pass at once to insects, which present singular examples of maternal love. One deposits its eggs on the lips of certain animals, which swallow them, and thus procures for them a nest always warm, a shelter always safe. Another thrusts its dart into the entrails of a living animal, and leaves its eggs there. A third, at the end of autumn, raises the bark of a tree, and in a spot known only to itself and God, deposits an egg. The bark closes over it: winter comes with its snow and cold, but cannot reach the egg behind its rampart. Then spring returns, bringing warmth and fine days: the bark opens again, and then emerges from it—what? A tender and delicious green bud, and the new-born insect finds before it a table ready spread.

If we pass to fishes, we meet with phenomena still more strange. Among the inhabitants of the water is found the *epinoche*, a little fish whose back and belly are armed with hard and sharp awls, which have procured for him the significant name of the cobbler. Here, by a singular exception, it is not the female but the male who provides for the family. About the month of May, the *epinoche* heaps up on the edges of rivers, in the cavities of stones, among roots, straws, blades of grass, reeds, moss, all these pell mell and without order, in such a manner as to compose a mass of flexible and slender things. Then he thrusts his head into the middle of these, and commences a rotatory motion: the awls with which he is provided, producing the effect of cards or combs, weave around him the substances collected, and, at the expiration of a short time, our fish finds himself in the middle of a solid nest, which resembles a cuff pierced at each end. Leaving this nest by the lower door, the *epinoche* goes in search of a female of the same species, and brings her to deposit her eggs in the nest he has prepared. During this process, he watches at the upper door to prevent his spouse from leaving, for he knows that maternity has no charms for her. When the eggs are deposited, he conducts her to her family, and brings a second, then a third, sometimes even a fourth wife, for the *epinoche* has taken the trouble to construct a nest, and he wishes to pay his expenses. At last, the nest is full, but the eggs are so light that the slightest current would be sufficient to carry them away, and, then, adieu, cares! adieu, hopes of the future! What does the *epinoche*? On each egg he deposits a grain of sand, the current breaks against this obstacle, and the *epinoche* has again preserved those who at a later period are to bear his name. Meanwhile, he has not yet finished. The stagnant water might be fatal to his little family; he, therefore, swims around the nest, agitating his tail and his fins like the paddles of a steam-



boat. Who will say, after this, that the epinoche has not paternal love?

The water-spider, whose scientific name has escaped me, is still more astonishing. It was she who invented the diving-bell, and man has taken the credit of her invention; but it is just to render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's. The spider, we say, constructs a bell of silken threads, which she plunges several inches under water, and then deposits her eggs. But as the air is necessary to them, the mother ascends to the surface, where she takes a long, slow breath: then re-descends beneath the bell, shakes herself and passes her long claws over her thin limbs, as a magnetiser would do over a subject; then globules of air may be seen to detach themselves from her body, and ascend to fix themselves to the sides of the bell, which is soon inflated with oxygen.

In another order of animals, among monkeys, especially the syamang, we find the same cares and the same instincts. An inferior variety of the monkey species, the syamang manifests previous to his marriage the most hopeless stupidity. Well, when the period of paternity arrives, the syamang is no longer the same man—we beg pardon—the same monkey; he is a creature full of instinct and of affection, charming, amiable, divining the wants of his little ones, or anticipating them.

Among serpents, the boa, whom the narratives of travellers have rendered celebrated, piles up its eggs in a pyramidal form, and, to guard them from contact with the exterior air, rolls itself around them, and, from the top of this immense spiral, thrusts its head into the cavity. In the centre of this species of prison, the temperature rises twelve, fifteen, and sometimes twenty, degrees above that of the exterior, which necessarily facilitates the eclosion of the eggs.

But insects, fishes and reptiles must yield to an animal which we pursue with our hatred. I mean the Surinam toad, called the pipa. When the pipa has laid its eggs, the male takes them and places them on the back of the female. Now these eggs have a corrosive property, which immediately produces beneath them an inflammation, followed by pimples. These open, the egg falls into the cavity, and the thing is done. By degrees, the skin closes, and the female hops about with her children on her back. I am mistaken, they are not yet children, but the sun of Surinam soon transforms them into such. As soon as the eclosion takes place, the inflammation is re-produced, the pimple opens, and the little ones hop out. Has not the pipa been twice their mother?

We have arrived at birds, and hasten to repair an injustice. The cuckoo has from time immemorial borne a detestable reputation; it has become the symbol of misfortune, and has been accused of all the crimes committed by black-birds, sparrows and magpies, those lawless and faithless people. It has been said that the cuckoo is an unnatural mother, who, to rid herself of the troubles of maternity, lays her eggs in the nests of other birds. The fact is true, the conclusion is false. It is now known that the bones of the stomach of the cuckoo are so hard that if

she attempted to set upon her eggs she would crush them. In other respects, family affection exists in the same degree with the cuckoo as with other birds. Buffon relates having seen young ones, deposited by their mother in the nest of a linnet, unite their efforts to drive the linnets into a corner of the nest, then raise them with their wings and shoulders, and end by throwing them overboard.

There is also a species of fly which deposits its eggs in the nests of paper-wasps, and in the hives of bees, where we often meet them. But our fly goes farther than the cuckoo; and commences by eating the eggs of the proprietor.

It remains for us to speak of experiments we have ourselves made on a bird, the canary, whose intelligence has been doubted, we know not why. Well, you know that it is customary to suspend in the cages of canaries a bit of fish-bone. The vulgar say it is to sharpen their beaks! but the vulgar are mistaken. It is because this bone contains the carbonate of chalk necessary to the formation of the egg. In fact, calculate the quantity of carbonate of chalk which has disappeared from the bone during the time preceding the laying of the eggs, and you will find the same quantity in the shells. One day, after the little ones were born, and the parents were at every moment putting food into their always insatiable and gaping beaks; one day, I say, I saw the canary making fruitless efforts to attain a bit of the bone beyond its reach, while it seemed to disdain the portion which hung within the cage. The poor thing rose on one leg, aiding itself with its wing and its beak to reach the desired object; but, stopped each time by the bars, fell back and uttered a little cry of vexation and anger. I was astonished at this persistence, and undertook the analysis of the fragment of bone. I found a large quantity of phosphate of chalk. Now you know that the bones of all organic beings are composed of this substance; it was, therefore, to strengthen its little ones that our canary desired so much phosphate, while carbonate was useless to it; and instinct, combined with maternal love, had sufficed to teach the bird what man learns with difficulty by the aid of science.

I have not time to enumerate all classes of animals, and show you the intelligence which maternity supplies to each. Who does not know the tender care which the kangaroo, the pelican, the hen, the dog, birds, &c., take of their little ones? I have chosen to set before you a few examples selected among a thousand in the history of the heart, a few curious and touching pictures, and shall esteem myself happy if I have been able to prove to you that maternal love is the most beautiful and most useful of all sentiments, since it sometimes elevates the brute to a level with the most perfect of the creatures of God.

So live with men as considering always that God sees thee: so pray to God as if every man heard thee. Do nothing which thou wouldst not have God see done. Desire nothing which may either wrong thy profession to ask, or God's honor to grant.—*Henshaw.*

## SUNSET AT THE FARM.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

White as its sprinkle of wave-washed sand,  
Is the low, broad kitchen's oaken floor;  
Apple-tree boughs by the porch expand,  
Amplly shading the wide-thrown door.

'Mid fruit that the bended branches bear,  
For dumplings feath'ry and cream-crust pies,  
The brooding home of a redbreast pair  
Deep in the emerald centre lies.

First were the youngling pinions tried  
To-day in flutterings brief and coy;  
The parents this sunset hour divide  
'Twixt chirping counsel and singing joy.

Frolicking wild in the sunlight tips,  
A snow-white kitten and jet-black dog  
Are rolling over the wood-pile chips,  
Or catching each from behind a log.

Grand-mamma near in her full-frilled cap,  
All intent, sits by the hen-coop low,  
Out from a basin stayed on her lap,  
Lading the chicks their supper of dough.

Crickets chirp under the door-stone old;  
Grasshoppers prate in the knotweed by;  
Above, in chariot's airy rolled,  
Are the miller, bee, and bottle-fly.

Just where the garden and rye-field edge,  
With flaxen hair and in homespun dressed,  
Children two, by the gooseberry hedge,  
Are hunting the brown hen's secret nest.

With sleeves uprolled, as a housewife skilled,  
Smoothly out on the clover beds,  
When wrung from tubs at the brook brim filled,  
A matron the household linen spreads.

Round rock, through barway, guided with care,  
Making athwart the stubble a road,  
The stout, red oxen and sleek, white mare  
Are nearing the barn with their fragrant load.

With scythe and rake upon shoulders borne,  
Their toil-hours marked by the solar beam,  
Slowly the hay-makers, heated, worn,  
Yet sturdy, cheerful, follow the team.

Kine nigh afield for the milk-maid wait,  
But one star-faced, from among them stands  
Pushing hard at the massive farm-yard gate,  
Twirling her horns with its stronger bands.

Once and again, to her well-known speech,  
Answers her young with an eager bound,  
His tether straight'ning vainly to reach  
The rich-hued milk that's dewing the ground.

Close-muffled shuttles do spiders throw,  
Now that the loom in the garret rests,  
Over the greensward to and fro,  
Weaving a tissue for fairy vests.

Vapors rise from the cedary marsh,  
Where frogs are aapeep and turtles cry;  
And mingle the notes of the nighthawk harsh,  
Duskily circling against the sky.

## THE CHILD'S WISH.

BY M. LOUISA CHITWOOD.

"If I could live till Spring," she said;  
"When the first daisies blow  
And meek-eyed flowers soft odors shed,  
I'd be content to go.  
But, oh! it is so cold a bed,  
The grave half full of snow."

She slept—I often wonder now  
To what sweet land she stole,  
And gather'd love's most precious vow,  
From some celestial goal.  
For, oh! such peace was on her brow,  
The sunlight of the soul.

I know not where she caught the light  
That glistened in her eyes;  
"But, oh!" said she, "'tis always bright—  
'Tis Summer in the skies.  
I shall not feel how deep and white  
The snow above me lies."

And now the light of early Spring  
Casts blossoms on her breast,  
And meadow-larks and thrushes sing  
Their carols to her rest.  
The snows have melted as the wing  
Of sunset in the west.

And there are thistles, blue and red,  
Half bending o'er her tomb;  
And little flowers by dew-drops fed  
Just bursting into bloom.  
A quiet, little valley bed,  
An emerald curtain'd room.

She died, amid the Winter snow,  
Of poverty the heir;  
White as a lamb she dwells, I know,  
Where "little children" are;  
For angels sought the cabin low,  
And found a sister there.

OH, WATCH YOU WELL BY  
DAYLIGHT.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Oh, watch you well by daylight—  
By daylight you may fear,  
But keep no watch in darkness—  
For angels then are near;  
For Heaven the sense bestoweth  
Our walking life to keep,  
But tender mercy showeth,  
To guard us in our sleep.  
Then watch you well by daylight,  
By daylight you may fear,  
But keep no watch in darkness—  
For angels then are near.

Oh, watch you well in pleasure—  
For pleasure oft betrays,  
But keep no watch of sorrow,  
When joy withdraws its rays,  
For in the hour of sorrow,  
As in the darkness drear,  
To Heaven entrust the morrow,  
For the angels then are near.  
Oh, watch you well by daylight—  
By daylight you may fear,  
But keep no watch in darkness—  
The angels then are near.

## BAD BOYS.

## A WORD FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Incorrigible boy!" exclaimed Mr. Wilkins, addressing a lad who stood before him with flushed face, and eyes resting upon the floor. "Did I not positively forbid this?"

To his father's angry interrogation, the boy answered not.

"Did you hear me, sir?"

Still no answer.

"William!" Mr. Wilkins laid his hand, with a sharp grip, on the boy's shoulder. The latter raised his eyes, that were moist with gathering tears, and fixed them, with an appealing glance, on his father's face.

"Why don't you answer me, say? Didn't I positively forbid your going with those boys?"

"Yes, sir," was faintly answered.

"And yet, after my prohibition, you went, thus acting from a deliberate spirit of disobedience."

Mr. Wilkins was much excited. He was rather a stern man; quick in his conclusions, strong of will, yet not intuitive in his estimates of character. William, his oldest boy, from his proneness to go wrong, had given him a great deal of trouble. To use his own words, he was "almost out of heart with him." His second son, Edward, was altogether a different lad. From his earliest years, he had been mild and obedient. If his parents forbade his going anywhere, the prohibition was never regarded as a hardship. Possessing an innate power to abstract pleasure from ordinary surroundings; content with the present good, whatever it might be; he had little temptation to wander from right paths. How different was the inherited character of William Wilkins. He had a quick mind, and a strong imagination, with covetousness, excitability, and a love of sensual pleasures. Now, it never seemed to occur to his father, that the marked difference between William and his brother Edward, was something for which the former was to be pitied, rather than blamed. He thought of the boy's perverseness as acquired or deliberate; not as the fountain sending forth bitter waters, because it possessed no innate sweetness. Every wrong act was set down as the offspring of a purpose to do wrong, instead of a yielding to temptation. And so, he had no patience with the lad, who, it may be remarked, was a better boy than he had been at the same age.

The father was excited at his child's disobedience, and, rejecting all excuses, punished him with unwonted severity.

The mother's deeper love for her children made her wiser. She better understood the groundwork of William's character; could see farther below the surface. When his father blamed, she only pitied; for she saw that in the boy's mind were often intense struggles with hereditary inclinations; and if he often fell, he sometimes conquered. With Edward, all glided on smoothly as a summer sea; for his impulses were to good rather than to evil. To obey was an instinct of his mind. Often did Mr. Wilkins unwisely hold up

Edward as an example for his oldest son—the effect was to sow seeds of self-righteousness in the breast of the former, and anger towards his brother in that of the latter. Very differently, however, acted the mother. She never repelled her erring boy; but, even when grieved and offended by his worst faults, sought to draw him to her side and win his confidence. When he came weeping to her room, and angry with his father for the punishment inflicted, she said to him in a grieving, not a chiding voice—

"How could you do so, William?"

"I wasn't in any harm, mother," sobbed the boy. "We only went over into Bailey's woods for some nuts."

"Still, you did wrong; for your father positively forbade your going with those boys."

"They're not bad boys, mother."

"That isn't the point, William. Your father's command must be your law. He has his own reasons, and they are good ones, for not wishing you to keep company with these boys. The wrong, on your part, lies in the disobedience."

"Well, I didn't intend to go with them, mother. When father told me not to do so, I meant to obey him. I always mean to obey him, for I know that is right. But sometimes I forget; and sometimes I want to do what he has forbidden so very much that it seems as if I couldn't help going wrong. It was so this morning. Last night I lay awake for a long time, thinking how nice it would be to go to Bailey's woods and get some nuts. It was the first thing I thought about this morning; and after breakfast I asked Edward if he wouldn't go with me. But he's never willing to go anywhere. He's always moping about home, or busied in a book. I didn't want to go by myself, for it isn't pleasant to be all alone in the woods. So, when Mr. Jones' boys came along, and said they were going to gather nuts, it didn't seem as if it would be very wrong to go with them—and so I went."

"It is very wrong to disobey your father, William," said his mother.

"I know it is. But I wish he wouldn't always be telling me not to do this, and not to do that, and not to do the other. I wouldn't go wrong, nor get punished half so often."

"But, if he sees danger in your way, my son, shall he not lift a voice of warning?" The boy did not answer. "There is danger in an association with those boys," said the mother.

"I never saw them do anything so very wrong."

"What would you say of boys who were guilty of robbing orchards and hen-roosts?" A red spot burned instantly on William's face. "Wouldn't you call that very wrong?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Of such wicked acts have these boys been guilty; and into such wicked acts you may be led, my son, if you keep their company."

"Why, mother! Do you think I could be tempted to do such a thing?"

"You are easily tempted, William—too easily; and this is why your father is so strict in his injunctions. If he permits you to keep company with boys who rob orchards and hen-roosts, he has no security that you will not be led astray into commission of the same evils; or, if not ac-

tually guilty of such deeds, that you will be adjudged guilty, because seen in the company of those who commit them."

William looked serious, and stood for some time with his eyes cast upon the floor.

"Why didn't he tell me all this?" he at length asked. "I'm sure, if I'd known they were thieves, I'd never been caught in their company. But that's just the way with father! He's always saying—Don't do this, or don't do that. But never gives a reason."

"Hush, my son. It is not right to speak so of your father."

"But it's true, mother. If he'd told me, when he forbade my going with Mr. Jones' boys, that they had stolen apples, and robbed hen's nests, do you think I'd have been seen in their company? No, indeed. He would have saved me from disobedience and punishment."

Farther remarks, of this tenor, the mother did not permit her boy to make. Their force came upon her mind with almost stunning effect.

At school, William was no favorite with his teachers. Too rarely, indeed, do we find the intellectual endowments, requisite for a teacher, united with those moral qualities that should ever be possessed by those to whom are committed the all-important work of educating the minds of young immortals. Unfortunately for William Wilkins, his teachers were men of no intuitive perceptions of character, and no unselfish regard for the well-being of others. The natural impulses of this wayward boy were reacted upon, in anger, and prejudged as if they were deliberate purposes. Moreover, as he soon acquired the reputation of being a troublesome boy, he was observed more narrowly, and censured and punished more frequently than other lads guilty of like offences. He grew reckless in consequence. His efforts to do right were never met by approval, while his wrong deeds always brought a swift reaction.

Punishments, complaints, and temporary suspensions, marked the progress of his education, bringing with them additional punishments at home. Under such a system, the boy's life was rendered miserable; while, instead of growing better, he was daily growing worse—that is, less hopeful of his own ability to do what was right. Never stimulated, through encouragement, except by his mother—and the little she could do had small power to overcome the adverse influence exerted at almost every point—and soured towards his father and his teachers, he was growing more and more reckless, and really beginning to think himself what his father most unwisely pronounced him—"A boy doomed to disgrace both himself and family."

Such was the state of affairs, when, one day, while a gentleman was in conversation with Mr. Wilkins, William came to him and delivered some message.

"Is this your son?" asked the gentleman.

"Yes, sir, that is my oldest boy," was answered.

"A fine, bright-looking lad!" said the man.

"I only wish he was as good as he looks," replied Mr. Wilkins, in a voice that conveyed quite as disparaging a meaning as his words.

Instantly the countenance of William, which had brightened at the stranger's remark, fell. A few moments afterwards, he was sharply reproved by his father, for turning over some papers on his desk, when, with a flushed and angry brow, he went hastily from the room. The eyes of the stranger followed the retiring form of the boy with an expression of interest. For a few moments he remained thoughtful and silent. In this pause, a lad came in, and delivering a note to Mr. Wilkins, immediately retired. An ejaculation of pain followed the hurried reading of this note.

"More trouble," he said. "That boy worries me beyond all endurance."

"What is the matter?" enquired the gentleman.

"A note from the principal of the school where my son goes. Read it for yourself"—and, with a singular want of parental delicacy and wisdom, he handed to the gentleman the note just received. It read—

"I am again forced to complain of your sons' bad conduct in the school. Unless there is an immediate and decided improvement in his behavior, I shall be obliged, painful as will be the alternative, to request his withdrawal."

"The lad I saw just now is not meant, surely?" remarked the gentleman.

"The same," answered Mr. Wilkins.

"He goes to Mr. Melleville, I see."

"Yes, sir."

"It may be, that the boy is not so much to blame as his teachers," said the gentleman.

"Mr. Melleville's school has the best reputation in the city."

"That doesn't make it the most desirable, however. Your son, I should suppose, from a glance at his face, is a bright, active boy, full of impulse, and not very quick to think of consequences."

"You hit his character pretty well. Add, per-verse, and always more inclined to go wrong than right, and you have a fuller description."

"A bad school for such a boy," said the gentleman. "If he were my son, I would remove him at once."

"Why so?"

"There are over two hundred in the school."

"Yes."

"And five teachers."

"I don't know the exact number."

"I do. And each of these teachers gives instruction, in certain branches, daily, to each of those two hundred scholars. Now, it stands to reason, that particular adaptations are out of the question. A certain routine of lessons is all that can possibly be expected. As to having special regard to the peculiarities of temperaments and mental activities in scholars, that is out of the question. Each has to be laid upon a kind of Procrustean bed, and, if too short, stretched to the required dimensions—if too long, shorn of some fair proportions. Only those who happen to be of the right length, escape injustice, and it may be, life-long injury. Does not this strike you on a moment's reflection?"

"I never gave it a thought before," said Mr. Wilkins.

"A boy, such as your son appears to be, can-

not possibly pass through one of these schools, where children are educated by wholesale, without receiving permanent injury. Troublesome boys are always marked in such institutions, and gotten rid of as quickly as possible. Now, these troublesome boys are, usually, those who have the greater force of character: whose hereditary impulses are strongest. If wisely led into the right way, they make our best and most efficient men; but if, through defect of education, they go wrong, the world knows them as its worst enemies. They need the wisest care; the tenderest and most considerate treatment. They do not commit offences so much for a purpose to do wrong, as from hereditary impulses. These impulses, when they appear, should not excite our anger, but our pity. We should do all in our power to give the boy a moral strength to overcome in his daily temptations to wrong; and, when he does wrong, while we censure evil as evil, we should seek to inspire the youthful wrestler with cheerful hopes of final conquest."

"You startle my mind with new views on this subject," said Mr. Wilkins. "A light is breaking in upon me. But, where are teachers to be found who will regard their scholars with a wise and conscientious discrimination? Who will take these active, troublesome boys, and in patience and long suffering, help them to overcome their constitutional perverseness?"

"Such men are to be found," replied the gentleman. "They are not many in number, however. One I do know, to whom I induced my sister to send a lad who was always in trouble at Mr. Melleville's, and who was finally expelled from the school."

"And with what result?" eagerly asked Mr. Wilkins.

"The happiest to be conceived. In less than a week after he entered this new school, which is limited to twelve in number, both he and the teacher understood each other perfectly; and now the utmost confidence and good feeling exist between them. Deliberately, I am sure, my nephew would not, in anything, offend his preceptor. At Mr. Melleville's, he was all the time under censure for disrespect to principal or teachers."

"How was so great a change effected?" enquired Mr. Wilkins.

"By a mild firmness on the part of the teacher in the beginning—an appeal to the boy's self-respect—and such a generous outgoing of good-will towards him, that he could not but feel that his teacher was a true friend and not a tyrant. Affection for the office led this man to become an instructor of youth. Love of children makes him accurate in his perception of their character, and wise in all that appertains to their real good. He never repels them by harsh or angry words; but always so shows them their faults that good resolutions for the future are awakened."

"If I could only get my boy with him," said Mr. Wilkins, "how thankful I would be."

"There is a single vacancy, I believe."

"Is it in the city?"

"No."

"I am sorry for that," replied Mr. Wilkins. "I have always been opposed to sending children away from home."

"Not only a new school, but new domestic influences are often the best for a boy like your son," was answered. "Such a boy does not always find that consideration at home to which he is entitled. His faults are hereditary, and those from whom he inherits them, (pardon my freedom of speech,) are not always the most patient and forbearing. In fact, the reaction upon us, of our own evils, in our children, is particularly annoying. Few parents can endure it."

How deeply rebuked was Mr. Wilkins by these words! A new light was breaking into his mind, by which he saw himself in a new position.

"I ought to be my child's best friend," said he to himself. "I fear that I have been his worst enemy."

How salutary was the change that immediately took place. From Mr. Melleville's school, William was at once removed, and placed under the care of the teacher so strongly recommended.

The boy, when he learned that a new complaint had been made against him by Mr. Melleville, suddenly prepared himself for a sharp rebuke or severe punishment.

"William," said his father to him, "I have a note from your teacher, with renewed complaints."

The tone was not angry, and this created surprise. They boy looked up, half fearfully.

"I think we had better try a new school," added Mr. Wilkins, now speaking with something of cheerfulness in his voice.

William did not reply, but gazed wonderingly at his father.

"How would you like to go to Mr. Barclay?"

"At Westville?"

"Yes."

"Oh, very much," was answered in a quick voice and with a brightening face.

"You have heard of him?"

"Yes, sir. Edward Jones goes there."

"Very well. We will go out there to-morrow, and if Mr. Barclay has a vacancy, I will enter you in his school."

No more was said. Not a reference was made to the past, nor a hope expressed, at the time, for the future. The new life was entered upon in a cheerful spirit, and soon it was plain to all, that the wayward boy had come under the needed influences. He had now help and encouragement, not angry repulse, and worse than useless punishment. He was no longer compelled to adapt himself to all surrounding circumstances; but there was a judicious bending of circumstances to his case; and a wise guardianship over him, looking to the repression of evil and the encouragement of what was good. And so, instead of being warped and twisted through a false external pressure, he grew up into a goodly tree, bearing, in manhood, fair fruit in rich abundance.—*Ladies' Wreath.*

Miravaux was one day accosted by a sturdy beggar, who asked alms of him. "How is this," inquired Miravaux, "that a lusty fellow like you are unemployed?" "Ah!" replied the beggar, looking very piteously at him, "if you did but know how lazy I am!" The reply was so ludicrous and unexpected, that Miravaux gave the varlet a piece of silver.

## SIMILITUDES.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

## THE VOICE FROM THE CLOSED BLIND.

A tiny voice it was, joyous in its baby-prattling, as the tinkling of a fountain in the first ray of sunrise. Alone and moody, I used to wonder where it came from, until one day, I saw two dimpled fingers pushing rose-leaves through a green window-blind down into the dusty street. I could only guess about the cunning little mouth, always budding into smiles, whence those gay, broken syllables fell like shaken drops of dew; and about the cherub light of the eyes, and the small, plump shape to which the voice belonged.

How much happiness had that little one shut in with itself behind the blind! Home-blessedness and hope, in a warm shower upon the father's earth-parched being; a river of love in the mother's heart, opening back through swaying shadows, into gleams of an immortal source; that baby-voice might show the overflowing of these. Or perhaps it was an orphan, innocently lavish of its present gladness, ignorant of the heart-poverty that commerce with the world would bring.

It was a pleasant little mystery, that voice from the blind, but it suggested a mystery much deeper.

Every soul speaks from behind the screen of sense. The outer world shades the glory of its original home. Hither it comes, singing and prattling like a child in its glad unconsciousness, but all impatient to shake off the white robes of simplicity, and wrap itself in the coarse garments that are worn in the highways and by-ways of life. Then, when it knows the world, a stronger and closer blind is put up, behind which it immures itself, when love, that makes the home charm, has been buried away from its walls.

All our inward intimations of immortality—do they not come to us between the long silences, and weary, noisy rumblings of life's street, like that infant's voice from behind the closed blind?

## THE AUTHOR AND THE WAVES.

An author stood upon the beach, watching the coming-in of the tide. One after another, the waves dashed up, each of a different shape and size, and leaving a different echo among the crags. Great boulders lay heaped together, covered with tangled masses of sea-weed, looking like the heads of a crowd of giants, starting up from the roof of Neptune's palace. The little waves glided among them with a caressing playfulness, scattered shells and bright pebbles around them, and laved the white beach with a soft, brightening flood, that left behind it bright mosses from the sea-caverns, clinging everywhere.

After three or four of these wavelets had kissed the shore, a larger one would come, with a louder dash, and leave its track far behind the rest, on the sunny strand. But the great mirth-wave, surging up with a lion-like roar, overturned here and there a sea-worn rock, then tusks and bones of unknown monsters, upon the beach, with shells of wondrous beauty; but many of these

were shattered in pieces by the violent shock of the waters. The rocks rang again to the sound of the sweeping mirth-wave; but the pleasant wavelets seemed to sigh, as they came up softly and replaced the treasures which it had washed back into the sea.

Now the author had been ready to bury his pen in the sand, while thinking upon those of a loftier and broader genius. In the comparison, he despised his own gifts, as unworthy the using. But, as he gazed, a tide of strength returned to his heart; for he saw that the great waves came seldom, and brought ruin as well as beauty and grandeur to the shore. So he determined to let the mirth-waves of genius roll up unenvied amid admiring wonder, while he fulfilled his own mission—a peaceful billow by which human souls should only be gladdened and refreshed.

## WONDERFUL TREES.

Among the remarkable trees in the world, the following, of which we have compiled brief descriptions, are some of the most curious. We take it from the *Journal of Education*:

*The Great Chestnut Tree.*—On the one side of Mount Etna there is a famous chestnut tree, which is said to be one hundred and ninety-six feet above the surface of the ground. Its enormous trunk is separated into five divisions, which give it the appearance of several trees growing together. In a circular space formed by these large branches, a hut has been erected for the accommodation of those who collect the chestnuts.

*The Dwarf Tree.*—Captains King and Fitzroy state that they saw a tree on the mountains near Cape Horn, which was only one or two inches high, yet had branches spreading out five feet along the ground.

*The Sack Tree.*—There is said to be a tree in Bombay called the sack tree, because from it may be stripped very natural sacks, which resemble "felt" in appearance.

*The Ivory-nut Tree.*—The ivory-nut tree is properly called the Tagua plant, and is common in South America. The tree is one of the numerous family of palms, but belongs to the order designated as screw pine tribe. The natives use the leaves to cover their cottages, and from the nuts make buttons and various other articles. In an early state the nuts contain a sweet milky liquid, which afterwards assumes a solidity nearly equal to ivory, and will admit of a high polish. It is known as ivory-nut, or vegetable ivory, and has recently been brought into use for various purposes.

*The Brazil-nut Tree.*—The Brazil-nut tree may justly command the attention of the enthusiastic naturalist. This tree thrives well in the province of Brazil, and immense quantities of its delicious fruit are annually exported to foreign countries. It grows to the height of from fifty to eighty feet, and in appearance is one of the most majestic ornaments of the forest. The fruit, in its natural position, resembles a coconut, being extremely hard, and of about the size of a child's head. Each one of these shells contains from twelve to twenty of the three-



cornered nuts, nicely packed together. And to obtain the nuts, as they appear in market, these shells have to be broken open. During the season of their falling, it is dangerous to enter the groves where they abound, as the force of their descent is sufficient to knock down the strongest man. The natives, however, provide themselves with wooden bucklers, which they hold over their heads while collecting the fruit from the ground. In this manner they are perfectly secure from injury.

*The Cannon-ball Tree.*—Among the plants of Guinea, one of the most curious is the cannon-ball tree. It grows to the height of sixty feet, and its flowers are remarkable for beauty and fragrance, and contradictory qualities. Its blossoms are of a delicious crimson, appearing in large bunches, and exhaling a rich perfume. The fruit resembles enormous cannon-balls, hence the name. However, some say it has been so called because of the noise which the ball makes in bursting. From the shell, domestic utensils are made, and the contents contain several kinds of acids, besides sugar and gum, and furnish the material for making an excellent drink in sickness. But, singular as it may appear, this pulp, when in a perfectly ripe state, is very filthy, and the odor from it is exceedingly unpleasant.

*The Sorrowful Tree.*—At Goa, near Bombay, there is a singular vegetable—the sorrowful tree, so called because it only flourishes in the night. At sunset no flowers are to be seen; and yet, half an hour after, it is quite full of them. They yield a sweet smell, but the sun no sooner begins to shine upon them, than some of them fall off, and others close up; and thus it continues flowering in the night all the year.

*The Cow Tree.*—This tree is native of Venezuela, South America. It grows in rocky situations, high up the mountains. Baron Von Humboldt gives the following description of it:—On the barren flank of a rock grows a tree with dry and leathery leaves; its large, woody roots can scarcely penetrate into the stony soil. For several months in the year, not a single shower moistens its foliage. Its branches appear dead and dried; yet, as soon as the trunk is pierced, there flows from it a sweet and nourishing milk. It is at sunrise that this vegetable fountain is most abundant. The natives are then to be seen hastening from all quarters, furnished with large bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow and thickens at the surface. Some drain their bowls under the tree, while others carry home the juice to their children; and you might, as the father returned with this milk, fancy you saw the family of a shepherd gathering around and receiving from him the production of his kine. The milk, obtained by incisions made in the trunk, is tolerably thick, free from all acidity, and of an agreeable and balmy smell. It was offered to us in the shell of the calabash tree. We drank a considerable quantity of it in the evening before going to bed, and very early in the morning, without experiencing the slightest injurious effect.

*The Bread-Fruit Tree.*—This tree is found on the islands in the Pacific Ocean. The trunk

rises to the height of thirty to forty feet, and attains the size of a man's body. The fruit grows to about the size of a child's head. When used for food, it is gathered before it is fully ripe, and baked among ashes, when it becomes a wholesome bread, and in taste somewhat resembles fresh wheaten bread. This is a very useful tree to the natives; for, besides its fruit, its trunk furnishes timber for their houses and canoes; the gum which exudes from it serves as pitch for their vessels, and from the fibres of the inner bark, a cloth is made to cover their persons.

*The Upas Tree.*—For some ages it was believed that a tree existed in the East Indies which shed a poisoning, blighting and deadly influence upon all animals that reposed under its branches; and that so fatal were its effects, that birds attempting to fly near it, fell to the ground and perished. For several years past, there being no reliable authority that such a tree really existed, it has generally been supposed among the intelligent to be fabulous, and hence termed the "fabulous Upas tree." But, a few years since, a tree was discovered in a peculiar locality in the East Indies, which it is believed gave rise to the wonderful accounts of the Upas tree. In the location where this modern Upas tree was discovered, there is a constant and dense collection of carbonic acid gas; consequently, all animals that come near it, die by breathing the poisonous gas. The cause of such an abundance of gas being collected in the locality of these trees is unknown. A few months since, a tree was discovered on the Isthmus of Darien, which appears to have a similar influence on animal life. The Panama Star says:—"A man named James Linn, being tired, laid down under a tree to sleep, and on waking, found his limbs and body swollen, and death soon followed." Cattle avoid eating and ruminating under this tree.

*The Tallow Tree.*—This tree is found in China. It is called the tallow tree, because a substance is obtained from it resembling tallow, and which is used for the same purposes. It grows from twenty to forty feet in height.

*Lace Bark Tree.*—In the West Indies is found a tree, the inner bark of which resembles lace or net-work. This bark is very beautiful, consisting of layers which may be pulled out into a fine white web, three or four feet wide. It is sometimes used for ladies' dresses.

#### BEGIN RIGHT.

If you are about to do a piece of work, you will be careful to begin right; otherwise, you will have to take it in pieces, and do it over again. If you are going on a journey, you will be careful, at first, to get into the right road; for, if you start wrong, you will be continually going farther and farther out of the way.

Now, you are starting in life, and life is a journey. If you start wrong, as I said, you will be all the time going out of the way. You have a life-work to do; but if you begin it wrong, all your labor will be worse than lost. Not only will you have to do it all over again, but to undo what you have done.

## VARIETIES.

Life is most wearisome when it is worst spent.

A man cannot be generally admired, if his merits are above the general comprehension.

General happiness can have no other basis than the universal law of justice and love.

Wanted, an intended bride who is willing to begin housekeeping in the same style in which her parents began.

There is nothing like courage in misfortune; next to faith in God, and in His overruling Providence, a man's faith in himself is his salvation.

The poorest business an honest man can engage in is that of politics for the sake of its reward.

Some lone bachelor editor is guilty of the following: Why is the heart of a lover like the sea serpent? Because it is a secreter (sea creeter) of great sighs (size.)

"Guilty or not guilty?" said a Judge to a native of the Emerald Isle. "Just as your honor pleases. It's not for the likes o' me to dictate to your honor's worship," was the reply.

An Irishman has been heard to observe that the Chinese fowls recently imported into this country, must of necessity be very slow in their movements, since they don't travel by rail, being only "Co(a)chin" China fowls.

"What is the difference between me and a new novel?" inquired a highly-rouged damsel of her beau. "It is this," said he: "a novel is read because it is interesting; you are interesting because you are red."

"What makes the milk so warm?" said Betty to the milkman, when he brought his pail to the door one morning. "Please mum, the pump-handle's broke, and missus took the water from the biler."

The Merchant's Ledger has made a calculation of the number of persons who have died since the commencement of the Christian era. It sums up the deaths at three billions one hundred and forty millions.

Tom Moore said to Peel, on looking at the picture of an Irish orator: "You can see the very quiver of his lips." "Yes," said Peel, "and the arrow coming out of it." Moore was telling this to one of his countrymen, who answered: "He meant *arraha* coming out of it."

A laughable circumstance took place a short time since. As a soldier was carrying the dinner belonging to his mess from the baker's, one of his companions coming behind him called "Attention!" when this well-discipline soldier dropped his hands, and at the same time the dinner of his unfortunate comrades.

Alice Carey, in a late poem, uses this very beautiful figure:—

— "Even for the dead I will not bind  
My soul to grief—death cannot long divide;  
For it is not as if the rose had climbed  
My garden wall and blossomed on the other side?"

If thou hast a loitering servant, send him on thine errand just before his dinner.

What relation is the door-mat to the scraper? A step farther.

A man who retires from business and lives on the interest of his money, may be said to be resting on his *owers*.

Why are the snows of Mount Blanc like a ship-builder? Because they can *avalanche* (have a *launch*) whenever they get ready.

"Have you much fish in your basket?" asked a person of a fisherman who was returning home. "Yes, a good eel," was the rather slippery reply.

Why is water in a ship's hold like a man in prison? Because it wants to be baled (bailed) out.

"You are writing my bill on very rough paper," said a client to his attorney. "Never mind," said the lawyer, "it has to be *filed* before it comes into court."

The latest report of Paris fashions says:—"Bonnets are very small, and are more worn about the neck than on the head." We suppose shoes will be tied round the ankles before long.

Were the true visage of sin seen at full light, undressed and unpainted, it were impossible, while it so appeared, that any one soul could be in love with it, but would rather flee from it as hideous and abominable.

The greatest pleasure connected with wealth, consists in acquiring it. Two months after a man comes into a fortune, he feels just as prosy and fretful as he did when he worked for "four-and-six" a day.

Great men make mistakes as well as little ones. This was illustrated once by Mr. Calhoun, who took the position that all men are *not* "created free and equal." Said he, "only two *men* were created, and one of these was a *woman*."

Dr. Johnson, when in the fulness of years and knowledge, said:—"I never took up a newspaper without finding something I would have deemed it a loss not to have seen; never without deriving from it instruction and amusement."

The Illustrated News may well express surprise at the taste which finds pleasure in wearing "reptile jewelry." "When we see," remarks the News, "a beautiful young lady with a serpent clasping her arm, we think of the apostle, and wonder why she does not shake it off."

There lately resided in an Ayrshire village a man who proposed, like Leman, to write an etymological dictionary of the English language. Being asked what he understood the word *pathology* to mean, he answered, with readiness and confidence, "Why the art of *road-making* to be sure!"

The attention of transgressors is invited to the following little piece of psalmody:

We had a dream the other night,  
When all around was still—  
We dreamed we saw a host of folks  
Pay up their Printer's bill!

## INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

## SWIFT AND HIS SERVANT.

Dean Swift, while on a journey, and stopping at a tavern, desired his servant John (who, by the way, was as eccentric as his master) to bring him his boots. John brought up the boots in the same state as they were taken off the evening previous.

"Why didn't you polish my boots?" said the Dean.

"There's no use in polishing them," said the man, "for they would soon be dirty again."

"Very true," said the Dean, and he put on the boots. Immediately after, he went down to the landlady, and told her on no account to give his servant any breakfast. The Dean breakfasted and then ordered the horses out. As he was ready to start, John ran to him in a great hurry, and said—

"Mr. Dean, I haven't got my breakfast yet."

"Oh!" replied the witty divine, "there's no use in your breakfasting, for you would soon be hungry again."

John, finding his theory thrown back on himself, submitted to the privation with the same stoicism as did his master with his boots. On they rode, the Dean in front reading his prayer-book, and the man behind at a respectful distance, when they were met by a gentleman, who, after eyeing the Dean very closely, accosted the servant with—

"I say, my man, you and your master seem to be a sober pair; may I ask who you are, and where you are a going?"

"We're going to Heaven," replied John. "My master's praying, and I'm fasting."

The gentleman looked again in wonderment at the master and man, and then rode off.

## TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.

At a short distance from the city of Boston, there is now living a white-haired veteran, a soldier of the Revolutionary war, who is ninety-nine years of age—one in whom the fire of patriotism still burns as brightly as it did of yore—and whose eye still sparkles with the vivacity of youth when he relates the events of those days "that tried men's souls." Among the names of those he delighted to honor, was that of Gen. Jackson. That man he greatly revered; he admired the man for his heroism, and honored him for devotion to his country. About the time that Jackson was elected to the Presidency, a party of men belonging to the town in which he resided, made an effigy of Gen. Jackson, and to gratify the malice of their hearts towards him, and the party by whom he was elected, they hung the effigy on a public place called "The Green." A guard of eight men with loaded guns were stationed here to protect the image and the men who were thus endeavoring to dishonor the name of General Jackson.

The old soldier, at that time over seventy years of age, was informed of what was going on, and the threats that were made to shoot any man that should attempt to cut down the image, fired with indignation at the injury offered to Jackson,

he shouldered his axe and went out notwithstanding the remonstrances of his family, who trembled for his safety, accompanied only by his youngest son, who would not let his father go alone on such a dangerous expedition. The firmness of his step—the determination which his whole demeanor expressed—his well-known attachment to his country and to its noble defenders, conspired to speak out his purpose, and the axe on his shoulder needed no comment as he marched boldly up to the mock gallows.

"Halt!" shouted the guard, "advance one step and you are a dead man!" and they levelled their weapons, and pointed them directly at the old veteran.

"Fire, if you will," said he; "I'll cut it down if I die for it."

And down it went—not only down, but hewed up into fragments by the hand of the old soldier. The guard were perfectly astonished—they were awed by the boldness of that aged man with his white hair streaming in the wind as he bent to the task, and they could not harm—but they quailed before the fire of his eye, as he boldly marched off in triumph before them—they had not expected an attack from such a quarter, and it took them by surprise. They would as soon have looked for a ghost among them as for that venerable man whose head was as white as snow. They said that it was nothing but his grey hairs that saved him from personal violence—he was an old soldier, and they could not lay hands on him.

To such men under God we are indebted for liberty! Long may their noble deeds be imitated by their sons, and themselves honored by a nation that reaps the benefit of their labors.—*Springfield Post.*

## CAPERS AND ANCHOVIES.

The Boston Journal revives the amusing story which Sheridan used to relate of an Irish officer, who had once belonged to a regiment in Malta, who returned to England on leave of absence, and, according to the custom of travellers, was fond of relating the wonders he had seen. Among other things, he, one day, in a public coffee-room, expatiated on the excellency of living in general among the military at Malta. "But," said he, "as for anchovies, by the powers, there is nothing to be seen like them in the known world;" and he added—"I have seen the anchovies grow upon the trees, with my own eyes, many's the hundred times, and beautiful's the grove of them that the governor has in his garden on the esplanade."

A gentleman present disputed the statement that anchovies grew on trees, which the Irishman with much warmth re-affirmed. The lie passed—a challenge was given—and the upshot of the matter is thus humorously related:—

The Englishman gave his address, and the next day the parties met, attended by their seconds; they fired, and O'Flanagan's shot took effect in the fleshy part of his opponent's thigh, which made the latter jump a foot from the ground, and fall flat upon his back, where he lay a few seconds in agony, kicking his heels.

"You have hit your man, O'Flanagan, that is

certain, I think not dangerously, however, for see what capers he cuts."

"Capers, Capers!" exclaimed the Irishman. "Oh! by the powers, what have I done! what a dreadful mistake!" and, running up to his wounded antagonist, he took his hand, and pressing it eagerly, thus addressed him:—"My dear friend, if you're kilt, I ax yer pardon in this world and in the next, for I made a divil of a mistake; and it was capers that I saw growing upon the trees at Malta, and not anchovies at all."

#### A SIXPENCE WELL INVESTED.

The other day we saw a bright-eyed little girl, some seven or eight years of age, tripping along the streets with a basket on her arm, apparently sent on some errand. All at once she stopped, and commenced searching for something among the snow and ice.

'Twas evident it was something of value, and that she was in trouble. Her search was eager and nervous—the bright smile had vanished from her face, and tears were running down her cheeks. A gentleman passing at the moment noticed the tribulation of the little creature, and asked her what was the matter.

"O, sir," said she, her little bosom swelling, and tears choking her voice, "O, sir! I've lost my sixpence."

The gentleman took a piece of money from his pocket and called her to him, saying—"Here, dear, don't cry for the lost sixpence; here is another," and placed it in her hand.

"O! dear sir," said she, as she bounded forward, "how I thank you."

Her great grief was removed, the bright smile was restored, the apprehension of a mother's frown for her carelessness was gone, and her little heart beat light again.

Think you that man, as he remembers that pretty face, beaming with gratitude and joy, will ever regret that well-invested sixpence? A whole world of happiness bought for sixpence! How easy a thing it is to shed sunshine on the hearts of those about us.—*Rome Citizen.*

#### UNCERTAIN PROPERTY.

Two gentlemen in one of the Southern States owned a slave together. He was a valuable servant, a smart, industrious, and withal, a genuine darkey. One of the owners, becoming straightened in circumstances, was obliged to sell his share in Tom. He was accordingly set up at auction. And after some attempt to sell him, Tom made a bid on his own hook, and the auctioneer knocked him off, (or rather half of him) to himself. Tom, evidently very well satisfied with his bargain, stepped down from the auction block, when one of the by-standers accosted him:—

"Tom, what did you buy half of yourself for? the other half belongs to somebody else, and you will be just as much a slave as ever."

"Oh," says Tom, with a grin, "pretty good nigger—thought I'd have an interest in him!"

A short time afterwards, while Tom was sailing in a dory, the boat capsized and sunk, leaving him in a very critical condition. Being a

strong fellow, he struck out for the shore, a long distance off, and after a hard struggle reached it, almost exhausted. He had scarcely gained a foothold, when he met the same person who questioned him at the sale. The first salutation was—

"Come, Tom, now tell me how you came to bid off half of yourself the other day?"

"Well," says Tom, "I have just been thinking while I was out there in the river, what a fool I was to lay out my money on such uncertain property as niggers."

#### TOO LATE AT CHURCH.

An old clergyman relates:—"I had a servant with a very deceptive name, Samuel Moral, who, as if merely to belie it, was in one respect the most *immoral*, for he was much given to intoxication. This, of course, brought on other careless habits: and, as I wished to reclaim him, if possible, I long bore with him, and many a lecture I gave him. 'Oh, Samuel, Samuel,' said I to him, very frequently, 'what will become of you?' On one occasion I told him he was making himself a brute, and then only was he roused to reply angrily, 'Brute, sir—no brute at all, sir—was bred and born at T——.' But the incident which would inevitably have upset the equilibrium of your gravity was this. I had given him many a lecture for being too late at church, but still I could not make him punctual. One Sunday, as I was reading the first lesson, which happened to be the third chapter, first book of Samuel, I saw him run in at the church door, ducking down his head that he should not be noticed. He made as much haste as he could up into the gallery; and he had no sooner appeared in the front, thinking of nothing but that he might escape observation, than I came to these words, 'Samuel, Samuel.' I never can forget his attitude, directly facing me. He stood up in an instant, leaned over the railing, with his mouth wide open, and, if some one had not pulled him down instantly by the skirt of his coat, I have no doubt he would have publicly made his excuse."

#### THE TWO LEGS.

An inexperienced young bride being asked by her cook to choose her dinners during the honeymoon, was anxious that her ignorance should not peep out. She called to mind one dish, and one dish only, and that she knew by name; it was a safe one, and substantial too—"a leg of mutton." So, several days the leg of mutton came obedient to the mistress's order. Perhaps the cook was weary of it; at last she ventured to inquire "Should you not like some other thing to-day, ma'am?"

"Yes, let us have a leg of beef, for change."

#### ARTIFICIAL MEMORY.

A humorous comment on this system was made by a waiter at an hotel where Feinaigle dined, after having given his lecture on artificial memory. A few minutes after the Professor left the table, the waiter entered with uplifted hands and eyes, exclaiming, "Well, I protest, the memory-man has forgotten his umbrella!"

## EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

ALISON, THE HISTORIAN AND ESSAYIST.

Sir Archibald Alison has recently added another volume to his already voluminous "History of Europe." He now proposes to continue his history from the fall of Napoleon, in 1815, to the accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852. Of this continuation of his "History of Europe" he has recently published the first volume. In due course of time the attention and patronage of the American public are likely to be solicited to some re-publication of this continuation. Meanwhile, we have had the suggestion made to us that it might be well if the public could be made more generally aware of the prominent characteristics and peculiarities of Alison, both as a historian and an essayist. The readers of his history might thus be better prepared to appreciate his historical productions at their due value, and might be put upon their guard against those erroneous impressions which otherwise they might receive from his pompous declamations and moralizings.

It seems the more desirable that the prominent characteristics of Alison's mind and writings should be more generally known, inasmuch as we find passages from his writings cited by the enemies of our system of free schools, in the papers and documents which the recent discussion of the question of public or sectarian schools has called forth. His opinions on the subject of education are quoted as being of the very highest authority. It may assist in determining what weight of authority is really due to his opinions, and what amount of reliance is to be put upon his historical statements and dogmatizings, if the following remarks of the Edinburgh Review, elicited by the publication of the first volume of his continuation of the History of Europe, should be duly considered.

"Sir Archibald Alison has just published a new 'Book of Fallacies.' Not content with two volumes on population and three volumes of Miscellaneous Essays, filled with ponderous error, and enriched by a formidable outwork of statistics drawn out in defence of indefensible positions, he has commenced the publication of what he is pleased to term a history, but which is mainly a cold *rechauffée* and tedious iteration of theories a hundred times refuted, and now nearly obsolete. While all other men are busy acknowledging past mistakes, learning from experience and observation, and building new conclusions upon new facts, Sir A. Alison is still to be seen fast imbed-

ded in antiquated prepossessions, and clinging with pathetic and desperate fidelity to the skirts of departing misconceptions and the fragments of exploded error. While the cry, even of the clergy, is for more and better schools; while every statesman of every party agrees in proclaiming the necessity and blessing of extended and improved instruction; and while an administration embracing nearly every man whom the country is accustomed to honor and to trust, has announced the furtherance of this great object as among its first aims—Sir A. Alison sets himself with marvellous gallantry to maintain the thesis that crime and education naturally go hand in hand, and that the ratio which they bear to one another is not, as usually supposed, inverse, but direct!

"In selecting such a period as the thirty-seven years of peace which Europe has enjoyed since 1815, the historian has shown a strange misapprehension of the line in which lay his peculiar powers! His *forte* lies in narrative; his deplorable weakness in sagacious induction and philosophical reflection. His first work embraced a period more crowded than any other of equal duration, with startling events, with rapid vicissitudes, with sanguinary battles and brilliant campaigns, with glorious achievements in statesmanship and war. These he described with great spirit, with passable fidelity, and in a flowing and agreeable, though redundant style."

After some remarks upon the very different character of the epoch, the history of which Sir A. has now undertaken to write, the reviewer continues by saying that he "has brought to this massive undertaking little beyond a dogmatism, all the more strange and unbecoming because he differs on nearly every subject of importance with every great thinker of his age; a mind filled with crotchets, enamored of paradoxes, wedded to bubbles long since burst or blown away. The merits of his first work are but faintly discernible in the second, and all its faults are aggravated and confirmed." After mentioning sundry blemishes, the new history is said to be overflowed with vapid and grandiose reflections, sometimes impertinent and always trite even to nausea.

SERMONS AND STONES.

Henry Ward Beecher says, "there is a great deal more Gospel in a loaf of bread sometimes, than in an old dry sermon." No one doubts it except those narrow souls who regard the be-

stowal of good advice as a much cheaper way of acquiring the name of a benevolent man than that which requires the abstraction of a coin from the pocket. Besides, the vanity is tickled in the one case. The man of precepts always feels himself elevated above the miserable creature upon whom he is bestowing his charitable truisms. He patronizes him through the means of words, and although he is perfectly aware that "fair words butter no parsnips," he would be quite indignant if his auditor, after being afflicted with a world of good advice, should have the impertinence to avow that he had not received either parsnips or butter.

#### JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

The New Yorkers, a most excitable community, have worked themselves up into a very respectable state of enthusiasm, if we are to believe some of their newspapers, on the subject of Jullien's concerts. Among the various accounts thereof which have passed under our notice, we select that of the correspondent of the *Pennsylvania Inquirer*, as being exceedingly pleasant, and sufficiently sarcastic to affect the reader with a measure of contempt for the musical clap-trap of the day, by which so many who merely sport on the surface of society are adroitly made to part with their money:

"Well, Julien has given us his first concert. I have heard it and survive. It was a very grand affair, having no humbug about it, but 'clap-trap' in abundance. You know that Castle Garden has been entirely renovated within, since the Maretzek troupe left it last week. The papers have told all about it. Indeed it would have been impossible for them not to have told all about it, for that seemed to be a trick of Jullien to make folks talk about him and his doings. The whole interior of the Garden is renewed, and looks in the gas-light as if it had been made only yesterday. Not by paint or putty, or such outlandish modes of decoration, *but by book muslin, artificial flowers and gold lace.* All the pillars, and the ceiling, and the fronts of the balcony are hung with *paper muslin*, and flowers are strung in festoons, and twine gracefully, and banners innumerable float from every vacant panel, and portraits and *gilded urns filled with paper flowers*, adorn all corners and bulkheads. Jullien had a *little throne covered with scarlet carpeting, and a golden chair, with scarlet linings and cushion to sit on.*

"A golden seraph is the upright of his stand, and his baton looks like a rod of silver with golden adornments. *His shirt bosom was unap-*

*proachable, and his vest, but that outdoes description, and his manner is simply marvellous.* As to the music, it took us all by storm. The overture was splendid. The other pieces all capital. The Alpine Echoes glorious. The pot-pouris of English and Irish songs perfectly torrent-like in the way they swept away the judgments of the hearers. Men threw up their hats, ladies *threw away their books in which their lovers had invested a shilling each, in the storm of excitement.* It was all very entertaining, and everybody saw how it was done, and felt that *Jullien was the humbug that it was worth while to see and hear."*

#### HUMBUGS, ESPECIALLY MEDICAL.

We have always regarded our own countrymen as the most susceptible to humbug of any people on the face of the earth. Indeed, the United States may be safely pronounced the paradise of quacks and charlatans. Never, perhaps, any where has a richer harvest been reaped by trick or bluster, boasting or chicanery. We have pills that are warranted to cure all diseases. We have ointments that will restore the maim, the halt and the blind. We have syrups that are panaceas for every complaint that frail humanity is heir to, and in short, we have patent or extraordinary humbugs, of every kind and variety, whose patentees by dint of certificates often false: of assertions that bear untruth upon their face; of trumpets only less brazen than their blowers; of bribes and subsidies, the praises of a venal press, and the reckless assertions of agents as unprincipled as their employers, dip deeply into the pockets of the credulous, and accumulate large fortunes. The science of humbug is one which has been rapidly advancing to perfection during these latter days, and its adepts have, in all cases within our knowledge, been peculiarly successful in America. People do so love to be gulled. They like to believe in wonderful cures, in miraculous transformations. To pore over a multitude of artfully manufactured certificates is such a source of real pleasure; while the taking of pills, the administration of panaceas or the application of wonder-working ointments, are magnanimously regarded as public duties with which, as patriotic citizens, they are bound to afflict their body physical.

In the meanwhile, the master-humbugs are gathering in the dollars with a horse-rake—if the teeth could be set close enough—and laughing in their sleeves at the credulity upon which they prosper so gloriously. However, to their credit, be it said, they are exceedingly careful to preserve intact the virtues of the medicines they so highly extol to others by—never taking them themselves.



## PERNICIOUS NOVELS.

In the columns of the New York Tribune, there appeared, a few days ago, an interesting description of a visit lately made to the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. In the course of an examination of the place and its inmates, the writer—probably Charles L. Brace—held a brief conversation with one of the prisoners, a "Mulberry street boy."

He was an orphan, sixteen years of age, and had lost both of his parents before attaining his tenth year. Of course, he had learned no trade. We asked him:

"What do the 'Mulberry street boys' do after they get their supper?"

"Oh, run about and steal."

"Do the Mulberry street boys of your age ever drink?"

"Yes, sur!"

"Where do they buy it?"

"Oh, at the Dutchmen's stores." (Corner groceries and grogeries.)

"Do you drink whenever you have money?"

"No; only when I feel like drinking."

"Do you ever read?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"What kind of books do you like best?"

"Sea stories. I should like to be a sailor."

"What kind of books do the Mulberry street boys generally like to read?"

"*Novels about thieves and highwaymen!*"

"Go to the theatre?"

"Yes."

"What play do the Mulberry street boys like the best?"

"Jack Sheppard."

"Would they like to be men like Jack Sheppard?"

"Yes, sur! I guess they would."

"Would you like to have been a Jack?"

"*I would, before I came here.*"

The way to meet this evil, and we regret to say it is one which is daily increasing in magnitude, is to vigorously denounce the issue of all books and periodicals which tend to encourage an admiration of crime, or foster the growth of licentiousness. It is worse than idle to talk of elevating the standard of taste while we continue to feed a depraved appetite with the grosser aliment it so eagerly craves. What would be thought of that man who, while advocating temperance, should place within reach of the drunkard, he professedly desired to convert, continual supplies of those liquors which had already brought him to the verge of ruin? How long would it take to elevate the taste of the inebriate under such circumstances? And how long will it take to elevate the intellectual tastes of the masses while we stimulate their evil propensities by fascinating stories of great criminals whose vulgar heroics are of a character they are so well fitted to appreciate? While these works

are suffered to be issued with impunity, crime must increase, and licentiousness abound. Cut off the stimulus to crime, and you abate, if you do not wholly abolish, the evil. When the law prevents a drunkard from obtaining any more liquor, he becomes, perforce, a sober man, and as self-respect most generally returns with soberness, his better tastes soon begin to revolt at his former depraved habits, and he learns to reverence the wisdom of that regulation which, for his own good, takes from him the thing he acknowledges to be hurtful, and makes him a respectable citizen in spite of his earlier proclivities. We believe a similar remedy necessary, in the case of immoral publications. There is nothing like striking at the root of the evil.

## THE IRISH EXODUS.

The astonishing decrease in the population of Ireland during the past twelve years, is one of the most remarkable events in modern history. In 1841, Ireland contained more than eight millions of inhabitants; at the present day the population does not exceed six millions. This extraordinary disparity is attributed, in part, to the terrible famine by which the country was desolated a few years since, but mainly to the vast and constantly increasing migration to our own shores. Between 1840 and 1850, the migration was about two per cent. per annum of the whole population; since that time it has increased one-third. If this passion for self-expatriation continues at its present height, one-third of a century will witness Ireland exhausted of its native race. The absorption of a whole nation into our Republic, carries with it an idea of grandeur and power that is almost startling; but there is something ominous in it likewise, if we conceive it possible for this formidable force to be banded together by the ties of nationality, and brought to bear either upon a question affecting religious belief, or in a contest between the two great political parties. We can scarcely imagine, however, that this extraordinary influx will continue for any great length of time.

A rise in workmen's wages, in a country where laborers are becoming comparatively few, would operate as a salutary check, by producing a reaction beneficial to those who remained behind. But if this extraordinary increase of the foreign element among us, is in one sense a subject for sincere congratulation, it becomes on the other hand a source of equal solicitude. The possible evil lies in the easy admission of such large numbers of ignorant and uneducated men to the rights of American citizenship. It seems to us that a thoughtful and well digested revision of our pre-

sent naturalization laws might be productive of much good, and would certainly operate as a check upon many evils which already threaten to vitiate that purity of motive which ought to govern every citizen who is privileged to present his vote at the ballot-box.

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COMMON SENSE.

"It is an interesting and valuable piece of information that the ladies of Lord Ellesmere's party wear no jewelry or ornaments of any kind on ordinary occasions, and also wear thick shoes. These may be regarded as the latest London fashions."

All the "interest" and "value" of the above lies in its common sense. Everybody knew before that jewelry never made the gentleman, nor fine clothes the lady; and yet, too many of our citizens prefer the gaudy decorations of the parvenu to that graceful simplicity which is the very essence of good-breeding. Jewelry and ornaments are relics of a barbarian age, when child-like natures delighted in gew-gaws, and saw more value in a pound of blue beads than in the mariner's compass. We care nothing at all whether the dresses of lords and ladies are in the "latest London fashion" or not; but only whether they are judiciously chosen, as proper to the maintenance of physical vigor, and proper to the season and the occasion.

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LAWS OF HEALTH.

"Between life and death there is frequently but the thinness of a shoe."

Trite as the above reflection may appear it is a terrible truism, involving a whole catalogue of diseases, orphanage, sorrow, poverty, and a host of other calamities of which the careless world rarely dreams. In a more extended sense, the tenure of our existence may be said to depend upon the simplest of causes, a mere breath of wind, the rolling of a pebble, the direction of a passing cloud, in fact upon every variety of natural change apparently of the most innocuous character. But these are accidents to which humanity is subjected for some wise purpose, and over which we have little or no control. But deaths from natural causes are far less rare than from causes brought on by our own folly, hardness, recklessness, or self-indulgence. The laws of high health demand temperate living, abstemiousness, both in eating and drinking; plain food; an avoidance of all stimulating drinks; early rising and early retiring; daily ablutions of the whole person; daily exercise in the open air for a couple of hours, on foot or horseback; a steady

control of the passions, and intellectual studies which stop considerably short of mental exhaustion. Some of these laws we are constantly violating, either from our condition in life, or for reasons less excusable; but we are suicides to all intents and purposes when we neglect such plain rules as all can readily observe, and upon which a good condition of health mainly depends. The decrees of fashion should never be allowed to set aside the laws of right reason, and sensible persons will always prefer a clumsier appearance of the feet, and coarser if more seasonable and appropriate garments, earlier hours, exercise, and plainer food, to the chances of colds, consumption, physical debility and a premature death.

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MOUNT VERNON.

Various propositions have been made public, within a few weeks past, relative to the purchase of the Mount Vernon Estate, a part of which is currently reported to have been sold to an association of private individuals, subject to the action of Congress at its ensuing session. It is very clear that, for reasons into which we have no right to inquire, the pre-ent owner of Mount Vernon is desirous of disposing of it; and as all previous attempt to induce Congress to purchase it for the Nation has resulted in failure, he is perfectly justified in making the best bargain he can with any person willing to accede to his terms. The question now is, whether the people of the United States are willing that the estate upon which "the father of his country" once lived and labored, and the tomb which contains his venerated ashes, shall pass into the hands of strangers who may possibly purchase the property on speculation, with the intention of either compelling Congress, at some future day, to advance largely upon the price for which it can now be bought, or of turning it into a show place, where the sarcophagus enclosing the remains of Washington shall be exhibited to American citizens at so much money per head? We answer no; a thousand times No! If we suffered this desecration to take place, we should justly become the mock and scorn of all nations. Better that the monument we are erecting to his renown on the Capitol should never be completed; better that the late order for an equestrian statue should be annulled; better even strip the Capitol itself of the gracious name it bears, than that we should suffer the ashes of our heroic liberator to be sold like common dust, and his beloved home become divested, by the meanness of a paltry thirst for gain, of all those ennobling associations which now cluster so thrillingly around it.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Mark Hurdlestone.* By Mrs. Moodie. Author of "*Roughing it in the Bush*," &c. New York: Dewitt & Davenport. We scarcely know how to describe this book. Regarded artistically, it betrays evidences of a hand unaccustomed to novel writing; while, as a story, it is singularly full of interest. The great defect of the work arises from the perfect nonchalance with which the authoress deals with her characters and incidents. Personages who were alive and in famous health to-day, are found killed off to-morrow, with all the coolness of a veteran executioner, and with far less than the ordinary amount of preparation. A single line suffices to prepare us for the illness of a character, and the following one announces his death. The thing is done in so summary a manner as to startle one a little at first. We have always hitherto been accustomed to be forewarned; to receive intimations of feeble health, of coughs, of hectic flushes, of premonitory symptoms indicative of a particularly solemn result at some period not distant in the future. But in Mark Hurdlestone these delicate attentions are disregarded altogether. Wherever it is necessary to the interest of the story the man dies, and another succeeds him, with as little emotion as a traveller might evince who settles himself in a chair which another wayfarer has just vacated. So with the incidents; they are introduced with the same unexpectedness, take place just in the very nick of time, and are always found to be of the kind exactly suited to the wants of the moment. In spite, however, of these drawbacks, the book is well written, contains much excellent advice, and is in every way worthy of perusal.

— *Salad for the Solitary.* By an Epicure. New York: Lamport, Blakeman & Law. (For sale by Lippincott, Grambo & Co.) The ingredients of this pleasant salad consist of pleasant excerpts from pleasant books; occasionally a little quaint, but mostly modern, and within reach of the ordinary collector. This volume might have been characterized as an excellent extension of "D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature," if that veteran had not himself been put under contribution. Its position in the library is among that class which we may denominate "Summer books;" volumes which treat of trifles in a genial manner, sliding in occasionally a quiet suggestive hint, or an easy word or two of instruction or advice. With a literary range less extensive than that of D'Israeli or Leigh Hunt, the author of the present book appears to have aimed at bringing together a considerable portion of those notable facts and fancies, which though easily located by a literary man, form a fresh and palatable salad to the general reader. To such we cannot speak of it too favor-

ably, while to the man of books the essays will commend themselves, even though the illustrative facts should prove familiar.

*Home Pictures.* By Mrs. Mary Andrews Denison. New York: Harper & Brothers. Without any eleemosynary or interested assistance from the press, without any mysterious intimations, preliminary flourishes, or clap-trap of any kind, but solely by the force of her own talents, Mrs. Denison has succeeded in achieving for herself a literary reputation of which she is eminently deserving. Nearly all the sketches collected in this volume have appeared before in the columns of a periodical, which for some years, Mrs. Denison has assisted in editing. They consist of brief pictures of "Home-Life" in its multifarious phases, and their grand charm lies in their naturalness. Some of them are light and pleasant, others, tender and pathetic. They may be briefly characterized as true womanly expressions of feeling, gentle for the most part, and yet touching withal. It is to the credit of Mrs. Denison that she has not been led, in her briefer sketches, to adopt that bold, saucy, defiant, half-masculine style of phraseology so popular of late. Such dashing, trenchant and sarcastic utterances attract attention from their novelty; but, at the same time, they endanger the loss of that proper respect which is the truest safeguard against intrusions into the privacy of domestic life.

— *The History of Vermont.* Edited by W. H. Carpenter and T. S. Arthur. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. This book is one of the series of "Cabinet Histories of the States," now in course of publication by Lippincott, Grambo & Co. The present history, like those which have preceded it, is entirely original, and was written expressly for the series by a gentleman fully capable of accomplishing the work in the best manner. We trust we may say of this undertaking generally, that these histories are carefully written; that they contain, in a portable form, all the principal facts and events connected with the past career of each State; that from their thorough reliableness, they will be found useful as a manual, and we hope not less entertaining as a popular family history.

— *A History of England, from the first invasion by the Romans to the accession of William and Mary.* By John Lingard, D. D. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. (For sale by A. Hart.) This is the second volume of Dr. Lingard's History of England, the character of which has already been recorded in the pages of the Gazette. The work will comprise, when completed, thirteen volumes. Lingard is regarded by competent critics as a writer of marked ability, and his history, while more copious than any which have preceded it, may be pronounced thoroughly reliable on all questions, except such as are liable to be biased by his feelings as a member of the Roman Church.

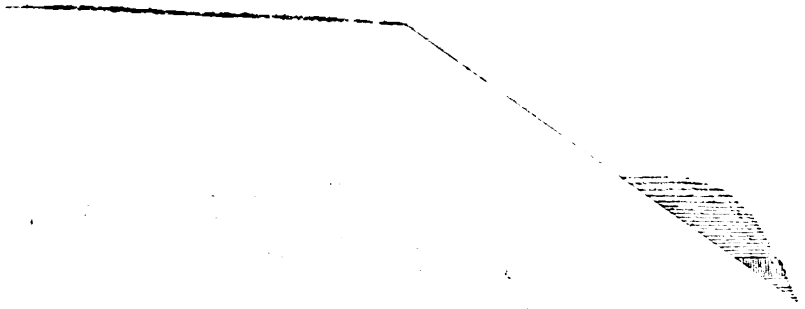
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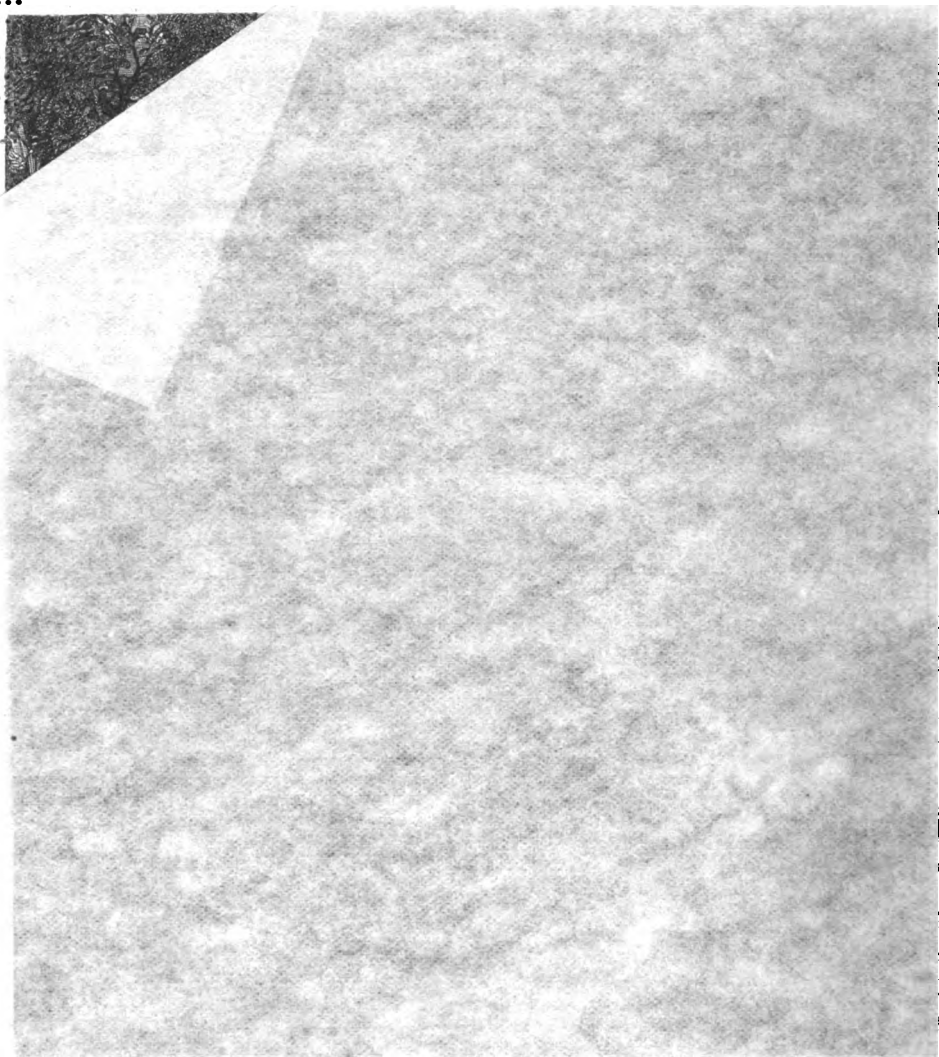
Painted by W. Collins, R.A.

Engraved by A.L. Dick.

# THE STRAY BITTEN.







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JOHN POUNDS AND HIS RAGGED SCHOOL.

See page 336.

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Illustration



THE LOVE-LETTER.

See page 387.



# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: NOVEMBER, 1853.



## MONSOONS.

These are periodical winds, which sweep the northern part of the Indian Ocean, changing their direction after an interval of about six months, and hence the term Monsoon,—the Anglicised form of the Persic *mousum*,—or the Malay *moossin*, signifying a *season*, referring to their periodicity. Avoiding all minute detail, we shall merely give the range, direction, and duration of these singular, yet highly useful currents, and that in a very general way. From three degrees south of the equator to the northern shores of the Indian Ocean, including the Arabian Sea, the Bay of Bengal and the Chinese Sea, a south-west wind blows from April to October, and then a north-east wind sets in, and prevails through the next half-year, from October to April. From three degrees to ten degrees south of the equator a south-east wind blows from April to October, and a north-west during the succeeding six months. Without attending to local variations, these are the general phenomena. There is a

south-west wind prevailing north of the equator from April to October, and southward of this, through a certain space, at the same season, a south-east wind. There is a north-east wind north of the equator from October to April, and, co incidentally, a north-west wind between three degrees and ten degrees south of the line. The western boundary of the region of the monsoons is the African shore; its eastern limit is supposed to be about the meridian of 136 degrees east longitude, which cuts the island of New Guinea; its northern confine is near the parallel of 27 degrees north latitude, which intersects the Loo Choo islands; its southern extremity has been already stated. The monsoons are much stronger than the trade winds, and may be called gales, but they are by no means of uniform force, either as it respects themselves or each other, the same monsoon occasionally blowing with such violence that ships are obliged to reef their sails. It must not be imagined that these winds are confined to



the ocean. They extend over the whole of Hindostan to the Himalaya, the north-east monsoon bringing copious rains to its eastern shores, and the south-west monsoon performing the same office for its western coast.

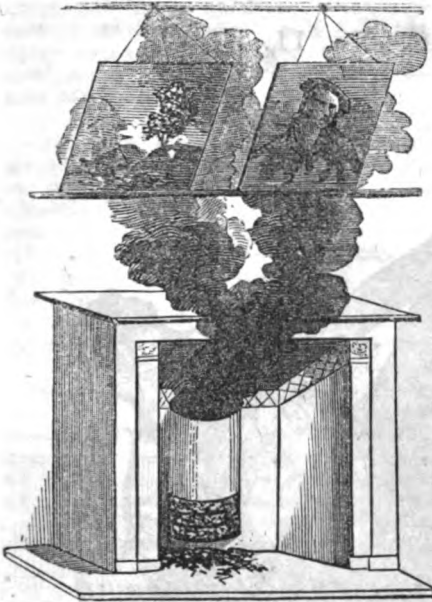
The change of the monsoon—the periodical shifting of the wind—the most singular feature of the case, is a gradual process, usually occupying about a month, which reduces the reign of the two annual monsoons, north and south of the equator, to five months each, the remaining two months being spent in the transitions. In each interval of change, calms, light variable breezes, alternate with storms of tremendous violence. Mr. Caunter thus describes the scene at Madras, in the interim between the cessation of one monsoon and the setting in of another:

“On the 15th of October the flag-staff was struck, as a signal for all vessels to leave the roads, lest they should be overtaken by the monsoon. On that very morning some premonitory symptoms of the approaching ‘war of elements’ had appeared. As the house we occupied overlooked the beach, we could behold the setting in of the monsoon in all its grand and terrific sublimity. The wind, with a force which nothing could resist, bent the tufted heads of the tall, slim cocoa-nut trees almost to the earth, flinging the light sand into the air in eddying vortices, until the rain had either so increased its gravity, or beaten it into a mass, as to prevent the wind from raising it. The pale lightning streamed from the clouds in broad sheets of flame, which appeared to encircle the heavens as if every element had been converted into fire, and the world was on the eve of a general conflagration, whilst the peal, which instantly followed, was like the explosion of a gunpowder magazine. The heavens seemed to be one vast re-ervoir of flame, which was propelled from its voluminous bed by some invisible but omnipotent agency, and threatened to fling its fiery ruin upon everything around. In some parts, however, of the pitchy vapor by which the skies were by this time completely overspread, the lightning was seen only occasionally to glimmer in faint streaks of light, as if struggling, but unable, to escape from its prison, igniting, but too weak to burst, the impervious bosoms of those capacious magazines in which it was at once engendered and pent up. So heavy and continuous was the rain, that scarcely anything, save those vivid bursts of light which nothing could arrest or resist, was perceptible through it. The thunder was so painfully loud, that it frequently caused the ear to throb; it seemed as if mines were momentarily springing in the heavens, and I could almost fancy that one of the sublimest fictions of heathen fable was realized at this moment before me, and that I was hearing an assault of the Titans. The surf was raised by the wind and scattered in thin billows of foam over the esplanade, which was completely powdered with the white, feathery spray. It extended several hundred yards from the beach; fish, upward of three inches long, were found upon the flat roofs of houses in the town, during the prevalence of the monsoon, either blown from the sea by the violence of the gales, or taken up in

the water-spouts, which are very prevalent in this tempestuous season. When these burst, whatever they contain is frequently borne by the sweeping blast to a considerable distance overland, and deposited in the most uncongenial situations; so that now, during the violence of these tropical storms, fish are found alive on the tops of houses; nor is this any longer a matter of surprise to the established resident in India, who sees every year a repetition of this singular phenomenon. During the extreme violence of the storm, the heat was occasionally almost beyond endurance, particularly after the first day or two, when the wind would at intervals entirely subside, so that not a breath of air could be felt, and the punka afforded but a partial relief to that distressing sensation which is caused by the oppressive stillness of the air so well known in India.”

It is an extraordinary but well-ascertained fact, that as soon as one monsoon ceases, though a month may elapse before the succeeding one appears, the clouds take the direction of the approaching monsoon, and thus from the regions of the atmosphere herald its advent to the dwellers below.

We naturally inquire concerning the origin of these peculiar movements, but must be content with a very scanty measure of information upon the subject. The laws which nature obeys in these periodical changes are undoubtedly identical with those which give rise to atmospheric currents in general, but their mode of operation is in this case obscure. The north-east and south-east monsoons, the former on the north and the latter on the south side of the equator, may be considered as trade winds, explicable upon the same principles, but counteracted for a certain time by causes which produce winds from a different quarter, the south-west and north-west monsoons. It has been observed that the south-west monsoon, which prevails to the north of the equator, is coincident with the sun being vertical to that region, when Hindostan, Siam and the adjacent countries receive their maximum of heat. Consequently, the incumbent air, being rarefied, ascends, and a rush of colder air to supply its place is produced from the southward, which is then receiving the oblique rays of the sun, and which presenting a surface of water is immensely less heated than the lands to which the luminary is perpendicular. In like manner, the north-west monsoon, which prevails south of the equator, is coincident with the sun being south of it likewise, and vertical to the region, when the sandy plains of New Holland become powerfully heated, and the air over them rarefied, creating a wind by the rush of the colder northern air toward the point of rarefaction. These are the explanations commonly given, and though in several respects they do not account for all the phenomena, yet the probability is, that they present the correct theory, anomalous circumstances arising from the influence of causes which are local and as yet unknown. The monsoons are more valuable as auxiliaries to commerce than the trade winds, owing to the change in their direction, for a ship may proceed to a distant port with one monsoon and be aided on its return by its successor.



### A MANUFACTORY OF "OLD MASTERS."

Referring to the modern supply of "old masters," the London Art Journal says:—"The fabrication of false ancient masters has not always been the trade of needy dealers. A distinguished amateur of our own time, who moved in the best circles of society, and whose taste in the Fine Arts was patent to the highest classes, did not scruple to pursue the dishonourable course. The late Mr. Zachary, it may be recollected, occupied the house on the Adelphi Terrace, where the widow of David Garrick had formerly resided. Here he possessed some pictures by the great celebrities in art, which decorated the walls of his apartment, and occasionally appeared in the exhibition of the British Institution. In the back drawing-room, a stove was placed in the centre of the floor, having no connection with the chimney, for the express intention that the smoke should ascend into the room and circulate in every part. This stove was made from Mr. Zachary's design by Mr. Sandison, ironmonger, No. 7 Maiden-Lane, Covent Garden, and the accompanying sketch will give an idea of its construction. On the ceiling iron rods were placed, to which the copies of his pictures were hung, resting obliquely on rails fixed lower down, as Mr. Zachary found by experience that the copies were best cooked into antiquity by remaining over the stove at an angle of 45 degrees. Two poor artists were constantly employed by him in the house to make careful copies of his fine pictures. Three months was about the time necessary to harden and discolor the paint on these canvasses, which then became similar enough, for deception, to old pictures. Mr. Zachary possessed a very fine picture by Hobbins, of which he had at least a dozen copies made, which were sent to various

parts of Europe, where each may probably figure at present as the real original of a celebrated work by the great landscape painter of the Dutch school. Mr. Zachary did not confine his labors to making copies, but he undertook to improve originals. The picture by Claude, known as the Berwick Claude, was once subjected to this operation. It had suffered by neglect and age, but now riots in more than pristine beauty, as it has received at Mr. Zachary's hands the addition of trees, which Claude did not think necessary to the composition. For three entire months an English landscape painter, formerly a Royal Academician, was employed to repair, beautify, and make additions to this Berwick Claude, which ended in Mr. Zachary's selling it for a considerable profit. Some other damaged originals of consequence underwent a similar revivification.

"Mr. Zachary sold his pictures twice by auction; it remains for the possessors of pictures which have once belonged to this *gentleman* to satisfy themselves that out of the numerous copies of his originals they may have acquired the fortunate prize, instead of a mystified blank."

### LINES.

To a Tuft of Heath from Sherwood Forest.

BY F. H. COOKE.

Thou treasured gift of Sherwood's forest olden,  
Rich with the legends of a thousand years!  
'Neath the Autumnal sunlight, glad and golden,  
The turf that misses thee is wet with Nature's tears.

Pale heather of the woodlands! when the glory  
Of England glimmered in the years to be,  
Thou wert the stage where life's dramatic story  
Was played by Robin Hood, the Prince of Out-lawry.

When, as through all the forest arches ringing,  
From hermit cell unwonted music burst,  
His summons startled in their midnight singing  
The Black Knight and his host, the Clerk of Copmanhurst.

Then rushed a motley group, in strange disguising,  
Trampling thy purple clusters in the dew;  
While underneath a thousand lies uprising,  
In every panting breast the human heart beat true.

There, too, Rebecca, beautiful and peerless,  
Wore like a diadem her silent woe;  
And, in the veiling darkness, pale and tearless,  
Bowed her sweet cheek to thine, and prayed for Ivanhoe.

Nor will we deem that fair, heroic woman  
An empty dream of the romancer's brain;  
Nor that each gallant knight and sturdy yeoman  
Were but the fleeting shades of Fancy's pale domain.

No! Honor to the gifted hand that traces  
Pictures like these to grace the halls of youth:  
Amid life's memories they hold their places,  
And the warm heart-throb owns the portraiture of truth!

WENDELL, Mass.

## CITY SCENES.—No. II.



THE WATER NUISANCE.

## FLOWERS.

When we hear melodious sounds—the wind among trees, the noise of a brook falling down deep into the leaf-covered cavity—birds' notes, especially at night: children's voices as you ride into the village at dusk, far from your home, and long absent and quite home-sick: or a flute heard from out the wood, a silver sound rising up among silver-lit leaves, into the moon-lighted air; or the low conversation of persons whom you love, that sit at the fire in the room when you are convalescent; when we think of these things we are apt to imagine nothing perfect that has not the gift of sound. But you change your mind when you dwell lovingly among flowers; they are always silent. Sound is never associated with them. They speak to you, but it is as the eye speaks, by vibrations of light, and not of air.

It is a matter of often gratitude that this finest gift of Providence was the most profusely given. Flowers cannot be monopolized. The poor can have them as well as the rich. It does not require such an education to love and appreciate them, as it would to admire a picture of Turner's, or a statue of Thorwaldsen's. And as they are messengers of affection, tokens of remembrance,

and presents of beauty, of universal acceptance, it is pleasant to think that, in them, all men recognize a brief brotherhood. It is not impertinent to offer flowers to a stranger. The poorest child can proffer them to the richest.—*Beecher.*

## TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

I saw a pale mourner stand bending over the tomb, and his tears fell fast and often. As he raised his humid eyes to Heaven, he cried—

"My brother! O, my brother!"

A sage passed that way, and said—

"For whom dost thou mourn?"

"One," replied he, "whom I did not sufficiently love while living, but whose inestimable worth I now feel!"

"What wouldst thou do, if he were restored to thee?"

The mourner replied, "That he never would offend him by any unkind word, but he would take every occasion to show his friendship, if he could but come back to his fond embrace."

"Then waste no time in useless grief," said the sage; "but if thou hast friends, go and cherish the living, remembering that they will die one day also."



SKETCHES OF PARIS.



GOING A SHOPPING.

Once we had shops filled with pretty things, then we had stores; now the stores are changed into immense bazaars, upon entering which you may imagine a whole town of curiosities to lie before you.

On the ground floor, spacious apartments, ornamented with splendor, counters in a new style, mirrors on all sides, a painted and waxed floor, and magnificent carpets. You imagine yourself deceived, you fancy yourself in the gallery at Versailles, and would not dare to ask for a small quantity of flannel, or a piece of waistcoating in such a palace, if it were not that you perceive a world of clerks and shop boys, coming and going, folding and unfolding, measuring shawls, and selling scarfs, silks, cravats, and a crowd of people of all classes, looking, admiring and buying.

If you wish to go into one of those great establishments, which, despising the outward show of signs and patterns, leave such quackery to shops of a second order, (for example, *those of the Ville de Paris*,) a gentleman in a black coat, and distinguished for the suavity of his manners, presents himself immediately to know what you want.

"A muslin dress "

The handsome gentleman bows makes you a sign to follow him, and walks forward. He causes you to pass through various apartments: there are the woollen department, the silk, that of fancy articles, of merinoes, of French shawls,

cachemeres, and a dozen more. At last you arrive at the muslin room.

Your conductor bows and retires. You now find yourself opposite to several elegant young men, with very good manners, who express themselves well, and remind you of the loungers about the theatres.

These gentlemen spread out the wares before you, with a grace and politeness which charms you—captivated by what they show you, enchanted by their politeness and gallantry, you allow yourself to be persuaded. You intended to spend only 200 francs, you are now in debt to the amount of 1,000. You exclaim—

"I have not so much with me!"

"It is of no consequence at all, madam," is the quick answer. "Do not let that stop you. Choose anything you want. Take it with you, or let us send it, just as you please!"

How is it possible to resist such politeness, such confidence, such urbanity; you make other purchases, and give your address. They will send everything home; the young men bow, and offer to show you the way to the door, but you refuse; you are sure you can find it yourself. Nevertheless you are very apt to get lost among the silks, or become bewildered in the cachemere shawls, or batistes; but there are always officious clerks who will lead you out of the labyrinth.

These great stores, instituted upon so royal a plan, are generally only frequented by the rich,

and by actresses at the height of their fame, by the commercial aristocracy, who will only wear what comes from one particular shop, and can never admire what has been bought anywhere else. The shops with signs and windows filled with pretty articles of dress, have a much gayer appearance from without; and although besides the ground floor, they almost all have large rooms up stairs, grisettes, citizens, and even country people, are seen in them. You may meet there a specimen of every class of society, and often observe strange and amusing scenes.

There is always a crowd before the windows—a crowd of women, young and old, pretty and ugly, all so fond of dress. How they admire these shawls, so beautifully folded, and these dresses, arrayed so artistically across each other! Listen a moment.

"I like that red one on top best; red is so becoming to me."

"Oh! Adelaide, if I had a cravat like that to wear to your wedding, how happy I should be!"

"What a sweet shawl!"

"The figure of it is beautiful."

"It is a French cachemere; how long I have wanted one."

And the lady sighs. A great many ladies sigh when they look into shop windows.

Let us go inside. Here is a rich old lady who is going to buy a dress at twenty-nine sous a yard, and who, for fear of being cheated, has brought with her her sister, her niece, and her sempstress. She will look at thirty pieces before she decides upon one; for nobody is so particular as a lady who is no longer young, and who has never been handsome.

Here is a pretty little woman with a young man, they are a new-married couple; they will not buy anything without consulting each other. The husband wants a waistcoat, the wife a dress. Waistcoats are shown to the husband, who says to his wife—

"Which do you like the best of all those?"

"But, my dear, you had better choose. It is for you."

"No matter. I wish it to be according to your taste. You always know I like that which pleases you."

"And do you look at these. Which will make me the prettiest dress?"

"I! I know nothing about such things."

"Yes! Yes, you must choose it. I will take whichever you prefer."

After a long consultation, the husband chooses the dress, the wife the waistcoat; the consequence is, the lady wanted a green dress, and he has fixed upon a gray one; the gentleman wanted a striped waistcoat, she has chosen a spotted one. They bite their lips, and try to look pleased, and are in reality very much displeased with their purchases.

Here is a tall woman who talks very loud, and moves from side to side as she does so. She must be a sempstress. She applies to every shopman. She has in her hand a small bit of some stuff that she wants to match; she looks at twenty different pieces, exclaiming—

"This is it. Oh no, no it is not that, this is a shade darker."

After exhausting the patience of the shopmen for three quarters of an hour, she at last finds it, and takes—a quarter of a yard.



Here are two grisettes looking at merinoes for spencers; but they cannot decide as to the color. The shopman exhausts his commercial vocabulary to persuade them to take that of which he has the most.

"Take this, Miss. You will be pleased with it, I know, and it will wear so well, you will come back and thank me for it. It is a very fashionable color."

Farther on, a young girl is examining a simple shawl, a very humble one, which she wishes to make a present to her mother; for this she has put by a little money at a time for the last year. She has not been able to lay up much, but her mother will have a shawl for Sundays, and she is in great need of one.

A stout gentleman comes in with a lady leaning on his arm. By the ill pleased look on the gentleman's face, and by his manner of frowning, it is easy to perceive that he has come to make some purchases for his wife.

Look. They are approaching the counter; the gentleman separates his arm from the lady's, and throws himself into a chair, saying—

"Well, choose what you want, since you are always wanting something. What plagues wives are! Bachelors are lucky fellows! They have not to pay for all these things."

"You cannot complain of me; I spend very little on my dress."

"Quite enough, I think."

"I have worn this dress three years."

"And if you had worn it ten, and it still looked new, what need you have another? But go on."

The lady looks at different stuffs; when she sees anything she likes, she shows it to her husband, who asks the price of it, and makes a grimace, muttering—

"It is too dear. I told you how much I would spend. I will not go beyond it."

"But, my dear, I want a good dress, and a very little more"

"My dear, I don't understand that at all. You must be economical—choose something cheaper."

The lady tries very hard to persuade him; but he intrenches himself behind the words *economy* and *order*, until he carries his point.

The stout gentleman now goes away in a good humor, because he has obliged his wife to take a little less than the proper quantity for her dress, telling her that she always wears them too full. Whatever may be the satisfaction of such people, it never can exceed that of the poor young girl who has brought her little savings to purchase a shawl for her mother.

**FEMALE CHARACTER.**—Dr. Spring says that neatness and taste are peculiarly ornamental to female character. In a female, particularly, they well deserve the name of virtues; for without them, whatever may be her excellence, she has none that will be honored and acknowledged. A woman may be industrious and economical; she may possess a well-cultivated and richly-furnished mind, but, destitute of neatness and taste, depresses rather than elevates the character of her sex—and poisons instead of purifying the fountain of domestic and public happiness.

## A M O T H E R.

BY MRS. NORTON.

Ah! blessed are they for whom, 'mid all their pains,  
That faithful and unaltered love remains,  
Who, Life wrecked round them—hunted from their rest—

And, by all else forsaken or distressed—

Claim, in *one* heart, their sanctuary and shrine—

As I, my Mother, claimed my place in thine!

Oft, since that hour, in sadness I retrace

My childhood's vision of thy calm sweet face;

Oft see thy form, its mournful beauty shrouded

In thy black weeds, and coil of widow's woe;

Thy dark expressive eyes all dim and clouded

By that deep wretchedness the lonely know:

Stifling thy grief, to hear some weary task,

Conned by unwilling lips, with listless air;

Hoarding thy means, lest future need might ask

More than the widow's pittance then could

spare,

Hidden, forgotten by the great and gay,

Enduring sorrow, not by fits and starts,

But the long self-denial, day by day,

Alone amidst thy brood of careless hearts!

Striving to guide, to teach, or to restrain,

The young rebellious spirits crowding round,

Who saw not, knew not, felt not for thy pain,

And could not comfort—yet had power to

wound!

Ah! how my selfish heart, which since hath

grown

Familiar with deep trials of its own,

With riper judgment looking to the past,

Regrets the careless days that flew so fast,

Stamps with remorse each wasted hour of time,

And darkens every folly into crime!

## A N U N.

BY WINTHROP MACWORTH PRAED.

She was a very pretty nun;

Sad, delicate, and five feet one;

Her face was oval, and her eye

Looked like the heaven in Italy,

Serenely blue, and softly bright,

Made up of languish and of light!

And her neck, except where the locks of brown,

Like a sweet summer mist, fell droopingly down,

Was as chill and as white as the snow, ere the

earth

Has sullied the hue of its heavenly birth;

And through the blue veins you might see

The pure blood wander silently,

Like noiseless eddies, that far below

In the glistening depths of a calm lake flow:

Her cold hands on her bosom lay;

And her ivory crucifix, cold as they,

Was clasped in a fearful and fond caress,

As if she shrank from its holiness,

And felt that hers was the only guilt

For which no healing blood was spilt:

And tears were bursting all the while;

Yet now and then a vacant smile

Over her lips would come and go—

A very mockery of woe—

A brief, wan smile—a piteous token

Of a warm love crushed, and a young heart

broken!





BARON VON HUMBOLDT.

[Professor Silliman, while in Europe, called upon the veteran Humboldt. In his recently published volume he gives an interesting account of the interview.]

In fulfilment of an appointment, we went at once, and were admitted by his faithful servant, the companion of many an arduous journey. His mansion is a plain edifice, situated in a retired part of the city; and he would not have been now at home had not the king gone to Königsburg; for his residence is generally with the king at Potsdam, who keeps him near his person, as his father did before him, not only for his society and conversation, but, no doubt, also as a counsellor, wise from his many years and his large experience in the world. We passed through his library, which fills, on all sides, a room of considerable size; and he issued from a door on the remote side of the apartment, opening apparently from his private room. He met us with great kindness and perfect frankness, and with a pleasant rebuke for my having hesitated to call on him, (I had written a note, asking permission to call,) implying that he was not ignorant of my efforts and position at home. I then introduced my son and Mr. Brush, and we were at once placed perfectly at our ease. His bright countenance expresses great benevolence; and from the fountain of his immense stores of knowledge, a

stream, almost constant, flowed for nearly an hour. He was not engrossing, but yielded to our promptings, whenever we suggested an inquiry, or alluded to any particular topic; for we did not wish to occupy the time with our own remarks any further than to draw him out. He has a perfect command of the best English, and speaks the language quite agreeably. There is no stateliness or reserve about him; and he is as affable as if he had no claims to superiority. His voice is exceedingly musical, and he is so animated and amiable that you feel at once as if you were an old friend. His person is not much above the middle size; he is not unlike in form to the late Colonel Trumbull. He stoops a little, but less than most men at the age of 82. He has no appearance of decrepitude; his eyes are brilliant, his complexion light; his features and person are round, although not fat; his hair thin and white; his mind very active, and his language brilliant, and sparkling with bright thoughts. He alluded in a flattering manner to our progress in knowledge in the United States, and to the effect which *The American Journal of Science and Arts* had produced in promoting it. He showed himself perfectly acquainted with the progress of physical science and general improvement in our country, and particularly commended the labors of Colonel Fremont in the far West, of Professor

Bache in the coast survey, and of Lieut. Maury, in navigation. Bringing out his maps, and tracing his lines without glasses, he pointed out a channel of communication across the Isthmus of Darien, which he had observed and described more than forty years ago, and to which his attention had been recalled by a paper of Capt. Fitzroy's in *The Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*. He showed us that there are no mountains in the course he indicated, which is more southern than any of the existing routes, and that it possessed several important advantages. I alluded to his brief visit in the United States, in 1804, when he travelled no further north than Philadelphia. He told us that he passed three weeks at Monticello with the late Mr. Jefferson, who entertained him with an extraordinary project of his inventive but often visionary mind, regarding the ultimate division of the American continent into three great Republics, involving the conquest of Mexico and of the South American States. He discussed many topics regarding the United States. The discovery of gold in California furnished him an abundant theme—our topography, climates, productions, institutions, and even political controversies, were all familiar to him.

Baron Humboldt, although associated intimately with kings, is evidently a friend to human liberty, and rejoices in the prosperity of our country. He made some very interesting remarks on the present state of Europe, and on the impossibility of keeping down moral power by physical force. In his library hung an excellent likeness of the King, and another of his own brother, the late William Humboldt, the eminent philologist and ethnological antiquary.

We retired greatly gratified, and the more so, as a man in his 83d year might soon pass away.

When we were about leaving Berlin, I addressed a note to the Baron, expressing our great satisfaction at the interview, bidding him farewell, and asking for his autograph. He readily replied, but instead of his signature merely, he sent an interesting original letter, written on the occasion, from which, I trust, it is not improper to make an extract of sentiments relating to the American continents.

After some very kind expressions of personal regard, he alludes to his usual residence at Potsdam, where are both the rural palace of the King and the tombs of some preceding monarchs: "Compelled to return in the morning to the country, where are the tombs which I shall soon occupy, I have reserved to myself the perusal of"—certain scientific American papers which had been presented to him. He then adds: "I have moral reasons to fear the immeasurable aggrandizement of your confederacy—the temptations to the abuse of power, dangerous to the Union, (and have occasion also to fear) the distinct individual character of the other populations (descriptions of population) of America. I am not less impressed by the great advantages which the physical knowledge of the world, and positive science and intelligence, ought to derive from this very aggrandizement—from that intelligence, which, by peaceable conquests, facilitates the movement of knowledge, and superimposes, not

without violence, new classes of population upon the indigenous races which are in a course of rapid extinction. However imposing this spectacle may be, which is being realized under our eyes, and is preparing another still more remarkable for the history of the intellectual development of our races, I already decry the distinct epoch, when a high degree of civilization, and institutions free, firm, and peaceful (three elements which are not easily associated) shall penetrate into the tropical regions where the high table-lands of Mexico, Bogota, Quito and Potosi shall come to resemble (in their institutions) New York, Boston, and Philadelphia."

The letter concludes with warm, personal good wishes, and a kind message to Professor Agassiz, "equally distinguished by his vast and solid acquisitions in science and the great amenity of his character."

The signature is without a title: "ALEXANDER HUMBOLDT, a Berlin 5 Juliet (it should have been Aout,) 1851."

It is proper to add, that at the time of our visit, Baron Von Humboldt was engaged in the preparation of a new production on the Outline Form of Mountain Peaks, in which he was working up original observations and drawings made during the course of his various wanderings. He assured us that the greater part of his literary labor was of necessity performed when others slept, as the hours of usual labor were with him consumed by the demands of the King. He added, that he early made the discovery that he could get on very well with four hours of sleep. This, as has often been remarked, accounts for his prodigious performances in literary labor.

Such is the modest and unassuming language and appearance of one who has, in person, explored a larger portion of our globe than any other living traveller; of a philosopher, who has illustrated and enlarged almost every department of human knowledge; general physics and chemistry, geology, natural history, philology, civil antiquities, and ethnography, have all been illustrated by him.

He has endured the extreme vicissitudes of opposite climates, and seen men, and animals and plants, under every phase and aspect. His published works are a library. His faculties combine the enthusiasm of poetry with the severity of science; and from the culminating point of four-score years and four, he surveys all his vast labors, and the wide panorama of universal science, which, as probably his last labor, he is now presenting to his fellow-men by the reflection of that splendid intellectual mirror, his *Kosmos*—the comprehensive *Hellenism*, which expressed both *the universal and the beautiful*.

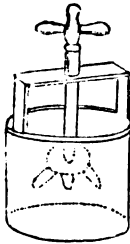
Such is the philosopher, who of all living men belongs not so much to his country as to mankind, and who, when he departs, will leave no one who can fill his place.

We dismiss him, with the hope that he may inherit blessings beyond the grave, and find in a higher state of being, that his large measure of human knowledge is infinitely surpassed by the spiritual illumination and revelations of that glorious world.

## ABOUT WASHING MACHINES.

Most people know something about the trouble and discomfort of a great family wash, and many would be thankful for any not over-troublesome means of getting rid of these annoyances. To stand all day at the wash-tub is not only very hard work, but, unless the wash-house be well ventilated, it is also very unhealthy work. The hot steam arising from foul linen, and the humid atmosphere, are always more or less injurious to those who breathe them. For these reasons, many attempts have been made to contrive machines which should diminish the labor and inconvenience; some answer pretty well, others are altogether failures. In fact, a thoroughly serviceable and cheap washing-machine is a thing not yet invented, and if any of our readers can set their wits to work and contrive some suitable apparatus, we will undertake to publish an account of it. Meanwhile, we here give such particulars as are known on the subject, which may serve to inform those who are able to make washing-machines, and those who only wish to use them.

Fig. 1.

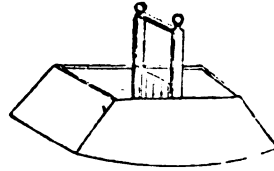


More of these machines have been invented in the United States than elsewhere. The simplest form is what is called a "washboard," which is well known to our readers.

Another washing apparatus is the *Dolly*, which is greatly used in the northern counties of England; it is shown in Fig. 1. By working it up and down, after the manner of a churn, the clothes are pounded and rubbed, and the dirt loosened, so that the labor of finishing them afterwards by hand is greatly diminished. In most cases, the *Dolly* or plunger is used without the crosspiece, and is worked about in the cask or tub among the clothes as may best suit the ability or inclination of those who use it. Some people employ a big heavy wooden pestle, and thump the linen until the worst of the dirt is driven out. In Scotland, it is not unusual to see women treading out the dirt from a tubful of clothes with their feet or beating them with a mallet upon a flat stone, at the edge of a river. A similar practice prevails in France and other countries.

The next cut, Fig. 2, represents a machine of a more complicated construction, but still simple enough for general use. It is a box, or tray, with a curved bottom, with a beater hung in the centre, moving on pivots, and worked by means of the two arms connected with the crosspiece at the top. The lower part of the beater is a frame of straight wooden bars, which, when pushed backwards and forwards, strikes against the clothes

Fig. 2.



placed on either side of it, and allows the water and soapsuds to pass through. The lower edge of this beater should be about one inch from the bottom of the tray, and the bottom is curved to suit the position of the beater at whatever angle it will be placed. It would of course be easy to fit two straight pieces under this bottom, to make it stand steady, if required.

Some machines are contrived to move two beaters by turning a handle, attached to a spindle, for producing an alternate backward and forward motion. One recently patented is described as "a chamber, or tub, with a narrow neck, in which a plunger is inserted, passing through the narrow neck, and, pressing forcibly on the water confined within, drives it violently through the body of the clothes, carrying the dirt with it." All these various attempts to produce a serviceable washing-machine only serve to show how much such an article is needed.

In some respects, washing by steam is the best and easiest method of washing clothes. It has been practised for many years in France, and with great success. The process is not difficult, and is thus described: "The clothes are first soaked in a lye of potash, and then hung in a large vessel kept full of steam by a pipe communicating with a boiler. This vessel for the clothes must be steam-tight, and, on a small scale, a large cask will answer. After remaining a certain time in the steam, generally half an hour, the dirt becomes loosened, and little labor in a subsequent washing is sufficient to remove it by washing with soap. The saving of fuel and labor is thus very great, and the linen is rendered extremely white."

The authority here quoted states that "blankets are washed by these means in Paris for a farthing a pair, and that the method has been tried in London with perfect success. It will, however, only answer for white articles, for the action of the steam is so powerful as to discharge the color of dyed things. It is likewise necessary to observe that the linen should be suspended in the steam-vessel in such a manner that it shall not come into contact with the suds that drain from it, which, in this case, would produce a bad color, difficult to wash out. Also, it is essential that no part of the apparatus be made of iron, or the linen will be rusted by coming into contact with it. A large copper tea-kettle will produce steam enough for a moderate washing, and, to fill with steam the vessel in which the clothes are put, it is necessary to leave an aperture open at first, by which the common air may be driven out as the steam enters, and which should be shut as soon as the vessel is full of steam; for it is to be observed that the vessel cannot be filled with steam while at the same time it remains full of air; the

latter must be driven out that the steam may occupy the place."

The wringing of clothes is a very laborious operation where there is much of it to be done, and there are several contrivances for the diminishing of this labor: in bleaching, dyeing, and some other establishments, they are employed on a very large scale. The simplest way is to have a short wooden bar firmly fixed upright, over which the article may be looped and wrung with both hands; another way is to have a long stout canvas bag in which the things are placed, and this is twisted by being attached to a hook at one end of a bench, while the other is held in a clamp made to move round and round by means of four arms or levers placed crosswise. Another method is that which was shown some time ago at the Polytechnic Institute in London, which may be roughly described as a box about three feet long and one foot square, hung on pivots, and made to rotate in the direction of its length with extreme velocity by means of a winch. The ends of the box consisted of a few wires crossing each other at right angles. Thick pieces of a blanket being put in thoroughly soaked and without wringing the box was made to whirl, the water flew off through the open ends, and in less than a minute the thick woollen substance was so dry that very little airing would be necessary afterwards.

It must always be remembered that much of the success of washing depends on the proper preparation of the lye or liquor. The following is a good preparation: "Put common pearlash in a stone jar, with five or six time its weight of water; let it stand till it is quite dissolved, and add as much weight of fresh slaked lime as that of the pearlash; stir this mixture frequently for several days, and let it stand to settle; then pour off the clear liquor and keep it in a stone bottle well corked. A small quantity of this caustic solution will be more effective than soap for particular purposes; and it is to be observed that alkali may be employed without danger to some articles that would be too strong for the washer-woman's hands."

### "A LITTLE LEARNING."

Everybody is familiar with the hackneyed saying of Pope, "A little learning is a dangerous thing." Though it is sometimes misinterpreted by persons whom it frightens from small acquisitions of knowledge, (for it is only the economist of pennies and small items of knowledge, and not he who despises petty gains, that will be rich either in wisdom or worldly goods,) yet, properly understood, there is sterling sense in the aphorism. One of the happiest illustrations we have seen of the truth it contains, is given in "Guesses at Truth," a charming English book which has never, we believe, been republished in this country. "If you pull up your wisdom a little," says the author, "it is far likelier to give you cold, or rheumatism, or stiff neck, than if you throw it wide open; and the chance of any ill consequence becomes still less if you go out into the open air, and let it act upon you equally from every side. Is it not just the same with knowledge? Do not those who are exposed to a

draught of it, blowing on them through a crevice, usually grow stiff-necked? When you open the windows of your mind, therefore, open them as widely as you can; open them, and let the soul send forth its messengers to explore the state of the earth."

Here we have the secret of all one-sidedness, bigotry, and over-attachment to *isms*, in a nutshell. The best, the only way to escape the mischiefs which ensue from teaching men a little, is to teach them more. As Macaulay says of liberty, the only remedy for the evils of knowledge, is—*knowledge*. Knowledge is, in short, the true spear of Achilles; only itself can heal the wounds it has made.—*Yankee Blade*.

### RUMSELLER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS—Having just opened a commodious shop for the sale of "Liquid Fire," I take this early opportunity of informing you that, on Saturday next, I shall commence the business of making drunkards, paupers, and beggars, for the sober, industrious and respectable portion of community to support.

I shall deal in "familiar spirits," which will excite men to deeds of riot, robbery, and blood; and by so doing, diminish the comforts, augment the expenses, and endanger the welfare of the community.

I will undertake, at short notice, for a small sum, and with the greatest expedition, to prepare victims for the asylum, the poor houses, the prisons, and the gallows.

I will furnish an article that will increase the amount of fatal accidents, multiply the number of distressing diseases, and render those which are harmless, incurable.

I will deal in drugs which will deprive some of life, some of reason, most of property, and all of peace, which will cause fathers to be fiends: wives, widows: children, orphans, and all mendicants.

I will cause the rising generation to grow up in ignorance, and prove a burden and a nuisance to the nation.

I will cause mothers to forget their suckling infants; virgins their priceless innocence.

I will corrupt the ministers of religion, obstruct the progress of the Gospel, defile the purity of the church, and cause temporal, spiritual and eternal death; and if any should be so impertinent as to ask why I have the audacity to bring such accumulated misery upon a comparatively happy people, my honest reply is—Money.

The spirit trade is lucrative, and some professing Christians give it cheerful countenance.

I have license, and if I do not bring these evils upon you, somebody else will.

I live in a land of liberty.

I have purchased the right to demolish the character, destroy the health, shorten the lives and ruin the souls of those who choose to honor me with their custom.

I pledge myself to do all I have herein promised. Those who wish any of the evils above specified, brought upon themselves or their dearest friends, are requested to meet me at my bar, where I will, for a few cents, furnish them with the certain means of doing so.

## JOHN POUNDS AND HIS RAGGED SCHOOL.

*See Engraving.*

John Pounds was the son of a poor man in Portsmouth, England. When he was twelve years old, he was apprenticed to a shipwright, with whom he worked three years. At the end of that time, he met with a very serious accident, which made him lame for life.

When he was able to work again, he tried to learn the shoemaker's trade, and succeeded so well that he was able to support himself by mending shoes, though he did not often try to make them.

He never married, but lived by himself in a very small house, one little room in which he used as a workshop.

John Pounds had a brother, who went to sea. This brother had a large family of children. One of them was a feeble little boy, whose feet overlapped each other, and turned inward. This deformity John Pounds very ingeniously contrived to cure, with such simple means as were within his reach.

As John Pounds' lameness prevented his sharing in out-of-door sports, he amused himself at home with singing birds, parrots, cats, and guinea-pigs, which he so trained that they played about the room together in perfect friendship. Sometimes, while he was at work, a cat would perch on one of his shoulders, and a canary bird on the other.

When his little nephew was about five years old, he began to teach him his letters. Thinking he would learn better if he had a companion, he found a poor child, whose mother went about selling puddings. While she was away, the little boy was left in the street, with nothing to shelter him from the cold. How glad and happy he must have been, when poor John Pounds took him into his little workshop, to teach him to read!

The good man soon found that it made him very happy to teach these little ignorant children, and he kept adding one and another to the number till at length he had forty little boys and girls coming every day to his bandbox of a room—for it was only six feet wide and eighteen long—to be taught.

It is not to be supposed that he was very learned himself. He had been obliged to work for his daily bread, all his life, so that he could have had few opportunities for learning anything from books. But he knew how to read and write, and had some knowledge of arithmetic, and all that he knew he gladly taught his little charge.

All the children in Mr. Pounds' school were very poor. He used to go into the most obscure parts of the city, and when he saw a child more dirty, and ragged, and apparently destitute, than his companions, he would persuade him to come to school by offering, as a bribe, a roasted potato.

His school-room was so small that he made his pupils take turns, when the weather was pleasant, to sit outside the door, for the benefit of the fresh air.

His mode of teaching was rather peculiar. He would ask the little one to tell him the names of the different parts of their bodies, and their uses. Then he would teach them to spell these names.

He taught them to read from old handbills and the remains of old school-books. Slates and pencils were the only implements for writing.

He taught many of the boys to cook their own food, and mend their own shoes; sent them to Sunday-schools, and, with the aid of friends, procured some clothing, which he allowed them to put on at his house on Sunday morning, and restore to him in the evening.

He made the playthings for his little flock, and directed their sports. When they were ill, he was both doctor and nurse, and if any case required more skill than he possessed, he obtained assistance from others.

Hundreds of persons have been indebted to him for all the schooling they ever had, while he, at the same time, was laboring diligently upon his shoemaker's bench for his daily bread. He never received any compensation for teaching besides the satisfaction arising from doing good. Some of his scholars were so poor that they have frequently been saved from starvation by obtaining a portion of his humble food.

His good deeds were not confined to his pupils. On Christmas Eve he always carried to a female relative the materials for a large plum pudding, to be distributed among the children. He died very suddenly in consequence of the rupture of a blood-vessel. His scholars were overwhelmed with grief at his loss. They all loved him very much.

How much less of sin and misery would there be in the world, if every one would try as earnestly to do all the good in his power, as poor John Pounds did. Look around you, and see if there is not some one whom each of you can make wiser, and better, and happier. You may not be able to benefit so many as the man did of whom I have been telling you, but each one can do something. Will you try?

## YOUNG ELLA.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

She's but a dainty blossom,  
By May winds kissed apart,  
With a blush upon the petals,  
And a dew-drop at the heart.

When the storm-wind comes to try her,  
Will she feebly bow her head,  
While her faded leaves drop sighing  
To the chilly garden bed?

Or will a brave, high spirit  
From the quivering dew-drop spring?  
Love warm the rose-tint crimson?  
Faith spread each leaf a wing?

God make her true and earnest!  
God make her firm and strong!  
So, ere she join the angels,  
Her heart shall sing their song!

*Home Journal.*

## PATIENCE WORTHINGTON

AND  
HER GRAND-CHILDREN.BY MRS. MARY A DENISON,  
AUTHOR OF "BETTY AND NELL," "HOME PICTURES," ETC.

[Concluded from page 280.]

## CHAPTER IX.

## CRAB COTTAGE.

Ernest, as we shall continue to call him in our narrative, had carried his farming implements to the comfortable barn—far pleasanter than his home—where he passed much of his time, and placed them carefully away. He stopped not to lounge and dream upon the fragrant hay, as was his wont, but slipped about on the seedy floor, falling more than once in his eagerness to hurry into the house.

"To be a minister," he reiterated to himself; "a fine thing it will be to be a minister."

Uncle Sile's Crab-kitchen was by no means a delightful retreat; to eyes polite it was squallid and cheerless. There was no woman, with her critical eye and neat hand, to give it the air that makes the humblest home enticing. The great room was as much a museum for odds and ends and curiosities, as it was a sleeping or dining-room for uncle and uncle Sile's nephew.

In one corner, the accumulation of years, in the shape of worn and wrinkled leather of all shapes and no shape, presented an imposing array of neglected soles. The floor was grained with dirt, the operation having been unconsciously performed by careless feet, during a period of six or seven years. A broken plow leaned against the wall, upon which Silas, senior, was exercising his ingenuity. Above that, two uncouth and broken guns, mournfully locking arms, stood like grim sentries, who, though discharged from the war, have not forgotten their ancient occupation.

A stranger was always expected to notice the guns, and uncle Sile would say, question or no question—

"Them ther guns, sir, has killed more than one bloody Injun—them ther guns has been through the Revolutionary war, and fit well for our independence."

Bags of grain, ready for the mill, laid or leaned in all directions. An odd plume, black with dirt, nodded from one of the four posts of the old bedstead (the bed itself, be it told to uncle Sile's credit, was shaken and aired every day) which stood behind the door. Branching over that, three formidable antlers hung, brown with age. A rusty sword, that Silas declared, with reverential look and manner, had been in the old "general's" hands (Washington's) was strapped near the ceiling; a few dried squashes kept it company. Strings of onions and necklaces of red peppers, a rusty pair of scales, paper bunches, twisted and hung together; a few broken chairs, a great sea-chest, a black round table, in front of the fire-place, some few cooking utensils—these formed the whole garniture of this miserable lodging room in Crab Cottage.

Poor Ernest! not a book—not a solitary shelf,  
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with a newspaper or old almanac ensconced snugly. Poor child! where did thy longings for immortal food originate? What was their aliment?

Crab Cottage, ancient and time-honored as well as time-battered, was heaped with broken, useless furniture. Thriftless in everything but business, the old man, as soon as any article was damaged, threw it by to mould. The rain in every storm poured in through many crevices, and over the uneven floor—so there was a continual mildew issuing from the damp and rotten boards.

In the upper chamber, a wide, dreary-looking apartment, with huge, discolored beams interlaced over the ceiling, and queer corner cupboards hanging loosely against their support, some things of value were stored, apparently as mementoes of olden time. A little hand spinning-wheel stood in the centre, dust-covered and forsaken. On a large nail hung a square of very fine patch-work, dimly visible through diverse cobwebs filled with families of industrious spiders.

These, with a discolored straw bonnet, and several stained, moth-eaten books and broken playthings, had belonged to old Sile's once beautiful sister—who was, next to Patience Worthington, the belle of the village—the singing, light-hearted, black-eyed Susy Withers. Her brother idolised her; she was the beloved of all the poor—the most beautiful warbler for miles around—an ingenious creature and thoroughly happy till sorrow made her its prey—was the ill-fated mother of little Ernest. When she had married, against her brother's will, a handsome, reckless fellow, unworthy the name of man, much less the holy title of husband, everything, as the neighbors expressed it, "went to rack and ruin." Silas then vowed a vow that, so help him a holy name, his sister never should behold his face again—never enter the old house alive—and very nearly did he fulfil it.

It is no wonder that Crab Cottage was a "bug-bear" to the children of the village, or an "eyesore" to the taste of the better classes, who were of the opinion that the old place ought long ago to have been pulled down. The plan of a new house was already in uncle Sile's possession, the ground laid out and staked, but folks said they supposed the stingy old farmer was waiting till the rats pulled Crab Cottage about his ears, to save him the trouble.

We left young Ernest breathlessly moving towards the house. His heart bumped against his ragged jacket; his cheeks were almost scalding hot, yet not an iota did he falter from his high purpose. A strange odor issued from the kitchen, and a by no means elegant tableaux met his sight. His uncle, kneeling on the brick hearth, was frying a fish, that he had caught that afternoon, for supper.

A mess of salt on a shingle laid at his right hand; at his left stood an earthen dish ready to receive the savory mess.

The firelight glowed intensely red through the gloom of the apartment, revealing the dingy little table, meagrely set, and the puffs of smoke that now and then whiffed out of the wide chim-



ney and sailed lazily on the warm air to the open window.

The old man's face was moist, and he often passed one hand across his dripping forehead, as he steadied the frying-pan with the other.

He was in a sort of pleasant reverie, for the occupation was not uncongenial; as he often said in his more happy moments, he believed he was a born cook—yet how little of real cooking comfort the poor creature knew.

As Ernest came in, he was required to light a candle, and then to turn the sissing water, bubbling up from the kettle-spout upon the tea; so that, with one thing and another, he was kept busy till they both sat down together. But the child could eat nothing; that eager thought, that contemplation that involved the risk of a tremendous passion, and a great deal of uncertainty, also, filled him so completely that he wanted nothing—he loathed his food.

His uncle looked at him, and bent his heavy, black eyebrows together.

"How is it, youngster—appetite gone? What have you been eating that's made you dainty? Lay hold—eat some of that fish, or I'll eat it all myself."

Ernest shook his head.

"What does all this mean?" growled the old farmer. "Thunder and lightning! up from the table, sir obstinate. If the food I give you ain't good enough, you shan't have any. You've been up to aunt Patience's cupboard, I reckon, and you're dainty, eh? All I've got to say is, don't begin to play the gentleman too soon, my boy. If—I—see—a—spark—of—your—father—in—ye," he enunciated slowly, "I'll disown ye; so look to it."

To tell the truth, he was angry that the boy should grow so slender and delicate; he had been better pleased with coarse, brute strength.

Poor Ernest! all his self-possession vanished, a rankling wound was probed at mention of his father's name.

"It's cause I ain't hungry," exclaimed the unfortunate child, stammering and bursting into tears.

"And what's made ye lose your appetite? I ask agin; what's the matter of ye?" A little pity was mixed with his query.

"'Cause, 'cause," said the frightened boy, "I—I want to go to school, and—and—be a—minister."

Old Silas pushed his plate back, and struck the table so violently that it set all the dishes ringing.

The wretched youngster looked askance through his tears as if he expected annihilation, and was prepared for it.

"A minister!" ejaculated the old man, sneeringly, slapping his arms together as he folded them across his brawny breast; "what, in the name of hail, thunder and lightning, put that are idee into your head, you little puppy? A minister," he continued, in measured accents of contempt, "why, you can't kick over a rock in the road without finding a minister under it. Humph! a m-i-n-i-s-t-e-r."

Suddenly ceasing, he resumed his knife and fork, and, with angry gestures, clattered them

about his plate, still muttering, while the heart-broken boy, completely silenced, drew his cuffs rapidly, one after the other, across his eyes, and strove to keep his strong sobs pent up.

"Come, are ye going to eat or not?" The old man had finished his now unsavory repast.

"I—don't want—nothing," sobbed the boy.

"Then up with ye. Have done sniffing and clear off the table;" and he stalked away, exclaiming, rapidly, "Ministers! a graceless set, a parcel of fanatic humbugs—I'd drill 'em, I'd march 'em—a pack of impostures—humph—blame! I'd serve 'em pretty quick—it wouldn't take old Sile Withers but a mighty short time to unlatch that great gate, the biggest gate of the infernal regions, and poke 'em in, all of 'em, head foremost. They'd stew—I reckon. Look here boy," he turned savagely round, "are you a fool—say, are you a fool, I ask?"

"I—I 'spose so," said the boy, trembling, he had never seen his uncle so angry before.

"'Spose so—well I *knew* so—mind you, hereafter, tend to your own business; grow up a respectable farmer, and make a *man*—but if I hear you talking agin about ministers, it won't be safe for that head of your'n any way; so mind. I've got you now, I'll train you. Blame the professions! your delectable father, who murdered by inches the prettiest, aye, and the best girl that the sun ever shone upon, was a l-a-w-y-e-r, a nice young man with a green bag and an empty brain."

Nothing can express the malignant sarcasm that cut through every word of this speech. Ernest, really frightened, stopped sobbing, and in his blindness, for the tears would force themselves forward and blur his sight, he knocked three or four of the dishes off from the table. Seeming not to mind his awkwardness, the old man lighted his pipe, and after using some few expressions not very delicately indicative of his disgust for the professions, he sat down by the open window—but it was not the full, glorious moon, brightening up all the beautiful meadows, and throwing a rim of light like a crown upon the sharp points of the forest spears, poised by countless thousands towards the heavens, that the farmer saw; his soul was filled with tobacco-smoke and his nephew's strange idea.

There came a gentle tap at the door just as the boy had set the table back—for he had a crude idea of order;—the old man wondered who in "the blasted creation that could be," and, was so taken by surprise when Ernest ushered in Mr. Farrell, that he held his pipe out of the window, bowl downward, and stared at the minister without asking after his health.

"I am glad to see you, neighbor," said the pastor, in a brisk tone, far different from that he usually assumed. By this time the old farmer had arisen and offered the good man his own seat.

Young Ernest crawled into a corner, for not certain but his uncle, who fostered such a hatred to the professions, intended knocking the minister down; but pastor Farrell had an insinuating manner when he was pleased to display it, and in a few moments had so diverted the farmer's mind by allusion to crops and haying, marketing,

and various other subjects closely connected with husbandry, that the farmer was quite disarmed, and really appeared pleased with his visitor. The evening wore away and uncle Sile Crab had talked to his heart's content; unfolded his views about harvesting, explained the superior merits of a haying machine then considered a great invention; and the boy in the corner might have deemed himself forgotten. But he was not—every few moments the good minister cast a side-long glance to satisfy himself that the eager eyes were still wide open and bright, peering out from the corner, and at last as if by accident his name was mentioned.

"I saw your nephew, I believe, when I entered," he said, carelessly.

"Yes, the boy is here somewhere. Sile, show yourself;" and Ernest came forward with a slow, doubtful step.

"I have been pleased with his steady attention to his business," said the good man; "I should not wonder if he made a fine farmer yet."

"Yes, yes; that's what I want," nodded his uncle. "The child has got some queer notions in his head, but on the whole, I think I can beat the thing into him. If anybody can show him the kinks and wrinkles of farming, I think it's old Sile Withers."

"You must do your uncle credit," continued the minister, taking Ernest's slender hand, which was icy cold from excessive excitement: "you must make a good scholar"—here the old man's brow blackened, "and a capital farmer. An educated farmer to my mind, comes nearest to God's noblemen; and what is there that a farmer might not learn?"

"I suppose you read pretty well by this time, my son?"

Ernest blushed and shook his head.

"What! you go to school, my son, don't you? We have an excellent school here."

Still he shook his head; his heart was full of bursting; he dared not weep again.

Farmer Withers grew fidgety.

"I'll tell you what, parson!" he exclaimed, his temper evidently rising, "that boy is not going to have his head filled chock up with book learning; nateral common sense—he may thank the Lord if he's got that—is all he needs, and blame it if ain't all he shall have. It may be good for your class and so on, but Sile Withers never had it, and he's got along pretty considerable without it; about as good as some folks he knows on with a power. Parson, I say it; and I'll stick to it; there ain't no good in eddication' a farmer."

Looking at the leathery but expanded brow of the old man, a very dome of intellect, the minister could hardly forbear a sigh at the contemplation of unawakened power lying dormant, that might have rendered that old farmer a very giant in mind: that would have exalted him a lord, among his fellows; revered, appealed to—pointed at as a model worthy the imitation of all classes in the community. A lover of education; a staunch advocate for universal knowledge. How might his hoarded gold have passed from hand to hand, giving joy and gladness to the poor, not only for the bestowment of temporal mercies, but the greater blessings, the incalculable

wealth of a rightly-controlled and well-furnished mind.

All this he thought, nor was he silent as he thought. With his most persuasive manner, he pointed out these advantages, and after a hard battle of words, so far softened the old man's prejudices, that he would listen with some degree of calmness; but still he doggedly persisted in saying:

"Sile shan't go to school, no how; I've made up my mind to it; I've vowed to it, and old Sile Withers ain't the man to break his word. I'll risk but the boy will be a decent boy enough without book larning."

But the minister persisted. The gloomier the prospect the harder he fought, and at last the old man doggedly consented that Sile should go twice a week to the minister's own house, and at least learn to read and keep accounts.

How his head beat, poor little fellow. "If I can but get to read," he said again and again, "I'll learn everything."

Old Sile was uneasy after his visitor had gone.

"He soddored it over me with soft words, blame it!" he muttered. "What'n hail and thunder did he want to come here for, to-night?"

Ernest hardly dared breathe until he was snugly encoined in his bed: there he rapturously dreamed delightful waking dreams, and in the morning remembered that in his sleep his mother had come to him, looking very sweet and happy; and told him to persevere, for golden honors were awaiting him in the future.

## CHAPTER X.

### LANNY WITHERS, THE LITTLE OLD MAID.

The cousins were growing up pre-eminently lovely, though they still displayed in their strongest light the traits inherent in each peculiarly marked character. Mary was thirteen—not quite so beautiful as her childhood had promised, yet the eyes were uncommonly soft and pensive, the complexion fine and delicate, the hair abundant, glossy and curling. Beatrice, the glory of her grand-mother, had not lost that grand cast of countenance that compelled the beholder to admire with respectful awe, and which would have been called most royal in a queen.

She was an ambitious creature, full of projects, and always prophesying some grand event in the future, which was to make or to mar her fortune, and she was passively encouraged by her sombre but haughty relative.

And Patience had not much altered. Her form would not bend to time, so he revenged himself by turning every grey lock to silver white. This did not deteriorate from, but only changed the character of her stern beauty: for even in some old persons that divine element shines conspicuous through all the assailings of sorrow, just as the hoary tower shows its mouldings through the defacing dust of the destroyer. She was very quietly happy, as long as she had these two light-hearted beings to dance about her path, and make the ancient homestead ring again with their happy voices. Many a group gathered silently beneath the clustering elms on

the green to listen of dewy summer evenings, to their united voices. Beatrice's guardian had sent a piano forte and a harp from London, and the cousins were taught to play on both; Mary was the best singer. As her disposition was sunny, and her heart tender, so was her voice melodious, transparent; a warbling, bird-voice, such as leaves the listener in almost breathless admiration, and rings again on the delicate harp of his ear, long after it has floated into silence. Beatrice had not such exquisite softness, her tones were low, full, but a little harsh; with careful training she might have made an effective artist—Mary was finished from the first, and scarcely needed a teacher save nature.

And where is Ernest, the strange child, whom everybody called handsome, although he was tall and wiry in frame, and his cheek had never gained one rose-tints from the beautiful genius of health?

Still with his uncle, "old Sile," whose moroseness yet clung to him as a wet garment; still a farmer—in nothing but the name. The old man man had gradually given way to him, and at last allowed him to follow the plough just as his inclination prompted, though ever so slight an allusion to the professions brought on a burst of passionate invective.

Several hours during the day the young lad, now fifteen, sat with the minister in his study. A cozy little place was that study, that looked sunshiny almost in the gloomiest days. Good taste was one of the minister's happiest qualifications: and he indulged it judiciously; his room was not very large, was located towards the south, and filled with dark, yet not sombre-looking furniture. On the floor was a bright, crimson carpet, variegated with small white stars, of so lively an expression, that they looked always ready to spring up and whirl about in the maze of dances. Soft, red curtains were looped from the top of the windows; their fringes laid along the deep, wide embrasures below. A chintz-covered sofa, stuffed with down, occupied almost an entire side of the room; this, with its square pillows, was suggestive of quiet naps, or the mood meditative in which the good old pastor composed those long, but not often uninteresting sermons for which he was famous.

The greatest treasure and delight to the eyes of young Ernest, amid all this comfort and convenience, was the library. O! the dreamy pleasure of lifting his glance from that sober volume in his hand, to those untold riches, under thick clasps and board covers, into whose labyrinths he had not yet turned the steps of his thought.

O! the intense satisfaction which no one knows but the eager student, of laying by the choicest volume yet, to commence to-morrow; oh! the eager upspringing of the mind to embrace new and important truths, or the disposition to sit down quietly, and let imagination build her airy temples, and sculpture throngs of beautiful fancies, that, like the graces, blend lovingly together, though each has its distinct individuality of form and feature.

All these the poet-boy felt. He had almost lost his inclination to become a minister. Perhaps the somewhat prosy life of the good pastor in his

contracted sphere disposed him to its distaste. With regard to his future career, the minister himself said little; but thought, "there is time enough to decide."

He had twined his heart around that of the boy; he had found something to love. The wide opening eyes that gathered soul from day to day, under the droppings of his intellectual sanctuary, had become necessary to his happiness; and as sure as Ernest did not come round for his lesson, the good man would take his cane and jog on towards Crab Cottage. There his pupil had ingeniously fitted up the best room in the crazy habitation, arranged the broken furniture and mended it—it had mostly been his mother's—obtained glass and reformed the windows, brought down the poor, neglected little spinning-wheel, and the almost holy relics that had been hallowed by her fingers; so there he would sit and imagine the presence of his mother was about him, and there on that battered old desk, and within, laid scraps of paper covered with burning thoughts.

Happy boy! the way he came to know his possession of this Heaven-sent gift, was as I shall presently tell.

One day he was ploughing in his uncle's field, the night previous he had dreamed an exceedingly beautiful dream, and his heart was full of that feeling he had described to little Mary, that came up to his very shoulders as if it would go through. He had been some time a pupil of the pastor's, and could write to'erably, and he never left the house without a pencil in his pocket and a book hidden under his jacket. On this particular morning the fields and the soft blue sky, the sunshine fleeting over the hills and creeping to the very depths of the river beyond Crab Cottage, all seemed to ejaculate the old, old strain, "Say something; say something."

At last Ernest stopped his oxen, and leaning against old Bute, wrote on the fly-leaf of the little book his first offering to the muses. Not that he was so ambitious as to call it by this title! no; though his eyes sparkled, and his lips repeated again and again the euphonious scrawls, and his heart swelled and beat as it never did before, and the whole earth—at least all that bounded his vision—appeared like one great sparkling gem, that shone especially for him, he scarcely knew yet what it was that had leaped so impulsively from his heart to his finger tips, and from thence to the yellow-covered leaf before him.

His uncle knew little of all this, and cared less. That the boy was going to ruin he often said and tried to think; but the innocence and truth in his face, his gentle manners, and the thousand little things he contrived for his comfort, insensibly drew his heart towards his sister's child; and though he had seen him going directly in the bye and forbidden paths of literature, he would not have cared the less for his temporal welfare: for he considered the promise made to his dying sister as sacred as the word of God, with regard to its fulfilment.

Minister Farrell had also gradually acquired great influence over him; the manners of the old man were improved by his clerical visits, and a new air of neatness reigned through the habitable part of Crab Cottage.

An ancient cousin having been thrown into poverty by the stopping of her pension, she applied to Sile for relief, and he had offered her a home in his own delectable habitation. "For," said he, "old Sile Withers is not the man to see any of his blood suffer, blast it."

So the easy, good-natured, for ever-laughing Lanny Withers, came to set up a little household sun on her own private account in the forsaken old mansion.

Great was the holy horror, high the uplifting of hands, voluble the tongue, clipping its savage speeches short in the middle with a little, happy laugh, that like a favorite child, would make itself heard on all occasions; I say great was the astonishment, take it all in all, of Lanny at the condition of the general accommodation and sleeping room, 'yclept the kitchen. A dubious sort of praise her ancient cousin endured—in his absence—and many a day after, did the smart little woman revel in soap-suds and brooms, for in her own language, "she could swallow every thing but dirt, and that she *wouldn't* swallow if she was the king's wife."

Ernest remembered this furious cleaning week a long time afterward, for Lanny kept him at it, bringing water from the well, carrying old dusty packages, and helping lift heavy furniture, and the great sea-chest, that was enough to task the strength of two men. But tired as he was, he would have worked till dooms-day for her; the sight of her pretty round face, though by no means young—and the happy tones of her voice, above all the pleasant, motherly sort of a way in which she addressed him, made him love her quite devotedly at first sight. The house had now lost all its gloom to him; the kitchen grew marvelously beautiful, and he could look from the window at the calm loveliness of the landscape without, and not feel every delicate thought jarred into confusion by the discord of dirt and disorder.

When old Sile came home the first evening from a city jaunt, where he had been marketing, he stood bolt upright on the threshold.

"Blast!" was the only defiant expression that issued from his lips in his paralysis of astonishment. The kitchen was no longer Ciab-kitchen, but Lanny Withers' kitchen. The chest was no longer a chest, but a table covered with a nice fragment of linen cloth.

The broken chairs, where were they? gone, for ever gone; and the old hair-cloth sofa of "t'other room memory," dexterously managed, so that its defects might be hidden, stood up by the fireplace. The squares and circles and other geometrical lines that had ornamented the parti-colored boards, had yielded to the new science of the scrubbing brush, and something of their original color seemed to look that ancient and beautiful blessing, "For this and for other mercies, let us give thanks."

Lanny herself was just rising from the shining red hearth, which by the way she had ornamented with a nice rug, made out of patches found in sundry places. In her hand was the tea-pot, little and old-fashioned, but every whit as good as silver, except in the material; how it shone as she placed it on the table—the genuine tea-table,

with a clean cloth, and whole dishes, for which Lanny had hunted the house through.

The frown relaxed on the wide, brown forehead, as his cousin turned towards him. Her toil had made her round cheeks rosy red, and the fire-light gave a sparkle to her black eye.

A sudden dimness came over old Sile's vision; Lanny made him think of his sister. A something at supper-time he noticed too, about the boy; not that his face was clean and his hair combed out of curl as much as it could get out of curl. Ernest was always neat about his hands, face and head; true genius can seldom abide personal uncleanliness. The river runs its way through banks of mud and slime, but scoop up the water and behold how clear are the brilliant drops, that drip from your palm.

There was something else, but he could not tell what. The truth is, he missed the white spots on Ernest's shoulders, and in sundry other places. Lanny had mended him all up, and the poor boy felt now that he should not be ashamed to take vegetables over to Mrs. Worthington's, nor too bashful to speak to those fine young ladies, her grand-children.

At the supper, old Sile was quite silent; Lanny could have talked, for like most very active people, talking was more than meat and drink to her; but she was abashed at the gloom on the old farmer's brow. The good creature had unwittingly placed a little tankard on the table that she had found among the rubbish up-stairs; the sight of it had brought back the images of all the dead, and the memory of all the past, and crowded them into the old man's heart.

The tankard was of a pretty make, fashioned about with a wreath of embossed flowers, and on a scroll plainly discernible, were the words, "To my dear children." Underneath was that choice gold of Bible commands, "Little children, love one another."

Lanny looked quite astonished as her cousin, on rising from the table, took the little tankard up, and handing it to Ernest, said in a voice somewhat tremulous, "Take that, Sile, and put it in the dark; remember, that ain't to be used."

And more astonished, yes, absolutely grieved was the good little soul on coming down in the morning, to find the old sofa missing, and sundry little improvements, in the expressive language of the man of type, "knocked into pi."

"I don't mind your washing up, and all that," he said, in a tone meant to be kindly, "but blame it if I'll have any of your genteel fixins in my place. I'm a rough old fellow, and new notions don't go down with me."

Not at all discouraged, the indefatigable Lanny went to work and renewed another room for herself. With the help of Ernest the windows were mended, and Lanny was in extacies one day, at finding a large roll of old-fashioned rag-carpeting stowed away under the beams.

With all the energy of her little body, she caught at the end and began unrolling it. But, oh! the mutability of human hopes, especially carpets; it crumbled in her fingers. Desperately she would catch at roll after roll, and quietly would roll after roll fall away and vanish faintly in red, blue and yellow mists of fragments, while

a young army of black-coated gentleman, cloth-cutters by profession, shining in ebony splendor, swarmed at her feet and ran wriggling up the stained rafters.

Glad enough was the little woman to escape from the must and dust into her quiet domicile below stairs. Not that her disappointment had affected her good-nature in the least; she sat down quietly for a moment with her hands clasped on her lap, taking a view of the premises. Her eye caught the smoking pail of suds.

"After all," she exclaimed, jumping up briskly, "a carpet ain't a floor by no means, for you can wash a floor and keep it decent and smelling sweet, and a carpet gits all sorts o' stuff atween the shreds, it ain't never clean; but a floor, you allays knows what to depend on."

So at it she went, singing and scrubbing, thinking of the carpet only to wonder why people were so foolish as to buy such *expensive* things, when good, clean, nice floors were so much wholesomer.

Thenceforth there was a tidy table and good food in the kitchen, although the old farmer had not foregone his cooking perquisites.

Up long before the sun, summer and winter, he always managed to get his own breakfast; that was a privilege he would not give up even to the tidiest of tidy housewives, his ancient cousin Lanny.

Thenceforth, too, the life of Ernest was very bright and beautiful to him. How pleasant it was in winter days and evenings, to sit in that delightfully clean room, that was really aristocratic in its neatness, and listen to Lanny's stories of old times—and she had scores of them—and with what an innocent reverence did the unsophisticated little woman give ear to Ernest's rude poetry, and declare with a peculiar intonation on the first syllable, that it was "beautiful, beautiful."

Old Sils Withers was sometimes induced to creep in on long winter evenings, and though a little ungraciously, he acknowledged it was pleasant to smoke a pipe there, and both Lanny and Ernest noticed that he dropped his objectionable phrases, and grew more gracious as these new associations gathered about him.

And so matters stood at the time that Ernest was in his sixteenth year.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE PRIDE OF PATIENCE WORTHINGTON AND BEATRICE.

"Is it not a sweet morning, Ernest?"

Mary stood with one hand on the window-sill, as the lad swung his basket to the floor, and began unpacking a nest of yellow squashes.

"Yes, it is," answered Ernest, lifting his basket, and straightening himself up. He gazed very confidingly in Mary's lovely face, and watched her as she carried the shining crock-necks one by one to the ample closet. The kitchen looked unwontedly cheerful; every case-ment was up; the sun had not ventured beyond the strip of straw-carpeting under the east window, and the half-curtains, agitated by a gentle breeze, kept moving in and out, with a tremulous

motion: it was really the most graceful sight—or would have been, were Mary not there.

"You are studying Latin, Mr. Farrell tells us," said the pretty girl, coming quite up to Ernest, and leaning one white arm upon the table; "how do you like it?"

"O! I like everything," Ernest half smiled; "at least everything that is study; I was afraid at first I should never have patience, but as I see into it, it grows so interesting that I wouldn't leave it off for almost any money; but, Mary, what makes you look so pretty to-day?"

"Do I?" asked the girl, pressing her hands with a puzzled smile over her fair locks—"why! I don't know, without it's because I've been at work all the morning."

"Does Beatrice never work?"

Mary opened her eyes wide at this question—"Beatrice, why! she has no need to work, you know; besides, she is busy all the time; you should see what she has done; four of the most beautiful pictures, and everything so natural and life-like. Then she has a passion for reading, and acquires languages, you can't think how fast; her masters, some of them, say she will out-strip them. She can already read in French and German, and she is going soon to begin a fancy piece and put you and I in; you a shepherd, I a shepherdess. I never saw any one that knew so much; and, oh! ain't she beautiful?"

Ernest blushed, for a voice spoke in his heart, and he had almost thought it reached Mary's ears—"no, she never was, and never can be so beautiful as you are—to me."

But Ernest was only a boy.

"Don't you know some of these things?" he asked.

"To be sure I can draw a little with crayons," she said, a flush tinging her cheek, "and I can read in French, but I don't care so much about it as she does; and I don't have masters, you know, as she always had—but there's one thing I do love, that is to play and sing—oh! yes, and another, I love dearly to read poetry—and after them, I dearly love to bake bread, and be house-keeper, it's so pleasant, you know, to put everything in order."

Delightful it was to stand there with the little fairy in a white apron so near him; he wished she would act as she used to, and take his hand while she talked with him. It was a strange whim for a boy; and because she just put her rosy fingers on his shoulder, and let them rest there a moment, as he stood on the step preparing to go, he was happy for a week. He knew not exactly why, but that portion of his jacket which she had touched, seemed quite set apart from the rest of his homely habiliments for ever after.

Mary was in truth a dear little housekeeper. She loved to buckle on her grandmother's shining keys, and flit round among earthenware, to bury her hands in heaps of flour, and beat eggs till the clear white froth danced upon the golden yolks; to set the table, and fold the lavender-scented clothes, as they came from the line. Her grandmother though still well and sprightly, gave up much of her household care to Mary, while

she sat and admired her beautiful, her peerless Beatrice.

Sometimes Beatrice would don a simple linen apron, and run down to assist her cousin, but it was not to her taste. She loved rather to sit in state in what she called her drawing-room, and guide the pencil, or give full rein to her imagination, always brilliant.

Her tastes were decidedly romantic; she loved the twilight, and at that hour had usually bright, fresh flowers twined in her black curls.

And then she would occupy her favorite seat, where the soft crimson fell all over her beautiful person in a rich, rosy halo. Even in her instincts she was artistic. At such times she looked indeed as she aspired to, like a queen. Passionately fond of flowers, she made them minister to her graces—and many a variety of Flora's gorgeous collection glowed in the garden all the summer season, and through winter in great pots and boxes were kept fresh and beautiful.

She was the wonder and admiration of the whole neighborhood. Tall of her age, her figure was just rounding into the symmetry of womanhood. Her arms and throat were the most harmonious outlines and fullness and whiteness of perfected beauty; but a certain imperious air, fostered by the consciousness of her station, as the ward of a wealthy man, gave her that bewildering manner that commands homage, forbids intimacy, inspires with respect.

She was but too well aware that she held the reins of a certain kind of power, dangerous to the possessor—though of the danger she knew not—she felt intently that she was to look down upon others, and they by a mysterious inequality were to be the subjects of her caprices; that is, if they had aught to do with her.

One night, when the moon was at its full, Beatrice and Mary were talking of their future, as young girls will do—shaping their career by the fleeting light that hope guarded in each young bosom.

"Something tells me that I am to be rich and honored," said Beatrice, leaning her head back against the window-sill, and gazing with troubled eyes at the moon; "what do you ever think about it, Mary?"

"O! if I can only find gentle hearts to love me, love me *dearly*," was the sweet reply, "I shall be contented anywhere. Give me books, my harp, and plenty to do, and

"There'll be nobody happier than I."

She burst out into a merry little song, and her clear tones floated away, falling on the ear of Ernest, who was just hurrying home from the pastor's.

To Beatrice these were vulgar tastes; she curled her lip, gathered her wealth of jolly ringlets in both her hands, and threw them carelessly again on her shoulders.

"It would be so delightful to be a princess," she exclaimed, with animation; "I wish there were lords and ladies in our country, as there are in Europe, and—"

"And you were the queen's daughter," added Mary, ceasing her humming, and beating time on the window seat.

"Yes," replied Beatrice, "lifting her haughty

head, "I could act the queen's daughter to perfection. Only think! to have crowds throng about you as you pass along the street in your gilded barouche, with your six or eight magnificent milk-white horses; to behold great men eager for the honor of bowing to one, and ready to die if they may but touch their lips to our hand," she said, with mock dignity, holding her pretty hand up to the light.

Ernest, who was just crossing by the elms, took it for a sign, and, going softly under the window, said—

"What is it?"

Beatrice and Mary both laughed, both thrust their heads out of the window, so that the faint gleam of the golden and sharp lustre of the ebony locks mingled together.

"Nobody called you," said Beatrice.

"I thought you waved for me," laughed the boy, under the window.

"She's a queen, and wants somebody to kiss her hand," Mary laughed back again.

"Yes, but it must be a king," shouted Beatrice, half derisively.

"Are you a queen, too, Mary?" asked Ernest, appearing not to notice what might be taken as a fling, though in reality he did.

"No, I'm a poor, little common woman, that likes only to—"

"No, she's a Cinderella," exclaimed Beatrice, again, mockingly, but laughing, and holding her hand over her cousin's mouth to prevent a reply.

"And maybe she'll marry the king's son, too, and be a queen after all. Cinderella did, didn't she, Mary?"

Beatrice did not relish the quietness of this turn. "Why do you always talk to Mary? why don't you talk to me?" she asked with a toss of the head. "I'm a year older than she is. I think you don't compliment my dignity much. The oldest ought to be served first. Take off your hat. Why, you impolite fellow!"

He pulled his cap off, and brushed the clinging hair lightly away. The moon fell on his white forehead, and added depth and lustre to his fine eyes as he looked upward.

"Where is Mary?" he asked, slyly, for the girl had drawn in her head; her cheeks grew scarlet, when Beatrice exclaimed—

"There it is! Mary, nothing but Mary, Mary; why don't you look out?" she continued to her cousin; "he only cares for you. Don't you feel highly honored by such *distinguished* notice?"

This was said in an under-tone, but it reached the quick ears of poor Ernest; his heart beat painfully, and, thrusting on his cap again, he said, curtly, "Good night," and almost ran from the spot.

"You have wounded his feelings, Beatrice; how could you?" murmured Mary, holding one hand against her quivering lip.

"I only said it for fun," answered Beatrice, seriously. "I had no idea he could hear me—but, after all, why should we care so much? He is nobody but old Crab's adopted child. I rather think he will bear it. If he don't, I can't help it—but—but I am only sorry if I have made you feel bad."



"He has such deep thoughts," answered Mary, still trying to steady her voice, "and if he is only Mr. Crab's adopted son, he may make a great man yet. We can't tell what is before us in our country, you know."

"And that's why I hate it. You don't know, when you marry a man, whether he was born a beggar or a gentleman. For my part, I mean to go to England and have a husband who is somebody."

Idle words are sometimes prophetic. Beatrice had not seen into the future, but she had uttered what she often thought of afterwards in brighter yet sadder days.

It was waning to the evening. With much persuasion, Ernest had been prevailed upon to sit for his portrait, only a week before the conversation that ended so unhappily had taken place. The boy had been deeply wounded—he sat up till midnight to throw off his indignant feelings in verse, for it seemed without that consolation his too proud spirit would break. To-day, Mary, alone, had been able to prevail over his strong resolution; for her sake he went.

A striking group they formed—Patience Worthington critically surveying the portrait, towards the subject of which she was studiously distant—Beatrice, with flowers on her bosom, and her delicate fingers tipped with the colors of her palette—and Mary, silent, almost serious, for her noble nature rebelled against the coldness of her grand-mother and cousin; she felt that Ernest was truly gentle, truly dignified, and, as she watched the play of his features that, at times, were deathly white, and sometimes darkening with a look of defiance, she longed to be anywhere rather than witness the humiliation forced upon him.

Beatrice was just finishing. She had originally intended to paint both Mary and Ernest in a cabinet picture, but eventually changed her mind. And for this branch of art she had really fine genius. The romance of her disposition forced her to give a bright tint to the most sombre subjects. Mary's picture, though true in all the essentials, was still flattered—she looked like an angel; and so Ernest was a model of boyish beauty. Beatrice had been unsparing in her fancy as well as indefatigable in her exertions. Hence Ernest, in himself, was a pale, handsome, studious-looking boy; in his picture, an Apollo, grace and nobility blended in the fine Grecian features.

Unwilling to make him her enemy, by her late thoughtless speech, Beatrice had exerted all her powers to please, or, rather, to fascinate him. She looked at him roguishly with her black eyes, now looped up her long tresses that her neck might be free, taking care to arrange them to the best advantage, then unpinning and allowing them to shower down in charming confusion upon her ivory shoulders. But Ernest looked on unmoved; the boy, with all his impulses fresh and warm, had no thought for this imperious beauty; he was uneasy in her presence, or if he allowed his thoughts to wander towards her, they were instantly filled with the image of Mary.

At last, it was finished; the two were laid side by side.

"Don't they look beautifully, together?" exclaimed Beatrice, in ecstasies.

Patience Worthington was troubled at this exclamation. A strange thought flitted through her mind; a shadow crossed her brow. She went hastily forward, and lifted that of Mary, as if to inspect it more closely; then turning to the table, with an impressive manner, she very carefully laid it down at some distance from, and above the other. It was a trifling act, but, like many more trifling, capable of a wide interpretation.

Mary saw it, and blushed painfully. Ernest saw it, and changed not, save to draw his form to its utmost height, and to press his lips together that he might keep the tears from starting; for, manly as he was, this had touched his feelings more than any other insult—it was so direct.

"Mercy on us, Ernest, you look as if you wanted to kill somebody," said Lanny that evening, refraining for once from her usual laugh.

He was in thought hurling thunderbolts at Patience Worthington and Beatrice; Lanny recalled him to himself; he smiled dubiously, and allowed the dear little old maid to rattle on, answering yes or no at random; fortunately some good genius kept him right, so that Lanny did not again mention his trouble.

"I wonder who was in the grand carriage this morning?" she said to Ernest, the following day, when he came from his chamber; he had been striving to calm himself by writing. "It went up to Worthington house and stopped there, and finally it came by again, with nobody in but the coachman."

Ernest could not think, but guessed it was some of the old lady's folks from the city. And so it was: Jared Worthington and his wife returned from Europe. They had been in the city several days, and wishing to give a pleasant surprise, had not made it known to their relatives.

Beatrice had just put the finishing touch on her heavy curls as the grand equipage drove up; Mary was listlessly striking the chords of her harp, but ceased at the sound of wheels. Both strangely enough surmised who it might be: no longer ago than the early, early morning, before the stars had quite paled out in the sky, they had laid awake and talked of the future; and the absent ones had been in their thoughts. They had said to each other, "how strange it would be if their friends should come upon them suddenly;" and now here they were.

Beatrice knew not whether to fly down or wait to be called; the delight and uncertainty gave a rich color to her cheeks, but before she knew it, she was on the stairs, in the entry, pleased and smiling, while Patience Worthington, out of surprise, condescended more from her dignity than she had ever done in her life before.

"Is this Beatrice?" and "is this Beatrice?" exclaimed both Jared and Mrs. Worthington, struck with admiration.

She came forward; Patience's own self could not have moved statelier; and as each caught an

outstretched hand, they looked meaningly at each other.

"My dear girl," exclaimed her foster mother, drawing her nearer and kissing her fair cheek, "you have really improved wonderfully: would you think this could be our *little Beatrice*?" turning to her husband.

"I am quite as much astonished as yourself," mechanically returned Mr. Worthington, thinking at that very moment how many thousand or tens of thousands it would be necessary for her husband, when she should win one, to bring as a sort of barter for her youth and extraordinary charms.

He had not come to a definite conclusion when they had all entered the parlor, and Beatrice, with one arm gracefully around Mary, came forward, saying, "Allow me to present my sweet cousin; I think you will find her as much or more improved than myself."

Again husband and wife exchanged a glance that seemed to say, "such dignity in one so young;" they both kissed the fair girl, remarked that her eyes and figure were very like her mother's, and then they sat down together.

Presently Beatrice must play for them, so she ran her white fingers over the keys, performing a simple and quaint melody; her quick insight of human nature had divined what would best please them. Jared turned to his sister; she was breathlessly looking at him, as if to command admiration for her idolized grand-child.

"That was father's favorite song," he said, nodding and keeping a little sort of time against his cane with three fingers of his right hand. "She does well, she does well;" he added in an under-tone. After that Mary played her harp and was warmly applauded; but the old people were exceedingly anxious to see and hear Beatrice. They examined her drawings, and bestowed lavish praise upon them; they listened while she read in several languages, but more than all, they were delighted with her beauty. The season was coming and she must be transported to flourish in a city home. Mary's heart was full while she listened as they detailed their various plans. Capricious as her cousin had been, she loved her warmly, devotedly; and it was hard to think that they must part—for it was not likely they would wish her to accompany her cousin to their delightful home.

They were not long in deciding that Beatrice must go immediately to the city. She was almost wild with joy, for the cunning maiden had heard her foster parents expatiate upon her appearance and count the parties they would give, as soon as she should be initiated sufficiently into the mysteries of fashionable life. In her brain a hundred panoramas were all set moving, but the one of chiefest delight was where she shone the most worshipped star among lights that were all brilliant, and where gorgeous throngs followed, and myriad hearts adored.

"My fortune is to be realized," she said one day as Mary and she sat in their pretty room: "this is something towards being a queen at any rate, and I shall carry matters with a high hand in that splendid home where I am going. I"—she turned at the sound of a slight gasp; Mary

was just folding her hands over her eyes, but more than one tear streamed down her pale cheeks.

"Do not mind me, Beatrice," she murmured, striving to steady her voice; "but I could not help the thought that hereafter we two, who have been so much together, whose thoughts and interests have almost been one, must meet only as friends; for in your new home there will be little to remind you of your humble cousin."

Impulsively, Beatrice threw her arms around her cousin's neck, and in tremulous tones assured her that her love would never, never be less than now. "I had forgotten," she continued, clasping Mary's hands in her's, and gazing in her eyes while moisture was gathering in her own, "that you were not to go with me; why Mary! I never shall be happy without you. And so soon, too—to-morrow, to-morrow! The reality comes over me; after all, who shall I find to love like you? I cannot go without you; I cannot live without you."

"O! yes you can," Mary replied, smiling through her grief, "you will have a thousand things around you to fill your head and partly take my place; it is poor me who is most to be pitied. I shall sit in this room, and remember just where you used to sit; at twilight I shall long to see you in your old place, with the flowers braided in your hair. When I wake up of nights, I shall feel about the pillow for your cheek, and in the morning I shall kneel alone at my prayers. In our walks, above all, dear Beatrice, in our walks, nobody's arm will twine about my waist, and nobody's voice echo to mine when I look upon the beautiful creatures of God in the sky and upon the earth—nobody."

She paused with heightened color: her heart had given one joyous leap, as a half-awakened thought came stealing in, that somebody might some time meet her in her lonely wanderings, and thrill her with those deep, passionate glances, while a voice, low and soft, would make the most common-place things sound like music to her ear.

Yet she did not any the less regret the loss of her companion.

All that afternoon the cousins spent together, exchanging *souvenirs* and vows of endless affection. Many tears attested to their sincerity. Never, never, never, even should seas part them, would Beatrice forget her more than sister; and Mary, though with fewer words, gave equal assurance of her tender friendship.

Late in the afternoon Beatrice went to say farewell to her pets. These were old Susan, the cow, three chickens, now well grown, rejoicing in the euphonious names of Luna, Celeste and Marigold; a family of the most delicate little pigs, except when cleanliness was concerned, and a young goat that Patience Worthington had recently purchased for her childhood's sake—for she had possessed almost such a one when very young.

Old Susan stood in the renovated barn, patiently waiting to be milked, and chewing her fresh meal of hay with a deliberate manner that seemed a compound of comfort and reverence. Her sleek sides glistened, and as she turned, with something that seemed like a toss, her brawny head, and rested her clear, calm eye upon her beautiful

visitors, her glance lingered on Beatrice, and she ceased the motion of her jaws, as if actuated by a half human intelligence.

"Muley," said Beatrice, in a tone of real tenderness, and laying her cheek close on her shoulder, "did you know I was going to leave you, Muley?"

The creature began flapping her tail from side to side, turned her head towards the crib, and stretching out her long neck, gave a soft low.

"She knows, she knows," exclaimed Beatrice, passing her hand again and again over the glistening coat, and fondling her with her white arms: then she took up handful after handful of the hay and held it to her mouth—and however much it was, the creature took it. "Maybe it's the last time I shall ever feed you, Muley," she said, with a sad earnestness, and as if assenting to the idea, Susan gave another and more melancholy low.

They left the barn and called the chickens, but the wilful pets would not come near enough to be caught.

"You must catch them and kiss them whenever you can, for me."

Mary laughed and promised that she would; "though, perhaps," she added, in her merry manner, "if you come here some day next winter, you may be able to show them a livelier attachment, by eating them."

Beatrice declared that she never could do that, neither would she eat the darling little pigs she had thought so much of; and between laughing and crying, after a visit to the goat, the young girls entered the house.

Here they found the Rev. Mr. Farrell, and with him one of the quaintest specimens of a village doctor that ever yet rejoiced in the preparation of pills and powders. He had come to the place when a young man, and was so uncouth in his manners, murdering the king's English so barbarously, that he never would have been employed if he had not made a marvelous cure. Almost by accident the good people found out that he was a born doctor. He had skill, the requisite knowledge of drugs, and a most superior judgment—which in our opinion, is worth more than a diploma any day. He was seldom baffled—he had plenty to do; for miles around there was no doctor like Doctor Peter Pillow.

A very eccentric genius was Peter Pillow. Everybody believed that his name was only an assumed one; but as the doctor bore all joking with commendable good temper, always replying to their attempts to find out the truth of the matter, "that nater was his mother, and that he had been christened in the woods among the catamounts," they soon forbore to question him.

A queer-looking man was Doctor Peter Pillow. It seemed as if nature from some freak or other, when he was a little baby, if he ever was a little baby, and his face was in a plastic condition, had clapped her hands over his head and under his chin, thus reducing its proportions and spreading the features in their breadth, giving them an outward and upward jerk.

He had a little rotund body, that never moved in a straight direction, but like a snug little boat in a high wind, constantly rolled from side to side. Add to this, sharp, black eyes, a ball of a head,

white and glistening, with a ray of silvery hairs encircling the front of the scalp, and if we are any painter, Peter Pillow, doctor—as he styled himself, stands rocking before you.

Both had come to give their parting benediction to Miss Beatrice. The good minister's attachment to the fair young girl was stronger than he thought—she looked sometimes so wonderfully as Patience had—though he did not regard her with that affection which warmed his heart towards Mary. With a prophetic eye, he saw Mary's future, and that made him a closer observer. He could not fail to be interested in her ways of gentleness, her thoughtful loveliness, her spirit so truthful and affectionate.

"It's uncartin' when we set eyes on you agin, Miss Beatrice, I 'spose," drawled the little doctor, his voice resembling the noise made by a refractory saw cutting through a pine knot; then he first clapped his hands on his knees, and finally crossed his legs, till his huge, uncouth feet, heavily shod, looked by far the biggest part of him.

Beatrice caught the fond glance of Patience Worthington. She felt for her almost a daughter's love mingled with the ambition that prompted her to mix in the whirl of city life. That yearning look affected her inexpressibly, the tears sprang to her bright eyes.

"Oh! I shall visit grand-mother often," she replied.

"I guess we can't spare ye, Miss Beatrice," said the doctor, slowly, twinkling his eyes; "you've got a fever I reckon—red in the cheeks, down in the mouth, cirkler about the eyes, a sort of settlin' down about the whole systim. I must give you some sugar pills, a glass of aunt Hannah's bitters, and a little home-sick powder, to take inter the city—that's serposin' you git well."

"Even grand-mother and Mary wouldn't wish me to be sick for the sake of keeping me here," replied the girl, laughing back her tears, "they have had too much trouble of that kind already; and I have had plenty of pills, thank you."

The evening passed in rather a restrained conversation and a little music. Beatrice began singing, but she gave it up; her voice trembled, and so did Mary's when she essayed to assist her.

It was that lonely feeling both had, that in anticipated parting gives a keener pang than the experience of real desolation; for with that latter comes the solace of seeking new pleasures out of old and surrounding circumstances; and these all the time form a sort of company that is slowly though insensibly healing the wound.

In the morning came Mr. Jared and Mrs. Jared Worthington. The box at the back of the carriage contained a beautiful assortment of millinery, and one of the daintiest of cashmere shawls, for which little less than a hundred dollars had been paid out that morning. It would do very well for the present, was Mrs. Jared's self-satisfied comment, as she threw it over the drooping shoulders of her beautiful foster-child, and smiled to mark the graceful folds.

Mary stood by and admired—yes, gloried in her cousin's beauty; but for the calm, even sweetness of her disposition, she might have envied one who certainly appeared to be more the favorite of

fortune than herself—but, dear creature, she did no such thing.

"You are to go with us, and stay weeks and weeks, or as long as you like, my foster-parents say, and Aunt Patience herself has consented," exclaimed Beatrice.

Mary's heart bounded more tumultuously than it ever had before.

The great city!—its splendor, its fashions—the palace-home—such sights as she was to see! Oh! how kind in them all, how kind in their grand-mother. She would go up stairs to make her few preparations.

She heard a sigh, and paused before her grand-mother's chamber.

Patience Worthington stood in the centre of the room, her tall form slightly drooping, while her eyes wandered about with an absent, aimless expression. She looked strangely solemn in the faint light, for the windows were darkened—she looked to Mary the picture of proud desolation. A pang crossed the heart of the gentle girl—how could she leave her alone—even for a day of selfish pleasure?

It was afternoon, and all things were ready for departure. Oppressively warm without, the closed blinds admitted only each a solitary sun-beam through the round holes at the top. Both Mr. Worthington and his wife sat sleeping off their fatigue preparatory to their journey. Again Mary had occasion to go to her grand-mother's chamber. It was unusually still, and she entered softly.

Patience Worthington sat in a low easy chair, her head resting partly on one side, her hands folded on her lap. She had fallen into a light slumber, but some sorrowful dream must, at that moment, have fitted through her mind, for her pale lips quivered, and her long eyelashes, yet dark, were wet with struggling tears.

Much affected, Mary stood before the pale woman. She had never seen her in tears but once during her whole life, and then she was weeping for her dead. It was very touching now to mark the grief she would have concealed, displaying itself in her sleep.

"How sinful," thought Mary, "to desert her now, when she has been more than a mother to me since I was an infant—she will be so desolate!"

Beatrice alone would take the light from the house, and she herself, though she did not pretend to think that she was as precious in the eyes of her proud relative as her queenly, dashing Beatrice, yet she lessened her labor, and saved her many steps, besides lightening her cares by singing—her grand-mother loved her voice—how dull the old cage would be when both birds had flown away! That moment she decided to remain. She would not run the risk of becoming infatuated with city life and customs, so that her old home might appear distasteful to her. Immediately she made known her decision to Beatrice, who, with even her selfishness, could not find it in her heart to deprive her grand-mother of all that made life pleasant.

Patience Worthington remonstrated with her, but to no purpose.

"Do not think me so selfish," she said,

lovingly; "let me stay with you, because my heart tells me to. Indeed, dear grand-mother, I could not be happy and know you were alone."

An emotion, tenderer and warmer than any she had heretofore experienced for this sweet girl, sank down into the haughty soul of the unbending woman. She did not trust herself to speak, but one look, that was a treasure to Mary, did more than a thousand thanks would have accomplished.

The last good-byes were pronounced with faltering voices, and Beatrice, less glad than sorry, sat in the family carriage beside her foster-parents.

"What handsome little fellow is that?" asked Mrs. Jared, directing Beatrice to look out.

The poor girl, through blinding tears, could not see Ernestine standing outside the farthest elm. He shrank away as she turned her head, not wishing to be recognised, and glad in his heart that it was not her cousin who was going. After the carriage had driven off, he hurried on till he gained a neat cottage, whose mistress was Susy Mann of old—now the school-master's wife. And there he lingered to talk of Mary.

## CHAPTER XII.

### UNCLE SILE'S ILLNESS.

Autumn had deepened to its twilight, and now came the soft, warm Indian Summer. Hues as bright as the wings of Southern birds twinkled in the glowing sunshine. Every gorgeous leaf and branch in the old forest hung lazily in the still air. Shadows fell earlier and blacker upon the green sward. The stars flashed along the pale blue of the horizon, one by one, before the good folks left their evening meals; and every day, by so many moments sooner, the clear amber of the western sunset lighted up the ancient face of Worthington clock.

Ernestine began to feel discouraged. He had looked forward to this period, trusting that with aid from his uncle he might procure better clothes and an introduction to some one who would aid him to the choice of a profession, or some post where he could promote himself. But no such thing had happened as yet. His uncle blasted all the professions, as far as his will and his voice went, consigning them directly to the very depths of perdition. He told Ernest if he would put his mind down to a farm, by-and-bye he might come into possession of all he had, but on no other conditions.

But there came a crisis that caused a change in the old man's views.

On the very warmest day in September, when the air felt like the hot breath of a furnace on the uncovered brow, Silas Withers came home in the middle of the afternoon, and seated himself thoughtfully on the door-step, with his arms folded.

Lanny was not yet accustomed to all his moods. She saw that he was tired and very moist; that his eyes were heavy, and there was an unnatural glow upon his cheeks. The old man appeared irritable and peevish; nor would he leave his seat to sit in Lanny's own rocking-chair, that she had dragged out from her snug

room. He bid her let him alone, and, leaning his head back, fell into a fitful slumber. Evening came, and a strong wind blew up from the west. Still, in his rude seat, half reclined the farmer, his bronzed face upturned, and the soft, cool, but treacherous air, gliding in under his loosened neck-cloth, and fingering the damp, iron grey locks.

At last, he awoke with a start. Lanny had called him. She feared this exposure. The old man opened his eyes, muttered something in a smothered voice, dropping his head upon his bosom. With a great effort, Lanny and Ernestine succeeded in arousing him, so that he sprang nervously to his feet. But he held up his hands, all trembling, and swayed from side to side as if the impulse of some strong fear was upon him.

"Blame it," he muttered thickly, "what—what's the matter with my feet? they won't move; it's—it's something come over me; do you see, boy? is it dark? is my head on my shoulders? blame the weather—why! it's colder than January; give me more clothes; there's a battalion in my head; I've felt it coming all day; blame my limbs! can't I get into the house?"

Lanny and the boy were both alarmed. His hand was like a coal to the touch, and his eyes glared with a wild, singular light. They told him to lean heavily on them, and with difficulty, for he was a great, muscular man, led him to his bed, on which he threw himself, weak and helpless as a child.

"I'll get some herb tea for you. Maybe you'll want *him* to go for the doctor?" ventured Lanny.

"No! I want no doctor," was the surly reply; "let old Sile die a natural death if he *must* die; I hate the professionals, every mother's son of 'em."

But, in spite of herb tea and cold water, which he drank profusely, the fever increased, and, towards morning, the poor farmer was willing the doctor should be sent for: for he had a secret dread of illness, as also a secret confidence in the little doctor's skill.

So "Peter Pillow, doctor," alighted at the door of the crazy establishment, glad in his heart, if the truth must be told, that he had the old farmer so completely in his power. Farmer Withers had given him many a hard rub, and defied his nostrums with a savage exultation.

"It looks duberous, duberous," he muttered, sitting his squat, little body on the side of the bed. He caught the farmer's great arm, as it swung from side to side, and had the satisfaction, while in the act of feeling his pulse, of receiving its full force in his face. Rebounding from the bed, he overthrew poor Lanny, and both fell helplessly to the floor.

"Blame fevers," roared the old man, opening his parched lips, entirely unconscious of the mischief he had done.

The doctor helped Lanny up, and then stood carefully at arm's length, eyeing his patient with a puzzled face that was laughable from its perplexity.

"I'll tell you what, Sile Withers, old feller," he at length articulated, "if there is sich things, I'll take them sperits down in a space of time. Afore I'm done with you, you'll think that Peter

Pillow is somebody. Give us some paper," he said, turning to Lanny with a majestic wave of the hand.

As it was furnished him, he caught the roguish twinkle of Ernest's eye. The scene had been so ludicrous that it was impossible for him to restrain his mirth.

"Boy," said the doctor, turning back the palm of his hand, as was his habit, and which he considered peculiarly elegant, "the dignity of the profeshuns forbids cacklin;" and he set himself to the occupation of writing a recipe.

Doctor Peter's recipes were the funniest things imaginable. Nobody but the old apothecary understood them.

He knew doctor Pillow's pot-books and tram-mels, his mixture of bad Latin and bad English, perfectly, and if a ragged bit of paper came to him with

"Thr., d'ns, two ounceello,

"Per chol—per diabatis, P. PIL.,"

He knew just what gilt boxes to pull down, and what ingredients to mix.

Surveying his uneasy patient, whose incoherent exclamations seemed to be a sort of balm for the treatment he had experienced, the doctor proceeded to write after this fashion:

"Ant—pll—pur—6 X es—lixer—PLEX—I—ty.

"Per digestion of brain. P. PILLOW."

(Extra flourishes here.)

Of course the doctors will not imagine the above is intended to reflect upon them in any manner. It is but stating a fact, that sometimes even *physicians* will write unintelligibly; and "Peter Pillow, doctor," though not an M. D., and only pretending to know that most abused of the dead languages, knew enough to master almost any disorder that came under his ken. Still, as he often said, he only studied natur, yarbs and medicines, and paid some attention to Lating."

Sending Ernest with the recipe, he stationed himself near the head of the bed, and when the paroxysm had somewhat subsided, went through the usual formula of looking at the tongue, eyes, and feeling of the pulse.

"It's a heavy fever I'm afeerd," said poor Lanny, disconsolately, as she stood with folded hands and a wo-begone expression, "it's going to be a brain fever, ain't it?"

Compassionately pitying the little woman for her lack of medical knowledge, he said, with the palm of his hand curved outward:

"My dear madam, you can't tell whether a bridge is safe till you've got over it; you can't tell when your journey's done till you git to the end. This bids fair to be a contracted and serus illness. It's not the brain fever yet, my dear madam, though the ceberiel organs are a leetle affected. Still let us look for the best; we should allers look for the best, even when we're pretty sure there never'll be any best. The diagnosis of this affection are—"

A growling voice issued from the bed—

"Nobody cares about your diagnosis; give me water, ice."

"My dear sir," said the doctor, moving nearer.

"Don't dear sir me; I'm old Sile—Sile Withers, none the better for you, and don't never expect to be;" and with this polite correction the

surly farmer threw himself over against the wall, still muttering about ice and winter.

In due time came the medicine, part of which was taken, the rest left with instructions how to use.

The crisis was nearing, and, as the doctor said, "there was no telling about the futer. Things might turn up better, and things mightn't; couldn't tell; 'twas always impossible to say what was in the futer." The good pastor was frequent in his visits, and Ernest watched over his uncle with unremitting tenderness.

One day Mr. Farrell ventured to speak with him upon more solemn subjects than he had hitherto broached.

"You are very sick, Mr. Withers," he said, softly.

"That's nice—that'll make me better," muttered the exhausted invalid.

"It is an unpleasant subject, but are you aware that this may terminate fatally?"

The sick man looked up uneasily, and spread his fingers over the coverlet.

"I reckon," he said faintly, "that if I've got to die, I've got to die—and there's an end of it."

"No, no; that is not the end of it," said the minister, with unusual tenderness and solemnity. And he continued talking softly, noting meanwhile with delight that the old farmer kept perfectly quiet. In the most beautiful manner he spoke of the Christian's hope. There were tears on the sufferer's lashes, unmistakable tears; his lips quivered—moved to speak.

The preacher leaned over to catch the first accents of penitence.

"Don't mister me—parson—I'm plain Sile—Sile Withers; blame it, don't mister me."

A strange rejoinder to his lofty thoughts: some would have shrunk back astonished; indignant. Not so the good preacher; he had discernment enough to see that this was but the crust over a seething volcano; that down deep in the old man's heart the waters were troubled. Those tears, were they for nothing? that childish tremor of the lip, was it for naught? He believed not so; he laid his moist hand on the wrinkled forehead, and imparted somewhat of its coolness to the fevered flesh; then kneeling, he uttered a fervent prayer—an outgush of pure and heart devotion.

Rising from his knees, he saw that the farmer had turned his head to the wall; lightly pressing the hand that laid by his side, minister Farrell stepped softly from the room.

Lanny was not there; Ernest had gone out; turning his head feebly back as the door closed, the farmer satisfied himself that he was alone. So, in his weakness, lifting his trembling hands, and clasping them together, though they fell like a dead weight upon his bosom, he exclaimed in a shrill whisper:

"Lord, Lord, forgive old Sile Withers; Thou knowest what a wretch he has been;"—a groan ended this strong and earnest ejaculation; but so confirmed were his old habits, and so strangely fearful was he that one might witness his secret aspirations, that when Lanny came quickly in, he threw his hands apart, exclaiming with all the force he could command—"When 'n thunder and

lightning am I going to get off this burning bed?"

Poor old Sile! the chain of this fearful habit had hardened to adamant. Round and round his frail heart it had wound its icy links; of himself he could truly do nothing; a mightier hand must unloose those fetters and call forth from that sterility, freshness and verdure.

Day after day did doctor Peter Pillow come, always answering Lanny's disconsolate queries with "everything's in the futer; the old man's nater is as tough as an oak saplin; if he does git well, I shall consider him a moniment of my skill;" saying which he concluded with his usual little backward wave of the hand.

There is no telling how many fair, white sheets of paper the young poet spoiled, inditing lines "To my uncle"—"On seeing an old man sick," etc., etc. But the boy sorrowed earnestly; he had learned to fathom the nature of his eccentric relative—and how much of human kindness and sympathy coursed through the channels of that bosom seemingly so obdurate.

At last, under the good Providence of a higher Physician, farmer Withers was a "moniment" of the doctor's skill; and then never could child be more loving and tender than Ernest. He would watch him like a woman, turn his pillow repeatedly to the cool side, smooth his hair back, keep his brow moist, and softly soothe him when he grew impatient, giving him his nourishment, and always hovering over him with a smiling face. In a little while he led him round the room, or adjusted his sick-chair; and at last with much persuasion obtained his consent to listen to him while he read.

It was strange to watch the old man at these times; he would studiously avert his face—pretend to sleep, or mutter "Poh, poh, poh! a pack of folderol. But spite of himself he would grow interested, his ear would be turned cautiously, his eyes sought the face of the reader, and not unfrequently did Ernest surprise him with tears in his dark eyes.

"It beats creation how folks can write such things," he would mutter; and secretly the boy determined to read him a book of his own sometime.

The old man had changed during his sickness; in everything he did it was discernible; and even the accustomed "blame it" which he could not or would not relinquish, took a shade of softness, and grew almost musical with his altered voice.

He watched Ernest eagerly—he would often look from from his face to the floor, and seem lost in thought.

"Blame it! the boy's overcome me!" he murmured one day with a tremulousness in his voice that was quite affecting; "he's his mother's own son, and makes me think of dear little Susy, the pretty cretur. I'm half ready to let him have his way, he won't make nothin' of a farmer—and he's a bright fellow too—surely."

Ernest stood outside the door; scarcely could he contain his joy. He gave three mental cheers, and fled to his usual resort in pleasure or sorrow, the battered writing-chest.

Through minister Farrell's efforts he was placed in a fine situation in the neighboring city; and



there we leave him for at least five pleasant years; his sole but never-spoken purpose to become worthy of the hand of Mary Worthington.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### BEATRICE WEDDED.

O! home of luxury! No aching hearts should be curtained by thy soft splendor. Upon thy carpets and hangings of tapestry, tearless eyes should gaze; bright eyes meet the mute glances of marbled beauty in niches and on pedestals. But, alas! we find entrance through lofty portals and under arches of splendor, that yellow gold, potent as it may be, never yet locked out—that real, unbought presence is sorrow.

A very model of elegant boudoirs, the little room in which Beatrice sat, nearly dazzled one by its artistic design and finish, and the elaborateness yet chasteness of ornament on every hand.

To-night—a clear, cold night in December, a sparkling coal fire burning blue and crimson, and leaping out in jets of flame, diffused a cheerful warmth through the apartment. The very marble frame with its milk-white roses and arabesque, enclosing the grate, lighted up with a soft rudeness that gave the chiselling almost the tints of life.

Beatrice sat half-reclining, her wealth of hair hanging thickly around her beautiful throat. One hand pressed her brow tightly; in the other a pen vibrated to the tenor of thoughts that were active in her mind.

How white and soft and beautiful those hands! No stain of common life had rested upon them ever so lightly. How full yet chastely delicate the outlines of that form! And the brow, over which little rings of shining black hair fell carelessly—how large and white! all that face, how more than beautiful! how regal!

Patience Worthington herself might now feel satisfied with the pride of her grand-daughter. Beatrice was changed, though not quite heartless. she made all circumstances and conditions bend to the humors of her caprice. Power had spoiled her. Mary's tenderness had gone from her heart, save what she cherished for her gentle cousin, whom she really loved.

To-night she was not happy. The fragrance of flowers filled the sense; her table, inlaid with ivory, was a gem of art; the stand for ink and pens wrought in wreaths of silver and gold. Mirrors were panelled in the wall, and move as she would, within was her own radiant, but sorrowful face reflected. Curious little lamps, shaded with tinted and elaborately cut glass, stood on mantel and table.

Her own pictures, with some choice paintings in broad frames of gold, lined the walls. Here upon the altar of refinement, beauty and wealth offered her their choicest incense. Yet she was not happy.

She had that day decided between two suitors: a nobleman by nature and a nobleman by birth. The former she rejected against every better impulse; and Lord James Bentley, a real scion of grafted greatness, as any one might have told by looking over his family tree—was to-night the ac-

cepted suitor for the hand of the most beautiful woman in her native city.

Facing the spotless paper before her, her pen moved rapidly along, and just at this clause we will peep over her shoulder.

"Lord James is devoted to me; his family is marked for its morality. My foster-parents, (you know, dear Mary, that we are descended from an old and noble English family, and by the way, we shall one day be entitled to a fortune, as soon as some vexatious law-suit is ended,) but where am I?

"My foster-parents became intimate with the Bentleys on the score of some distant consanguinity of blood—that much for the reason of Lord James' sojourn in this country.

"Poor L— received his dismissal to-day. Of the two, he is —. I must stay my pen. You, however, knew my preferences. L— is only moderately wealthy, and—in short, it is my destiny to live in Europe. Do you remember my prophecies?"

"To be married—in the Spring; and to a lord!" murmured Mary, quite startled, and letting the letter fall from her hands.

Patience Worthington laid by the frill she was plaiting, and lifted her gold bowed spectacles. The old fire shone undimmed in her eye, her bowed form regained its staidness.

"And why not?" she asked. "Beatrice is as worthy as he. In her veins runs noble blood. My blessed darling! how well she will become her station. I always knew," she exclaimed, leaning back and curling her lips into a smile, "I always felt my Beatrice would wed worthy of herself—thank God!"

Impious aspiration! she knew not what she thanked God for.

Mary sat pressing the light, curling locks from her fair brow; her eyes drooped thoughtfully. Sweet, angelic girl! she was little aware of her own surpassing loveliness. She was all unconscious of the magnetism that drew all hearts towards her. And yet the charm dwelt not in her full, pensive blue eye, or the ripe, round lips—the soft complexion or delicate form. Where was the subtle influence none could tell: but in more senses than one, she was a dangerous woman.

Had she been a coquette, exposed to the tickle worship of fashion, she might have played with hearts, and won a thousand.

Take her from the neat, homely parlor where she played each evening on her harp, and place her in her cousin's luxurious home, she could have proved a powerful rival.

Her heart failed her as she thought of the immeasurable distance that might soon make them almost as strangers. And yet it beat high—her cheek flushed hotly as she reverted to one paragraph in her cousin's letter:

"When did you see your little gawky lover last?"

Playful though it might have been, the question stung her. She had not seen Ernest for nearly a year, yet when she thought of him with his lofty-looking face, his beautiful eyes—he seemed so immeasurably above any one in the throngs that followed Beatrice, she blushed for her cousin's meagre appreciation.

It happened that Ernest returned that day, a tall—and what would be called a splendid-looking fellow, with intellect beaming unmistakably on his handsome face. Nobody expected him; Lanny espied him from a distance, and with thumb and finger pressing the suds from her little red arms, she ran to meet him, declaring that she didn't know how she *should* keep from hugging him if he was grown into a tall, fine gentleman.

Farmer Withers came home, sprang towards him, and with his usual rough salutation, held both hands out, and almost in a breath exclaimed:

"Glad to see you, my boy, blest if I aint; look you yonder"—directing him from the window—"as snug a cottage as you could find in ten miles. When you're married, my boy, it shall be yours. Well, it's creation strange," he continued, dragging a chair up—"they say you've got writing for the papers; fine thing for a Withers, must say, anyhow. Writing for the papers—y-e-s—mighty fine stuff, too. The parson brings 'em here—proud of you, and well he may be—I'm proud of you, blest if I ain't. Airnest—Lord love you, there's the look of your mother in your eye. I can't forget Susy—can't forget that poor, murdered little cretur—*can't—forget her*; and you wrote a—a—what is it, a poem? That was about her, wan't it, Airnest? I suppose you must be called Airnest now—you're such a gentleman. Writing for the papers"—and he paused to take a breath—"bless my soul. I don't expect nothin' but you'll write a book by-and-by—gracious! *you!* little Airnest—that was left so—well I never; things turn creation strange in this world of ours—blast it—no, I mean bless the Lord!" and tears sprang to his eyes.

Ernest returned this long, coarse, but heart felt eulogy, very happily. He gave his uncle due praise for his untiring efforts, lately in his behalf, and cheered him with accounts of his city life. He told how, by the instrumentality of a friend, he had obtained a fine situation that paid well, and left him plenty of leisure to devote in the way his inclination prompted.

"That's a fine thing, Airnest, as far as I understand it; now I suppose you'll go see Mary Worthington. hey? sly fellow—can't outwit old Sile, if he is an old bach. Mary is a jewel of a girl, none o' that blamed pride about her, anyway; how can she be a grand-daughter of old Patience, is past my comprehension, consid'ble."

Ernest blushed, but the pleasure with which he listened to his uncle, was a mixed one. He was a man now; he had learned the high estimate put upon honorable birth, even in America. Could he, the child of poverty, the son of a suicide, whose name had been bruited far and wide—could he hope to win the hand of a Worthington, even of the dependent grand-child, with no wealth in her right? for whoever he wedded must hear the story of his life.

He had been almost a bosom friend of Beatrice's rejected lover. Lately he had boarded in the same house: in the adjoining room he slept.

For three nights he knew that poor L—sought not his couch. He could hear him tramp, tramp, though slowly, every time he awoke; he could see the lines so lately drawn across his haggard brow—the dimness and redness of his

dark eyes. From all this he augured that his friend had been rejected.

One morning he saw him start, gasp, grow deadly pale, and flinging by the paper he had been perusing, stagger to the sideboard for water, with which he bathed his brow: then after standing still for a moment, as if to summon resolution, he walked slowly out from the house into the streets. He had not seen him since—but oh! how he pitied him, when casting his eyes further down the column, he chanced to read the following:

"It is understood that Lord Bentley, now in the city, will carry with him to Europe, a beautiful American bird—the fair and wealthy ward of one of our first citizens, Mr. Jared Worthington."

He knew all now; he felt for the rejected suitor as only one of his great sensitiveness, his poetic temperament, could feel even for a friend. And if he, a man of some distinction, of undoubted, though not great wealth, and a highly respectable family, was considered unworthy of this proud girl, what would Patience Worthington think of him, when she knew all? for had she not ever despised him?

But come what would, he determined to call upon Mary. From the blinds of her little window she saw him. She started to her feet; the blood rushed to her heart, and back with a strong propulsion through every fibre of her body. She was alarmed at her own emotions; alarmed that she trembled so; frightened at the beating of her heart, and the strong thrill that set her pulses throbbing and flushed even her throat and brow. But she had no time, no wish to analyze. She looked towards her grand-mother, who slept much of her time after morning, in her easy chair.

"Shall I wake her," she thought; "I can never, never meet him alone—I cannot command myself—he will think—oh! what *will* he think of me?"

A tap at the door. Mary had but time to press her hands, which were cold as her cheeks were flushed, upon her hot brow. She moved slowly down stairs, gathering composure, and opened the door with an effort.

Poor Mary—she was so innocent, so guileless of all attempt to conceal her true nature, that when that sparkling face and outstretched hand met her view, she exclaimed, out of the hearty honesty of her soul, forgetful of her position, and carried beyond cool calculation by her gush of feeling—

"O! Ernest! I was so afraid you wouldn't come."

Then a sense of propriety flashing through her mind like an after thought, she shrank timidly back against the wall—her hand shook in his grasp, she breathed with difficulty, and the color left her cheek.

If Ernest saw all this, he pretended he did not. Too honorable to take advantage of a maiden's weakness, though he could have clasped her to his bosom, and breathed out a love as pure as an angel's—for, in truth, that divine sentiment, which he cherished for this orphan girl, had kept him spotless—had made even this mind a clean temple—he held her hand, and tenderly led her into the parlor. There he sat by her side, and soon, by his genial conversation, dispelled even the shadow of embarrassment. She played her

harp, and sang to him, while he, wrapped in sweet dreams, leaned his head back, and with shut eyes saw a vision as of his home, with Mary his guardian angel, putting all his beautiful thoughts to music.

A voice dispelled the illusion. Patience Worthington entered.

"So you are home again, young man," she said, coldly, advancing with her usual slow step, and lifting her head a little.

He arose, but did not hold out his hand, for Patience, with a slight gesture she might not have meant, repelled him, and he seated himself, while an unaccountable aversion to her rankled in his bosom.

Throughout the rest of the evening, Patience Worthington wore her old humor. She was coldly formal, replying often only by a look or a bend of the brow—asked him, purposely, if he would speak to his uncle about her winter potatoes, and Ernest, biting his lips to prevent a smile, assured her that he would, in a very gentlemanly manner. It annoyed and vexed her that he should prove himself her equal in frigid politeness. When he again asked Mary for a song, before parting, her grand-mother forbid her, alleging that she had suffered lately from nervousness, and too much singing evidently injured her. She had played and sang enough for that night.

Mary complied, put by her harp, though her bright eyes sparkled with indignation. She was a very coward where only herself was concerned, but when her friends were insulted she could bravely stand up for them.

And she could have spoken to-night, only Patience Worthington was old—too old to cherish a pride so vindictive; old enough to be thinking of Heaven and not of the earth, or of things earthly; and, because she was old, Mary held her peace.

So Ernest took his leave, and Mary went weeping to bed. Were it not for a single look, with which she caught the young man regarding her, once during the evening, and in which she read both compassion and love (she could not mistake the love), her heart would have been almost broken.

Another Summer and Autumn passed away, with many a lovely being in the full flush of womanhood, and many a hoary father whose whitening locks told of coming life-winter, as the white drifts that hung down the cliffs and drifted up the hollows, spoke of the Winter of Nature. These latter had passed into the portals of the invisible world; but Summer and Autumn! could one tell where they had gone?

Beatrice was a "wedded wife," and already her fame and beauty were the subjects of much comment in the chief city of old England. More beautiful than ever she had seemed at that grand wedding; while Mary, with her sweet English loveliness heightened by the splendor of her attire, with which Beatrice had presented her, scarcely moved but what scores of eyes were held in abeyance. Patience Worthington listened, with throb upon throb of gratified ambition, at the numberless comments upon her

peerless grand-children; for no one spoke but to praise them.

But it was all over—the great wedding—the second and more painful parting. Beatrice was gone, never perhaps to return, and the only and greatest satisfaction of her foster parents was to laud her virtues and boast of their lady-daughter.

Soon after, Mary and her grand-mother came into the city, and took up their residence with Jared Worthington, at the latter's earnest solicitation. Again were the doors of Worthington mansion thrown wide open—again did crowds gather there to admire, to love this sweet orphan, whose charms did in truth seem irresistible.

The fame of her voice spread everywhere. Hundreds hung entranced upon its lightest strains; and, as she stood or sat the centre of wealth and fashion, her embroidered sleeves thrown back from her full white arm, her fairy-like fingers flashing over the silvery chords, her rapt face, with its holy eyes of blue, shining as if inspired, one heart there—one manly form with bosom high swelling and arms proudly folded—knew that the treasure millions could not purchase, was his own. His was that true heart; to him were the smiles—denied to all others—freely given; in his hand the little hand that elicited such liquid notes had been often placed of its own sweet will.

Mary was his he felt, though neither had spoken directly of love, and yet he had not found courage to tell her what honor demanded she should know.

To Patience Worthington the fact of the young man's visits was a trial which she often said would kill her yet. Mary might have so many richer, nobler, worthier.

Mary grew almost angry at that, and defended Ernest with all the warmth of her loving nature. Still the old lady declared that it would break her heart to see her the wife of old Sile Withers' nephew; there was something about him she could not abide—something that savored of the stable in which he was brought up.

But Mary would love him; and more, she declared that when he asked her, as she expected he would some day, she would marry him although she knew she had nothing to look forward to but a home in a little cottage, and a true heart for her dowry.

One night, the old grand-mother overheard Ernest say to her child—

"Will you be alone to-morrow night? I have something of great importance to tell you, something that may affect our whole future."

Mary promised, and Patience Worthington shrewdly guessed that his secret related to his own history. She had heard many surmises, many uncharitable guesses, and well knowing that no tale of crime could influence Mary's mind, if he was only pure, she formed a plan to be near and play the part of spy on their privacy.

It is said that "misery makes strange bed-fellows;" it may be more truly said that pride makes strange concessions. Here was this aged woman, well past her seventieth year, stooping to a meanness of which no honest mind could be guilty, consenting to play the part of a listener

where silence should make sacred an interchange of the holiest vows.

The next night, accordingly, Mary and Ernest sat together, unconscious that envious ears played traitor to their secrecy. With much emotion, Ernest related the incidents of his youth as nearly as memory aided him; then, with a gloomy brow, for Mary had not spoken—had not once lifted her eyes that therein he might learn his fate—he moved a little way from her, as he continued—

"And now, Mary, I have told you all. I do not ask you, I cannot ask you, to wed the son of a suicide: to wed one whose mother died a violent death inflicted by the hand of her husband, and whose earliest recollections are only of misery and want. But Mary—you—will—you *will* still think of me as a friend—you will not despise me for my tale of sorrow—to you, Mary—to you," he added, with deep emotion, "I owe all I am."

At last, the sweet girl looked up. "These tears," she murmured, smiling through them, "are for the past years of your suffering. You have done nobly. It is not maidenly in me to say all I think. I can only wonder in silence that through such a cloud such divine light should shine—" She paused, blushing, fearing she had said too much.

"Then you do not despise me, Mary?" and again he laid his hand almost unconsciously upon hers; "perhaps, but I dare not think it," he murmured, turning away, trembling, "and it would unman me—it would unman me, to know it was not so."

A silence succeeded, during which Patience Worthington's heart was almost bursting with anger. Twice had she been tempted to break upon them, but prudence held her back, and in secret she framed the course of her future diplomacy.

"Mary!"

To that beseeching voice the fair girl turned towards him, and while a beautiful blush tinged her features, she said, ingenuously—

"This interview has not resulted in the slightest abatement of my"—she paused and added, in a low, almost inaudible voice—"love and respect for one who has proved himself so superior to misfortune, and that of the bitterest kind."

Not rapturously and suddenly did Ernest snatch her to his breast; she seemed a creature too holy for his embrace—but, rising, he knelt beside her, and, taking her hand, he said, in a tone of deep emotion—

"Mary, I reverence you;" then rising he bent, imprinted a kiss upon her pure forehead, and looking into those deep eyes, smoothing away the rippling hair, he murmured, "Mary, you will then be my wife—God bless you, I love you, and have always loved you dearer than life. I can act no rhapsody now, as I have imagined I might, should I be so blessed. An unutterable calmness, a holy depth of feeling, has taken possession of my soul. I am a better man, this moment, than I have ever been, and God knows I have measured my life by His word. Mary, my good angel, can it be that you will leave all this splendor, and follow me?"

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And the low, gentle voice spoke again, saying—"I will."

No language can portray the varied emotions that shook the form of that old, proud woman, who stood, almost writhing, but a few paces from the lovers, shut in by a slight partition of crimson damask.

"Never shall she marry him; never, never! I will shame her; she, too, shall tell her story. Than see him wed her, I would rather her path should be barren and lonely through life. She is in my hands. She is my child; never shall she marry the son of a suicide, a jail-bird; never!"

All the following day Patience Worthington sat alone in the room that had belonged to Beatrice. At her inlaid ebony table she had drawn up the chair of her favorite grand-child, and, with the same pen in her withered fingers, that Beatrice had often used, she was carefully and laboriously filling a sheet of pure white paper with cramped and ancient characters. Again and again were the gold-bowed spectacles adjusted: untiringly on she went, though to her who had scarcely used a pen, except for a trifling note or receipt, it must have been a task of no small magnitude.

Only once she went below stairs, and made her appearance at the dinner-table—there her bearing was such, her sister-in-law remarked that the very crimps in her cap wore an air of injured and indignant pride, and added, "I wonder what we have been innocently doing to offend her?"

The letter was at last finished, directed to London, to Beatrice, and secretly a servant was sent with the missive, and a fee for his trouble. On the same evening Mary acquainted her grandmother with her decision. She did not mark the pallor that settled around the thin, blue lips; or the fire that flashed out from the still undimmed eye—she only thought it strange that her grand-mother should consent so readily, saying, "Only I would wish you not to be married till the coming winter."

"O! no," answered Mary, "we did not think of it for a year."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### A GREAT TEMPTATION.

"The time will soon come."

"What do you mean?" asked Mary, archly, though without lifting her eye.

"That in only six months you will be my own dear wife."

Patience Worthington, who always appeared at the most unwelcome moment, crossed their path just then. As Ernest looked up from the delicate work about which he was *helping* Mary by *retarding* all her movements, he met a glance from that strange face that chilled him by its malignity.

"It seems to me, Mary, that your grand-mother dislikes me," he said, seriously; "I have often noticed her watching me with a curious expression, almost like hatred. I hope I give her no cause to hate me—she cannot know what I have disclosed to you."

"She cannot, and she shall not!" replied Mary.

"She is, you know, extremely proud, sometimes, I think, fearfully so—I would not have her acquainted with those facts, yet. In the years to come I care not who knows them."

She had scarcely finished speaking, when a letter was given her—postmarked London.

"It is from Beatrice"—she cried, joyfully; "stay till I go to my room and read it—I will see you again."

"O! Ernest, sorrowful, sorrowful news," she exclaimed, coming back directly—"it is a short letter—Beatrice wrote it with her own hands—she is sick—very sick; dying, perhaps. See, look at the unsteadiness of these lines—hear this—

"Dear cousin, you will not refuse this, the last wish I may ever breathe to you. Come to me—I must have some dear home-friend at my side, if I must die—by all our sweet enjoyments, by all the love we bore each other, I conjure you to come to me. I fear I cannot live many months; the doctor—my friends say so—if you would soothe my last hour—come to me; I cannot die in peace unless you do."

"Poor Beatrice"—murmured Mary, tears raining down her cheeks; "so gifted, beautiful and happy—must she die?"

"Will you go, Mary?" asked Ernest, looking at her, while a singular presentiment took possession of his mind.

"O! it is a terrible thing to think of, crossing that great ocean—but Ernest, Ernest—you would not have me refuse?"

"In the case of a dying friend," he murmured, still irresolute.

"And that friend a cousin; almost a sister, nay, to my heart, quite a sister," she continued, her lips trembling as she pictured the sick bed of Beatrice, surrounded by strangers, perhaps hirelings."

"I would not put a straw in your way, Mary—I only wish you were not bound, by your word to Mrs. Worthington. I wish we were married, Mary, and could go together."

"That, you know, would be quite impossible, Ernest, dear; besides, your book must come out, as you are under contract, and if you went, it might be considered a forfeiture of your honor. No, Ernest, trust me to God; I am not afraid! He will take care of me. Still how sad I feel! so oppressed like! Do you? you look so melancholy. Why, Ernest, you are not so brave as I."

In vain the young man strove to shake off the gloom that clung to him; strove to think it was his anticipated separation that cast a shadow over the future; something whispered, "it is beyond that, beyond that;" and he could not be happy. As often as he met, Mary after that, during her preparation, the same inexplicable forboding stole over him; till, at last, he could scarcely contemplate her departure with fortitude.

When Mary was fairly abroad on the blue ocean, only one unfortunate thing occurred to render her situation an unpleasant one. By some strange accident the trunk that contained her money was not aboard. She was positive she had seen it placed among the others, and carried from the house—but found, it could not be; and

mortifying as it was, she was obliged to be reconciled.

The voyage was a delightful one. Contrary to all established rules Mary was not sea-sick. She loved the motion of the heavy waves and called the great ship her cradle.

Often of calm evenings she sat on the deck, watching the world of waters, bounded by the horizon, full of flashing lights as were the heavens; gathering thoughts sacredly sweet about the heart, she treasured the last smile, the last pressure of the hand, and countless times did she reply to the remembered, "Be true to me, darling."

It was dark and cloudy the evening she landed in one of the London docks. Entering a room that a hack might be called, she was presently conducted to an elegant carriage, by the captain, and thought that by the glimmering light she discerned footmen in livery; but she was so oppressed with her thoughts, her heart beat so wildly with fear that Beatrice might be worse—might be dying—that she took little note of anything.

It seemed a long ride to her. At last they turned, and noiselessly the carriage rolled upon what appeared to be some soft substance.

This alarmed Mary; her cousin must be dangerously ill—else why this precaution?

The carriage stopped before a plain, brick edifice: as she ascended the steps leading to the massive door, it was thrown wide, and a blaze of light flashed full in her face. She was startled; but presently, observing a gentlemanly man bowing before her, she exclaimed in a subdued voice, "Does she live? am I in time? where shall I go that I may see her?"

The servant, who was sumptuously dressed, looked at her strangely, surveying her from head to foot, but merely said, "Will my lady go to the dressing-room? Abby, lead the lady to the dressing-room."

"Lead me directly to Lady Bentley," said Mary, bewildered by the profusion of lights, and the novelty of her situation; "I am a relative; I must see her instantly, if any one is allowed to speak to her."

For a moment the handsome servant stood aghast, then turned again to look at the speaker. Mary had pushed back her bonnet from her fair brow; the soft, light curls fell lavishly upon her flushed cheek; the extreme beauty of the stranger, the white hand resting on the carved balustrade, her silvery voice and lady-like manner, reassured Mrs. Abby.

"If you are very anxious to see my lady, and if you are the lady she has been expecting from America—she is in here—though I'm certain she gave orders, and my lord, too, that none should be admitted for an hour yet."

"She will admit me," said Mary, softly, a cold fear falling upon her heart.

The wide door swung back; the vast saloon blazed with light.

Mary stepped upon the threshold, and stood like one transformed into a statue.

For there, in the midst of such splendor that her eyes were pained to retain it for a moment—stood Beatrice; the fire of health in her eye, a

light carnation tint upon her exquisitely beautiful lips, while her cheeks, softly flushed, had not lost even a shade of their former roundness.

She was attired, too, as never before; jewels flashed from her brow, throat and arms, and into her robes of soft crimson, precious stones were elaborately wrought in minute and delicate flowers. At every turn of her head, long rays of vivid light struck out, giving a glory to her queenly beauty, that it almost awed one to contemplate.

So felt Mary, for a moment, a little moment, when every faculty, save that of seeing, seemed suspended. Her eyes were painfully rivetted upon her cousin, as Beatrice turned, and for the first time beholding her, sprang towards her, while the flash of her diamonds gave the room a supernatural brightness, she exclaimed—

"It is Mary, sweet Mary, my darling cousin. Why, love, I am delighted; you cannot tell how delighted I am to see you! and you have taken all this perilous voyage for my sake!"

But poor Mary stood almost fainting, supported only by one arm of Beatrice, and she could scarcely articulate, "Oh! Beatrice, Beatrice!"

"Come, we will go to your room," continued her cousin, half leading her along from one corridor to another, and they entered an apartment almost equalling in splendor the one they had just left.

In another moment, frightened at Mary's increasing pallor, she exclaimed, "you are not well dear cousin."

"Beatrice," said Mary, while her lips quivered and large tears began to fall, "Beatrice, you have deceived me."

"Now you refer to my letter; it *was* a foolish letter, written in a moment of weakness—but I assure you, dear cousin, I was seriously sick; it was a time with me when death was very near—indeed, almost expected."

Mary did not look up, or she would have seen the cheeks of her cousin gradually crimsoning, till they were painfully scarlet.

"For I have a dear little babe, Mary."

This softened Mary's heart; Beatrice averted her eyes as she glanced quickly up.

"Then," she exclaimed, "the danger is all over, and I may go home—immediately home."

"Do not be so willing to leave me," murmured Beatrice in a mournful tone—"I thought you loved me."

"And I do—you know I do, Beatrice—but I have left"—she checked herself suddenly.

Beatrice feigned not to notice her embarrassment. Stepping lightly to a rich damask curtain, she drew it aside by a silver cord, and there, lying on a beautiful couch, was a dress of white satin, embroidered with brilliants and an entire set of diamonds.

"These are all for you, Mary—say not a word," she added with a playful threat; "if you insist upon leaving me so very soon, I insist that you shall immediately set about arraying yourself in these, which I purchased expressly for you. Come, I will myself assist you, that is, I will look on while my little French girl makes your toilette—you will be so beautiful, dear Mary."

She touched a silver spring—Mary felt it was useless to object; she knew her cousin's deter-

mined spirit; she was in her power, but she shuddered all over with some nameless fear.

A bright-eyed brunette came in, and with a look of saucy independence, obeyed the commands of her mistress to "make the lady's toilette."

With a heavy heart, and like one in a dream, Mary suffered herself to be dressed, while Beatrice stood by making suggestions and advising alterations in the minutest points.

At last all was arranged; the diamonds were wreathed amid her fair curls, which by a few careless touches from the skilful hands of the little French maid, hung in simple elegance row above row around her pretty head.

Then lady Bentley leading her into her reception room, presented her to her husband. The nobleman seemed delighted to see her—she was a favorite of his—and soon engaged her in conversation upon home subjects.

It did not take Mary long to lay out for her future, while she remained in England, an exact plan of duty. She resolved to act with becoming dignity. Her short acquaintance with fashionable society had given her ease and elegance of manner in a high degree essential to the position now forced upon her; and when she again entered the sumptuous ball-room, leaning upon the arm of Lord James Bentley, every eye was in an instant riveted upon her.

Who was the stranger? who was the beautiful, beautiful stranger, the fresh unfaded English girl whom no one there had ever seen before? To many the questions remained unanswered—it was only at the last whispered round that it was a young American belle—a kinswoman of their lovely hostess.

As Mary moved quietly through the throng, she saw her cousin look in an opposite direction, and make a sign that was not merely one of recognition. Immediately a young and very handsome man hastened towards her, and was formally introduced as Lord Holliston. She marked that his eyes fell when he spoke to her, and his cheek grew very pale; she fancied even that she saw his hand tremble as he lifted his perfumed kerchief for a moment. When he spoke to her, so low, so soft, so timidly, she could not but wonder why his voice was so peculiarly suited to her ear alone; and meeting the glance of his large, melancholy-looking eyes, it flashed through her mind that she could see nothing in them but herself. Still it was only a conceit—what more could it be?

Throughout the entire evening, at intervals, he sought to engross all her attention—but there was still the same strange tremor, and every movement was fraught with delicacy. She certainly felt her woman's pride flattered a little by this unwonted notice, more especially as the young nobleman was certainly the most graceful and elegant man in the room.

Sometimes she met the glance of Beatrice, who appeared to be anxiously regarding them, but her beautiful face was instantly wreathed in smiles.

Engrossed by the surpassing splendor of everything around her, electrified by the unseen music whose soft measure seemed to float like the air around her, moving the centre of admiring notice and flattering comment, Mary forgot to think.



Indeed, she could not: so bewildering, almost intoxicating, was this first draught of high-born, English pleasure—and contrasted, too, with the monotonous life she had lately experienced on shipboard.

Patience, and Beatrice, the favorite grand-child, were skilful flatterers.

At her bedside, that night, Mary offered her simple evening prayer; but, alas! her heart wandered; and it was not till she spoke the name of her betrothed that a thrill, half of pleasure, half of pain, made her conscious of the solemn duty.

Long and painfully she thought, when her head touched the pillow, why was she here? It seemed like a dream, yet certainly so far a somewhat delightful one. She caught herself dwelling on the young nobleman's manner, Beatrice's strange expression—and then came the uncalled cloud upon her heart. And when she slept, she saw alternately her grand-mother, her cousin and Ernest; but the former two seemed planning against her peace; the latter heeded her not, but was sorrowful and very pale.

"I must go home," she murmured, thoughtfully, rising the next morning. Then she opened her trunk for the little box in which she kept dates, and a few notices clipped from journals, that she might ascertain, by herself, when she could return. Her heart failed her while she looked; it was not where she had placed it; where she was sure she had laid it the last time, the very last she opened the trunk. This gone—her money gone—what was she to think? She grew deadly pale—so many cherished little keepsakes were in each of those boxes.

Like the first flash of lightning to the conscious child, came a suspicion across her mind. It was agonising—her strength failed her, and she sank almost helpless upon her couch.

Not long did she remain so, however. "If I give way thus to fears, which pray God may prove baseless—I can never have the courage to win my way out of this trouble."

So, after a fervent prayer, she submitted as cheerfully as she could to the attentions and jargon of the little French girl, who was sent by Beatrice to assist her.

Descending to the breakfast room, she found that it was past eleven. Beatrice was there, looking quite pale; and Lord Bentley, it appeared to her, a little unhusband-like. She saw at a glance that Beatrice, the star unrivalled in society, did not make her home happy. Day after day she marked the crowds of distinguished personages that filled her cousin's drawing-rooms—men of letters, artists, lions—and some who seemed to her pure mind out of place in any honorable man's house.

Beatrice was an idol of the literati, but very dull by the side of her husband, whose tastes were wholly dissimilar to her own. Even her babe Beatrice saw but seldom; and then for a short period; but Mary, completely enraptured with his beauty, sat often with him, for in that silent room, with its hangings of delicate fawn, she could think of home.

Beatrice joined her there, one day, and to Mary's oft-repeated assertion that she must return shortly, she said—

"I shall not let you go till I have given young Holliston abundant time to win you for his bride."

Mary trembled—and the hand she laid upon her cousin's arm grew icy cold.

Beatrice continued earnestly—

"For, Mary, he has loved you since he first saw me."

"What can you mean, Beatrice?" faltered from the lips of the startled girl.

"Just what I say. He is a cousin of my husband's; soon after I became acquainted with him, he accidentally saw your miniature. He loved you immediately, and I painted your character in such flattering colors, as indeed you deserved, sweet cousin, that he has been absolutely dying to behold you."

"Beatrice—why was I—what does all this mean?" asked Mary, violently agitated.

"Nothing very alarming, except that an extremely handsome young man, of whom the greatest lady in the land might well be proud—a nobleman, with a fortune of a million, heir to some of the finest property in the suburbs, accomplished, youthful, and his own master, being an orphan, has chosen to love—nay, I might almost say, adore my sweet cousin Mary. O! how delighted grand-mother will be."

"Beatrice," said Mary, now quite pale, "stay, in pity, don't run on in this manner. Lord Holliston is, *can be*, nothing to me, for I assure you, solemnly, my heart is not my own; I am—engaged, Beatrice."

It was as much as the trembling girl could do to return the meaning look with which Beatrice regarded her; her full, dark eyes dilated, and a scarcely perceptible curl of the lip gave her beauty a sinister expression.

"Engaged! and you have told me nothing about it? Who is the gentleman, cousin? I assure you he must be rich, talented, handsome—everything, if he aspires to the honor of my cousin's hand."

"Your cousin, remember, is not, Beatrice, rich, proud, and beautiful," replied the fair girl, with slight sarcasm, "but, Mary, portionless and humble in all her wants, even in her ambition. He, to whom I am engaged, has merit if not over much wealth; in my eyes, at least, he is rich, handsome, everything."

"Ernest Weston!" exclaimed Beatrice, contemptuously.

"How did you know?"

"I conjectured," replied Beatrice somewhat confused—"but, Mary, Mary, you will not throw yourself away on him, you will not disgrace yourself by marriage with Ernest Weston! For I have heard that his mother was murdered, and his father hung; and indeed I believe it is true."

"It is not true," said Mary, calmly; "and even if it were, it would have no effect upon my love; none whatever, I assure you, solemnly."

Beatrice shrank from her with horror; argued, wept, entreated; but Mary was unmoved; and her cousin grew angry. Mary was dependent: she had no money to carry her back; she begged her cousin to furnish her with means to return. Poor child! homesick and ill-advised, she sobbed as if her heart would break.

Her haughty cousin relented so far as to promise her that if she would make her visit to the end of the season, and thus show her that she still loved her, she would aid her to return. To this poor Mary consented, for what other alternative had she? and retired to her room to write a long letter to Ernest, and her grand-mother.

Now fairly a prisoner, she determined to call up what fortitude she possessed, and all her self-reliance; to fortify herself against repeated attacks in a quarter where she dreaded them more than all her privations. She knew that her imperious cousin would use any artifice that would seem to justify her purpose—and oh! how ardently she prayed for strength to resist temptation.

It was as Mary expected; at all times, in all places, Lord Holliston followed her. He seemed to be laid under a spell. His eyes looked love unutterable; he truly adored, idolized her, as romantic youths often do idolize the objects of their first affections.

If she sung—and what enchantment is there sweeter than the voice?—he was enthralled past expression; his heart beat tumultuously, his hand shook as he turned over the music leaves; he could not control his countenance, which was now flushed, now pallid. Such entire consecration Mary could not wholly condemn, for she felt with the true instinct of woman that he really loved her. And when he stood beside her, with those beseeching eyes, and such reverence in every look, word and motion, though she was coldly civil to him, she could not be wholly unmoved; she pitied him. And then Beatrice was his constant mediator; was he not much handsomer than Ernest? Yes, Mary conceded that in one sense he was; was he not titled, perfectly unexceptionable in character—with thousands to lavish upon her? She would be mistress of a fine house and servants, of a splendid establishment—Lady Mary Holliston; and obtain a husband who would worship her.

Poor Mary! she was placed in a strange position—dazzled on one hand by splendor, beauty and wealth; thrown on the other in society she could not avoid, and where her sympathies were strongly enlisted, though her heart was unmoved. Great need had she often to pray that simple prayer of her childhood, "Our Father."

One night when the storm that raged without prevented company, Mary stood in the little blue room adjoining the parlor, alone. She was simply dressed in white, with a very rich flower that Beatrice had placed in the curls of her hair. Her heart ached; she was thinking of home. Ernest had not written, at least she had received no letter, and she had grown suspicious lately. She moved toward an inlaid stand, and carelessly taking up a rare copy of a little Cupid, in alabaster, fixed her eyes intently upon it, and sighed deeply.

Her sigh was echoed; turning, she was startled at sight of Lord Holliston; the little image fell from her hand, and was broken in fragments against the sharp edges of the stand.

"A bad omen!" he murmured, with his usually mournful smile.

Mary blushed, as she replied—

"A bad omen for me, for Lady Bentley has often told me how highly she valued this Cupid. I am very sorry that I have been so unfortunate as to break it."

"Say no more about it," he replied; "the mate is in my guardian's cabinet; it shall be replaced to-morrow."

Mary murmured her thanks, and for some moments there was a painful silence. Lord Holliston stood very near her, and it might be imagination, but she fancied she heard the beating of his heart.

"Will you sing for me?" at last he said. Mary, glad to escape, motioned to go towards the harp; but ere she passed him, the young man seized her hand respectfully, yet passionately, and implored her to listen to him for a moment. She gave him one glance, and was terrified at the appearance of his handsome face. It seemed as if extreme fear and agony were blended; the cheeks were white, and the whole expression more like that of a pleading criminal who had no hope of mercy, than a lover.

He led her to a seat, and in faltering words told her his love. He was eloquent, though it was the eloquence of look and manner more than of words.

Again, with her whole soul, she pitied him; dreaded to dash the cup, he held to his lips so fondly, to the ground.

"Do not tell me there is no hope," he exclaimed as she was about to speak; "I feel that it would be my ruin. I cannot help it that I love you so; let me tell it in simple language, the language that my heart dictates. When I saw the little miniature that Lady Beatrice had in her possession, from that moment I was unhappy. Among all the crowds of beautiful women, I had met none that pleased me; but at that first sight an indescribable feeling took possession of my soul, and I knew it was love. Mary, forgive me for calling you Mary. Unutterable emotions possess my heart whenever I think of you; your sweet image is shrined away in the holiest niche of my memory. To me you seem something angelic; radiant with a divine light—oh! why do I say all this? I cannot tell—Mary; you must see how my very existence is bound up in your answer; life or death."

Mary was startled; shrank from him.

"I do not mean that I would destroy the life given me, but if that life was worth preserving, why did God let me see you? No—no—I mean that without you, my heart will not let me live; my heart itself will break."

This was so mournfully spoken, that the tears sprang to her eyes; she restrained them not, but averted her face, while they fell silently over her cheeks.

"You look from me; it would not be so were there hope; you answer me not—it is best; I cannot hear your lips pronounce that you do not love me; if it is so, keep that silence." She felt his hand tremble, her very soul seemed to dissolve in pity; it was well that the manly form, the noble face of her betrothed, were before her then—woman forgets much where she pities; but Mary could not forget her plighted troth.

He arose from his seat.

"Forgive me," he said in an altered tone; and held forth his hand; "I shall leave England," he added, with a strange kind of laugh, "but I shall find no home, no rest anywhere."

The next day Mary was pale and dispirited; longing more than ever to return.

"Holliston's guardian returned yesterday," said Lord Bentley—"he has been absent now five years."

"The Marquis Enfeldt, is it not?" enquired Beatrice.

Enfeldt!—the name sounded very familiar to Mary, and as she went about, she repeated it often—Enfeldt, Enfeldt. At last suddenly it occurred to her that that name was on an old, musty piece of paper which she had cherished, because it was her mother's; and it was in that little missing box.

The mystery of the boxes, and the unwillingness of her cousin that she should return, together with her pity for her young suitor, and grief that Ernest wrote her no letters, prayed upon her spirits, and by the time the vessel sailed, in which she was to return, a slow fever prostrated her on a bed of sickness. An anxious mind is a burden that cannot long be sustained; and Mary was but a delicate girl.

## CHAPTER XV.

### ERNEST'S TRIUMPH.

Ernest had just read the last sheet of proof, and the dusky office was rapidly growing darker. He stretched his arms, stood up to his full stature, and threw his pen on the desk.

Without, there was a very melancholy rain, that is, a sort of drifting, sifting mist, that should not properly be called rain. For when the great drops come tumbling and pattering, plashing against the window-pane, and rattling along the roof, there is a comfort in listening, watching, and even in feeling their kindly pelting; but a dirty drizzle, a "Scotch uncomfortable," is something akin to a nuisance, speaking as mortals view such things.

"At length it is done," he said, but still he looked neither pleased or satisfied. He took it up listlessly, placed it with other sheets, within the folds of a newspaper; and then, as if some sudden thought overcame him, threw himself in his leather-cushioned chair, and pressed his hands slowly again and again over his brow. Then he would sit for a while, his eyes fixed on vacancy, anon shaking his head, while his lips moved with a nervous motion, and anon he would sigh so heavily that his shoulders were lifted and then depressed with a quick, startling motion; indeed, it seemed as if the breath came strangely through his clenched teeth.

His meditation, or whatever engaged his mind, appeared to affect him more intensely, the longer he sat; till, finally, he began rocking his body, as strong men will sometimes, when giving visible expression to their grief.

He sprang to his feet, muttering—

"I will have proof!" The darkness had increased; the rain came down louder and more steadily. He took his hat, buttoned closely his thin coat, forgetful that a thicker hung on a peg behind

him, and emerged from the gloom into a scarcely lighted thoroughfare.

He left his package in a little, dingy book-shop, that smelt musty, and suggested thoughts of mice and other domestic vermin.

The little lame boy stared at him from under the one dim lamp, as if he saw trouble in his face. It was ghastly.

Hurrying forth again, this time shivering, he wended his way towards the residence of the Worthingtons.

He rang, and according to request was ushered into the presence of Mrs. Patience Worthington. She received him as usual, with haughty coldness, and perhaps did not condescend to notice how flushed and yet haggard was the young man's face, as he strove in vain to compose himself. Any heart but that of one grown strong in pride would have pitied him, for the workings of that most terrible of all emotions, suspense, were visible in his fine countenance.

"You received letters to-day?" at length he said, hurriedly.

"I received but one," was the reply, with cold emphasis.

"That one I—I—it was of course from——"

"From my grand-child, Miss Mary Worthington, who, I am proud to say, is destined to fill a station quite equal in importance to that of my noble Beatrice."

"Mrs. Worthington," said the young man, striving in vain to steady his voice, "these vague hints and signs of mystery which you have lately thrown out, must be embodied in a more tangible form, before I will understand them. Do you mean to say that Mary, my Mary, (here she turned upon him a look of contempt) has proved false to the vows that you yourself sanctioned?"

"If my grand-daughter thinks fit to change her mind," said Patience slowly, "and choose for her husband a peer of the realm, instead of the poor son of poverty and disgrace, it is no business of mine."

A thousand fires raged in the young man's breast; he struggled to be calm—struggled, oh! how fearfully!

And yet he found voice to say in a firm tone, "Mrs. Worthington, though you have been to my Mary a mother, and I respect you as such, I must have more direct proof of her falsehood—that word coupled with Mary's name"—he suddenly exclaimed in a burst of anguish—then recollecting himself, he added—"more direct proof than even your word. To be sure, I have had no letters, but there have been such means as suppression and duplicity used before to-day. If I am the victim of a base plot—God forgive the perpetrators."

He trembled violently.

Anger flashed from those keen, bright eyes. Patience Worthington stood erect, and fixedly regarded the young man, whose glance fell not beneath her own. Even in the midst of his varied emotions, he could not but notice the striking attitude of that vindictive old woman—vindictive, perhaps, towards none but him; he thought there was a sort of grandeur in her bearing, that must once have made her queenly indeed, if report was true about her beauty.

"Young man," she said, all her ire kindled by his resolute manner, "you have doubted my word, the word of a Worthington. I would have spared your feelings; but since you *dare* me to produce proof, look at these—and these; did my foolish child ever call them sacred? Hoard them with hidden treasures! smile over them! dream on them!"

Ernest grew frightfully pale—livid; he took the little curl which Mary had playfully severed from his own temples, and laid it on the shaking palm of his hand; he seized the package of letters, his sacred thoughts to her, and his miniature, with the delicate chain, his first gift; and then when Patience Worthington sank back in her seat, overcome with some remorseful feeling, and read with her determined way, while her voice was faint, portions of a letter from Beatrice—there he stood—ghastly, his form towering higher and higher, pride and indignation swelling his heart to bursting—white, passionless and haughty in demeanor, yet in his soul raving like a madman—in his soul annihilating himself, Patience, Mary; tearing some world into atoms; his blood boiling through his veins, and leaping like lightning.

He turned slowly to leave the room—a revulsion of feeling passed over him; his feet felt weak, his limbs trembled; it was with an effort he lifted his hat to his head. He stumbled through the hall, though a broad light spanned it from arch to arch; he felt vaguely like a blind man for the door knob, though it shone like a star before him. Out into the storm, which had steadily increased, he hurried; it beat upon him; he had forgotten his umbrella—nor once did he think of it as he traversed street after street, passing and repassing his boarding-house, striving to hurry from himself, groaning audibly and praying God that he might die—there, anywhere!—"only God let me die!"

What was honor—fame, wealth, to him now?

All night he walked his chamber, till towards morning; the burning fever consequent on his imprudent exposure, drank up his strength; he sank panting, trembling on his couch, and prayed to be taken home, saying to himself, while already strange thoughts and uncouth phantoms flitted through his brain—"it will be so much sweeter to die there! Mary loved me there!"

Lanny filled the house with lamentations when her pet, her pride, was brought home so helpless, that he was carried to the room in the new cottage which was to have been his bridal chamber, like a helpless child.

Old Sile Withers took his stand by his poor boy's bedside, and left it neither day nor night.

In his delirium the young man disclosed all his passion, all his heart-rending disappointments. His stern, rough uncle—the quaint doctor, who ever heard him, wept when he folded his thin hands so piteously, and looking out from his hollow eyes, exclaimed:

"How could you, my Mary, how could you deceive me? Was not thy promise made before Heaven? O! would God—*would God* I had died for thine honor, thy truth!

"What is true, Mary, if thou art false? Is Heaven? are the angels? You *promised* me. I

tremble for you, Mary—all Heaven heard it, Mary—yes, all Heaven, (solemnly and tenderly) and the great Holy God Himself.

"Come back, my love, (in tones of plaintive, soft entreaty;) for the sake of your plighted troth come back.

"O! turn her eyes from him—turn her head from him—how can I see the maddening sight? Her head on the bosom of another."

And with the most harrowing groans, he would exclaim, "Let go her hand, villain—but I forget—she consents. Can I touch him whom Mary loves? I forgive you, forgive—" faint and weak would he sink down, almost dying.

From day to day Doctor Pillow gave his convictions more seriously; and after the turn of the fever, the young man laid listlessly gazing around him; so still and patient was he, he had less hope than before.

"Foolish boy!" he said half in anger, half in sorrow, "here he's jest lettin' his heart break in this fashion for a worthless gal—I'd be peppered afore I'd do it." And he turned on his heel to bite his lips and force back the tears.

"You comfort me much," the invalid would whisper to minister Farrell, who often bent over him; "your prayers are sweet—prayer means something with me now—I have given up the world. Once"—his lips trembled, he ceased to speak.

During his nephew's sickness, old Sile had become thoughtful, even reverent. Not once in the sick room had he uttered his favorite "blast." He had grown as tender as a woman in his manner, and more than once did he go by himself to offer a rude prayer for the recovery of his noble boy.

One bright afternoon, when the heat glowered in the sky, and twinkled upon the meadows, the old man put on his hat and moved slowly out of the cottage down the road.

It was a rusty hat he wore, an uncouth suit of dingy brown, both too large and too small—too wide and too narrow. The farmer had cared little for outward appearance all his life; he cared less now.

The old man moved along very slowly, muttering in his fashion; and every little while you would hear the words, "hard affair—got to I die, 'spose—snug little place built, too—snug little sum laid by;" then looking cautiously round, he said aloud, as if it relieved him of the weight on his heart, "blame the girl."

In the distance a chaise loomed in sight—it came nearer, rattled up; old Sile saw a very white hand pressed upon a dark coat sleeve; bewildered he heard a soft voice, and planted himself almost in the middle of the road.

The chaise stopped so suddenly that the lady was thrown back in her seat, but recovering herself, she held out that white hand imploringly, exclaiming, "Oh! Uncle Sile, how is he? is Ernest living yet? do answer me—say he lives!"

The farmer stood irresolute; peering from her face to that of the cadaverous stranger by her side, "Is it Mary?" he asked, "is it Mary Worthington?"

"Yes, Mary!—back again—we arrived only yesterday—Ernest is better, is he not? well, or—almost?"

The expression of her face betokened anguish, and yet she seemed striving to conceal some emotion, trying to look, as it were, unconcerned.

Uncle Sile put his cane hard on the ground. "The boy's badly," he said, turning away, his great lip quivering; "he's badly; and it's I that say it—he's been treated worse 'n a brute;" and he walked hastily away from the carriage, muttering, "it aint proper to let her see him, and unless things is right it 'll kill him if they do;" then turning again, he hurried after the receding chaise.

Lanny gave a loud scream as she met Mary, but seeing a strange gentleman at her side, she shrank back, seeming undecided how to greet her. However, she led them both into the neat parlor, and then breathlessly obeying Mary's look rather than voice or sign, went by herself into Ernest's apartment.

Even then she dared not tell the invalid; she whispered a few words to minister Farrell, who nodded, and then rose from his seat violently agitated.

Meanwhile, Mary sat in the parlor composedly talking with the stranger, but looking quite pale. The latter, with a sarcastic smile, commented upon several things they had seen on their way thither; but when Lanny came to the door, and said, in a subdued tone, "You alone, if you please," to Mary, he started to his feet.

"I will be but a few moments, at the most," Mary exclaimed, calmly, moving close to his side; "do not fear to trust me."

He sat nervously down at this, and Mary followed Lanny.

As she entered the sick room, a change came over her countenance, her strength deserted her, and she almost fell into the outstretched arms of the old minister, who, by a sign, compelled silence.

The curtains at the foot of the bed were adjusted carefully that the sick man might see nothing that was passing; but after the minister had whispered a word to the trembling girl, he consigned her to Lanny, upon whom she leaned, and stepped softly round to Ernest.

Drawing the curtain, he said, as Ernest looked up at him—

"I am afraid you are too ill to hear joyful news."

With that instinctive foreboding which sometimes flashes over the soul, the young man exclaimed—

"What! has Mary come?"

"Don't keep me from him longer!" shrieked the poor girl, almost hysterically; and before another word could be spoken, she had sank down at his bedside, while he, with almost supernatural strength, half threw himself from the couch, and twined his feeble arms about her, saying, with all the strength he could command—

"True still, my Mary, still?"

"Yes," she sobbed, completely overcome, and not daring to look upon the ravages disease had made, "true still—thank God—yours for ever."

"Uncle, where is uncle, Mr. Farrell? Strength has come upon me," exclaimed Ernest, the light of hope breaking over his features; "place my pillow, so I may sit up—I can bear it; don't

fear for me now—oh! Mary, Mary, sit down by me; I rejoice still with trembling; I cannot understand it yet; your silence—that letter about your—your—marriage—the tokens returned. Is my brain still weak? do I wander? can it be that you are beside me? Where is all this to end? Indeed, my child, I cannot bear a second struggle."

"My poor Ernest," said Mary, shudderingly, as she gazed upon the wreck before her, "we have both been grievously deceived. I must tell you all in as few words as possible, I have so little time. You heard that I was married to Lord Holliston—perhaps you heard, also, that I had found my father. The latter report is true—the former—oh! Ernest, could you think it?"

"I have been obliged to use stratagem in order to get out here. Long before I went to England, Beatrice and my grand-mother formed a plan to separate us—may they be forgiven—all our letters have been intercepted, and two of my most valuable packages were abstracted from my travelling trunks by means of false keys. When I realized this deception—" she exclaimed with an expression of grief; "but I must hurry on."

"I cannot recount the harrowing scenes in which I have been forced to participate. I will pass over Beatrice's uncousinly conduct, Lord Holliston's persecuting attentions, and briefly tell you—I have told you already, though," she laughed a little, "that I have found my father."

"He was Lord Holliston's guardian—Marquis Enfeldt, and is at this moment under this roof. Strangely enough, my proud grand-mother received him with open arms when she saw him again. Oh! Ernest, she forgot—she must have forgotten—his treatment of my angel mother—still he is my father. He seems penitent for his desertion of my mother—and, thank God! it is not as has been generally supposed—my mother was united to him in honorable marriage. I need no longer go aside to weep, and wonder at my grand-mother's strange conduct, when I allude to my father. Many a bitter pang has it cost me—but I fear my sorrows are not yet over. My father fancies what he is pleased to call my English style of beauty. He exercises the most careful watchfulness over me. He is not rich, but he is influential; and he has determined that I shall still marry Lord Holliston. What can I do? I am not yet of age, and in his power. My grand-mother was almost violent when she knew where I was coming, and would gladly have prevented me—and, oh! my poor friend! I can now account for my missing treasures," she added, with a burning cheek, "they were so cunningly abstracted. I have learned all—how the miniature, the letters, the ringlet, were returned. How could you think me faithless?"

Ernest said not a word. It seemed strange enough now, with that dear form beside him, and that sweet face looking into his, that he did suspect; and he even gave a little weak laugh in memory of his credulity.

"Time passes," exclaimed the fair girl, starting up, but Ernest would not let her hand go; "my father will come for me," she shuddered; "what am I to do? how act for the future? Advise me, dear minister; you, who have been the

truest father to me, what am I to do? Can you not help me?"

"Yes, I can," he gravely replied.

"How, then?" she asked, breathlessly.

The minister looked towards Ernest, and then again at Mary.

"My child," he said, gently as a father would, "you need not go from here."

She started as his meaning broke on her mind. A painful uncertainty sat on her face; yet her cheeks flushed—she trembled.

"Dare I?" she questioned her heart, looking modestly down.

The sick man folded his wan hands—closed his eyes. It may be he was supplicating in her behalf—asking the Father to give her strength.

The old minister took her by the hand and turned towards Ernest. "His life is in the balance," he said solemnly; "if it is worth saving, you may save it."

Mary bent her pure forehead—tears came raining down her cheeks. "He must not die," she said, in a whisper; then louder, and in broken tones, she added, "I will dare—and brave all."

"Then join your right hands," he said, going softly to the door, and calling in Lanny and the old farmer. He moved quickly towards Ernest and Mary, and impressively performed the marriage service.

Mary was free.

Ernest spoke not, but, rapturously smiling, he held both her hands to his bosom; his pale lips moved. "My noble wife, my own," he murmured.

Mary still wept silently. She could not realize that she was now at liberty. Lanny cried outright; the good minister wiped the moisture from his spectacles, and slyly from his eyes, and old Sile completely transformed his face in his efforts to keep it unchanged.

Minister Farrell now went to seek the marquis. He was impatiently walking the floor.

"Where is my daughter?" he asked quickly, almost fiercely.

"This way, if you please," and the marquis followed the dignified pastor into the sick room. What a scene met his gaze!

Ernest, with a hopeful face, still held the hand of his bride in both of his. Mary sat timidly leaning towards him, looking, at the same time, towards her father like a frightened child. The haughty marquis glared around him.

"Mary," he exclaimed, sternly, "what does this mean? False girl! what of your promise? Strange conduct, this, for the daughter of a peer."

"I am his wife—they are married," broke simultaneously from the lips of Mary and the minister; then there was a dead silence.

In vain the marquis essayed to speak—his blue lips refused their office. Mary cowered closer to her husband; she had little love for her father, at the best, and she felt there was protection in Ernest's very weakness.

Impotent to vent his rage except by the flashing of his fierce eyes, Marquis Enfeldt, with a glance of scorn, turned, hurried from the apartment, and in another moment his carriage wheels rattled furiously away.

"Blamed glad he's gone," broke, honestly, from the old farmer's lips, and every wrinkle in his face seemed laughing.

That night a letter came to Mary. Her father, her grand-mother had disowned her. She read it with almost a proud smile; then murmured—

"God will yet allow me to behold my grand-mother in penitence."

And but few years ago might be seen, in Mary's beautiful home, a lovely though faded creature, with her young son, seated in the grand parlor, telling tales of old England to the little, golden-haired Mary—Ernest's household treasure—his rarest. It was Beatrice, brought low by reverses, which it is needless to mention, but which were the result of her own thoughtlessness and pride.

And in a chamber, surrounded by splendor, sat a poor, emaciated form, all day and all night blessing Mary for her kind offices, and a thousand times begging her to forgive the past.

It was Patience Worthington, again with her grand-children; but behold the change from arrogant pride to humility.

She was no longer haughty, save when she listened to the praise that the world bestowed on her author-son.

Farmer Sile Withers lies in the village churchyard. So do Lanny and the good pastor.

It is rumored in the fashionable world that "Lady Bentley, whose husband is dead, you know, is soon to be married to L——, that smart lawyer, that so many have been trying to win; and you know (of course) that he was her early lover."

Patience Worthington is growing childish. If you speak to her of minister Farrell, she will lift a delicate ivory box, and taking from thence a soft tress of raven hair, say to you—

"He sent it to me from his death-bed."

It was a lock of her own hair. The minister had treasured it for fifty-eight long years.

But the imbecile smile will fade away, the old flash come to her eye for a moment, the old mien to her form, when a caller chances to say—

"What two very good and very beautiful grand-children you have been blessed with, Mrs. Worthington!"

#### ETIQUETTE.

It is related of a young Austrian prince who was very hungry, that he remained several hours contemplating a dish, which he could not touch, according to etiquette, because the officer whose duty it was to carve was very ill; it was necessary to summon the next officer in rank, but he was absent in the country, and could not be at his post in less than half a day. But the prince would sooner have died of hunger than suffer a point of etiquette to be transgressed.

Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, is said to have caught a severe cold one day, while waiting to have an under garment put on, the lady in waiting being at the time absent, and the next lady not daring to infringe the law of etiquette, which rendered the pleasing office of dressing the queen the exclusive privilege of the first lady of the bed-chamber.



## THE COTTAGE DOOR.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

How sweet the rest that labor yields  
 The humble and the poor,  
 Where sits the patriarch of the fields  
 Before his cottage door:  
 The lark is singing in the sky,  
 The swallow in the eaves  
 And love is beaming in each eye  
 Beneath the summer leaves!

The air amid his fragrant bowers  
 Supplies unpurchased health,  
 And hearts are bounding 'mid the flowers  
 More dear to him than wealth!  
 Peace, like the blessed sunlight, plays  
 Around his humble cot,  
 And happy nights and cheerful days  
 Divide his lowly lot.

And when the village Sabbath bell  
 Rings out upon the gale,  
 The father bows his head to tell  
 The music of its tale—  
 A fresher verdure seems to fill  
 The fair and dewy sod,  
 And every infant tongue is still,  
 To hear the word of God!

O, happy hearts!—to Him who stills  
 The ravens when they cry,  
 And makes the lily 'neath the hills  
 So glorious to the eye—  
 The trusting patriarch prays, to bless  
 His labors with increase;  
 Such "ways are ways of pleasantness,"  
 And all such "paths are peace!"

## A SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.\*

AIR—"The Little House under the Hill."

Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning;  
 Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;  
 Bent o'er the fire her blind grandmother, sitting,  
 Is croaning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting—  
 "Eileen, a-hora, I hear some one tapping."—  
 "'Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flap-  
 ping."  
 "Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing."—  
 "'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer  
 wind dying."  
 Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,  
 Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the  
 foot's stirring;  
 Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,  
 Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden  
 singing.

"What's that noise that I hear at the window, I  
 wonder?"—  
 "'Tis the little birds chirping the holly-bush  
 under."  
 "What makes you be shoving and moving your  
 stool on,  
 And singing all wrong that old song of 'The Coo-  
 lun'?"—  
 There's a form at the casement—the form of her  
 true love—  
 And he whispers, with face bent, "I'm waiting  
 for you, love;

Get up on the stool, through the lattice step  
 lightly,  
 We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining  
 brightly."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,  
 Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the  
 foot's stirring;  
 Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,  
 Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden  
 singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fin-  
 gers,  
 Steals up from the seat—longs to go, and yet lin-  
 gers;  
 A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grand-  
 mother,  
 Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with  
 the other.

Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round;  
 Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound;  
 Noiseless and light to the lattice above her  
 The maid steps—then leaps to the arms of her  
 lover.

Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel  
 swings;  
 Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings;  
 Ere the reel and the wheel stopped their ring-  
 ing and moving,  
 Through the grove the young lovers by moon-  
 light are roving.

\*The idea of this song is evidently taken from Beranger's  
 "La Mere Aveugle."

## HOME SONG.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

Now, thrust my thimble in its case,  
 And store the spools away,  
 And lay the muslin rolls in place;  
 My task is done to day;  
 For, like the workman's evening bell,  
 A sound hath met my ears,  
 The gate-click by the street doth tell  
 Papa has come, my dears.  
 Bear off the toy-box from the floor—  
 For yonder chair make room;  
 And up, and out—unbar the door,  
 And breathe his welcome home;  
 For 'tis the twilight hour of joy,  
 When Home's best pleasures rally;  
 And I will clasp my darling boy,  
 While papa romps with Allie.

There, take the hat, and gloves, and bring  
 The slippers, warm and soft,  
 While bounds the babe, with laugh and spring  
 In those loved arms, aloft,  
 And let each nook some comfort yield—  
 Each heart with love be warm,  
 For him, whose firm, strong hands shall shield  
 The household gods from harm.  
 Our love shall light the gathering gleam;  
 For, o'er all earthly hope,  
 We cherish first the joys of home;  
 A glad, rejoicing group.  
 And through the twilight hour of joy,  
 We turn from toil; to dally  
 With thy young dreams of life, my boy,  
 And gaily fondle Allie.

BUFFALO, August 30th, 1853.

# MODELS FOR MODERN MINSTRELS.—No. 2.

"But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;"  
A barren press "repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul."

It would be both cruel and uncourteous to snuff out the feeblest spark of kindling genius—smoke precedes flame, and the loveliest flower, in its infancy, is but an unsightly bulb; yet from these, as from all beginnings founded upon just laws and true principles, great and beautiful results follow. It was not our object, in the last essay, to "put an extinguisher" upon the young poet, nor yet to curb his ambition, nor even to blot out from his view all hope of kneeling, one day, at Apollo's shrine, to rise with the victor's laurel upon his brow. No, we check not the poet, but we curb the pretender; we quench not the spirit of Genius, but pour cold water upon lifeless and smouldering embers; we discourage not a first effort, however feeble, if it promises future greatness, but we frown down the bold and vulgar intrusion of those who attempt to step, with no further warrant than that of Presumption, into that select circle where the learned, the refined, the sensitive and the high-minded children of Learning and Poesy alone are privileged to move!

To this large crowd we do not wish to address ourselves—they would neither heed, nor understand us. Let them still intrude themselves on the reading and literary world from which their highest reward is laughter or pity, as wanting so much even of self-knowledge as would enable them to discover their own weakness, or their strength, if they have any—for it does not follow that the "gentleman" or the "lady" who does not succeed at a good epic, or even a good song, may not make a good grocer, or a good milliner. In the world of letters, as in another, "the wheat and the tares must grow together," and surely there are many lost, unheard, and unseen in the bustle, scramble and noise of the multitude—for true genius and merit are always backward and retiring—to whom our cautions and instructions, trifling though they be, may come as a most acceptable and welcome boon.

It is for you, then, ye few retiring, modest, heaven-inspired, scattered children of the heaven-born Muse we address ourselves; it is to you we consecrate the best, the first, the freest offering we can lay upon the altar of Taste, Talent and Learning! The gift, we know, is but a poor one, but it is what a literary life, some degree of scholarship, a good deal of general reading in our own and other languages have enabled us to do—with what utility, judgment and taste it will be for others to decide.

If, however, it serve even as an imperfect clue to the recesses of the labyrinth wherein is hidden that deep, clear, but mystic, "Pierian spring," for which you thirst with so much eagerness, we shall be more than rewarded when we see you return refreshed, invigorated and inspired;—learned but not boastful, talented but humble. In introducing you to the studio, we are anxious that it should be well stocked with good Models,

selected from the best sources. And here we must suppose you unacquainted with those of Greece and Rome—a supposition founded only on the fact of your wretched attempts at poetry; for to be imbued with classical learning implies an amount of knowledge and taste which would be at least a sufficient safeguard against your committing yourself before the world in "black and white" till you know what you were talking about—and come at once to the fact that for the present you must fall back upon those of *English Literature*—that is, the *fine literature* of the English language. And here you have at least the satisfaction and the pride that you are drawing upon no foreign source for the supply of your wants. The English language is as much yours by birth-right as if you were born within the sound of "Bow Bells," in London, that is, a *cockney*. It is the language of the forefathers of the present English race who were no less your forefathers, whose language has been adopted by all the children of other nations who have adopted this land as their's, and who are now being blended into one grand Anglo-American mass, destined to work out the greatest social, political and literary problem that has engaged the attention of the human race since that first flash of divine, simple, sublime eloquence reverberated through the chaos of the universe, and made the confusion visible by its power—LET LIGHT BE AND LIGHT WAS!

The earliest poet of whom our annals give any account is a gentleman, named Coedmon, of Anglo-Saxon origin, and who was occupied in the romantic and meditative calling of a cowherd, but who, like many of our modern poets, could neither read nor write. He was, according to custom, challenged, one night, in his master's hall, for an extempore verse or two of a song, but being unable to gratify the company, he slunk out, and went disgraced and sorrowful to the stable-loft to sleep. He was not long asleep, however, when a stranger appeared to him, saying, "Coedmon, sing me something," to which Coedmon replied that he would not, because he could not; but the stranger would not be put off, and so urged his point, till the cowherd was out of patience and desired to know what he would have him sing if he must comply with so unreasonable a demand as that of compelling a bird to sing which could not sing; to which the stranger replied, "Sing the creation!" and forthwith Coedmon began to sing, and taking everything into the account, sang a very decent song for that time of day. This surprised every one next morning, as well as himself, and, leaving his master and the cows, he became a monk of Whitby, where, if he did not serve the brethren well as a poet, he doubtless must have been very useful about their farm and dairy! This, then, was the first poet who wrote *by inspiration* in our language; it was, as you see, quite a miracle, but miracles, small and large, were not so rare in those days as now—so I would not have you depend much upon Coedmon as a model. And from his time, the middle of the seventh century down to the middle of the sixteenth, I am sorry to say that that long period is equally barren of interest to the young composer of poesy,

though it is a field of extensive and deep interest to the scholar and philologist. It is, however, worthy of remark that, during this whole time, we find not one single instance of literary remains, except that one little miracle of Coedmon, which does not come from the pens of the highly educated. We have literary remains only from nobles, clergy and crowned heads! It is to be borne in mind that education was confined to these classes alone at that early period, and that even among them it was not widely diffused, for many of the clergy could neither read nor write, nor were noblemen and gentlemen farther advanced in mental culture than those who are too often blamed for keeping the key of knowledge hidden from the people; but I must say that if we are to judge by the history of the times, we are compelled to admit that if they held any key at all, it was that of some old chest whose lock had become so rusty as to refuse to yield to all their own efforts, and whose contents were as much a mystery to the priests, generally speaking, as to the people. They were a set of ignorant ascetics, groping in darkness and buried in the dark, dismal graves and dungeons which Ignorance had dug to hide its shame and its follies from the light of day and from the sunshine of God! Holding, then, education as the grand prerequisite, I shall in my future essays endeavor to show you the way, at least; and whilst pointing out your difficulties and impediments in the age and country in which you live, I trust I shall be able to give you such encouragement as may prove to you that laurels may be still won by him who knows how to arm himself, and is bold enough to take the field. In the meantime, let me call your attention to the following models. It is expected that you will do much more than read them:—

#### TO A LADY.

WRITTEN ABOUT 1558.

Give place, you ladies, and be gone.  
Boast not yourselves at all!  
For here at hand approacheth one,  
Whose face will shame you all!

The virtue of her lively looks  
Excels the precious stone:  
I wish to have none other books  
To read or look upon.

Her roseate color comes and goes  
With such a comely grace,  
More ruddier, too, than doth the rose,  
Within her lively face.

At Bacchus' feast none shall her meet,  
Ne at no wanton play;  
Nor gazing in an open street,  
Nor gadding as a stray.

O, Lord, it is a world to see  
How virtue can repair,  
And deck in her such honesty  
Whom Nature made so fair!

Truly she doth so far exceed  
Our women now-a-days,  
As doth the gilly flower a weed,  
And more a thousand ways.

This gift alone I shall her give:  
When Death doth what he can,  
Her honest fame shall ever live  
Within the mouth of man.

#### THE LITTLE MOLES.

FROM A LIVING POET.

When grasping tyranny offends,  
Or angry bigots frown;  
When rulers plot for selfish ends  
To keep the people down;  
When statesmen form unholy league  
To drive the world to war;  
When knaves in palaces intrigue  
For ribbons and a star;  
We raise our heads—survey their deeds,  
And cheerily reply,  
*Grub, little moles, grub under ground,  
There's sunshine in the sky.*

When canting hypocrites combine  
To curb a freeman's thought,  
And hold all doctrine undivine  
That holds their canting naught;  
When round their narrow pale they plod,  
And scornfully assume  
That all without are cursed of God,  
And justify the doom:—  
We think of God's eternal love  
And strong in hope reply,  
*Grub, little moles, grub under ground,  
There's sunshine in the sky.*

When greedy authors wield the pen  
To please the vulgar town,  
Depict great thieves as injured men  
And heroes of renown—  
Pander to prejudice unclean,  
Apologize for crime,  
And daub the vices of the mean  
With flattery like slime;  
For MILTON's craft—for SHAKESPEARE'S  
tongue  
We blush, but yet reply,  
*Grub, little moles, grub under ground,  
There's sunshine in the sky.*

When smug philosophers survey  
The various climes of earth,  
And mourn, poor sagelings of a day!  
Its too prolific birth;  
And prove by figure, rule, and plan  
The large fair world too small  
To feed the multitudes of man  
That flourish on its ball:  
We view the vineyards on the hill,  
Or cornfields waving high:—  
*Grub, little moles, grub under ground,  
There's sunshine in the sky.*

When men complain of human kind  
In misanthropic mood,  
And thinking evil things, grow blind  
To presence of the good;  
When, walled in prejudices strong,  
They urge that ever more  
The world is fated to go wrong  
For going wrong before:  
We feel the truth they cannot feel,  
And smile as we reply,  
*Grub, little moles, grub under ground,  
There's sunshine in the sky.*

GAMMA.

## SEWING SOCIETIES vs. BENEVOLENCE.

BY A LADY OF BALTIMORE.

Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Nugent had been paying a visit to Mrs. Barker, the new minister's wife, as she was termed. As they were about leaving, Mrs. Ellis remarked—

"I suppose, Mrs. Barker, we shall see you at our sewing society, to-morrow afternoon. It meets at my house."

"I rather think not," was Mrs. Barker's reply.

"No!" ejaculated both the ladies at once.

"You will be expected there," continued Mrs. Nugent. A great many were disappointed because you were not at our last one, and some, I must add, were not a little displeased at it; but I plead for you, assuring them that probably you did not exactly understand its object."

"I am sorry to disappoint or displease any of my friends," replied Mrs. Barker, "yet I cannot conscientiously take part in a sewing society."

"You cannot! and why not?" asked Mrs. Ellis.

"Surely, our pastor's wife ought to set us an example in this respect. She should be the last to object to engaging in works of benevolence."

"In those that are really such, Mrs. Ellis; but to injure one portion of our fellow creatures for the sake of benefiting others, can hardly be termed benevolence."

"I should like you to show me how sewing societies can injure any one," remarked Mrs. Nugent. "I always thought them a great benefit."

"I thought so too, once, my dear friends, but recent observations and reflection have led me to think differently. The object of your society, I believe, is to pay off the church debt, is it not?"

"It is," replied Mrs. Ellis, "and in this way many persons are enabled to help us that otherwise would not, or could not, give us a cent. There's Anna Howell, for instance: last month she embroidered us two beautiful little dresses—each of them sold for two dollars and a half—the materials for both cost, I believe, about three dollars; so it was equal to her giving us two dollars."

"She is a dress-maker, and has generally, I believe, as much work as she can do, and I suppose, in the time it took her to embroider those dresses, she could have earned as much, if not more, at her regular work. Would it not have been just as easy, then, for her to have given you two dollars in money, as in the way she did?"

"But she would never have given it in money. To tell the truth, I do not suppose she could afford it, for she has her mother and a little sister to do for, and I guess they need all she earns."

"With such persons, Mrs. Ellis, time is money."

"Oh! yes; but then she did these 'between times,' as we say."

"When she needed rest and recreation for her exhausted frame, no doubt. But who purchased these little dresses?"

"Mrs. English, the banker's wife; the wealthiest and, I believe, at the same time, the mean-

est woman in the city. We have asked her several times to give us something for our church, but she has invariably refused us. Any little fancy articles, however, that we have for sale, and that she wants, she will take. It was to reach such people that we started our sewing society. There, you see, is where we have the advantage. Surely, their purchasing such things cannot in the least injure the poor!"

"I am not so sure of that, Mrs. Nugent. Do you suppose Mrs. English would have bought those dresses, or have had them made, if she had not got them from you?"

"Oh! yes; she was just going out to get the materials for them, as we called."

"Who do you suppose would have made them?"

The entrance of another visitor prevented a reply to this question. The person who entered was Mrs. Toyville, the senior deacon's wife, a lady who was universally esteemed for her piety and benevolence, but who, like Mrs. Barker, had very little faith in the usefulness of fairs, sewing societies, and all similar projects of benevolence. As Mrs. Toyville seated herself in the chair tendered to her by Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Nugent cast knowing glances at each other, which seemed to say, "Ah! we know now how to account for Mrs. Barker's prejudices." But in this they were mistaken; the two ladies had never conversed together upon the subject. It was not long before Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Nugent rose to depart, but Mrs. Toyville detained them, saying that she had that morning received applications for pecuniary assistance from two or three of the poorer members of the church, whom she was about to visit, and would be much pleased for them to accompany her; Mrs. Barker, too, if she could. Mrs. Barker was obliged to decline going, having home duties to attend to that ought not to be neglected. Ministers' wives sometimes have home duties as well as other people. Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Nugent, who were known as very benevolent ladies, at once expressed their willingness to accompany Mrs. Toyville in her errand of mercy. Ten minutes' walk through narrow lanes and alleys brought them to a small frame house, the situation of which was anything but pleasant. The knock at the door was answered by a pale, sickly-looking little girl, about eight years old.

"Is your mother in, my dear?" inquired Mrs. Toyville.

"Yes, ma'am, but she's sick in bed," replied the child. "Please walk in, ladies."

"Ah! Mrs. Toyville," exclaimed the sick woman, "how glad I am to see you; and you, too, ladies," turning to Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Nugent. "It was a long while, Mrs. Toyville, before I could make up my mind to send for you; but I could not bear to see my children starve."

"How long have you been sick, Mrs. Lynn?" asked the deacon's wife.

"A week to-day."

"Then why did you not let me know before? We, who have an abundance of this world's goods, esteem it a privilege to administer to the wants of others. Haven't you been in want?"

"Not for actual necessities, till yesterday. I had a little change by me when I was taken sick, which lasted till then. But all day yesterday, none of us tasted a mouthful of food. This morning, Mrs. Miles brought me some breakfast in, and took the children home and gave them some. The three little ones are there now."

"What brought on your sickness, do you suppose?"

"Work got dull, and I was obliged to take anything I could get to do. Mrs. Joyce wanted some house-cleaning done, so I thought I would try and do it for her. I got my feet wet, and, I suppose, took cold in that way."

"You did wrong, Mrs. Lynn, to undertake this. You are not used to such work, and are, therefore, the more liable to take cold," said Mrs. Ellis.

"How could I help it, ma'am? My children must have bread; and ever since that sewing society has been started up at the church, my work has gradually decreased. I did not mind it so much, though, as long as I kept Mrs. English's work, for that was worth as much to me as all the rest put together. There was never a week but I had embroidery or something of the kind to do for her; but now she gets everything of the kind from the sewing society, and I am obliged to take hold of the first thing that offers."

Mrs. Ellis said no more, but both she and Mrs. Nugent appeared rather restless whilst listening to the further inquiries made by Mrs. Toyville, whom they permitted to make what arrangements she thought best in reference to the poor woman and her children.

"Anna Howell sent for me, this morning," said Mrs. Toyville, soon after they left the humble abode of Mrs. Lynn. "She is very ill. She does not live far from here, so we might as well call there next."

No objection was made, if any was felt, to this. Mrs. Howell, a frail, weak woman of about sixty, met them at the door of her dwelling.

"How is Anna?" kindly inquired Mrs. Toyville.

"Rather better, thank you, but still very weak. The doctor says, if she sticks as close to her needle as she has done, before this time next year she will be in her grave."

"Does he think her lungs are affected?"

"He doesn't say, but I'm inclined to think they are. She coughs constantly of late, and is all the time complaining of a pain in her side."

"How long has she been in this state?"

"Well, she hasn't been to say well for near a month. You see she undertook to do some fine work for the sewing society, and, as she couldn't spare the time through the day, she was obliged to do it at night. Twice she sat up all night to work on it; and it was more than she could bear, for she has been complaining ever since. I told her the ladies wouldn't want her to work that way for them."

"Of course not," replied Mrs. Nugent, who now began to see how sewing societies could injure any one, "of course not; we would rather have done without the work. Is she confined to her bed?"

"Oh! la, yes. She has not been able to set up

for nearly a week. But walk up and see her, ladies. She has been looking for you, Mrs. Toyville, all the morning."

It is unnecessary for us to pursue this little sketch any farther. It is so plain that all who read can understand. We will only add that when Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Nugent left the bedside of Anna Howell, their confidence in sewing societies was a good deal shaken.

## THE WANDERER.

BY MARTHA ALLEN.

After little Wilhelm's death, it is true, Paul and I were very lonely again. The old quiet once more reigned undisturbed by a child's sweet voice. Still, it was unlike the gloom and solitude at which we murmured ere God sent an angel to bless us. Now, though the blue violets grew upon the grave of our darling, and the robin sang above it, an indefinite consciousness of his presence still invested the old rooms with an air of peace. Each quaint old chair and antiquated foot-stool were hallowed by the clinging memories of his infantile gambols—while many a green spot in our hearts told that our little Wilhelm's death had caused feeling to bloom afresh, dispensing the healthful influences of Divine grace.

Paul wheeled the cushioned chair close to the window, as if to view the setting sun, shrouding his disc in gold and purple clouds, but I knew full well it was to hide from me the starting tears that trickled down his cheeks, as thoughts of the lost one were borne to his mind on the light wind of eve and the fleeting shadows of twilight.

As month speeded after month, our regrets became less and less; indeed, we often rejoiced, for we could not but feel our earthly pilgrimage was well nigh ended, and that soon our darling, now one of those who sing endless praises to the Lamb, would welcome our freed spirits to that home where the "wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

We went forth hand-in-hand to the abodes of poverty, dispensing to the afflicted children of want and disease, from our abundance, ever feeling repaid a hundred fold by the calm and the happiness that now dwelt within our souls. When evening lowered, I would loosen the heavy curtains, stir up the fire burning in the ample grate; then, when the lights were brought in, would read again those blessed words, "Even so much as ye have done it unto one of these little ones, ye have done it unto me." And Paul would exclaim,

"Dost thou remember, Elsie, the last time I read those words?"

Ah! how could I forget? Was not our darling then with us, nestled on my lap, hiding his golden curls on my bosom?

Summer had passed away; Autumn, with its sad, moaning winds, its beating rains, had succeeded; the dry, naked branches of the trees rattled against the window panes; the crisp, yellow leaves danced and whirled in eddying circles down the broad garden paths; the sky, a dull, dark lead color, seemed to sympathize with the decay of nature; a large fire burned in the grate. Paul had grown very feeble lately, so my services

were much needed; my arm to support his faltering steps, my eyes to read his favorite passages; he appeared never content now unless I were near him.

"Elsie," he would say, "come hither, I want thee near me ever, for the hour approaches 'when the bridegroom goeth forth,' and I must trim my lamp to be ready to accompany Him."

On this night he had drawn my arm through his, and resting his beloved head on my breast, spoke of the blessing God had vouchsafed, in permitting us thus long to journey together, and his conviction that our separation by the Death-angel would be short, that soon each would cast off all that was material, when the immortal would blend in an eternal union. His conversation then reverted to early days, his sorrow for the unknown fate of a dear brother—his mother's grief as year passed after year without bringing word or sign from the wanderers; of the maiden who faithfully kept her troth-plight amid all the ills of sickness and poverty, and still waiting, still watching, knowing no distrust, still thinking of him as the lover of her youth, at length lonely, neglected, sunk into the tomb. In a low voice, mellowed by olden remembrances, he slowly repeated Moore's beautiful lines:

"No, the heart that has truly loved, never forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close,  
As the sun-flower turns on her god when he sets,  
The same look which she turn'd when he rose."

We drew closer to the fire; it was becoming chilly in the room; the wind moaned round the house like a wailing spirit; we listened and grew still. Each thought of the missing brother, for whom our Wilhelm had been called. Somehow since the death of our little one, the two were become inseparably connected in our minds; to speak of one was to recall the other.

A loud rap at the hall-door echoed through the house; again and again the summons sounded. Paul roused entirely from his dreamy mood, looked eagerly towards the door, wondering who at this late hour was so impatient of entrance. Quick steps sounded in the hall and on the stairs; soon the door of our sitting-room was thrown open wide. Hannah entered, followed by a tall, sun-burnt man, his hair whitened either by years or cares. He appeared to be at a loss. First his gaze rested on me, then on Paul, then looked towards me again, as if there were some mistake. Just then, as he turned towards me again, the light was cast more fully on his countenance. Paul started, though two score years had heaped their snows on his father's grave; still it was as though he had returned, for the form and the expression of the face was the same as when he last looked on him.

"My brother Wilhelm!" he cried, clasping him to his breast; "God be thanked for this!"

Yes, it was indeed our brother, the lost one. Sad was the tale he told of years of imprisonment in foreign lands, sickness of body and mind, of letters written, lost perchance in the ocean's bed—for answers never came to cheer his exile—of the delirious joy as his foot once more pressed native earth; of the fearfully hurried journey to the well remembered village home; how the glad chimes

of the bells sounded on his ear, long before he reached the lane that led to the old church. How gladly they seemed to welcome him! He had loved them in his youth, and their familiar notes now appeared as if hope and youth were his again. Onward, and the heart's joy, the dream of home, fled for ever; for the greetings of friends, he was shown the graves of his kindred, the stranger on his door-sill, and the lowly resting-place of the maiden who had loved him in his early days. Heart-sick, he asked for his surviving brother, and was directed hither. Paul he had sought as his memory pictured him, of erect and noble bearing, with beaming eye and clustering black hair round his noble brow, and had found but a feeble old man, tottering on the confines of eternity. Still the meeting was a happy one. Though sad and bitter tears were shed, they were mingled with sweets. The wanderer had found two loving hearts to welcome him. That night Paul prayed with unusual fervor; and as I heard his closing words, "Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace," I knew that all within was calm.

## HABITATIONS OF ANIMALS.

Translated from the French.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

It is especially in the construction of their habitations that animals manifest an intelligence much above the instinct scarcely accorded to them by men who neglect to observe nature, or who do not comprehend it. What is most wonderful is, that we must not seek this intelligence among the larger animals, those whose organization bears some analogy to our own, but among those which escape our eyes, gliding beneath the grass or concealing themselves in the calyx of a flower, in a word, insects. You will see this architectural intelligence diminish in proportion as the organization is perfected and the size of the species increases; the beaver, which belongs to mammiferous animals, and whose size does not equal that of the fox, will be the last architect we shall meet with having any ingenuity. With birds you may follow the same progression. The troglodite, which is the smallest in our country, builds with much art a nest in the form of an oven; eagles and vultures, which are the largest, make theirs rudely with some pieces of wood placed across each other. The ostrich deposits its eggs on the bare sand, without any preparation.

The mason mygale (*mygale caementaria*) is a large spider of a brownish fawn-color, found in the South of France. To prepare its habitation it chooses dry soil, on a slope towards the rising sun or the North-east, rarely towards the South, unless beneath the shelter of a tree; never towards the North or the setting sun. There it digs a cylindrical hole, half an inch broad and four or five inches deep. As it extracts the materials, it scatters them at a distance, that the ground may retain its uniformity and no elevation betray its asylum. This hole is not vertical, but slightly inclined towards the horizon; it terminates at the bottom in a large apartment more than an inch long, destined to lodge the spider and her children.



By means of a delicate mortar, it consolidates and unites the walls; then it hangs them with a beautiful silken tapestry, which no fabric woven by human hands can rival.

The habitation is now made, but it needs a door to defend the interior from the inclemency of the seasons and the approach of enemies. It is here that the animal displays marvellous intelligence. It mixes some clayey earth and fashions it in such a manner as to give it the form of a flat and perfectly round dish; from time to time it presents this dish at the opening of the house, in order to fit it exactly. It is necessary that a part of its thickness should penetrate exactly into the hole, and the other half jut over like a lid. This done it, must be fastened and receive hinges. As the opening of the habitation is inclined, the spider places a silken fold at the top, so that the dish opens like a valve and shuts by its own weight; but the work is not finished; she gives it solidity by lining it with a thick layer of silk in the interior, and leaves several loose threads, in order to be able to take hold of it easily, to open and shut it.

If this were all, the enemies of the mygale would easily recognize the round and silken door, and would not fail to destroy her dwelling during her absence. In order to mark it, she daubs the exterior surface of the dish with a gummy liquid, and fastens to it with much art, gravel and heaps of stones, in such a manner as to give the surface the rough appearance of the surrounding soil. She can imitate this so closely, that I defy the most practised eye to distinguish her door from the adjacent earth.

Each day the mygale quits her habitation in search of prey. Before venturing out, she listens to see whether any sound announces danger; if all is tranquil, she gently raises her door and looks anxiously round. Assured that no enemy is watching for her, she goes out; and before leaving, closes her habitation with the greatest care; the same caution on her return. Before approaching her dwelling, she looks to see whether there is no scorpion or scolopendra lying in ambush; sure of not being observed, she darts to the house, opens the door, closes it and disappears with the rapidity of lightning. When she takes her young family to walk, she redoubles her precautions, and if surprised by any danger, places her children on her back, flies, and reaches her dwelling by long circuits, in order to mislead the enemy. Shut up in her house, she seizes with four paws the threads of silk which she has fastened to her door for this purpose; then, resting her other paws against the walls of the hole, draws it to her with all her strength. I do not doubt that the resistance she thus opposes is considerable enough to conquer the efforts of a scorpion or scolopendra, for a man can feel it and appreciate it very sensibly, in attempting to open the lid with a pin: I have often made the experiment. But if her efforts are unavailing, all her courage abandons her: she flies to the bottom of her hole, and allows herself to be devoured unresistingly by the scorpion who follows her.

Among the insects which buzz on the flowers in Spring, may be noticed the poppy bee (*megachile papaveris*.) This bee has its head and thorax covered with a greyish russet down. It makes

its nest in the dry and hard earth by the roadside. It digs first a cylindrical hole, one or two inches in depth, then enlarges it in such a manner as to form a sort of chamber, an inch in diameter. It has no silk like the spider, it cannot make paper like wasps, nor wax like bees, and yet it must so prepare the walls of its apartment as not to sully the purity of the honey which is to be deposited there. You think this very embarrassing. Not at all; wait a moment, and you will see this chamber hung with rich tapestry, vieing in delicacy and brilliancy with the richest stuffs of silk and velvet in splendor of coloring, with imperial purple and the finest gold. It takes its flight over harvest-fields, seeking attentively the freshest and most brilliant poppy; it alights on one of its petals, and with its mandibles performing the office of scissors, it cuts out a square piece with as much address and neatness as a tailor. But it is especially in carrying it without injury that it develops surprising intelligence. With its hind paws it holds the piece perfectly smooth, then with its fore-paws rolls it up, until it has formed a tight roll, which it seizes in the middle and then carries very conveniently. Arrived at her house, the roll is easily introduced; she applies it with much neatness and accuracy to the walls of her apartment, unrolling it and fastening it with a gummy liquid; when this piece is disposed of, she goes in search of another. Sometimes, to give more richness to her walls, she adjusts to them some fragments of the petal of the wild turnip, whose beautiful yellow contrasts with the brilliant red of the poppy.

The mason bee is black, with wings of a dark violet. She constructs her nest of fine clay, forming with this a mortar, which she applies on walls exposed to the sun, or against stones, and which as it dries acquires great solidity. On the exterior it has no determined form, and resembles a lump of earth; but the interior is neatly finished and divided into twelve or fifteen cells, in each of which are deposited some of the paste and an egg. Other bees give to their nests the form of a bowl, and place them on the branches of vegetables. There is one which, in imitation of the poppy bee, employs in its construction perfectly oval or circular portions of the leaves of the oak, the elm, the thorn, &c., which it cuts by means of its mandibles with as much promptitude as dexterity. It carries them into the upright and cylindrical holes which it has dug in the earth, and sometimes into walls or the decayed trunks of trees; it tapestries with these portions of leaves the bottom of the cavity, making a cell in the form of a thimble, puts there the provision of honey on which the larva is to feed, lays an egg, and closes it with a flat or slightly concave cover, made also of the fragment of a leaf. It makes a new cell in the same manner, then a third, and so on, until the hole is full.

Bernard the hermit (*Pagurus Bernhardus*) is a crustacea resembling a crab in the anterior part of its body and in its size. Like that, it has long antennæ, two formidable pincers, of which one is almost always larger than the other, its eyes at the extremity of long peduncles, its limbs, head and corslet covered with a hard, stony

crust. But the rest of its body is cylindrical, without distinct rings, without a cuirass, and of a very soft substance. The result is that if Bernard did not provide for himself, the least shock would mortally wound him. So, as soon as he is large enough to leave his mother, he quits her, and his first care is to seek a house in which he may shelter himself from accidents. This house consists of a shell, sometimes of one species, sometimes of another, but univalve, and approaching more or less in form to that of a snail. He enters backwards, withdraws himself entirely, and allows to appear at the entrance only his largest pincer, always ready to repulse or punish an aggressor. When Bernard has grown and finds his shell too small for him, he seeks another more suitable to his size and leaves the old one. It is only under these circumstances that he quits his habitation. It sometimes happens that at the very moment when delighted at having found a new shell, very brilliant and polished, he is about to seize it and change his dwelling, another Bernard in quest of a house is preparing to introduce himself into it. A combat then ensues, during which a third Bernard sometimes arrives, bravely seizes the disputed shell, and leaves the combatants to regain each his old home.

It is related that Tiberius, to divert the ennuis of tyranny, essayed to construct an imperial chamber beneath the sea; at London one may walk beneath the waters of the Thames; the celebrated Catherine of Russia had an ice palace: the Fairy Tales and Arabian Nights are full of descriptions of palaces of crystal, diamonds and rubies. Well! all these do not equal a reality which I will describe to you. There is a little animal who builds a palace of air.

The aquatic spider (*Arania aquatica*) is of a blackish brown. It is frequently found in limpid and still waters, where it is occupied in catching aquatic insects. When it arrives at a place where it wishes to fix its dwelling, it seeks a spot at the bottom of the water, and chooses it so deep that the thickest ice of Winter shall not reach it. She commences by spinning some silken threads which she fastens to blades of grass at the bottom of the water; these threads terminate in a common centre, where the habitation is to be; she constructs it of silk, of an oval form, an inch in height and about nine lines in width; the door is placed perpendicularly.

This done, the spider ascends to the surface of the water, and presents to the air her abdomen bristling with silk like a brush. The air insinuates between the fibres; then she hastily plunges without giving it time to detach itself, and enters her habitation. Here, with her paws, she forces this air from her body, and it rises in the form of a globule to the height of the frame, where it stops. She recommences her manœuvres, and goes in search of a second globule of air, then a third, and afterwards a fourth, until the net-work is entirely full. Then she has beneath the waves a palace more brilliant than crystal, and as dry as if it were on land. She inhabits it constantly; it is there that she remains in ambuscade to watch for the insect swimmers, whom she seizes and devours; it is

there that she deposits the silk cocoon containing her eggs. She passes the Winter there with her young family, sheltered from the inclemencies of the water and the air. Her silken and silken palace sparkles in the sun with all the colors of the rainbow.

We have seen little animals develop most intelligence in the architecture of their habitations. As we pass to more elevated classes, this intelligence diminishes, as we have previously stated, and that is easily explained. In fact, these little feeble beings have need to consult safety first and convenience afterwards; with the stronger, convenience may be consulted before safety.

Among the birds who people the woods in the environs of Paris, the oriole (*Oriolus Gabula*.) is one of the prettiest. It is of the size of a black-bird, of a beautiful yellow, with the wings, a good part of the tail, and a spot between the eye and the beak, of a brilliant black. It suspends its nest artistically to the bifurcation of a little wand of a tree, and fashions it with much care. It weaves around the two branches which form this bifurcation, long blades of straw or hemp, some of which, going from one branch to the other, form the edge of the nest, and this penetrating its fabric, or passing beneath it and returning to fasten around the opposite branch, give solidity to the work. These long blades of hemp or straw form the exterior envelope; the interior bed, destined to receive the eggs, is woven of slender stalks of grain; finally between that and the exterior envelope, there is a considerable quantity of moss, lichen and other similar substances, which serve as an intermediate lining, and render the nest more impenetrable from without and softer within.

The long-tailed titmouse (*Parus Caudatus*) makes its nest on the branches of shrubs, and covers it with a sort of umbrella. The *parus pendulinus* is a pretty titmouse of an ashen color, with brown wings and tail; the male has on his forehead a black band prolonged behind the eyes. This little bird, which inhabits the middle and South of Europe, gives to its nest the form of a purse, woven of the down of the willow and poplar. It lines it warmly with feathers, and suspends it with much grace to the flexible branches of aquatic trees. The titmouse of the Cape, (*Parus Capensis*) makes its nest in the form of a bottle; as it also suspends it, it places on the edge of the neck a species of shelf for the male to occupy while the female is setting.

The toncam-courvi (*Loxia Philippina*) is a yellow bird, spotted with brown, with black throat, common enough in the Philippine Islands. Like the preceding, it suspends its nest to the branches of trees, and weaves it with much art, interlacing it closely with blades of grass. It gives it the form of a bowl, the opening of which is placed directly beneath; but this opening, instead of terminating in the nest, is prolonged into a canal, which communicates by the side into the cavity, where the little ones are. The republican (*Loxia Socia*) is a species of the same kind, of an olive brown, yellowish beneath, with brown and blackish head and wings; it makes its nest in the most singular manner. Several pairs of these birds assemble to the number of from twelve to

twenty, sometimes more, and they build in common the habitation of their little ones. It consists of a mass of the stalks of grass solidly interlaced and placed in the middle of a thick bush. On one side of this mass is a round hole, serving as an entrance to all the birds composing the society. This hole, not very deep, is subdivided into several galleries, and these galleries are themselves subdivided into as many passages as there are pairs of birds, and consequently of nests, for each has its own, placed very conveniently in a sort of private cell. Meanwhile, it sometimes happens, when two pairs are united by a close friendship, that they keep house together, and then a single cell suffices to lodge them, and a single nest to raise their little ones. The two females set on the eggs alternately or together, and when the little ones are hatched, they take care of them without distinction.

The colons (*Colins*) are also birds who live and build their nests socially, but they are contented with placing them in the same bush. They present to the observer a very extraordinary peculiarity, that of sleeping suspended to the branches by their claws, their heads downward and pressed closely together.

We may cite among the birds who make a remarkable nest, the eider (*Anas Mollissima*) a sort of duck, which inhabits the North of Europe, and which appears on the shores of France only in autumn. It prepares a bed for its little ones with a very fine, light and warm down, which it takes from its own breast. This down is known in commerce under the name of eider-down. The inhabitants of the marshes where it builds its nest, remove this down at three different periods; the first time as soon as the bird has finished its nest. It then takes the down from beneath its wings to make a second bed, which is again removed. The male then comes to the assistance of the female, and strips himself of a coarser down to line the nest anew, and the latter is removed only after the little ones are hatched and have gained the water. This persecution does not prevent the eider from returning every year to make its nest in nearly the same place.

If we pass from birds to mammifera, we find that architectural intelligence diminishes rapidly and entirely disappears when we come to the larger species. We will not speak here of the beaver, which has much less intelligence than is usually ascribed to it; but we will cite the ondatra or musk-rat of Canada (*Fiber zibeticus*) which is not inferior to it in the art of building, and is its superior in intelligence. This animal is of the size of a rabbit, of a grayish russet: it has palmated feet, and a compressed and scaly tail.

The ondatras, like the beavers, live in society during the winter: they make little cabins of about two feet and a-half in diameter, and sometimes larger, where several families live together. This is not, like marmotes, to sleep there for five or six months, but to shelter themselves from the severity of the weather. These cabins are round and covered with a dome of a foot in thickness: grass, interwoven reeds, mingled with clay, which they tread in with their feet, are the materials. Their building is impenetrable to the rain, and they make platforms within, that the inundations

may not reach them. This cabin, which serves as a retreat, is covered during winter with several feet of ice and snow without incommoding them. They do not lay in provisions like the beaver, but they dig pits and trenches beneath and around their dwellings, to seek the water and the roots of the sweet flag, on which they habitually feed. They thus pass the winter very sadly, though in society, for they are during all this time deprived of the light of heaven; so, when the breath of Spring begins to melt the snow and uncover the tops of their habitations, the hunters open the roofs, expose them suddenly to the light of day, and kill or catch all who have not had time to reach the subterranean galleries which they have dug, and which serve as a last entrenchment, where they are still pursued, for their fur is valuable and their flesh is not bad for food.

## ON SOUND.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

One of the most important uses of the atmosphere is the conveyance of sound. We are indebted to the air as a medium for conveying to us the sound of each other's voices, and all the melody and harmony of music. Without the air a death-like silence would prevail through nature.

This fact is rendered apparent by the philosophical instrument, called the air-pump, by the use of which we are enabled to remove the air from beneath a glass vessel, called a receiver, and produce a vacuum, or space without air. By experiment, it is found that a bell rung in the vacuum of the receiver emits no sound whatever, and that we are rendered sensible of the sound just in proportion to the quantity of air which is admitted into the receiver.

The same effect is experienced, in a partial degree, in rarified air on the top of mountains, and in the car of a balloon. M. Saussure observed, on the top of Mount Blanc, that a pistol fired off did not make a greater noise than a child's toy in a room. At such elevations, travellers can with difficulty hear themselves speak.

The sensation of sound is produced by a vibratory motion communicated to the air by the sounding body, which is conveyed to the ear in undulations or waves of sound. That vibration attends the production of sounds may be observed by placing the finger and thumb to the upper part of the throat whilst singing or speaking. Indeed, when a body sounds powerfully, as a large bell, or the lowest string of a harpsichord, we can perceive that it actually vibrates, and even in cases where the vibration is imperceptible to the naked eye, we may detect it by the microscope or by some other artifice. Thus, if a glass be filled with water, and then struck, its vibrations will be rendered evident by the undulations which they will communicate to the water. A small bead suspended at the edge of the glass will show its vibrations in a still more striking manner. So, also, if a bell, whilst sounding, be touched with the finger, the vibrations will be immediately stopped, and the sound at the same time.

The vibratory motion of the sounding body communicates a series of undulations to the air which surrounds it, which are propagated in all directions, like waves on water when we disturb the smoothness of its surface by throwing in a stone.

The auricle, or external ear, appears to be formed for the express purpose of grasping and gathering in the undulations or waves of sound from the sounding body, and of directing them through the canal to the ear-drum. The tympanum, or drum of the ear, is a thin, transparent membrane, which is stretched across the canal, or tube of the ear, like the skin of a drum, and the undulations of the air, when they strike against it, throw it into a state of vibration, corresponding to that of the sounding body, which vibrations of the tympanum are transmitted along the numerous winding passages, called the labyrinth to the auditory nerve, thus producing in us the sensation of sound. The tympanum may be readily perceived, by the aid of an instrument, without causing pain. When the tympanum is perforated, the hearing is defective.

*But although the air is the most usual vehicle of sound, yet it is not the only vehicle. Water, wood, metals, and almost all substances of any density of texture, will not only transmit sound, but even convey it more readily and perfectly than air.*

A bell rung under water is heard faintly, though distinctly, in the air above, and if the head be put under water it will be still more distinctly heard. Dr. Franklin, having plunged his head below water, caused a person to strike two stones together beneath its surface, and heard the sound distinctly at the distance of more than half a mile. In calm weather, a whisper may be heard across the Thames. We are assured, on good authority, that the unassisted human voice has been heard from Old to New Gibraltar, a distance of ten or twelve miles, the watchword "All's well" given at the former place being heard at the latter. In the famous sea-fight between the English and Dutch, in 1672, the sound of cannon was heard at the distance of two hundred miles from the place of action. In all these cases the sound passed over water, and smooth bodies form favorable channels for sound, as, for example, the surface of ice, snow, or water.

But the most accurate experiments on this subject are those which were made by M. Colladon, in the Lake of Geneva, in the year 1826. M. Colladon caused a tin pipe to be laid across the lake, the pipe being under the water. A bell was then rung beneath the surface of the water at one end of the pipe, the sound of which was distinctly heard across the lake, at the other end of the pipe, being a distance of nine miles.

Wood, earth and iron also appear to be good conductors of sound. The beating of a watch, placed at one extremity of a long beam of timber, or the scratching of a pin, may be distinctly heard by a person who places his ear at the other extremity of the beam, although these sounds could not be distinguished at half that distance in the air. In like manner, the trampling of feet can be heard at a greater distance when the ear is placed close to the ground. Hence savages

stoop down and clap their ear to the ground in order to discover the approach of enemies or beasts of prey; and it is well known that dogs discover the approach of a stranger in this way. Iron is also a good conductor of sound. Thus the boiling of a kettle, inaudible in the air, may be distinctly heard by placing one end of the poker on the vessel and applying it to the ear. So, also, if we suspend a poker by two strings, and, bringing the ends of the strings in contact with the ears, give the poker a blow, through the medium of the strings a sound will be heard equal to that of a great bell.

*Velocity of sound.*—The passage of sound from the sounding body to the ear is not instantaneous, but occupies a very sensible portion of time. This is evident from the interval which elapses between seeing the flash and hearing the report of a distant gun: the former reaches the eye with the velocity of light, the latter with the velocity of sound; and as light travels more rapidly than sound, between the two there is a perceptible interval. The interval between the lightning and thunder clap is due to the same cause. So also a space of time elapses between seeing the stroke of a hammer at a distance, and hearing the sound of the blow, though both the stroke and the sound of the blow are known to be cotemporaneous events.

*The velocity of sound varies according to the nature and condition of the vehicle or medium through which it is conveyed.* Its velocity varies directly as the elasticity of the medium or vehicle increases, for whatever increases the elasticity of the medium, accelerates the velocity of sound. Hence, sound travels more rapidly through the air in warm than in cold weather, the elasticity of the air increasing with its temperature and pressure. In atmospheric air under ordinary circumstances, when the thermometer stands at 62 degrees, sound travels at the rate of 1125 feet in a second, or about a mile in  $4\frac{1}{2}$  seconds. In dry air, and at a freezing temperature, at the rate of 1090 feet in a second, and for every degree of the thermometer above 32 degrees, 1.14 feet must be added.

Again the velocity of sound is obstructed by falling snow, fogs, rain, or any other cause, which disturbs the homogeneity of the medium through which it passes. Hence sounds are more distinctly heard in fine, clear, frosty weather, when the barometer is high, than in dull, heavy weather, when the atmosphere is loaded with vapor. By the want of homogeneity and uniformity in the conducting medium, the sonorous pulses or waves of sound are broken up into a multitude of mutually conflicting waves, which cross and interfere with each other in all directions. Thus, a glass vessel containing an effervescing liquor, cannot be made to ring, but gives a dead sound; but as the effervescence subsides, the tone becomes clearer, and when the liquid is perfectly tranquil, the glass rings, as usual.

M. de Humboldt says that it is on account of the greater homogeneity of the atmosphere during the night that sounds are then better heard than during the day, when its density is perpetually changing from partial variations in temperature. His attention was first called to this subject by

the rushing noise of the great cataracts of Orinoco, which seemed to be three times as loud by night as by day. There can be no doubt, however, that the universal dead silence so generally prevalent at night, and the undisturbed condition of the atmosphere, renders our auditory nerves more sensible to undulations in the ærial medium. The stealthiest footfall is then perceptible, and the minutest sound fully appreciated, because there is nothing to interfere with it; no counteracting waves from other vibrating bodies. All is still. And hence every sound is heard distinctly, for every undulation falls in unbroken waves on the tympanum, and is fully appreciated by our senses.

*Water and solid substances convey sound much more rapidly than air, which, although the common vehicle of sound, is nevertheless one of the worst conductors.* In water, the velocity of sound is about 4,900 feet in a second. In different kinds of wood the velocity varies from 5000 to 17,000 feet per second; the latter being the velocity through memel timber. In cast iron the velocity is 11,090 feet, in steel 17,000 feet, and in glass 18,000 feet per second. Hence, by placing the ear against a long, dry, brick wall, and causing a person at a considerable distance to strike it once with a hammer, the sound will be heard twice, because the wall will convey it with greater rapidity to the ear, than the air.

*The velocity of sound is uniform, and independent of the nature, extent, and intensity of the primitive disturbance.* All sounds, whether acute or grave, loud or soft, appear to travel with equal speed, and the softest whisper flies as fast as far as it goes, as the loudest thunder. Hence, we hear the various sounds of a distant band of music, in the same order in which they are emitted by the instruments.

*From a knowledge of the velocity of sound, the distance of the sounding body may be estimated.* For example, suppose you see the flash of a gun at sea, in the night, and count seven seconds before you hear the report, by allowing four and a half seconds to every mile, or 1125 feet to every second, you know that the distance of the vessel is  $7 \times 1125 = 7875$  feet, or about one and a half miles. In like manner, if you observe the number of seconds that elapse between the lightning and the report of the thunder, you know the distance of the cloud from whence it proceeds, and you are enabled thus to calculate the progress of the storm.

In the year 1783, a meteor was seen to explode at Windsor, and the sound was not heard for ten minutes after; a proof at once of its extraordinary altitude, and the tremendous nature of the explosion, whose sound could travel through such highly rarefied air. This is the longest interval yet known. Assuming the velocity of sound to be 1125 feet per second, the distance of the meteor from the earth's surface at the time of its explosion, must have been  $60 \times 10 \times 1125 = 675,000$  feet, or upwards of 130 miles.

A good man and a wise man may at times be angry with the world, at times grieved for it: but be sure no man was ever discontented with the world if he did his duty in it.

## VISIT TO CAMP.

BY THOS. E. VAN BEBBER.

The following little poem, in order to be understood, requires a word or two of explanation. It was composed several years ago, but from some cause or other, was never sent to the lady for whose eye it was intended. The circumstance alluded to in the three first stanzas is founded upon a fact which that lady related to me whilst on our way to the camp. It is this: A celebrated Methodist preacher, still living, and, at present, I believe, a resident in one of our large cities, was once, while addressing a large camp meeting, heard to *coo like a dove*. The lady herself heard him, and there can be no doubt of its truth. It was certainly one of the boldest flights of oratory on record, and far surpasses anything of the kind related of Whitfield or any other celebrated speaker of ancient or modern times.

Where solemn trees o'er many a tent  
With overarching boughs were hung,  
And holy anthems up were sent  
To God's high throne from old and young,  
Together to the camp we went;  
And thou didst tell of one, whose tongue,  
As if on snow-white wings he flew,  
Was heard like Heaven's own Dove to coo.

Oh, how Faith trimm'd her odoriferous lamp,  
How every heart was deeply stirred!  
For whilst loud neigh and iron tramp  
Outside the sacred ring were heard,  
Went thrilling through the tented camp,  
The cooings of that mystic Bird,  
Which once by Jordan, good men tell,  
Descended on Immanuel.

Such sounds to Noah's Ark afloat  
Foretold the signs of peace and love;  
And though 'tis true, each dulcet note  
Was mimicry of earthly dove,  
A faint attempt of mortal throat  
To echo back the tones above,  
Yet who could call those cooings vain  
Or blame such bird-notes as profane?

But other topics not unmeet  
For Nature's green cathedral pile,  
Arose between us, as our feet  
Trod up and down each sylvan aisle,  
And once, methought, a lady sweet  
From Lima, stood beside me, while  
To shield thy left eye from the sun,  
Thy veiling kerchief showed but one.

Then, after many a winding turn  
We reached at last a crystal spring,  
Where fays might pinch the Hunter Herne,  
Or dance all night in circling ring;  
Green moss was there, and mystic fern,  
And butterflies with painted wing,  
And wild vine wreathing high in air  
Formed both a canopy and chair.

Then, pardon, pray, these hasty rhymes,  
And having read them, lay them by—  
Perhaps some day, in future times,  
If they, perchance, should meet thine eye,  
Like sound of long-forgotten chimes  
They may possess some melody,  
E'en though no more through woodland camp,  
Thy eye shall be my guiding lamp.

## EXPERIMENTS IN MOUNTAIN-MAKING.

Some years ago, the phenomena produced by the cooling of a mass of melted silver gave rise to a new geological theory of the earth. Since that time, experiment has proved that non-metallic substances exhibit the same phenomena; and, within the past few months, Professor Gorini, of Lodi, by publishing his researches on this interesting subject, has shown that it involves many remarkable facts and highly important considerations. "Not only," to quote the words of a foreign journal, "does he succeed in imitating volcanic phenomena, such as we behold in active volcanoes, but he further produces another class—those of plutonic phenomena, which geologists have sought to explain from the nature and position of the rocks, but which they have never been able to examine while in activity or progress, from their having ceased before the appearance of man."

The results of the researches in question show that the phenomena are identical with those that took place in the earlier periods of the earth's history. The substances employed are those containing gas or vapors: experiments made with silicates have failed from want of gas. After working at the subject for some years, Professor Gorini has published the results and the theoretical views which they suggest, in a volume of five hundred pages, entitled, "On the Origin of Mountains and Volcanoes." He has since repeated his experiments before the Society for the Encouragement of Science, Letters and Arts, at Milan, and that learned body has drawn up a critical report on what they saw, favorable to the general question. The subject has excited much attention among geologists on the continent, and it has recently been brought under the notice of those of this country, for the author has sent his volume, with a large explanatory mountain-model, to the Royal Society. He is desirous of assistance in pursuing his inquiry, and with a view to make his work—printed in Italian—more widely known, we give a brief account of his experiments.

As yet, Professor Gorini makes a secret of the substances he employs, by which he prevents others from testing his experiments; the composition, however, varies somewhat with the effect to be produced, about one hundred and fifty pounds being melted together at the same time, in a vessel contrived for the purpose. The most interesting experiment is that showing the mode in which mountains were upheaved above the surface of the earth. The melted materials having been run into a shallow iron cistern about five feet long and two feet wide, after a short time begin to solidify in different parts of the surface, by forming along the sides of the cistern acicular crystallizations grouped in centres, similarly to what is observed in water passing slowly to the state of ice. Soon the entire mass is covered with a solid crust, which, except at a few small spots where the liquid still appears, remains horizontal or else slightly swollen towards the centre. An action now commences where

the yet liquid spots afford a communication with the interior; irregular upheavals of molten matter are seen to take place, which, spreading over the crust, quickly solidifies in its turn, leaving a surface strewn with minute protuberances and many unequal humps. Sometimes the eruption issuing from one of the orifices ceases suddenly, and finds an outlet by another a little distance off; or, the crust breaks, and a new passage is opened to the igneous matter of the interior. In this primary phase of the phenomena, the disturbances occur without any regularity—a noise of sharp cracks is heard from the inside; and it may be concluded that the solidification proceeds in such a way that all between the crust and the bottom of the cistern is still liquid. By this time the surface of the mass appears to be uniformly solidified, and it might be supposed that all eruption had ceased, were it not that presently the outbursts recommence, and in what is considered a more normal manner.

New openings appear in the crust, and the igneous matter exudes in the same way as water percolating through sand. It is at this moment that certain phenomena are seen, to which Professor Gorini calls particular attention. The liquid continues to exude slowly and with remarkable quietness, spreads itself gradually, hardens almost instantaneously, then covers itself with a new layer so spontaneously that it is impossible to catch the moment at which the preceding layer solidified. In this way the liquid accumulates little by little upon itself, creating a protuberance with such slowness and calmness that the phenomenon must be observed during several minutes before the spectator becomes fully aware of the growth of the elevation. Gradually the eruptive movement ceases: the surface of the liquid last exuded appears always as if polished, and traversed by innumerable bubbles of gas almost microscopic. The polish, however, undergoes certain alterations towards the end of the experiment. Sometimes the exuded matter appears to be in part re-absorbed, leaving an interior solid crust exposed; but shortly afterwards it reappears, and with its brilliant surface.

The prominences produced in this manner vary frequently in their forms; sometimes they have a number of humps at their base. The flanks of these little mountains also vary in their inclination, being sometimes that of a long single slope; at others, forming a group full of projections and hollows. As a general rule, the fewer the orifices of eruption the larger are the prominences. Sometimes, by a closing of all the openings, the result is a state of tranquility, soon, however, to be interrupted by an unexpected explosion from the side of one of the solidified mountains, by which the melted matter again forces itself outwards.

From a quarter to half an hour is necessary for the manifestation of these different phenomena. Soon after their termination, the solid mass in which they took place detaches itself from the sides of the cistern: it can then be seen that the structure is crystalline. Like ice, it expands in passing from the liquid to the solid state.

In these phenomena, Professor Gorini considers



that we see, on a small scale, the mode in which the mountains of the earth, whether volcanic or plutonic, were formed. By varying the combination of his materials, he produces other effects not less striking. In a second experiment, made in presence of the Milan Society, he illustrated the phenomena of earthquakes. Except in a greater weight of material, it appears to differ but slightly from the former. The process is more rapid, and the elevations produced smaller. When the superficial crust has solidified, and the eruption ceased, attention is fixed upon a number of small iron masts, which rest on the bottom of the cistern, and rise above the surface of the melted material, bearing little bells on the upper extremity. At the end of half an hour, interior explosions are heard, repeated at intervals with increasing intensity; the bells ring, and are sometimes thrown down. Crevices open and close; the melted liquid appears, which has remained throbbing and surging under the solid crust of the surface. This in turn also cools; and, after cooling, the mass is seen to have formed itself into concentric layers, containing cavities and bubbles of air.

A third change in the composition produced a substance which underwent a great diminution of volume on cooling, but which, after remelting, cooled a second time with increase of bulk. Singular effects are thus brought out by varying the time, temperature and material. Sulphur appears to be the principal ingredient; and the substances, as a whole, are designated *plutonic-negative*. It is to be hoped that Professor Gorini will meet with the aid he seeks, for he is an earnest and diligent inquirer, and will probably throw further light on the mysteries of mountain-making.—*Chambers' Journal*.

## MAIDEN MEDITATIONS.—No. 4.

BY CULMA CROLY.

"The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,  
Is always the first to be touched by the thorn."

Is it? Then why do not those who have had their hands scratched let the roses alone? Probably because the fragrance of the flower makes them forget the piercing of the thorn. People of exquisite sensibilities live in the midst of a tangled wilderness of sweet-briar, where they cannot stir an inch without being stung with prickles or dazzled with bloom; yet they prefer plunging through the sweet-scented thicket, to walking in a monotonous path over the unbloomsed plain.

Sensibility—it is a question what the word means; and, in things metaphysical, every one must make his own dictionary, since "doctor's disagree" about them universally. An acquaintance thinks my heart must be a Sahara, because I cannot weep for the grievances of the love-sick heroine of the last French novel; and I fancy she must have a very tough spot in hers, because she can pass by the azalia and the meadow-sweet that overhang the velvet-carpeted wood-paths, more indifferently than she would look upon the sign, "Dry Goods," and the fancy articles exhibited at the shop-windows of a city's

dusty street. The generally accepted formula seems to be, "Because you are not moved by what moves me, therefore, you are moved by nothing."

I wonder if it is sensibility which causes young ladies to become so addicted to interjections and adjectives in the superlative degree. There is my cousin Sophia, who lately spent an afternoon with me.

"I am *enchanted* to see you," was her first greeting, while I involuntarily looked at my hands to be assured that they were guiltless of wand or witch-hazel.

"Is not this a *sweet* collar," she said, pointing to an article of fine India-work that encircled her throat.

I leaned my olfactories as near the article in question as seemed polite, but they gathered from the embroidered flowers no other odor than a dry and stifled breath of eau de Cologne.

We walked in the garden.

"This sunshine is *horrid*; how can you endure it?" she exclaimed, elevating her parasol against the friendly luminary; "but what a *splendid* shade!" as we passed into a little alley, dark with grape-vines, which owed its pleasantness to the absence of all splendor.

But for seeming ill-natured, I would have asked Sophia to write out a vocabulary of definitions, before she left me, to be added as the "Young Lady's Supplement" to the next edition of Webster's Quarto. It would run something on this wise:—

### *Splendid.*

A Newfoundland Dog.  
Buckwheat Cakes.  
Moonlight.

Mr. A.'s Whiskers and Eyes.  
Sugared Currants.  
Sontag's Voice.

### *Horrid.*

A Warm Day.  
Dust.  
Young's Night Thoughts.

Ticks.  
Cows.  
Country People's Bonnets.

### *Sweet.*

India Collars.  
Sail in a Fishing Boat.  
New Style Bareges.

Children of the Abbey.  
The Pattern of our Tea-Set.  
Kosuth's Speeches.

Years sometimes remedy ocular defects, and they may those of my cousin's mental eyes. At present, I am far from certain that her intensity is all sensibility.

Little children, earth's nearest of kin to the angels, their first vision of life is a flower-bed; and running into it, they sometimes get sadly torn and wounded. But their uppermost thought is, "Who cares for thorns when flowers are so pretty?"

Some, who are always bouncing, like an India-rubber ball, from the mountain-tops of bliss to the deepest hollows of the valley of weeping, seem to imagine that their's are the only sensitive natures. Small sympathy have they with those placid souls who cannot dread a fall when their feet are well-shod and firm; and to whom the future is unclouded, because their steady, upward path brings them daily out of the dark shadows of earthly doubt into the calmness and clearness of heavenly light.

"These still people can bear anything," say the excitable ones; "they know nothing of enjoyment, of suffering."

A great mistake. Stillness is not necessarily insensibility or coldness. Throw a pebble into a

quiet lake, and, as it sinks into the deep waters, quivering rings spread the shock to its most distant margin. Throw a great stone into a mountain-torrent, and only for an instant is the sound of its fall mingled with the dashing foam. So a word unfitly spoken—quickly forgotten by the passionate—may shake a calm nature to its centre.

Deep spiritual sensibilities bring the deepest pain or pleasure. How dreadful the thought of becoming so deadened to truth and virtue as not to feel the atmosphere of vice, like a loathly miasma, stealing with its poisonous stagnation over the inmost springs of life. How keen the shudder of a pure soul at the presence of evil; and how lightly and freely, like a dew-drop glancing up into a rainbow, it flies to blend with a high and holy sympathy.

If a seraph should descend from Heaven to visit such a soul, and doubtless,

"A thousand liveried angels lackey her  
Driving us far each thing of sin and guilt,"

White robes and shining wings would not be needed to assure her of the hallowing presence. She would recognize it by the odor of lilies, the same white lilies that she wears in her heart, which can only be gathered beside the River of Life.

## DREAM-VISIONS.

BY ELIZABETH JESSUP EAMES.

O, friend of mine!—doth thy high heart e'er dream

In waking mood? Alas! such dreams are rare,  
When we the Real leave for things that *seem*,  
And Fancy comes—that queen of shadows fair:  
Then Genii-accepted thought for us creates  
An Ideal realm of loveliness supreme,  
And gorgeous shapes pass through the *ivory* gates  
Of a most glorious-imagined dream!

In palpable and peerless beauty glide  
These seraph visions thro' the charmed halls—  
In silvery radiance float they side by side,  
And o'er their wings of violet softly falls  
A silent splendor!—through the azure air,  
Waves of celestial music swell and die;  
While golden harmonies from each pure star  
To those strange harpings waft a sweet reply!

In the heart-chambers of rich imagery,  
These shapes supernal weave their wondrous spells;—  
Their snowy brows beaming transcendantly  
Are crown'd with wreaths of fadeless asphodels:  
And fragrant clusters of the immortal rose,  
With living blooms of every scent and hue,  
Upspring beneath them—and around them glows  
A rainbow-light, flooding the ether blue.

And thro' the haunted calm, their lips divine  
Breathe angel-whisperings of peace untold:—  
These are but fantasies—dear friend of mine—  
And to the Actual ne'er their wings unfold.  
Not oft upon us shine such pitying eyes  
Full of Eternal tenderness and love,  
Only in *dreams*, below'd, such visions rise,  
The Ideal must be realized above!

## THE COLPORTEUR.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Which way, stranger?" said a rough-looking farmer, to a man who was carrying a well-filled valise. The latter was in the act of raising the latch of a gate which opened from the public road into a narrow lane leading to a small country-house of no very inviting aspect.

The person thus addressed turned and fixed a pair of mild, yet steady and penetrating eyes upon the speaker.

"Which way, stranger?" was repeated, though in modified and more respectful tones.

"Who lives there?" said the stranger, pointing to the house just in view from the road.

"Dick Jones," was answered.

"What kind of a man is he?" next inquired the stranger.

"Rather a hard case. You'd better not go there."

"Why?"

"Aint you the man that sells Bibles and talks religion?"

"Suppose I am?"

"Take a friend's advice then, and keep away from Dick Jones. He'll insult you—maybe, do worse."

"I reckon not," replied the colporteur, for such he was.

"He will, as sure as fate. I've heard him say, over and over again, that if one of you Bible-sellers dared to come inside of his gate, he'd set his dogs on you. And he's just the man to keep his word. So, take a friend's advice, and let him alone. No good will come of it."

"Has he a wife and children?" inquired the colporteur.

"A wife and two little boys."

"What kind of a woman is his wife?"

"O, she'll do well enough. But neighbors don't go there much on account of her husband, who is a very imp of Satan, if the truth must be spoken."

"Like the blessed Master," was replied to this, "I come not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Of all things in the world, the Bible is most needed at Dick Jones's; and I am bound to place one there."

"O, very well. Follow your own bent," said the farmer, slightly annoyed at the other's pertinacity. "You'll remember that I warned you, when his dogs are at your heels, or his horse-whip over your shoulders. So, good morning to you."

"Good morning," returned the stranger, cheerfully, as he threw open the ill-hung gate, and entered the forbidden grounds of Dick Jones.

Now, our brave friend, the colporteur, was not a strong, robust man, able to meet and resist physical violence. In the use of carnal weapons, he had no skill. But he had a confident spirit, a strong heart, and above all, an unwavering confidence in the protecting power of Him in whose service he was devoting his life.

Even on the grounds of Dick Jones the birds sang sweetly, the cool breezes sported amid the leafy branches, and the breaths of a thousand flowers

mingled their fragrance on the air; and, even as the colporteur trod these grounds, he felt and enjoyed the tranquil beauty and peace of nature. There was no shrinking in his heart. He was not in terror of the lions that crouched on his path. Soon he stood at the open door of a house, around which was no air of comfort, nor a single vestige of taste.

"Who's there? What's wanted?" was the repulsive salutation of a woman, who hurriedly drew an old handkerchief across her brown neck and half-exposed bosom, on seeing a stranger.

"May God's peace be on this house!" said the colporteur, in a low, reverent voice, as he stood, one foot on the ground, and the other across the threshold.

A change passed instantly over the woman's face. Its whole expression softened. But she did not invite the stranger to enter.

"Go—go," she said, in a hurried voice. "Go away quickly! My husband will be here directly, and he——"

She paused, leaving the sentence unfinished, as if reluctant to speak what was in her mind.

"Why should I go away quickly?" asked the stranger, as he stepped into the room, taking off his hat respectfully, and seating himself in a chair. "I wish to see and speak with your husband. Mr. Jones, I believe, is his name?"

"Yes, sir, his name is Jones. But he don't want to see you."

"Don't want to see me! How do you know? Who am I?"

"I don't know your name, sir," answered the woman, timidly; "but I know who you are. You go around selling good books and talking religion to the people."

"True enough, Mrs. Jones," said the colporteur, seriously, yet with a pleasant smile on his face as he spoke. "And I have come to have a little talk with your husband, and see if I can't get him to buy some of my good books. Have you a Bible?"

"No, sir. My husband says he hates the Bible. When we were first married, I had an old Testament, but he never could bear to see me reading it. Somehow, it got lost; I always thought he carried it away, or threw it into the fire. He won't talk to you, sir. He won't have your books. He's a very bad tempered man, sometimes, and I'm afraid he'll do you harm. O, sir, I wish you would go away."

But, instead of showing any alarm or anxiety at Mrs. Jones's account of her husband, the stranger commenced opening his valise, from which he soon produced a plainly bound copy of the Bible.

"How long since you were married?" asked the colporteur, as he opened the Bible and commenced turning over the leaves.

"Twelve years come next May, sir," was answered.

"How long is it since you lost the Testament?"

"Most eleven years."

"Do you go to church?"

"To church!" The woman looked surprised at the question. "Dear sakes, no! I haven't been inside of a church since I was married."

"Wouldn't you like to go?"

"What 'ud be the use? I wouldn't say 'church' to Dick for the world."

"Then you haven't read the Bible yourself, nor heard anybody else read it, since you lost the Testament?"

"No, sir."

"You shall have that blessed privilege once again in your life," said the stranger, raising the book towards his eyes, and making preparation to read.

"Indeed, sir, I'm afraid. I'm looking for my husband every minute," interposed the woman. "He's always said he'd kick the first Bible-seller out of his house that dared to cross his door. And he'll do it. He's very wicked and passionate, sometimes. Do, sir, please go away. If I had any money I'd take the Bible and hide it from him; but I haven't. Please don't stay any longer. Don't begin to read. If he comes in and finds you reading, he'll be mad enough to kill you."

But, for all this, the colporteur sat unmoved. As the woman ceased speaking, he commenced reading to her the beautiful chapter from our Lord's sermon on the mount, beginning with—"Take heed that ye do not your alms before men to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in Heaven." As he proceeded in a low, distinct, reverential voice, the woman's agitation gradually subsided, and she leaned forward listening more and more intently, until all thoughts and feelings were absorbed in the holy words that were filling her ears. When the colporteur finished the chapter, he raised his eyes to the face of the woman, and saw that it was wet with tears. At that instant, a form darkened the door. It was the form of Dick Jones.

"Ha!" he exclaimed in a harsh voice. "What's this? Who are you?"

Comprehending now the scene before him, Jones began swearing awfully, at the same time ordering the stranger to leave his house, threatening to kick him from the door if he didn't move instantly. The tearful wife stepped between her husband and the object of his wrath; but he swept her aside roughly and with curses.

"Go, before I fling you into the road?" And the strong man, every iron muscle tense with anger, stood towering above the stranger's slender form, like an eagle above its helpless prey.

How calm and fearless the stranger sat, his mild, deep, almost spiritual eyes, fixed on those of his mad assailant.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

Low yet thrilling was the voice in which these words found almost spontaneous utterance. He had taken no forethought as to what he should say. Hither he had come at the prompting of duty, and now, when a raging lion was in his path, he shrunk not back in terror, but resting in a Divine power, moved steadily onward.

"Clear out from here, I say!" The voice of Dick Jones was angry still; yet something of its evil purpose was gone.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear? The Lord is my strength and my life: of whom shall I be afraid?"

Neither loud nor in self-confidence was this spoken; else would it not have fallen on the ears

of that evil-minded man with so strange a power.

"Why have you come here to trouble me? Go now—go, before I do you harm," said Dick Jones, greatly subdued in manner, and sinking into his chair as he spoke.

The colporteur, moved less by thought than impulse, opened the Bible which had been closed on the entrance of Jones, and commenced reading. All was still, now, save the low, eloquent voice of the stranger, as he read from the Holy Book. The wife of Jones, who had stood half paralyzed with terror in a distant part of the room, whither an impatient arm had flung her, seeing the wonderful change that was passing, stole quietly to her husband's side, and, bending her head, even as his was bent, listened, with an almost charmed attention to the Word of Life, as read by the man of God, who had penetrated the dense moral wilderness in which they had so long dwelt.

"Let us pray."

How strange these words sounded! They seemed spoken as from the heavens above them, and by a voice that they could not disregard.

Brief, yet earnest, and in fitting language, was the prayer, then tearfully made, and responded to with tears. When the "amen" was said, and the pious colporteur arose from his knees, what a change had taken place! The raging lion had become a lamb. The strong, wicked contemner of the good, was gentle and teachable as a little child.

Once more the colporteur read from the Holy Book, while the man and his wife listened with bent heads, and earnest, thoughtful faces.

"Shall I leave you this Bible?" said he, rising at length, and making a motion to retire.

"If you will sell it to us," said Dick Jones.

"It is yours on any terms you please. The price is low. I have other good books; but this is the best of all, for it is God's own Book, in which He speaks to His erring, unhappy children, saying to them, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Read this first, my friends; read it in the morning, as soon as you rise, and in the evening before you retire. Read it together, and, if you feel an impulse to pray, kneel down, and silently, if you cannot speak aloud, say over the words of that beautiful prayer the Saviour taught his disciples,—the prayer your mothers taught you when you were innocent children—Our Father, who art in heaven.' In a few weeks I will pass this way again. Shall I call to see you?"

"O yes. Do call," said Jones, his voice trembling; though it was plain he struggled hard with the flood of new emotions that was sweeping over him.

"May God's peace rest upon this house!" The stranger stood with lifted hands and head bent reverently for a moment. Then, turning away, he passed from the door, and, in a few moments, was out of sight.

A month later the colporteur came again that way. How different was his reception at the house of Dick Jones. The moment the eyes of the latter rested upon him, it seemed as if a sunbeam fell suddenly on his rugged features.

"All is well, I see." The colporteur spoke cheerfully, and with a radiant smile. "A Bible in the house is a blessing to its inmates."

"It has been a blessing to us," said the happy wife, her eyes full of tears. "O sir, we can never be done reading the Good Book. It seems, sometimes, as if the words were just written for us. And the children ask me, many times a day, if I won't read to them about Joseph and his brethren, the three Hebrew children, or Daniel in the den of lions. Often, when they have been so ill-natured and quarrelsome that I could do nothing with them, have I stopped my work, and sat down among them with the Bible, and began to read one of its beautiful stories. O, it acted like a charm! All anger would die instantly; and when I closed the Book, and they went to their play again, I would not hear an ugly word among them, maybe, for hours. And Richard, too—" she glanced towards her husband, who smiled, and she went on. "And Richard, too—I haven't heard him swear an oath since you were here; and he isn't angry with things that can't be helped near as often as he used to be. O, yes, indeed, sir; it is true. A Bible in the house is a blessing to its inmates."

"If that were the only fruit of my labor," said the colporteur, as he walked slowly and thoughtfully away from the house of Dick Jones an hour later, "it would be worth all the toil and sacrifice I have given to the work. But this is not the only good ground into which the seed I am scattering broadcast, as it were, has fallen. God's rain and dew, and sunshine, are upon it, and it must spring up, and grow, and ripen to the harvest. Let me not grow faint or weary."

And with a stronger heart and a more earnest purpose, he went on his way.—*Pictorial Drawing Room Companion.*

## READING THE LOVE-LETTER.

BY F. H. COOKE.

A blessing on thy head, oh, gentle maiden!  
Sweet thoughts are veiled within thy dreamy eyes;  
Thy lip with silent eloquence is laden,  
Mute guardian of those cherished mysteries.

Read and believe, for Love is truth, and never  
Shall the deep lesson from thy soul depart;  
For brightly in its crystal depths for ever  
Is mirrored, "Blessed are the pure in heart."

Believe, but not in man! To err is human,  
And the heart's deepest love is conned *a'one*;  
But for each artless child and loving woman  
Kneels a bright angel at the Eternal Throne.

Trust in thine own true heart, and in the blessing  
Of Him that guards thee with unsleeping eyes;  
Lift up thy head to meet the light caressing  
That shall enfold thee from the smiling skies.

Be brave and pure! What though the coming  
sorrow  
That is Love's shadow, shall oppress thee long?  
Thy grateful heart, in the sublime to-morrow  
Rejoicing, shall outgrow all memory of wrong!

## "LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

### A COURT INCIDENT.

Law—though framed for the protection of society, for the individual benefit of its members—often admits of a construction adverse to the designs of its legislators; and in its application, frequently defeats the object which it was intended to sustain. We have, however, numerous instances, wherein honest juries have given their verdicts, conformably to the promptings of justice; and, happily, when such decisions have not been too widely different from the expressed rule, they have escaped from the appeal.

We take pleasure in relating an incident, which greatly enlisted our sympathies, held us spell-bound by its interest, and finally made our heart leap with joy at its happy termination.

In the spring of 184— we chanced to be spending a few days in a beautiful inland country-town in Pennsylvania. It was court-week, and to relieve us from the somewhat monotonous incidents of village life, we stepped into the room where the court had convened.

Among the prisoners in the box, we saw a lad but ten years of age, whose sad and pensive countenance, his young and innocent appearance, caused him to look sadly out of place among the hardened criminals by whom he was surrounded. Close by the box, and manifesting the greatest interest in the proceedings, sat a tearful woman, whose anxious glance from the judge to the boy, left us no room to doubt that it was his mother. We turned with sadness from the scene, to enquire of the offence of the prisoner, and learned he was accused of stealing money.

The case was soon commenced, and by the interest manifested by that large crowd, we found that our heart was not the only one in which sympathy for the lad existed. How we pitied him! The bright smile of youth had vanished from his face, and now it more expressed the cares of the aged. His young sister—a bright-eyed girl—had gained admission to his side, and cheered him with the whisperings of hope. But that sweet voice, which before caused his heart to bound with happiness, added only to the grief his shame had brought upon him.

The progress of the case acquainted us with the circumstances of the loss, the extent of which was but a dime—no more!

The lad's employer, a wealthy, miserly and unprincipled manufacturer, had made use of it, for the purpose of what he called "testing the boy's honesty." It was placed, where from its very position the lad would oftenest see it, and least suspect the trap. A day passed, and the master, to his mortification, not pleasure, found the coin untouched. Another day passed, and yet his object was not gained. He was, however, determined that the boy should take it, and so let it remain.

This continued temptation was too much for the lad's resistance. The dime was taken. A simple present for that little sister was purchased by it. But while returning home to

gladden her heart, his own was made heavy by being arrested for theft!—a crime, the nature of which he little knew. These circumstances were substantiated by several of his employer's workmen, who were also parties to the plot. An attorney urged upon the jury the necessity of making this "little rogue" an example to others, by punishment. His address had great effect upon all that heard it. Before, I could see many tears of sympathy for the lad, his widowed mother and faithful sister. But their eyes were all dry now, and none looked as if they cared for, or expected ought else but a conviction.

The accuser sat in a conspicuous place, smiling, as if in fiend-like exultation, over the misery he had brought upon that poor, but once happy trio.

We felt that there was but little hope for the boy; and the youthful appearance of the attorney, who had volunteered his defence, gave no encouragement—as we learned that it was the young man's maiden plea—his first address. He appeared greatly confused and reached to a desk near him, from which he took the Bible that had been used to solemnize the testimony. This movement was received with general laughter, and taunting remarks—among which we heard a harsh fellow close by us, cry out—

"He forgets where he is. Thinking to take hold of some ponderous law book, he has made a mistake, and got the Bible."

The remark made the young attorney flush with anger, and turning his flashing eye upon the audience, he convinced them it was no mistake, saying:

"Justice wants no other book."

His confusion was gone, and instantly he was as calm as the sober judge upon the bench.

The Bible was opened, and every eye was upon him as he quietly and leisurely turned over the leaves. Amidst a breathless silence, he read to the jury this sentence:

"Lead us not into temptation."

A minute of unbroken silence followed, and again he read:

"Lead us not into temptation."

We felt our heart throb at the sound of those words. The audience looked at each other without speaking—and the jurymen mutely exchanged glances, as the appropriate quotation carried its moral to their hearts. Then followed an address which, for its pathetic eloquence, we have never heard excelled. Its influence was like magic. We saw the guilty accuser leave the room in fear of personal violence. The prisoner looked hopeful—the mother smiled again, and, before it conclusion, there was not an eye in court that was not moist. The speech affecting to that degree which causes tears—it held its hearers spell-bound.

The little time that was necessary to transpire before the verdict of the jury could be learned, was a period of great anxiety and suspense. But when their whispering consultation ceased and those happy words, "Not guilty," came from the foreman, they passed like a thrill of electricity from lip to lip—the austere dignity of the court was forgotten, and not a voice was there, that did

not join the acclamations that hailed the lad's release!

The lawyer's first plea was a successful one. He was soon a favorite, and now represents his district in the councils of the nation. The lad has never ceased his grateful remembrances—and we, by the affecting scene herein attempted to be described, have often been led to think how manifold greater is the crime of the tempter than that of the tempted. S—.

## SONNETS.

BY ELIZABETH JESSUP EAMES.

I.—HOMER.

Thus wert thou imag'd in the days of yore,  
Old man of Chios with the rayless eyes?  
Or did the Artist form his Dream before  
A vision of the antique world could rise  
Between him and his glorious Ideal,  
A picture of the animated Real?  
Thou—whose inventive Genius did become  
Enamour'd of Orpheus' magic muse:  
Did thy skill'd fingers 'mid the harp-strings run,  
Fearing the Thracian's wondrous strains to lose?  
How oft thou mind'st me of heroic ages,  
Helen—Andromache—and Penélope—  
Shining in splendor from those starry pages—  
Fam'd Illiad and renowned Odessey!

II.—GALILEO.

Was this calm, cold, Saturnian aspect thine—  
O, wise Galileo? reader of the stars?  
And did those orbs, which stony blindness  
mars,  
Behold with science subtle, skill'd, and fine—  
The throng of Heaven-star-cypher'd mysteries,  
Drawing from thence the secrets of the skies?  
And did they hope that thus they could unfold,  
What Heaven's "eternal hollow" could not  
hold?  
Blind and imprison'd one! look up—rejoice!—  
Not learned Plato, in the Grecian grove,  
Could own a broader state; nor sovran Jove  
Send to his lips serene a loftier voice  
To freeze a wicked age with awful fear,  
Than those deep eyes of thine, of iron hue se-  
vere!

III.—MILTON.

Galileo—Homer! "equals in fate,"  
And in the glory of thy grand renown:—  
Blind Thamyris—and Mæonides great,  
All radiant gems in Genius' royal crown!  
Blind Bard of Paradise! whose sight interial  
Pierc'd through the foliage of those garden  
bowers—  
And saw those shapes of loveliness ethereal  
Gliding angelic 'mong fair Eden's flowers:—  
The crowning act of thy eternal fame  
Was that grand epic, lofty and sublime;  
And God-like thoughts, creating souls of flame,  
O, Prince of Poets!—till the voice of Time  
Shall die away upon the Eternal shore,  
Thou shalt reign in our hearts for ever, ever-  
more!

July, 1833.

## TO FARMERS.

BY THOS. E. VAN BEBBER.

Dew-drops from air refreshing fall,  
Rain-drops from realms the dew above,  
Light streams from loftier solar ball,  
Still loftier suns more lofty move;  
But over air, cloud, suns, and all,  
In topmost height, celestial love  
O'er all heaven's tenfold widening rings  
Sits brooding with unbounded wings.

Love fires the sun, love wings the breeze,  
Love tempers feelings heavenly sweet;  
As when among old forest trees,  
Tree hurls to tree a fiery sheet,  
And whilst the billowy flames increase,  
Bough lights up bough with fervid heat,  
So love's torch kindles ceaseless birth;—  
Life wakes new life around the earth.

Up, farmers! wave your victor-palms  
Beside life's river rolling fast,  
Let your woods ring with holier psalms,  
Your quarries shake with louder blast;  
Heaven grant you all increase of lambs,  
More boys, each lovelier than the last,  
Increase of flocks, increase of bliss,  
More fruit, more corn, more babes to kiss.

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY JEANNIE DEANS.

NOVEMBER 4th.

The night was dark, rain fell in torrent streams;  
the horses plunged through the unpaved streets of  
the village.

"How far is Elmsdale from here?" asked the  
impatient driver of the sleepily ostler.

"Two miles," replied the boy, dropping his  
lantern in the mud, leaving us in impenetrable  
darkness.

"Der tohfel!" cried the German driver: and,  
cracking his whip, we dashed on. The lights in  
the village became as faint stars, twinkled and  
then vanished, gloom remained, gloom without  
and within. My heart trembled. In my youth  
and inexperience, left an orphan, friendless and  
alone, I felt many trepidations as to the expected  
meeting. I was to commence life as a governess  
in the T— family.

The coach stopped at a large gate; we passed  
through a lane of elms, whose branches met over-  
head; the graceful Ionic porch still hung with  
green leaves; light fell in streams from the large  
windows. With a weak hand I rang the bell; a  
servant appeared, who took my trunk; I lingered  
to give the weary driver a guilder, and followed.

As I crept up the steps, sad and tearful, a soft  
hand was laid on mine, and a sweet voice whis-  
pered "welcome." She led me to my room, so  
cheerful with its crimson curtains and glowing  
embers. With pleasant words she removed my  
bonnet.

"Come," said the music-voice, "drink this cup  
of tea and let me smooth your curls. We have  
friends below, and I cannot leave you here alone.  
Solitude is a poor companion for sad thoughts."

While she arranged my disordered ringlets, I  
could see her in the glass. Her face was pale and



spiritual, with lustrous eyes and bands of shining hair. She was not beautiful, but a holy calm rested upon her face, such as angels might wear. She bade me call her Katrine, and led me to the parlor. The lights dazzled, and my emotions bewildered me; but no one seemed to notice our entrance. Katrine placed me near the fire, on the corner of the sofa, from which I could observe all that was passing in the room.

Standing near the window was the most beautiful girl I ever beheld. Her bright, blue eyes were both tender and flashing. A crown of glory seemed resting on her graceful head, with its wealth of sunny braids. Her tall figure was perfect in symmetry; its dignity enhanced by her self-possessed and queen-like air.

Her companion was a man of some thirty-five years, handsome in person and elegant in manner, but there was an air of ostentation in gesture and dress, that did not please me. A little fairy of seventeen threw herself by my side.

"You are the new music teacher?" she said.

"Yes," I replied, smiling.

"And I am your pupil, Carroll, at your service."

"Who is that beside the window?" I asked, nodding towards my beauty.

"That is my sister, Regina, or 'her majesty,' as Ralph calls her. She is conversing with Judge Florian B., the wealthiest man in Delton."

"And who is Ralph?"

"My brother, my only brother, sitting on the divan with his betrothed."

I turned toward the opposite side of the room—such large hazel eyes met mine—so full of earnestness and affection: Ralph's brow was broad and noble, his mouth beautifully cut, pouting and crimson, his form tall and graceful. He was an artist. I knew it by the love of the beautiful expressed in his face: by the enthusiasm that dwelt in his eyes. His betrothed was a dark-haired girl, with one of those dreamy faces, whose possessor seems wrapt in a world of ideas far beyond the actual and real. It was a sweet face, that awakened your interest at once—a picturesque style of beauty, a fancy portrait. And he who worshipped the beautiful in form or mind: could he fail to adore this "embodiment of a dream?" No, he was her captive. The mother, a delicate, lady-like woman, with a quiet, amiable air, conversed with Katrine.

In a distant corner, apparently reading a book, from which his eye glanced often towards Judge B. and his fair companion, sat a youth whose bright face and joy-beaming glance won my heart. Was it that he appeared to be alone, like myself? or was it the lofty thoughts and pure impulses I read in every line of his face that attracted me? I know not, but from that evening, I felt a deep interest in his welfare.

By degrees my shyness wore away. I could converse with more ease, and Katrine introduced me in a quiet, easy way, to all the household. I played and sang for them, and received many praises for my voice.

When the hour of departure came, Judge B. took Regina's hand and whispered in her ear a word that called the crimson to her cheek and proud glances to her eye. She inclined her head

haughtily and drew back, while he threw over his shoulder a look of defiance. He was eminently handsome; his Spanish face was fascinating in its strange beauty. Regina trembled and turned pale as she caught that glance.

After the departure of Judge B., the youth, in whom I had felt so deep an interest, rose and drawing near "her majesty," pressed the little hands in both his. In a moment the lovely face beamed with an angel's light.

"Ah, Ellwood, why art thou not *ever* beside me?" she whispered.

"This would I willingly do, dear Regina—but thou wilt not give up the Judge," he replied, in a gentle voice.

"This is presumption," she exclaimed, withdrawing her hand. "You have no *faith* in me."

"Regina," he said, slowly, sadly, "my love, my betrothed, I ask, I entreat you to part with him, for thine own sake—thy future happiness. Yes, Regina, I ask it of thee for the *last time*: 'Will you give up his society?'"

"Never!" she replied, passionately.

He drew back and gazed into the beautiful, lightning-face for a moment, steadily, calmly. What he would have said I know not, but Ruth approached, and putting her hand within her brother's arm, declared herself ready to depart. When I reached my own room and drew aside the curtain, the rain had ceased and the ground was white with snow. In vain did the embers light up the room with a cheerful smile; in vain did the snow-white pillows woo me to slumber. Home wishes, old, long-buried thoughts and domestic scenes, songs of olden times, happy voices, had been awakened by this household band, that I believed buried for ever. I wept through the watches of the night; my soul cried through the darkness.

*Morning.*—The morning broke in beauty, and sad fears vanished with the night. It was late when I awakened, and dressing in haste, I descended the stairs, meeting on the way "the mother." With kindly greeting we entered the breakfast-room. The sisters were already there, gathered around the brother, who held in his hand a miniature. He offered it to me, requesting my opinion of its merits, and hastened his sisters towards their mother, greeting her with kisses and cheerful "good mornings." Ralph handed her a chair, Katrine a cup of coffee, Carroll a foot-stool, while Regina looked on with a patronising air.

How happy was that mother! It is so sweet to feel that you are necessary to the happiness of others; to feel that a household band, without you, would be broken into fragments and scattered to the four winds of Heaven.

While we ate and chatted at the table, Hetty, the maid, brought in some little notes tied with blue ribbon. Her large black eyes and snowy teeth were radiant with pleasure.

Carroll sprang towards the notes, opened one, and cried, "An invitation to the 'owl's dance.' Sweetest mother! we must go."

The mother nodded her head approvingly. The others had been reading their respective missives without comment.

"Who will go?" said Ralph, pushing back his chair.

"I," cried Carroll.

Regina was already pondering in her own mind, the toilet, and replied in a dreamy manner, "Pink or blue?"

This created a laugh, at which "her majesty," was not a little indignant.

"Katrine must attend to please me," said the mother, affectionately.

Katrine nodded and smiled without replying, and we all parted to attend to different duties. But Carroll followed closely her eldest sister from kitchen to cellar, hall to chamber, and no sooner had the poor girl finished overlooking the servants, than the witching child threw both arms around her neck and whispered:—

"Best 'Trina! my white dress is soiled, and the lace is so difficult to iron."

And one more kiss finished poor Katrine, for all the rest of the morning I heard her pretty hands clapping in the ironing-room.

As the clock struck twelve, Ralph came into his mother's room, and begged her to walk to the village with him.

"The air is so bracing and clear, dear mother, a walk will make you young again;" and he continued, turning to me, "perhaps Miss Jessie will accompany us?"

I was charmed at the prospect of a ramble, and hastened to don my cloak and hood. The air was clear, and sent the blood tingling to our cheeks, while our words were frozen into shape as they left our lips. Ralph was so wildly joyous and gay, that I forgot all surroundings in listening to his pictured future.

"Ruth and I will be married in the summer; we have been engaged four years: it is a long while," he said, thoughtfully; "but Ruth is a dear, patient girl, and would wait for me twice that period of time."

"But you must not try the patient, because they are so, Ralph," replied the mother. "Ruth has an unhappy home, a disagreeable step-mother. You have already proved her love too well; she shall have a home with us. Whenever you will bring her to me as a daughter, I will receive her with open arms."

Ralph sighed, and a cloud rested on my heart, lightly, but afterwards it grew darker and heavier.

As we reached the jeweller's, Ralph drew us in and requested me to choose a pearl and topaz spray.

"One for Regina," he remarked, "as I fear I offended her to-day."

He did not say *who* would wear the other, but I smiled in admiration of my own sagacity. On our return, we called for Ruth, that she might dine and go with us to the dance. Blushing and pleased she ran out to meet us.

"The mother" folded her in her arms. She did not love her entirely on Ralph's account, but gave her much affection for her own sweet sake.

"Come, Ruth," said Ralph, impatiently, "put on thy bonnet and come with us quickly."

We waited at the gate while she ran away, and soon re-appeared with a little basket of party ornaments, which Ralph took from her hand, com-

plaining jestingly of their great weight. It was a little warmer as we approached home, and snow-flakes fell softly and silently around us. We became quiet, and Ruth threw back her hood, lifting her sweet face towards Heaven, allowing the gentle flakes to fall on her soft fair cheek. "The mother" and I lingered behind.

"Why art thou so quiet, Ruth?" whispered Ralph, as they walked hand in hand.

"I never see the snow, but I think of my childhood, when I used to kneel beside my mother's grave, and wonder if the little white snow flakes were not angel's kisses, falling from Heaven to earth for little children who had no brother to kiss them."

Ralph raised the little hand he held to his lips in silence. I bent down to find something in the snow; my tears fell fast: poor child! my heart went towards her, "I will be a sister to her." I thought—but at this moment a huge snow-ball whizzed past me; I sprang aside, and there was the "singing-bird" (Carroll,) perched on the fence, her arms filled with balls, with which she was pelting Ralph and his betrothed unmercifully. We all ran to the house in haste, but Carroll had hidden in fear of her brother. It was four o'clock, and dinner was on the table; no one partook of the meal but "the mother," Ralph, Katrine and myself, for the others were already preparing for the dance. When we arose from the table, I went to my own room to put on my best dress, a blue silk, which had been presented to me by a dear friend at school. When I entered the drawing-room, Ruth and Carroll were already there, both dressed in white lace robes; Carroll's jetty curls confined with a white rose wreath, while amid Ruth's braids glittered the pearl spray. I smiled archly at Ralph, but he was provokingly stupid.

"Will 'her majesty,' never be robbed?" said Ralph, impatiently; "but, lo! here she comes attired for the chase. Welcome, proud Dian."

Regina advanced towards us with dignity and grace, unheeding her brother's bows. She was very beautiful. The tissue robe fell like a crimson cloud around her, and the topaz gems in her glistening hair seemed a starry crown. Her beauty dazzled and kept you entranced. Even Ralph was awed by her great loveliness, and gazed at her with pride and admiration.

I did not heed Katrine's entrance until she stood alone beside me. She wore a dove-colored satin, and had no ornament in her dark hair. I turned to look upon the three younger, fairer girls, but I whispered to my heart that I loved Katrine the best.

The "owl" would kindly call for us in his sleigh, and as the mother joined us, he drove to the door. The "owl" is an old friend of "the mother's" a widower, who still keeps house with his maiden sister, Miss Netta. Imagine a thin bowed form, a huge hooked nose, and two large gray eyes, and you see our "owl," as he stood nodding and smiling, handing each lady into the sleigh, and folding the warm robes closely around her. The horses dashed away, and, for a moment, I held my breath at our swift pace. The "owl's" mansion was blazing with light. Miss Netta stood in the door, her

little red nose blue with cold, but a heart-smile played around her thin lips, keeping them warm. With kindly greeting she welcomed us, crying in her shrill voice, "Come in, come in; the music is waiting. 'Dear heart,'" she whispered to Regina, "you look as lovely as the Spring. Judge B. is here—Ah well!"

When we entered the hall, a buzz of admiration followed us. Leaning on her brother's arm, Regina walked proudly up the room. "How queenly," "stately," "peerless," were whispers audibly heard, and "the mother's" heart exulted in these praises. Judge B. immediately joined us, and asked the honor of her hand for the coming dance. The "owl" carried off the "singing bird" in triumph. Ralph and Ruth were already gone. Katrine and "the mother" sat on a sofa, where they had a fine view of the dancers; but Miss Netta came and took me by force, to see the beauty of her table, whispering—

"Dear Child! you look like a white rose-bud. Young Nereous asked who you were? Who knows?"

I shook my head and laughed, while Miss Netta told me of the little "owlets." One could see that she was very fond of them, and they are really fine children.

"If my brother could find a good, steady girl," said Miss Netta, looking at me in her peculiar manner, her head one side, like a lively magpie, peering with her little bright eyes into my very soul, "a girl, young and pretty, but one who has seen enough of life to know with what to be content, one who is known to be amiable, yes," continued Miss Netta, thoughtfully, as she rearranged the queen-cake of the table, "yes, I should say, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace. Well, well; stranger wishes have come true," and ending her soliloquy, of the meaning of which I still remained in the depths of mystery, Miss Netta hurried me back to the dance room.

The "owl" had consigned Carroll to young Nereous, and, with grave face, was expounding to Katrine the philosophy of steam in his new engine, to which she listened with a sweet, willing patience, so lovely in the young towards the old.

Ralph and Ruth, in a little cozy corner, were indulging in a whispered conversation, interesting only to themselves, while Regina, still leaning on the civil arm of Judge B., promenaded the room, followed by admiring glances.

"Yes," said Miss Netta, following the mother's eyes, "yes, she is bright as the stars, and as cold, too. Will you be mother to a judge?"

"Is it a wise judge?" she asked, smiling.

"A Daniel, my dear; but wisdom is not all—"

"Supper!" cried the little, bald-headed servant, and Miss Netta, offering me her arm, led the way.

The supper passed off well, the dancing continued until a late hour. I remained with Miss Netta, and did not visit the dance-room again. The sleigh was waiting our order, and at twelve the mother gathered her little flock, and departed.

The Judge attended Regina to the sleigh,

wrapped the cloak around her, and pressed the white-gloved hand at parting.

The moon was shining brilliantly, the air was frosty, while the runners creaked on the frozen snow complainingly.

"Sing," whispered Ruth to Ralph, and his singularly clear voice parted the silver shadows of midnight floating far into the eternity of space. His sisters joined him. Even I was beguiled into a second, while the "owl," with many coughs and grunts, sang a tolerable bass.

The "owl" gave a hand to each daughter as he assisted them from the sleigh. I being the last, he pressed my hand with friendly warmth, begging me, in a low tone, to visit Miss Netta frequently.

Now the household are sleeping, and as I watch the delicate traceries on the window, which the frost-fairies with icicled fingers are drawing, I can see the domes and spires of an ethereal city, and as the moon illumines it with glory, I think of the streets, "all paved with shining gold," in an eternal city, where all I love are dwelling.

*Morning.*—The air is mild, the silver city is fast fading in a mist. Glorious daylight! How it ridicules the fancies of the night. Darkness makes cowards or dreamers of most men, but the gray dawn makes the ideal real and the faint heart strong.

I stole softly down the stairs, thinking to be the first in the breakfast-parlor, but Katrine was already there, leaning against the window. She was lost in thought. Two tears rolled silently down her cheeks. It might have been a fancy of mine. I placed my arm around her waist. She started, turned her face towards me. Yes; the tears were there. I kissed them away, but asked no questions.

The mother rang the silver bell thrice before any one answered her summons. One by one they dropped in, looking quite pale and sleepy. Ralph did not rise until some two hours afterward, and then took Ruth home on his black pony, he walking beside her and leading it.

"Thus through life," I whispered to myself, but with a sigh I echoed Miss Netta's "Who knows?"

*Evening.*—All is sorrow. At noon, the post-boy brought a large official letter, directed in a round hand, and sealed with a huge wafer. It was from Mr. E., offering Ralph his studio during the winter. Ralph is to leave for the city immediately. "The mother" yielded for a moment to the weakness of her heart. It would be the first time he had left home, and a few tears were given to the first broken link in the family chain. She threw her arms around his neck, crying—

"My son, my son, how can I part from thee?"

The sisters, with anxious looks, embraced him by turns. Carroll rushed sobbing from the room. Regina was gentler than usual. Katrine had already commenced an inventory of his wardrobe. On what did she meditate during that long evening, as she sewed in silence? I would that I knew.

## THE UNDER CURRENT.

The deepest water is quiet on the surface, but far down, in the darkness, unseen, is a strong, steady current, undreamed of by the observer. Jessie cannot fathom the silent stream of Katrine's heart, where eddies of thought, dancing in constant whirl, leaving not a wave on the surface (where golden ripples of affection dwell), so deeply hidden that none would imagine their existence.

Ten years ago (it seems an *age* to Katrine), yes, ten, long, weary years ago, and 'Trina was a rosy-cheeked girl of seventeen, full of life and joy, believing that her future destiny was fixed, immovable—that, as years passed by, they would find her the wife of Beryl Clermont, happy and beloved, and each year in its turn would find her happier than the preceding one. From childhood had they been lovers. He was an orphan, alone, and needed a *double* love to cheer him through his pilgrimage.

But Katrine's father died, her mother's health was declining, younger sisters called upon her for help and example. Beryl was offered a berth in a ship bound for China. He begged Katrine to accompany him. She refused. She could not speak to him of the secret influences that deterred her from accompanying him. Her heart shrank from the exposition of her self-sacrificing spirit. The strong sense of duty "the mother" had implanted in her heart bore fruit and blossomed.

Beryl left her in anger. She had heard from him but twice during those ten years, and then indirectly.

Nobly did Katrine fulfil her duty to the loved ones of the household. What if her cheek lost its freshness and bloom; her eye its brightness, and her heart its youthful gladness? Was she not repaid for all this by "the mother's" kiss and heart-pressure, so full of meaning? By the caresses and affection of her young sisters? Yes, doubly repaid.

But thoughts of Beryl often came in lonely hours, but Katrine would say—

"This is a trial. If he is worthy of me he loves me yet, and will return true in faith: if *not*, I can only be thankful that these bitter hours were all for good."

But as years passed on, and no sign of remembrance came, Katrine's heart *rose superior to her sorrows*. She knew how idle were futile regrets, how vain illusive hopes; and, schooling her heart, she strove, by constant occupation, to stifle a useless grief. She turned her attention to improving her mind—read, studied and wrote. Many of her pieces found their way into the best literary papers of the country. High were the encomiums bestowed upon the unknown authoress, but not even "the mother" suspected Katrine of being the writer of those heart-effusions she so much admired.

Seldom did 'Trina allow herself to dwell upon her sorrows. It is only the selfish who garner in their hearts, and repeat hourly in their thoughts the memory of past griefs. They cling to it, that they may shed tears anew, sigh over it, and deem themselves miserable. To the purer heart, there comes a sweet patience, a holy

resignation, an ardent desire to sympathize with those suffering more intensely, an earnest longing to make more holy, by well-doing, the spirit already purified by trial.

Oh! believe me, truly, strong, brave hearts, that with self-sacrificing zeal, rise superior to life-troubles, making the memory of their griefs but a new incentive to do good, are fast loosening the earth-ties, and approaching the calm serenity of Heaven. Yes, already is the approbation of the heart's conscientious beatings, the first music breathed notes of an eternal melody.

JANUARY 28th.

It is raining. What a damp, disagreeable day—so dull and lifeless. The snow has vanished, revealing the black soil in patches; the leafless trees, with melancholy dreariness, spread their ungraceful arms against the leaden sky. The cow, with meek head drooping low, waits for the sunshine, that she knows will come, chewing the cud of patience. The chickens have a ragged, wo-begone look, and hide under the dripping rails with shivering plumes. The pigeons thrust their glossy necks from their house doors, and coo with mournful voice. Tray cannot be tempted from his warm kennel, but watches with a lazy yawn the cherished hidden bone.

The rain gurgled in the pipes and dripped from the gable roof so lazily and slow, I knew it must pass the day with us, and grew quite nervous at watching the constant drop by drop.

"Now," thought I, "how some persons are influenced by the weather;—they have as many moods as it has changes, smiles for the sunny hours, and frowns for the cloudy, poutings at threatening showers and ill-temper for the real ones."

I had by this time reasoned myself into a good humor.

"After all," I continued, "there is nothing so much abused as this same weather. One would have it cold, a third warm, a fourth wet, another dry, and so on: and what is the use of complaining of that which, if all the senates, house of parliaments and royal petitions were piled sky high, it would not have the slightest effect in causing a change; and why complain of that, over which no mortal has power."

Having thus arrived, as I thought, at a height in philosophy, I descended the stairs, determined to leave the weather, and all other unchangeable decrees, in the hands of an All-wise Providence.

After breakfast, we adjourned to the drawing-room to pack Ralph's trunk, and see what was needed for his city life. Carroll was secretly busy with a square box which no one appeared to notice. The sisters talked, while Ralph listened and objected.

"Ah, 'Trina not *all* that soap; one will take me for a pedlar; one half those socks, best sister; thank you I will study hosiery!"

"But, Ralph dear, you will have no sisters to mend for you," said Katrine, falteringly.

"Oh, brother, what *will* you do?" cried Carroll, springing towards him; and throwing her arms around his neck, she sobbed aloud, while the square box fell with a crash, its contents

scattered upon the floor, pins, needles, cotton thread, buttons, bees-wax, and a large brass thimble, betrayed the poor child's gift.

"What is this?" cried Ralph, with a ludicrous expression of amazement. Carroll blushed, and wiped away her tears.

"It is for you, a work-box," she answered, as Ralph gathered the spoils, and replaced them in the unlucky box.

"Der tousend," he cried, as the needles pierced his hand, "how can I use these steel lancets? I shall sew my hands more than the garments; but never mind, 'singing bird,'" he continued, embracing her, "thou shalt have a gold thimble from the city, for thy sisterly love."

"What is the matter?" cried Miss Netta's cheerful voice at the door, "are we to have tears and sighs because a boy is to better his purse, and learn the world; tears are plenty, without seeking for them. 'Ah, well,'" and she regarded us with her bird's-eye view quite pleasantly.

"Come in, come in," said the mother, pressing her hand with friendly greeting, while Ralph proceeded to divest her of the cloak and well-patched over-shoes; the latter Katrine placed to dry, near the stove. This done, Miss Netta seated herself in an easy chair, and, drawing forth her knitting, proceeded to gaze upon our preparations.

"Not so, dear soul," she would say to Katrine, and, taking the garment from her hands, folded it into the smallest possible compass, until, by degrees, Miss Netta took upon herself the entire packing, with the greatest satisfaction, while we looked on in admiring silence.

After dinner, Ralph took the pony for Ruth, and she joined our happy circle. How quickly passed the day, and when evening came, and the golden fire-sparkles flew brightly up, while the lamp-light fell on joy-beaming faces, the gloom of the night was forgotten by the glow of the heart-light within. Regina had recovered from the headache that had kept her in her room all day, and, with Carroll, she read by the little table. Ruth and Ralph on the sofa joined in our gossip, and whispered in the pauses. Katrine and I were winding silk; mother idle in one chimney-corner, Miss Netta in the other, still knitting.

"Where is the music?" said Miss Netta, glancing at Katrine.

"Here," said Katrine, pleasantly, as she seated herself at the piano, and played one of Beethoven's dreamy, spirit-world pieces. Our souls revelled in the music thoughts.

"Ah!" said Miss Netta, resuming her needle, "Beethoven is the prince of composers; his notes touch the heart."

"Yes," said Ralph, "music is like poetry; there is a blending of both—poetry in music and music in poetry. Beethoven's pieces are to me a blending of Mrs. Hemans and Byron—religious and dreamy, pure and imaginative."

"Idler's dream," cried the "owl," his grave face appearing in the door. "Thou must have done with dreams, Ralph, and live in the actual present."

"Constancy," continued the "owl," reading the title of Carroll's book over her shoulder, "a

good book for ladies to read, if it means in lessons, duties or charities."

"Now, dear owl," said the poor child, "let me read in peace."

"No, no," replied the mischievous "owl," holding the book beyond her reach, "your bright eyes are already too full of wonder, to know if Angelique withstands the efforts of her parents to make her forget a man they know will make her unhappy. In love, if contradicted, constancy becomes obstinacy."

"For shame!" cried Regina.

"No, there is no such thing as constancy," he replied, glancing at Ruth and Ralph, who looked into each other's face with love-look in their hearts defying time and life to change their affection.

"No," continued the undaunted "owl," "constancy is obsolete now-a-days. It is one of the Arabian Nights' tales; it exists only in the imagination. We shall never see it. Our ancestors may have done so. But love must mourn its death, sing its requiem, and consign it sofly to endless oblivion."

"One, two, three," said Miss Netta, placing the disengaged needle in her crispy curls, speaking in a tone that implied, "This is absolutely unbearable."

For a moment there was silence. Who would refute this? Not Ralph, Regina, or Katrine, but Miss Netta.

"Constancy is still living," said Miss Netta, "in the pure hearts of true women. It makes *old maids* of some, who for years have borne its cross with uncomplaining lips."

"Ah, Netta," cried the "owl," rising hastily, "forgive me."

"For what, thou rogue?" cried Miss Netta, smiling, but wiping away a secret tear. "That thou hast borne with the old maid's humors these many years?"

"The mother" now called upon Katrine to play, but she had left the room, and did not return for some time, but Hetty came in with nuts and apples. We named the apples, and Carroll would insist on putting two nuts on the shovel, calling one Regina and the other Judge B——, at which "her majesty" remonstrated, but watched the result with secret satisfaction.

"See, see!" cried Carroll, "Regina has left the Judge alone."

Regina bit her lip with vexation.

"Thou hast done wisely," whispered "the mother," in her ear.

"Her majesty" blushed and averted her eyes.

After much talking, laughing, and singing, Miss Netta rose to take leave. The oil-cloak and leather pattens were duly adjusted. Ralph was embraced and advised. As we passed through the hall, I noticed two strange boxes on the table. After they had departed, "the mother" called Ralph's attention to them. They were directed to him. He opened the larger one. Therein was a new palette, brushes and choice colors, such as he had long been desirous of possessing. "Good owl," cried the sisters. The smaller one contained a blue and silver net-purse, through which the golden sovereigns shone like warm rays from the heart of the giver.

"Dear Miss Netta!" I whispered, while the tears ran down my cheeks.

Why is it that we value the gifts of women more than those of men? Because man is generally the possessor of the means; he gives more from the hand than the heart; he makes no self-sacrifices in lavishing gifts. But woman will hoard a little sum, adding to it by her own economy, depriving herself of comforts, until she attains the desired sum or object.

This was why the tears came unbidden. I saw Miss Netta saving, toiling for this little sum, destined, perhaps, for some other purpose, but falling at last into hands she wished to enrich. "The mother" accepted the gift with thankful heart. To have refused it, would have deprived Miss Netta of many happy hours.

Just before I closed my eyes in sleep, I remembered the "owl's" last remark to Katrine. It must have been in reference to some old friend.

"Yes," said the "owl," "he has returned very wealthy." I did not hear the name, but I noticed that Katrine's pale cheek was crimson. Such sudden changes of complexion denote ill health. I must watch her carefully for her mother's sake.

#### THE UNDER-CURRENT.

All were sleeping the quiet sleep of peace; all save one. Wrapped in her shawl, she sat by the open window of her little room, communing with the past. Beryl had returned—returned rich in worldly goods, but possessed he the heart—gold—love? Was he true to the early dream, or had he awakened from that sleep for ever to day-life? Had he changed in form or features? He gave promise of being remarkably handsome. Then Katrine trimmed her little lamp, and seated herself before the mirror. She was changed, alas! alas!—and, throwing herself beside her bed, she wept, and would not be comforted. Was this Katrine? the quiet, peaceful Katrine?—the example of her sisters: the calm, unchangeable? No, this was the loving woman—the Trina of ten years ago. Let her weep. The book of memory is open, and every letter is a golden thought, prized because the precious words have been read by two, whose souls were one. Weep. Trina; for every tear there is a smile; every dark hour hath its sunlight. And Trina did weep; but the habit of self-control was too strong to be long forgotten, and it was resumed. Katrine reseated herself at the window. The stars bade her be calm. All nature seemed to rest in a profound security in the encircling arms of a Universal Father. Katrine was calm. She closed the window, and sought the couch of her sisters. "How beautiful they were!" She crept beside Carroll, and, placing her arm around her neck, sank into a peaceful slumber. Ah! Trina; did not angels watch beside thee that night? Did they not whisper to thee happy thoughts in thy dreams? that bright smiles played around thy lips? Ah! Trina, dreams are only soul-journeys to the spirit-land.

FEBRUARY 4th.

Ralph has been gone now many weeks. "The mother" mourns silently; the sisters strive to comfort her with many winning ways. I add my little mite to the household happiness. Re-

gina is dark and gloomy. Ellwood has not been here since the evening of my arrival, until last night; Judge B. has been devoted to Regina. She appears to half love and half fear him; still she is betrothed to Ellwood, and loves him. Is not this inexplicable? Last night Ellwood spoke not to her; no tender glances, beseeching tone or menacing frown, had power over him. He was immovable; but conversed with gaiety and ease to all others. Regina left the room. Ellwood remained a half hour later; he completely charmed me with his delightful conversation. When he left, a current of air came from the hall. I felt sure that the front door was open. Going to close it in my noiseless manner, what was my surprise at beholding Regina on the step pale and tearful; she extended her hand to Ellwood, whispering—"I will promise, dear Ellwood, if you will but love me as of old."

How beautiful, gentle, appeared this earth-angel! Ellwood took the little hand within his, and drew her towards him with an angelic smile. I waited not to hear his answer, but with a strange agitation ran to my room. In a short time, Regina entered, her cheeks rosy; on her lips dwelt a happy smile, and a frost crown was on her golden tresses.

The door-bell rang violently. Her countenance changed; she sprang to the head of the stairs; it was Judge B. She turned upon me a look of fascinated fear.

"I must go down," she said, slowly turning toward her chamber.

"Ah, do not," I cried, catching her robe as she passed. "Remember your promise to him, who is a god compared to this man. By the true affection he bears you, by the love now pleading in your heart for him, by the purity of truth implanted in your soul by a mother, by all you hold dear and good, I entreat you not to break your promise!"

At first she trembled and paled; then breaking from my grasp, sprang into her own room and locked the door. After a few moments, Hetty knocked thereon.

"Who is there?" cried Regina.

Hetty answered the maid: "Judge B. sends his compliments and wishes to see Miss Regina."

A pause ensued. How tremblingly I awaited the answer.

"I will come."

My door was open as she passed. How silken and glossy was the well-arranged hair. A crimson bow had been added to her dress. I sighed involuntarily. Did she hear it, that she cast a proud look at me? I heard her laugh a merry, musical laugh as she entered the parlor.

"Ah! Ellwood," I thought, "cast from thee this unworthy love. It is unworthy thy noble self."

Midnight.—I had been reading the book of all books, the Bible. It was left me by a mother I do not remember. When anxiety of mind, sorrow or heart-care oppress me, I turn to these sacred pages, and never yet have I failed to find a balm therein for every grief that erring ones possess. Oh, Thou voice of the Divine, speaking to the understanding of mortals that they may literally say, "Thy works have we seen;" whose pitying tones breathe of that Heavenly land, of



which Thou singest to Thy children. How can we thank Thee for Thy constant care. Thy cheering smile, Thy ready sympathy—but with our whole hearts?

As I closed the book with these thoughts trembling on my lips, Regina entered. She looked at me in a defiant manner, as if I blamed her. Poor child, it was her own conscience.

"You will ride with us in the morning, Jessie. Judge B. has invited me to go to Rosedale; you will accompany us?" she said, beseechingly.

"I should prefer not to," I replied, in surprise. "I should be an intruder to the Judge."

She gazed at me bitterly; then with a rapid gesticulation she spoke:

"You are like the rest of the passionless of the earth. You can blame those not so good as yourself for acting under the influence of their evil monitors. You can cry 'pause,' preach patience, yet will not hold forth thy hand to help them. I asked you to accompany me to avoid hearing protestations that I should not hear. You say you cannot, but you *will* not."

"No, no," I answered in haste, "believe it not. I have great faults, and deep is my contrition, severe my punishment. But my own will have I placed in higher hands. Duty is the master of wilful spirits. Dear Regina! I would willingly do aught in my power to save thee; but it depends solely on thyself. What is this Judge to thee?"

"I know not," she cried, covering her face with her hands, "I know not, but that I *love* him—do not look at me so strangely, Jessie! Yes, I love and fear him. He is handsome, fascinating and—he is *my fate*. How often have I determined never again to see him—sworn it to myself—but the first sound of his voice makes my heart bound, the strange fascination returns, and I am his."

Her head sank on her bosom, and she seemed dreaming.

"This is madness," I replied, "sheer madness. Where is Ellwood? Is there no echo to the music of his name in thy heart? No remembrance of youth tinged with morning sunlight?"

She shook her head sadly.

"No; those days have passed by; the echo has been growing fainter and fainter, until it has died away in gloom. Think you not I know his worth?—his noble soul? Yes, but I am not worthy of him. Day and night cannot dwell together. His goodness would torment me. The sunlight of his soul would only make darker the clouds on mine. He could not forgive my follies; he is too calm—stern. No, we must part. I will break the heart-ties, though I part with one half my life."

She paused, placed her hand on her heart; her face was pallid and fearful.

"What is it?" I cried in alarm.

"Did you not hear it?" she gasped, "the spirit voice that said 'amen.'"

"No," I replied, "it was your own conscience, dear Regina."

She closed her eyes for a moment, and then laughed aloud.

"Now, Jessie, you cannot frighten me into goodness as nurses do naughty children; I do not fear thy conscience ghost."

I blushed at my own subterfuge.

"See; you are already ashamed of it, Jessie. It is only you that read my thoughts, and for all our sakes, I pray you keep this to yourself; and if you will not go with me to-morrow, good night." And she quickly passed from the room.

Sadly I sought repose, and long wooed it in vain; and when at last sleep did come, I dreamed of Ellwood Evelyn, and his joyous face was pale and unhappy—still it haunts me. "What is he to thee, Jessie?" I ask of myself, but find no answer in my heart.

*Morning.*—At half past nine Judge B. came dashing to the door in a light phaeton, covered with a shining tiger skin, lined with scarlet cloth. The jet black steeds, glittering in silver-tipped harness, tossed their flowing manes, and pawed the earth impatient of restraint. Throwing the reins to a groom, Judge B. entered the house and led forth "her majesty." He lifted her into the vehicle, and wrapped the furs around her little feet. As they drove away, she nodded to me a little defiant nod. The crimson plume on the velvet hat could not rival the bloom on her cheek, or the sunlight, the sparkle in her eye. She rejoiced in her youth, beauty and health. It seemed a mockery to say that time would rob her of these outward charms and make old age a wintry day; but thus it is. As I still stood in the door-way, enjoying the balmy air, Ellwood entered the parlor. I quickly withdrew, but he had seen me and called aloud—

"Do not let me frighten you, Miss Jessie; do not run away; the air is delightful and healthful. Will you ask Miss Regina if she will walk with me?"

By this time he had reached the door, and observing my changed looks, he started back.

"Regina has gone out," I replied, with as much calmness as I could assume.

"Where?" he demanded.

"To Rosedale."

"With whom?"

I hesitated.

"Tell me truly, Jessie. Speak, I implore you?"

"Judge B.," I whispered.

He set his teeth firmly; the blood rushed to his face, then retreated, leaving it colorless, while dark shadows rested in his eyes; but his voice did not falter nor his form tremble.

Oh, could I but have uttered one word of consolation; have told him how my heart bled for him; have counselled him to have patience, or have whispered one of the thousand pity-thoughts that rose to my lips; but no utterance came. His very calmness proved to me how great were his sufferings.

"Do not mention to Regina that I have been here," he at length said. "If she is happy I am content. But for your sympathy and kindness, Jessie, I am eternally grateful," and pressing my hand, he passed slowly down the walk.

"Will this be a life sorrow to him? Can he never love again?" I asked of myself; but the French clock sounded the music hour, and I recalled my mind to duty and reality.

[CONCLUSION IN NEXT NUMBER.]

## THE LOVE-LETTER.

*See Engraving.*

Andy Cavender was a sad trifler in his way. There was scarcely a maiden in the village to whom he had not made love at one time or another, and all as a pleasant piece of pastime; not seeming to understand that maidens' hearts were tender things, and liable to be hurt in the handling.

Many tears had he caused to flow from beautiful eyes, yet, if he knew of the fact, it did not appear to give him serious concern. There was always a smile on his lip and a light word on his tongue.

At last, however, Andy's heart received an impression. The image of a fair young girl rested upon it; not as of old, like the image in a speculum, to pass with the object, but like the sun-fixed image of the daguerreotype. Strange fact! the fickle, light-hearted Andy Cavender was in love; really and truly in love.

There had come to Woodland, to pass a few months during the warm Summer-time, a city maiden, whose charms were too potent for the village flirt. She came, he saw, and was conquered. It was soon plain to every one that it was all over with Andy Cavender. Kate—the lively, witty, darling Kate Archer, had subdued him with her charms, though all unconscious herself of the conquest she had made.

But others saw what she perceived not, and looked on, curious for the issue.

"What do you think of this, Jenny?" said Kate Archer, one day, to the young friend with whom she was spending her Summer in the country, and she laughed as she spoke, at the same time holding up a letter.

"News from home?" remarked Jenny, smiling.

"Oh, dear, no! It's a love-letter."

"What!"

"A real righty love-letter, and, as they say, nothing else. Oh, dear! To think that I should have made a conquest already!"

"A love-letter, Kate? Well, here is an adventure, sure enough! Whose heart have you broken?"

"You shall see and hear for yourself," replied the laughing girl. Then, as she unfolded the letter, she put on a grave countenance, and, opening the pages to the eyes of her friend, read aloud—

"MY DEAR MISS ARCHER:—Will you permit one who, from the moment he saw you, became an ardent admirer, to lay his heart at your feet? Until you appeared in our quiet village, no maiden had passed before me who had power to win my love. But, from the moment I saw you, I no longer had control over my affections. They flew to you like a bird to its mate. You cannot but have observed, in all our recent meetings, that I regarded you with more than a common interest, and I have permitted myself to believe that you read the language of my eyes, and understood its meaning. You did not turn from me; you did not look coldly on me. Have I erred in believing that your heart responded to the warm emotions of my own? I trust not. If it be so,

then am I of all men most miserable. I will wait, with trembling and impatient hope, your answer to this.

"Tenderly and faithfully yours,  
"ANDREW CAVENDER."

"Now, Jenny dear, what do you think of that?" said Kate, gayly, as she folded up her letter. "Hav'n't I made a real conquest?"

"Andy Cavender! Well, that beats everything!"

"None of your country maidens for him," laughed Kate. "He must have a city belle."

"Country maidens! He's made love to every good-looking girl within ten miles round."

"He?"

"Yes. There's no counting the hearts he has broken."

"Did he ever make love to you?"

"Oh, certainly," replied Jenny, gayly.

"In real earnest?"

"Ah, now you come to the point. Perhaps you've not heard that Andy is our village flirt?"

"A flirt, indeed! And so I am to be one of his victims. Oh, dear!"

"I don't know as to that. I more than half suspect him to be in earnest now. In fact, I've heard, from more than one source, that he is desperately in love with you."

"Will he hang himself if I'm inexorable?"

"There's no telling. But what kind of an answer are you going to make to his avowal of love?"

"What shall I say?"

"Oh, that depends on your feelings."

"He's a regular flirt, you say?"

"I could name you a dozen girls, at least, to whom his attentions have been of a character to make them believe that his designs were serious. Two or three were made very unhappy when he turned from them, like a gay insect, to seek another flower."

"Then he must be punished," said Kate, resolutely, "and be mine the task to lay the smarting lash upon his shoulders. For the man who deliberately trifles with a woman's feelings I have no pity. He has been the cause of pain beyond what it is possible for himself to feel; and, if I can reach his sensibilities in any way, you may be sure that I will do it with a hearty good-will."

"I do not like the thought of giving pain," remarked Jenny, "even to a reptile."

"Pain is salutary in most cases; and will be particularly so in this, I hope. He will have some idea of how it feels, as the woman said, when she rapped her boy over the head with a stick for striking his sister."

It was as Jenny supposed, and as we intimated in the beginning; Andy Cavender was really and truly over head and ears in love with Kate Archer, and every line of his amatory epistle was from his heart. Two or three letters were written and destroyed before he produced one exactly to his mind, and this he finally dispatched in full confidence that, as it came from his heart, it must reach the heart of the lovely maiden.

Two days went by, and no answer was received by the enamored swain. He began to feel anxious. On the third day, a neat little perfumed

envelope came into his hands, which, on opening, he found to contain a pink, perfumed, satin-edged sheet of note-paper, on which were a few lines most delicately written. They were as follows:—

"MY DEAR SIR: Your letter, containing a most flattering avowal of regard for one who is comparatively a stranger, has been received. Its effect I will not attempt to describe; nor will I, at this time, venture to put in written language what I feel. To-morrow evening I will spend at Mrs. T——'s. May I hope to see you there?"

"Yours, &c.,

KATE."

Andy was in ecstasies at this answer to his epistle. Its meaning to him was as plain as if Kate had said, "Dear Andrew, my heart is yours."

On the next evening, he repaired to Mrs. T——'s, trembling with fond anticipation. On entering the parlor, he found but a single person therein, and that a young lady named Herbert, to whom he had formerly paid very marked attentions. Aware that she had been made unhappy by his fickleness, not to call it by a harsher name, the meeting rather threw a damper over his feelings. But Andy had his share of coolness and self-possession, and although it cost him a considerable effort, he managed to introduce topics of conversation, and to talk pretty freely, although the talking was nearly all on his own side. Miss Herbert maintaining a cold reserve, and answering entirely in monosyllables.

For about a quarter of an hour Andy endured the ordeal, wondering why this particular young lady should happen to be alone in the parlor of Mrs. T——, and wondering still more why Miss Archer did not make her appearance. Just as he began to feel a little excited and uneasy, the door opened, and in walked another young maiden whom he had reason to remember—a Miss Mary Harper. She was also one of his old flames. She appeared surprised at seeing him, and greeted him with coldness. Andy tried to say some sprightly things to Miss Harper; but he was far from being in as good condition as at first. The effort to entertain Miss Herbert had somewhat exhausted his reservoir of spirits, and his attempts to draw farther thereon were not very successful. The two young ladies drew together on the sofa, and maintained a mutual reserve towards Andy that soon began to be painfully embarrassing.

"What does all this mean?" Andy had just asked himself, for he was beginning to feel puzzled, when the sound of light feet along the passage was again heard, and, the door opening, his eyes rested upon the form of Caroline Gray, to whom he had once paid his addresses. Very particular reasons had Andy Cavender for not wishing to meet Caroline on that particular occasion; for he had committed himself to her more directly than to any other young lady in Woodland, having, on one occasion, actually written and sent to her a love-letter. The precise contents of that epistle he did not remember; but often, when he thought of it, he had doubts as to the extent to which he had committed himself therein, that were not very comfortable.

Soon another and another entered, and, strange to say, each was an old flame, until there were

present not less than six fair, rebuking spirits. Silent, Andy sat in the midst of these—silent, because the pressure on his feelings had become insufferably great—for nearly a quarter of an hour. It was a social party of a most novel character, and one that he has never forgotten.

About the time that Andy's feelings were in as uncomfortable a state as could well be imagined, and he was beginning to wish himself at the North Pole, Kate Archer and her friend Jenny entered the room slowly, the former with an open letter in her hand, upon which the eyes of both were resting.

In an instant, it flashed upon Andy Cavender that he was to be victimized by the city belle. No sooner had this thought crossed his mind than, rising abruptly, he bowed to his fair tormentors, saying—

"Excuse me, ladies." And beat a hasty retreat.

But, ere he had passed beyond the street door, there reached him a gush of merry laughter from the musical throat of Kate, in which other voices mingled.

On the next day, he received a letter directed in a delicate hand. It enclosed the one he had written to Kate, and accompanying it was a note in these words—

"There is, it is presumed, a mistake in the direction of this. It was probably meant for Caroline Gray, Mary Harper, Nancy Herbert, or Jenny Green. In order that it may receive its proper destination, it is returned to the writer."

The village flirt was a changed man after that. He had played with edged tools until he cut himself, and the wound, in healing, left an ugly scar. Poor Andy Cavender! All this happened years ago, and he is a bachelor still, notwithstanding several subsequent attempts to make a favorable impression on the hearts of certain pretty maidens. The story of his punishment at Mrs. T——'s flew over the village in a few hours, and, after that, no fair denizen of Woodland for a moment thought of regarding any attention from Andy Cavender as more than a piece of idle pastime; and, on the few occasions that he ventured to talk of love, the merry witches laughed him in the face.

## A VALUABLE ACQUAINTANCE.

On my journey to England, I one day formed an agreeable acquaintance at a public house with an interesting young man. I was as much struck with the beauty of his person and the gracefulness of his manners, as with his general dejected mien. He spoke but little. As, however, he incidentally heard that I was a Swiss, he reached me his hand, with a melancholy smile, called me his fellow-countryman, and invited me to take a seat in his comfortable carriage, until we should reach Switzerland. I gladly accepted his invitation.

On the way I learned that his name was Fridolin Walter, and that he was a physician. He had for four years accompanied a rich nobleman and his family on tours through Europe, through whose gratitude and friendship he was in possession, not only of an independent fortune, but also of an annuity for life. He had, by his

medical skill, saved the life of the noble, and of one of his daughters.

"As you succeeded in doing this, dear doctor," said I, "perhaps you can help me also."

And I complained to him that, for a long time, I had suffered from a disordered stomach, bad digestion, and often felt an inclination to vomit. My complaint furnished the occasion for a remarkable conversation, for he surveyed me for some time very closely with his black eyes, as though he would look me through and through. He then said, very coolly—

"Matters, my fellow-countryman, may become even still worse with you."

"God forbid!" cried I, somewhat frightened.

"I do not know what can be the cause of it."

He replied—

"But I remarked it several days ago, as we were pursuing our journey together. The drams which you take now and then are the cause, although you think that you do not drink too much: only a small glass of rum in the morning, after dinner a glass of cherry bounce in addition to your coffee, and yet another glass in the evening before going to bed."

"Ah! doctor, you are joking with me, are you not?" replied I. "A glass of liquor occasionally can do me no harm, as otherwise I am accustomed to live very plainly. It occasions me very pleasant sensations, strengthens and warms my stomach, excites my animal spirits somewhat, and causes everything to move on ten times better. In fact, I declare to you that the whole world wears a more pleasant aspect, after taking a moderate dram, than it did before."

The doctor replied—

"You are right. These are always the good and first effects of distilled liquors. It is on this account that this kind is so generally liked. But the certain second effects are not so good. It makes you afterward drowsy and low-spirited: weakens the stomach and bowels; over-excites the nerves, and decomposes the blood, so that, in the course of time, it becomes as it were clotted. When fevers and epidemics prevail in the country, it makes the body much more susceptible to these diseases, and at any time when sickness overtakes one accustomed to drink, it is attended with greater danger to him, than it would be to those who make no use of intoxicating liquors."

"Ah! doctor, you must not make the matter too bad," cried I. "What you say may be true in the case of drunkards."

"No, not at all, my fellow-countryman," returned he. "It is already the case with you. Heaven forbid that the cholera should come; you would in all probability be a victim. In London, seven-eighths of those who were seized with the cholera died without any possibility of being saved, and that, too, of those among the upper as well as the lower class of people, who were fond of taking their daily dram. You may depend upon it, and experience has abundantly proved it, that of ten young men, who, from their twentieth to their thirtieth year, drink daily not more than one or two wine-glasses full of liquor, more than one-half, after the lapse of the ten years, will be dead, and the rest will become prematurely diseased."

"But, my dear doctor," said I, "there still are not only drinkers, but even drunkards, who, with all their rum drinking, become old and gray?"

The inflexible doctor replied—

"But these old brutes, if you will but look at matters in their true light, have robbed themselves not only of their bodily strength, but also of the best powers of their minds. Behold their confused, vacant look, and the trembling of their hands. These individuals form an exception from the consequence of their sins. What does not befall the dram-drinking father, must be endured by his offspring. Behold his children! They are sickly, diseased in their limbs, and pale. They are scrofulous, and subject to other bodily infirmities. If they tread in the footsteps of their father, with respect to dram-drinking, they die before they are thirty years of age."

"Well, well," said I, "in this you are right. I know examples of the kind. We must, however, distinguish between the use and abuse of a thing."

"By all means, my fellow-countryman," returned he, "the use of intoxicating drinks is even much more frequent than the so-called abuse. But they both, on this account, do not cease to manifest their injurious effects on the human system, as you yourself have already experienced. Intoxicating liquor is, in all circumstances, poison. Mark this! As a drink, it does not serve to allay thirst, but, on the contrary, increases it. It does not afford nourishment, for it has no nourishing properties in it. On the contrary, it evidently weakens the stomach and bowels. It accordingly does not contribute anything to the preservation of health, but helps to destroy it. The history of drinkers, if we will observe it a little closely, makes this abundantly manifest. Those among the poorer class, who drink the liquor distilled from corn, potatoes, and rye, have a pale, discolored, sickly countenance. The wealthy, who make use of cherry bounce, French brandy, and strong imported wines and liquors, have a red, bloated, copper-colored appearance."

"Doctor," said I, "you almost make me afraid of my pretty face. I am of the opinion that the injury resulting from wine and brandy arises from the abuse of them, and to this I adhere. It is the abuse of them only that converts them into poison."

"No, my fellow-countryman, not that alone!" cried the doctor, "but the alcohol is the poison. With from one to two glasses full of pure alcohol you can almost instantly kill a sound, healthy person who is not accustomed to strong drink. Even when mixed with other substances, alcohol fastens itself upon the seeds of disease in the system, and causes them gradually to produce their direful effects. Wine and beer, when very moderately taken, are less injurious than pure brandy, because they contain less alcohol. For in beer there is at most only from one to two per cent. alcohol, and in good German wine, from four to eight per cent. Good French wines contain from ten to fifteen per cent. of this poison; and Spanish and Port wines from nineteen to twenty-five per cent. Brandy, cherry bounce, contain from twenty-four to fifty-three per cent. of alcohol. This makes a difference!"

"You believe, then, doctor, in reality, that the alcohol is the destructive or poisonous principle? And yet it is used for medical purposes!"

"Most assuredly, just as we use quicksilver or mercury as a medicine, but never as a nourishment, or for daily use. Alcohol is, and remains poison, as much so as mercury. Like mercury, it penetrates the blood and bones; is cast off and rejected by all the internal parts which it attacks, and in part passes out of the system unchanged, and in part remains in it unchanged."

"Away with all your alcoholic and mercurial prescriptions!" cried I. "What will you recommend to me for my stomach, and my indisposition? I must still drink. Prescribe something for me."

"Nothing!" cried the unmerciful physician. "The best thing, however, for your health, is good, pure water. In order to restore you again fully to a sound state, take moderately every morning a few small glasses of fresh water, and the same quantity in the evening before going to bed. Do this every day. Drink no distilled liquors of any kind whatever; for it is a beverage manufactured by art, and not a natural drink. I promise you, my fellow countryman, if you follow my advice, in the course of six months you shall have a healthy stomach, and also healthy bowels, and shall in every way experience the best results upon your health. I beg of you to follow my advice. Our forefathers were strong, healthy men. They did not drink brandy, because they had it not, and knew nothing about it. It was found in the apothecaries under the name of *aqua vitæ*, water of life. It then served as a medicine. Now it is called by the savages in America, 'fire water,' and these savages are right."

The remarks of Dr. Fridolin Walter made a deep impression on my mind. I will yet add, for the encouragement of many thousands who are similarly indisposed as I was, that in accordance with the doctor's advice, I from that day drank morning and evening, a few glasses of fresh water, and used beer or German wine only at table. In the course of three months already, I with joy experienced the good effects upon my health, and ever since that time have banished all ardent spirits from my home, and wholly avoid them. For the last three years, I have had no need for the doctor or apothecary.

**PHYSICAL SCIENCE.**—The mechanical powers may be reduced to three, but they are usually expressed in six—the lever, the wheel and axle, the inclined plane, the screw, and the wedge. In a moveable pulley the power gained is double. In a combination the power gained is twice the number of pulleys, less one. In levers the power is reciprocally, as the lengths on each side the fulcrum or centre of motion. The power gained in the wheel and axle is as the radius of the wheel to that of the axle. The power gained by the inclined plane is as the length to the height. The power of the wedge is generally as the length to the thickness at the back. The power of the screw is as the circumference to the distance of the thread, or as 6.2832 to that distance.

## THE REPROOF.

BY HELEN C. GAGE.

Whisper it softly,  
When nobody's near,  
Let not those accents  
Fall harsh on her ear.  
She is a blossom,  
Too tender and frail  
For the keen blast—  
The pitiless gale.  
Whisper it gently,  
'Twill cost thee no pain;  
Gentle words rarely  
Are spoken in vain;  
Threats and reproaches  
The stubborn may move—  
Noble the conquest  
Aided by love.

Whisper it kindly,  
'Twill pay thee to know,  
Penitent tear-drops  
Down her cheeks flow.  
Has she from virtue  
Wandered astray?  
Guide her feet gently,  
Rough is the way.

She has no parent,  
None of her kin;  
Lead her from error,  
Keep her from sin.  
Does she lean on thee?  
Cherish the trust;—  
God to the merciful  
Ever is just.

## CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY.

PAPA, STEPHEN, AND WILLIE.

PART I.

*Stephen.* Oh! papa, what can be the use of collecting paving stones?

*Papa.* Why, this piece of paving-stone is a very nice bit of a rock, called granite, and contains a mineral, called tourmaline. If you will look at it you will find three other substances in it—felspar, quartz, and mica; all the substances composing the crust, for each are divided into two great groups, the *stratified* and the *unstratified*. This granite is one of the unstratified rocks.

*Willie.* But, papa, the earth has not got a crust, has it?

*Papa.* Oh, yes, our earth is just a big globe of melted matter, cooled on the outside. Now this cooled outside is called the crust, and we live on it; perhaps it is not more than one hundred miles thick.

*Willie.* Oh! how strange; but, papa, how do you know, for nobody has ever been inside?

*Stephen.* Yes, and why don't we feel the heat through?

*Papa.* Well, one at once. No one has ever been down lower than, perhaps, the one-hundredth part of the depth, but, you know, there are such places as coal-pits, and other deep shafts. Now, it is found, by careful experiments, that the temperature increases as we descend into the interior of these mines, to the extent of about one degree of Fahrenheit for every fifty-four feet

of vertical depth. In some mines in Northumberland, it is one degree for every forty-four feet, so that, if the rate of increase be constant, there would, at a depth of sixty thousand feet, be a low, red heat; and, at a depth of one hundred miles, everything there will be in a fused state. So you see, that although no one has ever been there, yet, by a little observation, we can ascertain the probable condition of the earth's centre. And now, Stephen, with reference to what you said, I will just mention a fact to you, and you can form your own ideas on the subject; but I will be glad to tell you more about it another time. The fact is this, that a thickness of *half an inch* of clay and sand intercepted the heat of a mass of eleven tons of white, hot, melted cast-iron, for twenty minutes, without the heat on the outside of the vessel being sufficient to pain the hand.

Stephen. Well, I understand that; but what is a stratified rock?

Papa. The word stratified just means made in layers, and a stratified rock is one that has been so formed. Suppose you take a glass of muddy water, and let it stand for an hour or two, what happens?

Willie. Why, the mud sinks to the bottom.

Papa. Exactly so. Well, every river when it falls into the ocean carries down a quantity of mud. This mud, by its own specific gravity being heavier than that of water, sinks to the bottom, just as the mud does in the tumbler. Some rivers may carry down sand, others silt, and so on, so that at the bottom of the sea are immense beds of sand, mud, gravel, &c. What happens now has happened in the former ages of our world's history; and all our bits of sandstone, limestone, chalk, have once been exposed to the action of water, and are, indeed, the beds of ancient seas and oceans. Now these are called stratified rocks—that is to say, have all been formed as sediment from water, and are, consequently, found in layers or strata. Do you understand me?

Stephen. Yes, and I think I know now what those shells and petrified snakes are that you have up stairs.

Papa. Well, what are they?

Stephen. Why, they are shells of animals that lived in the seas and oceans which made the mud which has since become stratified rock; and I suppose the snakes must have lived on the land.

Papa. Your theory about the shells is correct; but what you call snakes are shells also—called ammonites.

Willie. Oh, papa, why didn't you tell us some of these things before? I often wondered at the old stones you collected, and couldn't think what use they were.

Papa. As you have already learned a little chemistry, I have no objection to teach you geology; because it is both an exceedingly useful and a very interesting study. Herschel says it ranks next to astronomy in the scale of the sciences.

Stephen. What does the word itself mean?

Papa. It is derived from two Greek words, *ge* and *logos*, and means something said, or a discourse, about the earth. Geography means

something written about the earth; but geography only treats of the *surface* of the globe, while geology embraces inquiries into the inside as well as the outside. You will find your little knowledge of the principal gases, &c., of great value, when I have to explain how rocks are decomposed and re-made—how coal has been formed—and how shells and bones have become altered.

Willie. What is coal, papa?

Papa. Coal is all made up of decayed plants; but I'll tell you more about coal by-and-by, and I will also, when we next have a conversation on geology, pursue some method, and talk only of one subject. I think that the agencies modifying the crust of the globe will be an interesting topic for a little conversation.

Stephen. Do you mean, papa, those causes which wear down rocks, and so on?

Papa. Yes. If you think over the subject, you will be better prepared for what I may have to tell you.

Willie. Thank you, papa. I'll try, too, and brother Stephen will help me, but I wish you would let sister Mary join us. I'm sure she would be pleased?

Papa. Very well, bring her, too.

#### PART II.

Stephen. Oh, Papa, I met John Jones to-day, and began to tell him about geology; but he asked me what it was, and what was the use of it, and I could not tell him very well.

Papa. I have already told you what the word means, and if any one asks you again, you can say that geology is the science which endeavors to make out the structure of the earth's crust, and investigate the fossils found in the different strata. That will be a sufficiently accurate definition for your purpose. But I want to tell you a little more about granite, because it appears to have played a very important part in our world's past history. You can easily, by a little practice, distinguish the three minerals in it. The quartz is generally of a greyish-white color, and is not acted upon by acid, and you cannot scratch it with your knife. The amethyst at the end of my pencil-case is a violent quartz.

Willie. Oh, papa, but will you let me try to scrape the end of your pencil-case?

Papa. Oh, yes, if you will only try the stone.

Willie. I can't scrape it, papa.

Papa. Well, I am glad you have satisfied yourself. The felspar and mica you can easily scratch; and you can distinguish between them by the mica being formed of thin plates, one upon another, so that you can split it up into thin bits. Mica, too, is transparent, which felspar is not. You see what a silvery look it has, and from that circumstance it is often called *cat's silver* and *cat's gold*. The English name also has reference to its glittering appearance, being derived from the Latin word *micare*, to shine or glitter. Now I think you ought to be able to distinguish the minerals composing granite. Now, geologists say that there exists, at the lowest part of the earth's crust of which we know anything, a sort of layer of granite—that granitic rock, in fact, forms a skeleton on which the stratified rocks rest. All these stratified rocks are by some



supposed to have been formed from granite. You know that in an old building you generally find that the exposure to the air, and the effects of wind and frost, &c., have caused the stones to become decayed; *weathered* is the term employed by geologists to denote this process. Even granite, which is an exceedingly hard rock, has been known to have been *weathered* to the depth of three inches in six years. When the felspar in the granite is decomposed, it becomes a fine clay. The Chinese call it *kaolin*, and use it in the manufacture of their finest china; and the same substance is used, too, in England, for I believe that 12,000 tons of this decomposed felspar are annually brought from Cornwall for the use of the potteries. Now, there is a rock called *gneiss*, which scarcely differs from granite in mineral composition; but the quartz and other materials of which it is composed are evidently waterworn: instead of the angles of the minerals being sharp, they are rounded; in fact, gneiss is granite which has been decomposed—deposited as sediment from water, and then altered by subterranean heat. Now granite is an unstratified rock of igneous (*ignis*, fire) origin; while gneiss is a stratified rock of aqueous (*aqua*, water) origin. But the heat to which gneiss has been subjected since it was deposited as sediment has produced a change in it; so that it, and several others which have undergone a similar alteration, are known as altered rocks, or as geologists express it, *metaphoric* rocks.

*Willie.* Oh, what a hard word.

*Papa.* I will always tell you the meaning of the "hard" words, and you must try to remember them. This word *metamorphosis* comes from a Greek word meaning to change, which you must bear in mind. But to proceed. We can easily understand how gneiss was formed from granite. You know I said just now that granite seemed to form the foundation, or skeleton, on which the other rocks rest. Now, taking it for granted that the first solid crust that our globe had was formed of cooled granite, we see that this granite must have been subjected to the decaying influences of the atmosphere, and to the wearing-away action of the water. The streams and rivers which then existed would carry down all the particles that became worn off the granite into the sea; there they would sink to the bottom, and the heat of the globe would probably bring the sediment into the altered state in which we now find it.

*Stephen.* Well, then, gneiss is an aqueous-igneous rock?

*Papa.* You can call it that if you like, but I don't see that it is an improvement. And here I may mention that I only want at present to give you some general ideas about the structure of the earth, and then, when you have those, you can begin to read for yourself; but just now I am omitting a great many things that are of importance for the sake of giving you a rapid outline of geology.

*Stephen.* Well but, papa, you told me what the definition of geology was, but John wanted to know what was the use of it.

*Papa.* The practical value of geology is very great to many classes; for instance, a geologist, after he has surveyed any district, would be able

to tell whether coal would be likely to be found in it or not. Now you can see how useful that would be, and what a deal of money it would save any one who had imagined that there was coal there, if the geologist came and told him there was none, for otherwise he might have sunk shafts, and erected engines and pumps, all for no purpose.

*Stephen.* Oh, yes, I see it would be of use that way.

*Papa.* Yes, and in many other ways, too, but I have not time just now to show you how. Why did not Mary come to learn a little about geology?

*Stephen.* Oh, she said that she had read that geology tended to make people infidels.

*Papa.* I wonder what book said so, for geology does not do any such thing, and I think I can convince Mary of it. I will bring her to the next lesson, however, when I have time to give you one.

[CONCLUSION IN NEXT NUMBER.]

## THE CEREUS AND THE VIOLET.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

One sultry evening, a lady left her country-seat and rode to the city. Through dust and smoke, her carriage rolled on, until it reached a princely mansion. She alighted and joined a party who had met there to await the opening of the Night-Flowering Cereus, a costly plant, the pride of its lordly owner. Darkness closed around, and the lights of the city went out one by one. Still they lingered in the crowded saloon. Late in the night the plant began to unfold its snowy petals, gradually displayed the golden lining of its calyx, and condescended to exhale its rich breath upon the admiring gazers. Then, as if weary of the eyes of mortals, it closed its leaves to open them no more.

As the lady rode home through the darkness, her heavy eye-lids drooped in fitful slumbers, and the splendid Cereus haunted her dreams. She awoke, sighing with the thought that all beautiful things are as short lived as rare.

Very near that lady's home there was a bed of violets in a woody dell. Through the mild Spring weather they had poured out their fragrance upon the air for all who might pass. But the fear of insects and dews had kept her from the sequestered bank where they bloomed, and so she had never met their blue eyes smiling through a veil of grass and twisted vines. She thought that beauty was only to be found in rare exotics, sculpture and paintings; and now the sunbeams were drinking up the unheeded perfume of the dying violets.

A rosy country girl came in the morning to the dell, and reclined upon the fragrant bank. She had listened when the lady described the wondrous night-bloom of the Cereus, and had heard her say, "Who can be happy while beauty is so rare in this world?" She looked around upon the violets which seemed to smile a farewell through the morning-dew, and wondering why their beauty should be despised or neglected, she said to herself,

"Oh happiness, how far we flee  
Thine own sweet paths in search of thee."

VARIETIES.

A bar of soap is recommended as a good medicine to ensure health.

Whiskey is the key by which many gain an entrance into our prisons and almshouses.

The report that the dog-star had the hydrophobia, needs confirmation.

Rumored—that the orator who “came to the point,” went back by the next train.

“Those sewing-machines are great inventions,” said a friend to a wag. “Yes, sir,” said he, readily, “sew it seams.”

A steamboat fireman’s knowledge of the art of punctuation is sufficiently illustrated by the fact of his putting the *coal-on* to prevent a *full stop*.

SUM FOR THE BOYS.—If a newspaper editor “stops the press to announce,” what would he do if it was a pound?

An exchange says:—“The politician should be not only a great but a good man.” It is a great pity the fact was not sooner disclosed.

It was a maxim of Gen. Jackson’s:—“Take time to deliberate, but when the time for action arrives, stop thinking.”

The “old fogey,” who peeped out from “behind the times,” has had his head knocked off by a “passing event.”

A popular writer, speaking of the proposed oceanic telegraph, wonders whether the news transmitted through salt water would be fresh.

The alleged newly discovered anæsthetic properties of the “puff ball,” seems to have been known to some Lincolnshire cottagers for generations.

If dull weather affects you, marry a warm-hearted girl, and make a sunshine for yourself. Bachelors will find this far superior to either billiards or Burgundy.

An old maid in Connecticut, being at a loss for a pincushion, made use of an onion. On the following morning she found that all the needles had tears in their eyes.

One of the latest fashions for gentlemen, is the “barber pole” pattern for pantaloons; the stripes ascend spirally round the leg, giving the wearer the appearance of a double-barrelled cork-screw.

A bird standing five feet high, five feet eight inches from tip to tip of the wings, has been shot at Ozaukee, Wisconsin. Its color is blue, with green tuft on the head.

The age is alive with elasticity. An India rubber omnibus has just been invented, which, when full, will hold three more ladies, a market-basket, pet poodle, and a baby.

Always do the best you can, with the expectation of being blamed by your most intimate friends for not doing better. You will thereby preserve a good conscience and avoid disappointment.

It is said of Baxter, the divine, by continual kneeling in prayer, his knees became stiff and useless. We hear of few such misfortunes in these days.

I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an art, the former as a habit of mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent.

At Cork, a bill-sticker, recently, in posting some bills relating to Purgatory, stuck one over a railway announcement, which, at a little distance, read—“Reduced Fares to Purgatory.”

The following emphatic declaration of the celebrated Irish orator, Sir Boyle Roche, has a true national flavor:—“If the question is put to me, Mr. Speaker, I’ll answer boldly in the affirmative—No!”

Does the looking at the moon through a telescope constitute an impertinent observation? Should the rising of the sun be regulated by the wishes of the parent? Have fixed stars fixed salaries? These are questions for astronomers.

“My dear fellow,” said Beau Hickman to a waiter in a hotel, “I have respect for flies; indeed, I may say I am fond of flies—but I like to have them and my milk in separate glasses; they mix so much better when you have control of both ingredients.”

A merchant examining a hogshead of hardware, on comparing it with the invoice, found it all right, except a hammer less than the invoice. “Oh! don’t be troubled, honey,” said the Irish porter, “sure the nagur took it out to open the hogshead with.”

Mrs. Crawford says she wrote one line in her “Kathleen Mavourneen” for the express purpose of confounding the Cockney warblers, who sang it thus:—“The ‘orn of the ‘unter is ‘eard on the ‘ill;” but Moore laid the same trap in the “Woodpecker”—“A ‘cart that is ‘umble might ‘ope for it ‘ere.”

“What do you use to make yourself look so delicate?” said one woman, with an eruption on her face, to another, who looked like one of the departed. “Why,” said the lady, “sometimes I eat slate-pencils and chalk, and then for a change drink vinegar and chew green tea. When these fail, I lace tighter, and wear the thinnest shoes I can buy.”

An old-fashioned, wealthy codger, was never known to have anything in the line of new apparel but once; then he was going on a journey, and had to purchase a new pair of boots. The stage left before day, and so he got ready and went to the hotel to stop for the night. Among a whole row of boots, in the morning, he could not find the old familiar pair. He had forgotten the new ones—he hunted and hunted in vain. The stage was ready, and so he looked carefully around to see that he was not observed, put on a nice pair that fitted him, called the waiter, and told him the circumstances, giving him a V for the owner of the boots when he should call for them. The owner never called; the old gent had bought his own boots!

## INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

## BAD BARGAINS.

A teacher in a Sunday school once remarked, that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain; and enquired if any scholar recollected an instance in Scripture of a bad bargain.

"I do," replied a boy. "Esau made a bad bargain when he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage."

A second said, "Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver."

A third boy observed, "Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain, who, to gain the whole world, loses his own soul." A bad bargain, indeed!

## "THE LAST WAR."

Mr. Pitt, once speaking in the House of Commons, in the early part of his career, of the glorious war which preceded the disastrous one in which we lost the Colonies, called it "the last war." Several members cried out, "The last war but one." He took no notice; and soon after repeating the mistake, he was interrupted by a general cry of "The last war but one—the last war but one." "I mean, sir," said Mr. Pitt, turning to the Speaker, and raising his sonorous voice, "I mean, sir, the last war that Britons would wish to remember." Whereupon the cry was instantly changed into an universal cheering, long and loud.

## COUGHING DOWN.

One evening, when Mr. Hunt was speaking in the House of Commons, an honorable member was unusually persevering in his efforts to cough him down. Mr. Hunt cured the honorable gentleman of his cough by one short sentence, which, delivered as it was with infinite dramatic effect, created universal laughter. Mr. Hunt put his hand into his pantaloons pocket, and after fumbling about for a few seconds, said, with the utmost imaginable coolness, that he was extremely sorry to find that he had not a few lozenges in his pocket for the benefit of the honorable member, who seemed to be so distressed with a cough; but he could assure him he would provide some for him by next night. Never did doctor prescribe more effectually: not only did Mr. Hunt's tormentor from that moment get rid of his cough, but it never returned, at least while Mr. Hunt was speaking.

## IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES.

One of the earlier founders of the cotton trade in England purchased an estate in a neighboring county, from a peer, for several hundred thousand pounds. The house with its furniture was to remain precisely as it stood. When the purchaser took possession, he missed a small cabinet from the hall, worth some three or four pounds. He applied to the late owner about it.

"Well," said the noble lord, "I certainly did order it to be removed. It is an old family cabinet, worth more from its associations than anything else; I hardly thought that you would have

cared about so trifling a matter in so large a purchase."

"My lord," was the characteristic answer, "if I had not all my life attended to trifles, I should not have been able to purchase this estate; and, excuse me for saying so, perhaps if your lordship had cared more about trifles, you might not have had to sell it."

## SHAPE OF THE WORLD.

A village school-master announced one day to his scholars, that a visitor was coming in soon to examine them.

"If he questions you in geography," remarked the teacher, "he probably will ask you what is the form of the earth, and if you do not remember, you have only to cast your eyes at me, and I will show you my snuff-box to remind you that it is round."

Now the teacher had two snuff-boxes—one round, which he used on Sundays, and the other a square one, which he carried on the secular days of the week. The fatal day came; the visitor, as the master had foreseen, asked one of the scholars the form of the earth. He was at first a little embarrassed; but looking toward the master who exhibited his snuff-box, he immediately answered without the least hesitation: "Sir, it is round Sundays, and square the rest of the week."

## ANECDOTE OF HAZLITT.

In the midst of Hazlitt's weaknesses, his parental affections were beautiful. He had one boy, on whom he doated. He told me one night this boy was to be christened. "Will ye come on Friday?" "Certainly," said I. His eye glistened. Friday came, but as I knew all parties, I lunched heartily first, and was there punctually at four. Hazlitt then lived in Milton's House, Westminster, next door to Bentham. At four I came, but he was out. I walked up, and found his wife ill by the fire, in a bed-gown—nothing ready for guests, and everything wearing the appearance of neglect and indifference. I said, "Where is Hazlitt?" "Oh, dear, William has gone to look for a parson." "A parson! why, has he not thought of that before?" "No, he didn't." "I'll go and look for him," said I, and out I went into the park, through Queen's Square, and met Hazlitt in a rage coming home. "Have ye got a parson?" "No," said he, "sir, these fellows are all out." "What will you do?" "Nothing." So in we walked, Hazlitt growling at all the parsons and the church. When we came in we sat down—nobody was come—no table laid—no appearance of dinner. On my life there is nothing so heartless as going out to dinner, and finding no dinner ready. I sat down; the company began to drop in—Charles Lamb and his poor sister—all sorts of odd clever people. Still no dinner. At last came in a maid, who laid a cloth, and put down knives and forks in a heap. Then followed a dish of potatoes, cold, waxy, and yellow. Then came a great bit of beef with a bone like a battering-ram, toppling on all its corners. Neither Hazlitt nor Lamb seemed at all disturbed, but set to work helping each other; while the boy, half-clean and obstinate, kept squalling to put his fingers into

the gravy. Even Lamb's wit, and Hazlitt's disquisitions, in a large room, wainscotted and ancient, where Milton had meditated, could not reconcile me to such violation of all the decencies of life.—*Life of Haydon, the Painter.*

#### NOT ASHAMED OF THE SHOP.

One day, while Friend Hopper was visiting a wealthy family in Dublin, a note was handed to him, inviting him to dine the next day. When he read it aloud, his host remarked—

"Those people are very respectable, but not of the first circle. They belong to our church, but not exactly to our set. Their father was a mechanic."

"Well, I am a mechanic myself," said Isaac. "Perhaps, if thou hadst known that fact, thou wouldst not have invited me!"

"Is it possible," exclaimed his host, "that a man of your information and appearance can be a mechanic?"

"I followed the business of a tailor for many years," rejoined his guest. "Look at my hands! Dost thou not see the mark of the shears? Some of the mayors of Philadelphia have been tailors. When I lived there, I often walked the streets with the chief justice. It never occurred to me that it was any honor, and I don't think it did to him."—*Memoirs of I. T. Hopper, by Mrs. Child.*

#### A NARROW ESCAPE.

"One healthy clear morning, accompanied by a friend," says Sir Francis Head. "I was enjoying my early walk along the cliff which overhangs the Bay of Toronto, when I saw a runaway horse and sleigh approaching me at full gallop; and it was not until both were within a few yards of the precipice, that the animal, suddenly seeing his danger, threw himself on his haunches, and then turning from the death that had stared him in the face, stood as if riveted to the ground. On going up to the sleigh, which was one of very humble fabric, I found seated in it a wild young Irishman; and as he did not appear to be at all sensible of the danger from which he had just been providentially preserved, I said to him, 'You have had a most narrow escape, my man!' 'Och! your honor,' he replied, 'it's nothing at all. It's just this bar as titches his backs.' And to show me what he meant, he pulled at the rein with all his strength, till the splinter-bar touched the poor creature's thigh, when instantly this son of Erin, looking as happy as if he had just demonstrated a problem, triumphantly exclaimed, 'There 'tis again!' And away he went, if possible, faster than before. I watched him till the horse galloped with him completely out of my sight; indeed, he vanished like a meteor in the sky, and where he came from, and where he went, I am ignorant to this day."

#### ABSENCE OF MIND.

We have heard of numerous instances of mental abstraction—most frequently connected with men of great devotion to some particular literary, scientific, or theological investigation which monopolizes the mental powers. We could point out many individuals who fill the pulpit with ability, and display in their discourses vast

powers of intellect, who in the social party carry on some mental exercise which disconnects them from passing events.

In Massachusetts is a clergyman of this class, who in his absent intervals is very likely to appropriate to himself not only whatever handkerchiefs may chance to come in his way, but table napkins also were frequently found in his pocket when returning from social tea-parties at his parishioners. This was so much a habit, that his wife would search his pockets on his return, for the purpose of restoring the articles speedily to the rightful owner. One day his wife found in his side pocket a whole silk apron, strings and all. He could give no account how it came there—it was a mysterious affair. A lady of the parish, however, settled the matter satisfactorily. In conversation with her guest after tea, on some subject, in which he felt much interest, he mistook her apron, as she supposed, for his handkerchief, and began to tuck it away in his pocket. Knowing his abstractedness, rather than break the string of the discourse, she untied the apron strings and let it go, not a little amused at seeing the whole, after two or three efforts, snugly stowed away in his capacious pocket.—*Portsmouth Journal.*

#### ANECDOTE OF BYRON.

I heard an anecdote that evening of the poet, which was very characteristic, and quite new to me. When at Pisa, his lordship found it difficult to keep up his practice with the pistol on account of the objections of his neighbors and the municipal regulations of the place. He, therefore, by the aid of a small gratuity, obtained permission from a farmer in the vicinity to shoot at a mark in his paddock. On the occasion of his first visit to the premises, the peasant's daughter, a very pretty *contadina*, accosted the bard after the genial manner of her country. She wore in her bosom a freshly-plucked rose with two buds attached to the stem. Byron sportively asked her to give him the flower. She hesitated, and blushed. He instantly turned to his companion and rehearsed in English a very natural tale of humble and virtuous love, bitterly contrasting the apparent loyalty of this fair rustic with women in high life. Then, with perfect seriousness he again asked for the rose as a token of sympathy for an unloved exile. His manner and words moved the girl to tears. She handed him the rose with a look of compassion, and silently withdrew. The incident aroused his latent superstition. He was lost in a reverie for several minutes, and then enquired of his friend if he remembered that Rousseau confessed throwing stones at a tree to test the prospects of his future happiness. The flower was devoted to a similar ordeal. It was carefully attached to an adjacent pale, and Byron having withdrawn several paces, declared his intention of severing one of the buds from the stalk at one fire. He looked very carefully to his priming, and aimed with great firmness and deliberation. The ball cut the bud neatly off, and just grazed the leaves of the rose. A bright smile illumined the poet's countenance, and he rode back to Pisa in a flow of spirits.—*Diary of a Dreamer.*

## EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

COL. BENTON—PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Very few American statesmen have been so prominently before the people for many years past as Colonel Benton, although, it must be admitted that the respect which his admirers entertain for his extraordinary intellectual energy, has rarely deepened into affection for his personal qualities. Conscious of his own great powers, he has been but too prone to evince an undisguised contempt for the feeble capacity of others, and while claiming to be received as an oracle, he has disdained to exhibit the data upon which his conclusions are founded. A resolutely laborious student, he so exhausts every subject to which his attention is directed, that there is scarcely a single member in either House of Congress, who would not be profited by his knowledge. A politician of great and varied experience, he is the Nestor of the Senate, and almost the only remaining member of that large-hearted band of statesmen who, from the War of 1812 to the Compromise of 1851, steadily sought, even amid the rivalry of adverse opinions, the prosperity of the entire Union, and the honor of the American name. After serving his country in the Senate with remarkable ability for many years, party feuds in his own State have lowered Colonel Benton to a seat in the House of Representatives. If the presence of so sturdy a veteran in this latter body tends to suppress a portion of those disorders by which it has of late years been so shamefully disgraced; if his characteristic speech tends to rebuke shallowness and expose demagoguism; and if his researches throw light upon subjects too profound for the general capacity of ordinary delegates, we for one, shall not regret the change. In whatever station he may be placed, whether as Lieutenant-General of some future Army of Occupation, as Senator, Representative, or plain citizen, we well know he will carry his individuality with him; that he will be found a substantive personality, and no sham; and that his outspoken thought, though colored by egotism and dogmatic to a degree, will indicate clearly what he means, and will bear directly upon the point at issue.

Latterly, Colonel Benton has assumed the championship of that most magnificent project, a railroad to the Pacific, and is directing public attention to the subject with all his characteristic energy. Thus far, according to his statement, the exploration of Lieutenant Beale has resulted in finding various passes on the northern route,

through which, during the Summer season, a road is easily practicable, and Fremont has already started to ascertain, by a Winter expedition, the amount of obstacle to be overcome during that inclement season.

In the meantime, the public mind is settling most favorably towards a speedy consummation of so desirable a project; and, as it is now pretty well ascertained that the government will not recommend the construction of the road from the national resources, it remains for private enterprise to carry out the most important work of the nineteenth century. Supported by Benton and Fremont, we incline to believe that the northern route will be the one eventually selected, although the South will make strenuous efforts to carry it along that boundary of the Republic. The interests of capitalists are, however, hedged in by local considerations, and as a northern association is already formed and chartered, and as northern money will be furnished mainly for the building of the road, the prospect of a southern line is almost hopeless, unless the people of that region exhibit greater energy and activity than they have usually done under similar circumstances.

### CURE FOR STAMMERING.

About twenty-five years ago, an individual, who professed to cure that troublesome impediment in the speech, known as stammering, gave lessons in his art in most of our larger cities. Many who received his instructions and followed them rigidly, were able to speak without obstruction. But, in most cases, the cure was only temporary. In a very short time the annoying habit returned.

The philosophy of the cure was very simple. Stammering is occasioned by the effort to speak while inhaling; and utterance is only obtained when the lungs become full of air, and the process of breathing out begins. The lesson given was, never to attempt to speak until after taking breath. So long as the individual could think of this law, and carefully apply it, no impediment would occur; but the habit of years was not to be overcome by a few days, or even weeks, of perseverance, and, in most cases, the stammerer returned in a little while to the old order of things.

Our thought has been turned to this subject, by seeing the annexed statement of a fact in the newspapers:

"Mr. Wakefield, at an inquest held lately in

England, states that a few days before, the summoning officer told him it would be useless to call one witness, a lad, because he stuttered so excessively that he could hardly articulate the shortest sentence in half an hour. Mr. Wakefield, however had him called, and telling him that as a shot could not be discharged from a gun without powder, so words could not come from the mouth, unless the lungs had their powder, viz. air. He told the lad to inhale or draw his breath strongly; and the boy having done so, Mr. W. asked him:

"Can you talk now?"

"The boy, to the surprise of the jury, answered immediately and glibly:

"Yes, sir, I can, well."

"The coroner added that inhalation, or self-inflation of the lungs with air, was a sure remedy for stammering, and though it had been discovered long ago, the faculty had not until lately, and then only a few of them, caused it to be practised as a remedy for defective articulation."

It is known that stammerers can sing without manifesting the slightest impediment; and the reason is plain—the chest has to be constantly supplied with air, like an organ, in order to produce the desired musical sounds. We remember hearing a man, who stammered badly, called on to pray in a Methodist prayer meeting, and were not a little surprised to observe that he made his extempore prayer without once faltering in his utterance. The prayer was somewhat fervid, and the petitioner, from his state of mind, as well as his manner of speaking, breathed out in all his efforts to speak.

It is unquestionably true, that stammering may be prevented by carefully observing the directions above given. That the cure does not remain is not, we think, so much a defect in the means, as a failure on the part of the individual to use them long enough. The habit of years is not to be overcome in a week or a month. There must be perseverance, and for many months—perhaps years.

#### CHARLATANISM.

We have come to the conclusion that people of every country have a passion for being duped; and that a bold, blatant impostor, shall obtain credence and support in proportion to his impudence. It is also a singular fact that, in the United States, where intelligence is generally diffused, where every village has its newspaper, and every cross-road its political club or debating society, humbugs of every class and character, from Mormonism down to the latest patent medicine, receive more direct encouragement than in any other part of the world. But it is still more extraordinary, that among the shrewdest class of our people, and in a town which

boasts of its intellectual pre-eminence, charlatans of all kinds find their warmest and most influential supporters. At the present time, there are two astrologers, so called, practising in Boston to such an extent upon the credulity of the people, that they are reaping a rich harvest by professing to prescribe *magical medicines!* So great is the patronage with which they are overwhelmed, says the Boston Medical Journal, that their daily income *certainly* exceeds the aggregate receipts of any four physicians in the city, and is reported by some to be even double that amount.

Now we have a word or two to say upon this matter. These men, by dint of flaming handbills and advertisements, have been enabled to make dupes of a large number of weak-minded but well-meaning men and women. Towards the close of the last century, there was an arch impostor, Cagliostro by name, who managed, by his knavery, to lay all Europe under contribution. He finally ended his magnificently worthless life in the dungeons of the Roman Inquisition. Some twenty-five years ago, one St. John Long took the English public by storm, by professing, audaciously enough, to cure the incurable. Having, naturally, in the course of his miraculous cures, occasioned the death of one of his patients, the law took possession of him also, and, though he was finally acquitted after trial at the Old Bailey, the prestige was so thoroughly dispelled, that the wonderful St. John fell from his high estate and henceforth became known for the impudent quack he really was. We believe there is no law among us that can take direct hold of this class of men; but we most sincerely wish there was, for we class them with thimble-riggers and such like pests of society, and should be heartily rejoiced to see them dealt with in a similar manner. Simplicity and credulity have as much right to be protected by law as shrewdness and scepticism.

#### AID TO NEW ORLEANS.

Nearly two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars have been subscribed by individuals of various States, to aid in alleviating the condition of the sufferers at New Orleans. We have no doubt that large numbers of the poorer patients have been indebted to this timely assistance for the preservation of their lives. We most sincerely rejoice at this, inasmuch as it proves that however warmly our people may differ on local or political points, a great calamity, or a pressing danger, unites all conflicting sections into one common and harmonious bond of brotherhood.



This large influx of money into the treasury of the heroic Howard Association, evinces a responsive liberality towards the unfortunate, as honorable to the American name as it is conducive to the integrity of the Union. Such a display of feeling connects the North with the South by ties stronger than railroads or constitutions, and casts a mantle of forgiveness over many of those ultraisms from which one section of the country is wholly free. It affords, also, the best of proof, that however much we may wrangle with each other in the days of health and prosperity, let but sickness or disaster fall upon any portion of the confederacy, and all cause of quarrel is at once set aside, and from all parts of the Union, expressions of earnest sympathy for the afflicted are proven to be sincere by that best of all evidence—substantial assistance.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

— *The Mud Cabin; or, The Character and Tendency of British Institutions.* By Warren Isham. New York: Appleton & Co. (For sale by Henderson & Co.) We cannot recommend this book as a fair statement of the condition of England at the present day; yet, if any one desires materials for indignant retort upon England, for the impertinent interference of a small portion of her vast population with respect to Southern institutions, he will find abundance of ammunition in the volume before us. Nevertheless, we regard such arguments as the weakest of their kind, and neither likely to amend English manners nor benefit American morals. To estimate the general character of England by the debased condition of a small part of her rural population, is as bad as it would be to estimate the general cleanliness of a city by the filth which is to be found in its by-lanes and alleys. Singular anomalies are discoverable in all nations under the sun, and to look for perfection in any one of them, would be as vain a scrutiny as to expect to find in humanity none of those errors and frailties which all acknowledge to belong to it, and out of which the varying conditions of life have their origin. We utterly and indignantly repudiate any interference by foreigners in matters whose toleration or removal belong to ourselves alone; and being morbidly sensitive on that score, it is surely the wiser course to avoid retort upon the short-comings of our neighbors, and be thankful for the superior blessings we are admitted to enjoy. Let us say what we will upon the evils which certain classes endure in England, she still remains, in spite of this drawback, the freest, most liberal and best government in Europe; and is the only country in the world, with the exception of our own, where the press is unrestricted and justice equally administered.

— *The Forged Will; or, Crime and Retribution.* By Emerson Bennett, author of "Viola," "Clara Moreland," &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. Mr. Bennett is not only a novelist of undoubted ability, but the roundness and finish of his works may be regarded as remarkable, considering the rapidity with which they are thrown off, and the scanty opportunity which a life of constant literary labor offers for revision. In the present work, the plot is well arranged, the incidents natural, and the dialogue easy, sparkling and unaffected. Accustomed as he has been of late to select his principal characters from among the fiery, impulsive and half-lawless inhabitants of the South and South-West, or from those hardy, brave, but reckless pioneers who form the first waves of advancing civilization in the gradually receding wilderness, we were no less surprised than gratified to find his delineations of domestic scenes within the narrow but more polished sphere of a city, as skilfully executed as the ruder and more salient characteristics which attach to the life of those who people, at wide intervals, the forest and the prairie.

*A Visit to Europe in 1851.* By Prof. Benjamin Silliman, of Yale College. 2 vols. illustrated. New York: Geo. P. Putnam & Co. (For sale by A. Hart.) Of records of travel we have had many during the past year or two. The attractions of the English Crystal Palace induced many of our worthy citizens to venture abroad, whose ambition was subsequently stirred up to distinguish themselves by writing a book. The works thus produced were of various degrees of merit, some of them being scarcely worth the paper upon which they were printed, while others exhibited in the writer descriptive powers of no mean order. Such books of travel hastily written, and crude from their very nature, could scarcely hope to acquire more than a temporary popularity, and in matters wherein the judgment was interested, and opinions required to be given, they could scarcely be recognised as reliable authorities.

It is far different with this admirable book, which is the expression of a mature mind, and emanating from one whose large scientific attainments have made his name as well known in Europe as among ourselves. Besides this, Professor Silliman possessed another advantage: a portion of the ground over which he travelled was not wholly new to him. Although forty-five years have elapsed since his first visit to Europe, the journal he then published is not without a certain degree of interest even at the present day.

His tour in the present instance was much more extensive, embracing England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany and Belgium, and his record is the more valuable, inasmuch as it deals principally with works of art, with matters of scientific interest, and with well known scientific men. That

such a character should be given to his book, was natural enough from the tenor of Professor Silliman's life, and that the work has thereby acquired an abiding value, no one who opens its pages will for an instant doubt. It is in fact just such a book as an intelligent reader requires, being interesting as a journal of travels, and eminently useful as a work of reference.

— *Memoirs of the Life of the Rt. Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan. By Thomas Moore. New York: Redfield. (For sale by Henry Carey Baird.)* The life of Sheridan presents us with one continued series of triumphs achieved by the genius of an extraordinary man who had little else to recommend him to the popular regard. The son of an actor, he rose, not by slow gradations, but by a succession of gigantic leaps, to a seat in Parliament, and the reputation of the greatest orator of the age. In his youth he was successful in love over numerous competitors, became equally successful soon after as a dramatist of the highest order of talent, purchased a large share in Drury Lane Theatre, none knew how, and with equal facility exchanged the manager's room for the hustings and a seat in the National Councils. In many respects Moore was peculiarly fitted to become the biographer of Sheridan. Both were Irishmen, both had taken their wives from the stage or concert room, both were wits, both convivialists and both inveterate diners-out; but here the analogy fails, for while Sheridan was merely respectable in his domestic relations, Moore was most exemplary, and while Sheridan resorted to the most disreputable shifts and artifices in pecuniary matters, Moore, with a high, though rather fantastic sense of honor, disdained to be indebted to any man, and when unforeseen difficulties arose, preferred to work out his own deliverance to laying himself under any obligation, even to those friends who would have been most delighted to serve him.

The present memoir is delightful as a composition, instructive as narrating the wayward career of a man of undoubted genius, and carries with it a stern lesson in exhibiting the final results which attended Sheridan's moral obliquities. The life of Sheridan, the wit, contains as much food for serious thought as the best sermon that ever was penned.

#### MACAULAY AND OPIUM.

The third volume of "Macaulay's History" (according to a recent London letter in the Tribune) is to appear in a few weeks, the celebrated author having at last delivered his MS. to his publisher. His friends never believed that he would be able to finish it, as the excessive use of opium, to which he is addicted, has destroyed his health.

If the above report is true, this brilliant essayist and historian will scarcely be able to make

another sustained effort, and in future like his great prototypes, Coleridge and De Quincey, all that we may expect from him will be rambling and desultory. It is sad to think that another magnificent intellect should have been sacrificed to the specious, but destructive influence of this terrible drug. Among Englishmen, Coleridge was its first great literary victim, and how much the world has lost thereby will never now be known. De Quincey—the most thoroughly logical mind, and the most profound metaphysical scholar that perhaps England ever possessed—has labored all his literary life under a similar curse. Campbell was similarly prostrated; and now we learn, with deep regret, that Macaulay is addicted to the same baleful habit. Writing of its effects upon Coleridge and himself, De Quincey says:—"Under the influence of opium when it reaches its maximum in diseasing the liver and deranging the digestive functions, all exertion is revolting in excess; intellectual exertion, above all, is connected habitually, when performed under opium influence, with a sense of disgust the most profound for the subject—no matter what—which detains the thoughts; all that moving freshness of animal spirits, which, under ordinary circumstances, consumes, as it were, and swallows up the interval between one's self and one's distant object, all that dewy freshness is exhaled and burnt off by the parching effects of opium on the animal economy. You feel like one of Swift's 'strubugs' prematurely exhausted of life; and molehills are inevitably exaggerated into mountains."

#### WORTHLESS EMIGRANTS.

It was stated, lately, by one of the New York papers, that of the twelve hundred prisoners on Blackwell's Island, only three hundred and nineteen are Americans. This proportion of three-fourths foreigners appears, at first glance, to be almost incredible; and yet we believe it strictly true. From what we know of other Atlantic cities, we are satisfied that the same criminal proportion exists. But this is not all. Nearly all the beggars we meet in our streets are foreigners, who also compose a large majority of the inmates of our alms-houses. That exalted sentiment of humanity, which made our shores an asylum for the oppressed of every other land, is honorable to the American name, and is worthy of being fostered with the utmost care. But as it is the nature of things that those who are most generous should be the most easily duped, our liberality is shamefully abused, and men, stained with almost every crime that blackens the record

of humanity; paupers who have long been a burden upon their respective parishes; lazzaroni organized into a systematic association;—all these are sent over here, as to a penal colony, to prey upon our pockets, or appeal to our sympathies. We offer Europeans an asylum, and they turn our country into a common sewer. When are we to have laws that will govern emigration and correct a system of naturalization which invests a foreigner with political privileges before he understands our language?

#### HINTS TO VISITORS.

[A correspondent sends us the following pretty sharp hints to visitors. If there are any such characters as he has indicated, we hope they will be fortunate enough to read the paragraphs intended for their benefit, and improve their manners. It cannot be done too soon, either for their own benefit, or that of their friends.]

If you want to wear out your welcome, and get rid of your friends, make them a visit during business hours, say one or two hours long, and talk of matters that only concern yourself; or, visit them in the evening; go soon after tea, and stay late—say an hour or two after their usual time of retiring—taking care, at the same time, to entertain them by relating various incident in your own life, wherein you always excelled, and no one could ever get ahead of *you*; and when you start to go, take about half an hour to get off. This will be most effectual, as they will scarcely venture to return your visit, lest you should be encouraged to repeat the infliction.

If you wish to have people think you are "an extraordinary person," entertain them by relating the wonderful exploits of your children; especially of "little Johnny," who does so many "cute things." "He takes his knife and fork and drums on his plate, 'till he breaks it;" or takes his cup of hot tea and pours it down his little sister's back to make her jump; or takes a lighted paper and sets fire to the cat, or picks her up, and puts her on the hot stove to make her dance; or goes into the yard, and pulls all the flowers to make sights of, or "plays soldier," and uses his stick for a sword on all the little children he meets with; and all sorts of funny tricks: but he is "so cute" with it, that you haven't the heart to punish him, but just have to laugh. Beside, the brain of such smart children is so sensitive that you are afraid of doing them injury.

Thus the extraordinary talent inherited from *extraordinary parents*, (of course this is to be un-

derstood) is given to your guests to prove you an "extraordinary person"—and so it does prove it; but should the child in a few years become master, and cause you "heart-aches," you must not think it an *extraordinary result*.

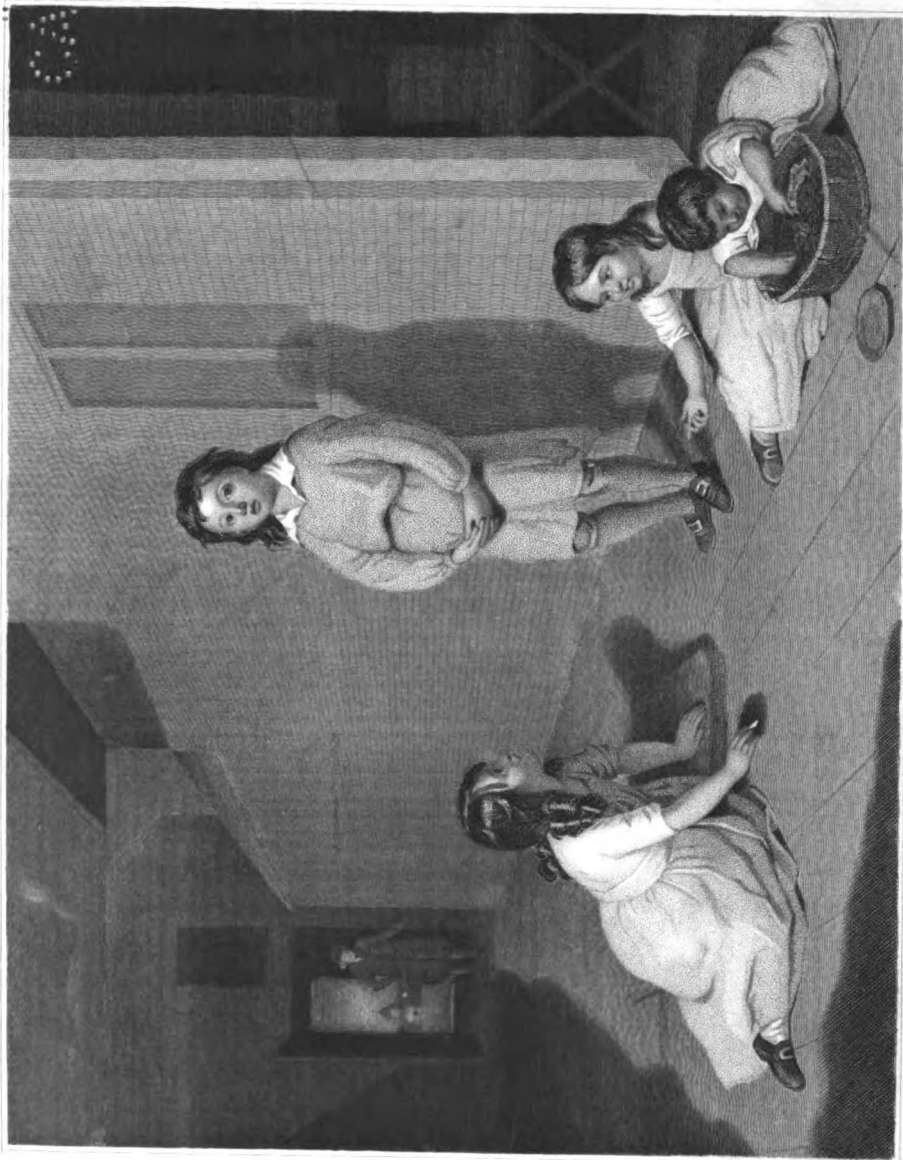
"Bring up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

If you wish to lose caste among your most valuable, because most virtuous friends, relate to them, frequently, in a lively, jocular way, anecdotes of yourself and your conduct in former life, wherein you have committed many rude and unbecoming acts, which would not bear being viewed in the light of refined society of the present day. You will find this to be a very speedy way of accomplishing it, as all judge, more or less, of things by present standards, without making allowance for acts done when vulgarity was tolerated, and the fact of enjoying its recital is a pretty good evidence that the mind still clings to "*little things*."

#### MADAME SONTAG.

The newspapers report that this lady has made during her brief sojourn among us, the sum of forty thousand dollars, clear of all expenses. We also note the fact that a needle-woman of New York, the representative of a thousand others, during the same period, has earned by long weary days of toil, one hundred dollars; an amount which barely sufficed to keep body and soul wretchedly together. We designedly make this comparison, not out of any ill-will towards Madame Sontag, who is, we believe, an estimable lady; but for the purpose of showing how little we pay for things of real utility, and how much we squander in luxuries. We do worse; we economise from the labor of the poor, to enable us to launch out extravagantly in those transitory pleasures which neither feed the hungry nor clothe the naked. Music is undoubtedly a delightful recreation, and its gentle influences are everywhere acknowledged; but its real value lies in the price we pay for it. Music for the million is capable of doing much good in the cause of humanity, but music for Japonica-dom is rather an evil than a benefit. Its cost is a serious tax upon ordinary incomes, and many of those who submit to the inordinate demands of foreign singers, stint themselves in other things to equalize the difference. In our opinion, Italian music can never be naturalized among us, and while patronizing it at the present charges, we seek to cultivate an exotic at a cost a hundred times more than it is worth.









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THE RED EAR; OR, THE HUSKING FROLIC.

See page 450.

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THE FAMILY RE-UNION.

See page 412.



# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: DECEMBER, 1853.



DERWENTWATER.

The lakes of Cumberland have become of late years so celebrated that few tourists now visit England, who do not undertake a pilgrimage to a locality, famous as the residence of what are commonly called the Lake Poets, romantic from the touching history of Mary of Buttermere, and charming as a summer resort, from the picturesque character of the scenery.

The principal lakes of this region, though they may rather be termed expansions of the rivers to which they properly belong, are Bassenthwait, Buttermere, Ulleswater, Wastwater and Derwentwater.

At Rydal Mount lived Wordsworth, the great-

est of English philosophical poets. At Keswick, fifteen miles distant, Southey dwelt for many years; and scattered between and around these, the most permanent of all the literary men who made picturesque Cumberland their abode, were the residences of John Wilson, better known as Christopher North, of the Quaker Poet Lloyd, and of De Quincey, famous for his Confessions of an Opium Eater, and justly regarded at the present day as one of the foremost scholars and ablest critics in England. Here, too, Miss Harriet Martineau has of late years taken up her abode.

From Southey's residence, near Keswick, is a



fine view of Derwentwater. It is of an oval form, three miles in length, and a mile and a half wide. It is surrounded by rocky mountains, broken into many fantastic shapes. The precipices seldom overhang the water, but are arranged at some distance; and the shores swell into woody eminences or sink into green pastoral margins. The lake contains eight islands; one of which, near the centre, is famous for having been the residence of St. Herbert, the ruins of whose hermitage are yet remaining.

The vicinity to the lake itself would make this spot as a residence, most attractive. I think I like Derwentwater more than any other of the lakes. The mountains all around are so bold and so diversified in form. You see them showing themselves one behind another, many tending to the pyramidal form, and their hues as varied as their shapes. Some are of that peculiar tawny, or lion color, which is so singular in its effect in the Scotch mountains of the south; others so softly and smoothly green; others so black and desolate. Some are so beautifully wooded; others so bare. When you look onward to the end of the lake, the group of mountains and crags there, at the entrance of Borrowdale, is one of the most beautiful and pictorial things imaginable. If any artist would choose a scene for the entrance into fairy land, let him take that. When, again, you turn and look over the town, there soars aloft Skiddaw, in his giant grandeur, with all his slopes, ridges, dints, ravines, and summits, clear in the blue sky, or hung with the cloud-curtain of heaven, full of magnificent mystery. There is a perfect pyramid, broad and massy as those of Egypt, standing solemnly in one of its ascending vales, called Carrsledrum. The beautifully wooded islands of Derwentwater, eight in number, and the fine masses of wood that stretch away between the feet of the hills and the lake, with here and there a villa lighting up the scene, make it perfect. In all the changes of weather, the changes of aspect must be full of new beauty; but in bright and genial summer weather, how enchanting it must be! As it was at our visit, the deep black, yet transparent shadow that lay on some of the huge piles of mountain, and the soft light that lay on others, were indescribably noble and poetical, and the stranger exclaimed continually,—"Prachtig!" "Wunderschon!" and "Tres Beau!"

### LIVING FOR SOMETHING.

Thousands of men breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? None were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of their redemption: not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, oh, man immortal! Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No; your name, your

deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of the evening. Great deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of Heaven.

The pains we spend upon our mortal selves will perish with ourselves; but the care we give out of a good heart to others—the efforts of disinterested duty, the deeds and thoughts of pure affection—are never lost; they are liable to no waste, and are like a force that propagates for ever, changing itself but not losing its intensity. In short, there is a sense in which nothing human dies: nothing, at least, which proceeds from the higher and characteristic part of a man's nature; nothing which he does as a subject of God's moral law. Material structures are dissolved; the identity and fractions are gone; but mind partakes of the eternity of the Great Parent Spirit; and thoughts, truths, emotions, once given to the world, are never lost. They exist as truly, and perform their duties as actively, a thousand years after their origin, as on the day of their birth.

### THE DESERTED WIFE.

BY FANNY FALES.

Thou hast forsaken me! we parted kindly,  
I thou, with "God bless you!" on thy faltering tongue;

I, with a deep pure love that followed blindly,  
Love thou hast from thee flung.

Thou hast forsaken me! I watched to greet thee,  
Listened at midnight, wept at thy delay;  
'Till, O my God! the cruel missive reached me,  
Crushing out hope for aye.

Thou hast forsaken me! my poor heart, bleeding,  
Utters the cry in anguish and despair;  
Yet I forgive; and while for strength am pleading,  
Will plead for thee in prayer.

I knew thee changed—felt thy affection dying,  
Grieved o'er the spell a syren on thee laid;  
O, many midnights found me lone, and sighing,  
Thy feet by her were stayed.

Can'st thou be happy? comes there not a vision,  
Of a fair child, blue-eyed—with sunny hair?  
It is *thine own*—sweet as a dream elysian,  
She helps my heart to bear.

She has thy smile, thy brow, thy downward  
glances;

Whenever I weep, "Papa gone, gone," she cries;  
How can I tell her as Time on advances,  
How, of these broken ties!

Can'st thou be happy? comes there not to haunt  
thee,  
Mem'ries of blessed days we knew of yore,  
Ere thou wert tempted? But I will not taunt thee,  
Thou art mine own, no more!

No more! no more! and yet thou art forgiven—  
Thy desolate wife sends up on bended knee,  
A yearning, tearful, suffering cry to Heaven.  
She has been true to thee.

Farewell! I would not call thee back, for scorn  
Has strengthened me. Thou'lt weary of *her*  
spell,

And yearn for the forsaken ones, when lorn,  
In vain! O God! Farewell!

## THE SUNSET OF LIFE.

BY C. C. C.

Evening crept along the valley,  
Blushed upon the distant hill,  
And the golden hush of sunset  
Fell so sweetly and so still,  
That the meadow and the mountain,  
And the ocean's heaving breast,  
Seem to bathe themselves in sunlight  
From the windows of the West.

Parting gleams, so gay and golden,  
Streamed across the white and blue,  
'Till the clouds 'mid azure heaven,  
Melted in the blushing hue.  
And it fell, that golden glory,  
On the ripples of the sea;  
Dancing, dazzling, ever wreathing  
Smiles, so glorious and free.

And the struggling of the sunshine,  
Straying through the lifting trees,  
Smiled upon a leaf-hid cottage,  
Opened to invite the breeze.  
And two wavy, glimmering sunbeams  
Meeting in the open door,  
One from Heav'n, and one from ocean,  
Lit the ceiling and the floor.

In the meeting of the sunlight,  
Where its glory kissed his brow,  
Sat an old man on the threshold,  
Thinking of by-gone—and now,  
On his staff, his hands were folded,  
And he rested there his chin;  
While his face, with sweet expression,  
Told the peace that reigned within.

Still he sat, intently gazing,  
Through the aisles of arching green  
Out upon the glorious vista,  
In the mellow distance seen;—  
Listening to the murmuring music  
Of the wind and gentle waves:  
Like approving ages, calling  
To the present, from their graves.

Years of labor bent their voices  
To the harmony within;  
Deeds of love and duty chiming,  
With a conscience void of sin;  
Heav'nly sounds of holy grandeur,  
Such as earth's may never be,  
Heard he as he sat there, gazing  
Out upon the sun and sea.

And the sun went sinking downward,  
And his soul rose nearer home;  
Drinking deep of healing waters  
Flowing from the heav'nly dome;  
Then the holy star of twilight,  
Flinging dew upon the air,  
Throned itself upon the sunset,  
Like a spirit reigning there.

As the star, with light unbroken,  
Gazed into his raptured eyes,  
With its pencil-beams descending,  
Came a message from the skies.  
And the angel's gentle voicings,  
Stealing sweetly from above,  
Drew his soul still up and heav'nward,  
On the wings of light and love.

Then the sun beyond the ocean,  
Gathered in his rays to rest;  
As a noble chief, in falling,  
Folds his honors to his breast.  
Outward sense and scenes were fading,  
With the sinking of the sun;  
But within, those angel voices,  
Spoke eternal day begun.

Fading lights, still failing, dying,  
Gilt the edges of the cloud,  
Till the moonbeams fell upon them  
Like the stillness of a shroud.  
And the tints grew grey and leaden,  
As the flushing followed down,  
Where the sun, when in the heaven,  
Last had worn his golden crown.

As the moonlight softly slumbered  
Where was once the sunbeam's fall,  
Round the old man closed the shadows,  
With their dark and deep'ning pall.  
Still upon his staff he rested,  
With his weary, wintery head;  
Gone was all the golden glory—  
Day was done: the old man dead.

Who shall say how pure a vision  
Rests upon that spirit's eye,  
Changing sunshine into soul-light;  
Faded to unfading skies?  
Who can know how sweet that sunset,  
Shadowing forth the gates of gold,  
Which unto his soul unfolded,  
Heav'n to earth is yet untold.

## HONESTY IN BUSINESS.

Two brethren were riding in a wagon one day.  
The conversation turned on the manner of doing business.

"Brother," said one, "if we would succeed in store-keeping, we cannot be strictly upright in every little thing. It is impossible. We could not live."

"It is contrary to religion not to be upright," replied the other. "Honesty is as much a part of religion as prayer or reading the Bible, and yet if he be not strictly an honest man, he cannot be a religious one."

"I don't know about that. We must live—that is my doctrine."

"But you pretend to be a religious man, don't you? You are a professor, as well as I am."

"But we must live. I shall break down in my store if I do not shave a little."

"And you will be more likely to break down if you do. I tell you, my brother, honesty is not only a part of religion, but it is the best policy, too; and I will venture to say, the man who is honest will succeed better in his store than he who is not. The man who is unjust, either in little things or in great things, is a dishonest man, and an irreligious man; and the day of judgment will convince him of it fearfully."

The above conversation, in substance, took place in one of the counties of the State of New York. The store-keeper did business in a village near which they were riding. Since that time he has failed in his business, and has been obliged to leave the village.

MORAL—A man who is not strictly an honest man, cannot be a religious man.



### THE DANDY.

On the south side of Chestnut street, or the west side of Broadway, at all seasons in fair weather, may be seen the dandy. Where he comes from, or what his occupation may be, beyond these daily perambulations, is a profound mystery. In regard to personal value, he holds about the same relation to the world as did the lunatic, who said the only difference between him and other men was, that all men thought him

crazy, while he thought all mankind but himself in the same unhappy condition. The dandy thinks himself superior to all others, while, in the world's estimation, he is regarded as holding the meanest rank. Only those who lack brains, or the energy to accomplish any thing useful, ever become dandies. The artist gives us a fair specimen.

### FUTURE HOUSEKEEPERS.

We sometimes catch ourselves wondering how many of the young ladies whom we meet with are to perform the part of housekeepers, when the young men who now eye them so admiringly have persuaded them to become their wives.

We listen to those young ladies of whom we speak, and hear them not only acknowledging but boasting of their ignorance of all housework duties, as if nothing would so lower them in the esteem of their friends as the confession of an ability to bake bread and pies, or cook a piece of meat, or a disposition to engage in any useful employment. Speaking from our own youthful recollection, we are free to say that taper fingers

and lily white hands are very pretty to look at with a young man's eyes, and sometimes we have known the artless innocence of practical knowledge displayed by a young Miss to appear rather interesting than otherwise. But we have lived long enough to learn that life is full of rugged experiences, and that the most loving, romantic and delicate people must live on cooked or otherwise prepared food, and in homes kept clean and tidy by industrious hands. And for all the practical purposes of married life, it is generally found that for the husband to sit and gaze at a wife's taper fingers and lily hands, or for a wife to sit and be looked at and admired, does not make the pot boil or put the smallest piece of food in the pot.





THE WATERSPOUT.

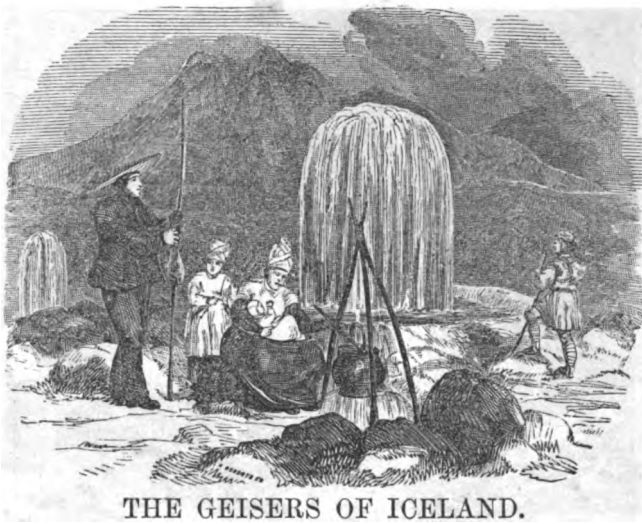
To the same class with the rotating and progressing pillars of sand, that singular phenomenon called the *waterspout* clearly belongs,—a whirlwind raising into a columnar mass the waters of the sea, and causing the aqueous vapors in the atmosphere to assume the same form, the two frequently uniting, the whole presenting a magnificent spectacle.

The Greeks applied the term *Prester* to the waterspout, which signifies a fiery fluid, from its appearance being generally accompanied with flashes of lightning, and a sulphureous smell, showing the activity of the electrical principle in the air. Lucretius refers to it in the following terms :—

Hence, with much ease, the meteor may we trace  
Termed, from its essence, *Prester* by the Greeks,  
That oft from heaven wide hovers o'er the deep.  
Like a vast column, gradual from the skies,  
Prone o'er the waves, descends it; the vexed tide  
Boiling a main beneath its mighty whirl,  
And with destruction sure the stoutest ship  
Threat'ning that dares the boist'rous scene approach.

Waterspouts exhibit various aspects, but a frequent appearance has been thus described, as it has been observed at sea. Under a dense cloud, a circular area of the ocean, in diameter from 100 to 120 yards, shows great disturbance, the water rushing toward the centre of the agitated mass, from whence it rises in a spiral manner toward the clouds, assuming a trumpet-shape, with the broad end downward. At the same time, the cloud assumes a similar form, but the position of the cone is inverted, and its lower extremity, or apex, gradually unites with the upper extremity of the ascending column of water. At the point of junction, the diameter is not more than two or three feet. There is thus a column of water and vapor formed, extending from the sea to the cloud, thin in the middle, and broad at the two extremities, the sides of which are dark, which gives it the appearance of a hollow tube. It moves with the wind, and even in calm weather,

when no wind is perceptible, the position shifts. Sometimes the spout preserves the perpendicular in its motion, but frequently, from the wind not acting with equal force upon its upper and lower extremities, or the one being more susceptible of impulsion than the other, it assumes an inclined position, and the column is speedily ruptured by the unequal velocity of its parts. A few minutes suffices in general for the duration of the phenomenon, but several have been known to continue for near an hour. Instances of repeated disruption and formation have been witnessed, and in the Mediterranean, as many as sixteen waterspouts have been observed at the same time. The mariners of former days were accustomed to discharge artillery at these moving columns, to accelerate their fall, fearful of their ships being crossed by them, and sunk or damaged—a practice alluded to by Falconer in the opening of the second canto of *The Shipwreck*: but the principal danger arises from the wind blowing in sudden gusts in their vicinity, from all points of the compass, sufficient to capsize small vessels carrying much sail. Waterspouts on land are not uncommon, and in this case there is no ascending column of water, but only a descending inverted cone of vapor. Vivid flashes of lightning frequently issue from them, and deluges of rain attend their disruption. A remarkable spout appeared and burst on Emott Moor, near Coln in Lancashire, in the year 1718, about a mile distant from some laborers digging peat, whose attention was directed to it by hearing an unusual noise in the air. Upon leaving the spot in alarm, they found a small rippling stream converted into a roaring flood, though no rain had fallen on the moor; and at the immediate scene of action, the earth had been swept away to the depth of seven feet, the naked rock appeared, and an excavation had been made in the ground by the force of the water discharging from the spout, upward of half a mile in length.



THE GEISERS OF ICELAND.

In June last, a paper of much interest was read by Dr. J. Tyndall, before the "Royal Institution" of London, upon the "Eruptive Phenomena of Iceland." We condense a portion of this paper. He said that the surface of Iceland has a gentle inclination downwards from the coast toward the centre, where the general level is about two thousand feet above the sea. In the middle of this, as on a pedestal, stand the Jokull, or Icy mountains: which extend both ways, in a North-easterly direction. In this range are situated the most active volcanoes of the island; and here, it is supposed, the thermal or warm springs, for which Iceland is famous, originate, thus suggesting their origin, and that of the volcanoes, to be the same.

Lower down in the more porous strata are smoking mud pools, where a repulsive blue-black aluminous paste is boiled, rising at times into huge bladders, which on bursting scatter their slimy spray to a height of fifteen or twenty feet. From the base of the hills upwards extend the glaciers, and on their shoulders are placed the immense snow-fields which crown the summits.

From the ridges and caverns of the mountains, immense quantities of steam issue at intervals; and where the cave lends reverberation, the sound is like that of thunder. From the arches and fissures of the glaciers large quantities of water flow, falling over crags of ice in cascades, or extending over large tracts of country before they find any definite outlet. A portion of this water being intercepted by fissures in the ground, is conveyed to the hot rocks beneath, where it meets with those volcanic gases which traverse these underground regions and travels in company with them, until it finds some vent either as steam or a boiling spring. The origin of these springs is atmospheric. The snow and rain are the sources from which the springs are fed, because nitrogen and ammonia occur invariably in the water of these springs, as in rain water.

The springs of Iceland may be divided into two

great classes—the one turns litmus paper red, the other restores its color—the one is acid, the other alkaline. Periodical eruptions are seldom known among the former, while to the latter belong the Geisers of the land.

The great Geiser consists of a tube ten feet wide and seventy-five deep, expanding at its top into a basin which measures fifty-two feet from North to South, and sixty-five feet in depth. The interior of the tube and basin are coated with a beautiful smooth plaster, so hard as to resist the blows of a hammer. This lining is pure silica. The Geiser water contains a large amount of silica; hence it may be concluded that the water deposited the substance against the sides of the tube and basin. But the water deposits no sediment, even when cooled to freezing point. It may be bottled and kept for years as clear as crystal, and without the slightest precipitate. How then was this plaster laid on?

Dr. Tyndall exhibited a painting of the Geiser, which being taken on the spot, might, he said, be relied on. According to this picture, the basin is situated at the summit of a mound forty feet in height, a glance at which was sufficient to show that it was deposited by the Geiser. But in building the mound, the spring must also have formed the shaft which perforated the mound, and thus we learn that the Geiser is the architect of its own mound. It is supposed that the mound was formed in this way:—

A hot spring, bubbling up from the ground, flows over its side down a gentle inclination; the water evaporates quickly, and silica is deposited. The deposit gradually elevates the side over which the water flows, until the latter is compelled to seek another course—the same result follows—the ground becomes elevated, and the spring has to go forward; thus it is compelled to travel round and round, discharging its silica and deepening its shaft, until in the course of centuries it forms the wonderful apparatus which has so long puzzled and astonished both the traveller and the

philosopher. Before an eruption, the water fills both the tube and the basin: the water in the pipe appears to be raised up, thus forming a conical eminence in the basin, and causing the water to flow over the side. Detonations are heard, evidently due to the production of steam in the caverns below, which, rising to the cooler water above, becomes condensed, thus producing an explosion.

Between the interval of two eruptions, the temperature of the water in the tube towards the centre and bottom gradually increases. Bunsen succeeded in determining its temperature a few minutes before a great eruption took place; and these observations furnished to his clear intellect the key of the entire enigma. A little below the centre the water was within two degrees of its boiling point, that is, within two degrees of the point at which water boils under a pressure equal to that of an atmosphere, *plus the pressure of the superincumbent column of water.* The actual temperature at thirty feet above the bottom was 122 degrees centigrade; its boiling point here is 124 degrees. We have just alluded to the detonations and the lifting of the Geiser column by the entrance of steam from beneath. These detonations and the accompanying elevation of the column are, as before stated, heard and observed at various intervals before an eruption. During these intervals the temperature of the water is gradually rising; let us see what *must* take place when its temperature is near the boiling point. Imagine the section of water at thirty feet above the bottom to be raised six feet by the generation of a mass of vapor below. The liquid spreads out in the basin, overflows its rim, and thus the elevated section has six feet less of water pressure upon it; its boiling point under this diminished pressure is 121 degrees: hence in its new position its actual temperature (122 degrees) is a degree above the boiling point. This excess is at once applied to the generation of steam: the column is lifted higher, and its pressure further lessened; more steam is developed underneath; and thus, after a few convulsive efforts, the water is ejected with immense velocity, and we have the Geiser eruption in all its grandeur. By its contact with the atmosphere the water is cooled, falls back into the basin, sinks into the tube, through which it gradually rises again, and finally fills the basin. The detonations are heard at intervals, and ebullitions observed; but not until the temperature of the water in the tube has once more nearly attained its boiling point, is the lifting of the column able to produce an eruption. In the regularly formed tube the water nowhere quite attains the boiling point. In the canals which feed the tube, the steam which causes the detonation and lifting of the column must therefore be formed. These canals are in fact nothing more than the irregular continuation of the tube itself. The tube is therefore the sole and sufficient cause of the eruptions. Its sufficiency was experimentally shown during the lecture.

A tube of galvanized iron, six feet long, was surmounted by a basin; a fire was placed underneath and one near its centre, to imitate the lateral heating of the Geiser tube. At intervals of five or six minutes throughout the lecture, eruptions

took place; the water was discharged into the atmosphere, fell back into the basin, filled the tube, became heated again, and was discharged as before.

Next to the great Geiser, the Strokkur is the most famous eruptive spring of Iceland. The depth of its tube is forty-four feet. It is not, however, cylindrical, like that of the Geiser, but funnel-shaped. At the mouth it is eight feet in diameter, but it diminishes gradually, until near the centre the diameter is only ten inches. By casting stones and peat into the tube, and thus stopping it, eruptions can be forced, which in point of height often exceed those of the great Geiser. Its action was illustrated experimentally in the lecture, by stopping the galvanized iron tube before alluded to loosely with a cork. After some time the cork was forced up, and the pent-up heat converting itself suddenly into steam, the water was ejected to a considerable height; thus demonstrating that in this case the tube alone is the sufficient cause of the phenomenon.

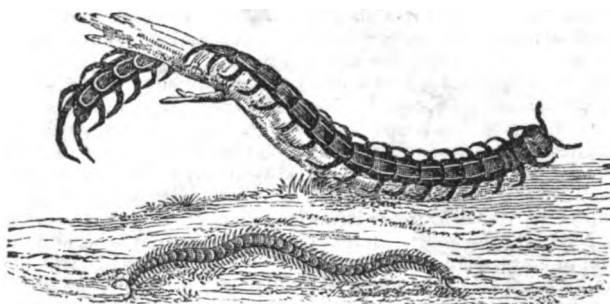
### "J E A N."

Loose among my heart's old papers,  
Lie some little treasured scenes;  
Most among them, this I cherish,  
Of the boy we nick-named "Jean."  
Only ten of his bright summers  
Had he given to the past;  
Giv'n as showers give back the rainbows,  
Made too beautiful to last.  
Only ten; the clouds I fancied  
Gathering above his fate,  
May dissolved be, in the sunshine  
Streaming now from Pleasure's gate;  
And the star that leads him onward,  
May be one of Heav'n's bright lights,  
Gleaming out upon the wayside,  
To restore a wanderer's sight.  
Oftentimes I lose the present,  
In the earnestness of thought;  
Wondering to him what changes  
All these added years have brought.  
Thinking, if upon that white brow  
Any care has left its trace:  
Not a print upon the snow-drift  
Finds a fairer resting-place;  
Or, if any tear has trembled  
In his penitential eye,  
Not the rain that falls in summer,  
Ever dims a clearer sky.  
Often, over the old pages,  
Where we sketched the golden days,  
And loved hands upon their margins  
Left their pencil-marks of praise,  
I am saying, Lost for ever,—  
If the hours were but as dreams,  
Would soon be the painted pictures  
Of the flower-loving "Jean."  
But they're of the past, not present,  
Nor are they in slumbers made;  
And, in differing from dreaming,  
They will never, never fade.  
So, among my heart's old pictures,  
Lie the little treasured scenes;  
Most among them, this I cherish.  
Of the boy we nick-named "Jean."

"JESSIE BOSWELL."

VICTOR, N. Y.





THE CENTIPEDE.

I suppose that most of those who live in the country have made the acquaintance, more or less intimate, with a family of insects called *centipedes*. They are a curious family, and worth a little attention. The centipedes who live in the United States—certainly the Northern States—are, for the most part, harmless, I believe. But the same cannot be said of multitudes of the race residing in the West Indies, and other warm climates. In these places, the bite of the centipede is not only very painful, but often dangerous. I confess that I never was a great friend of the insect. Though taught to consider him quite an innocent sort of bully, I never could divest myself of the suspicion that, if he were thoroughly provoked, he would bite. Like some other animals, his appearance is against him. Many a time, when I have turned over a stone in the garden, or dug up an old and decayed stump in the woods, and one of these insects has scampered out, I have run as if forty snakes were after me. Still, I never heard of a centipede biting anybody in that part of Connecticut which was my home in my boyhood. Whether it be owing to the fact that Connecticut is the "land of steady habits," and that the lower animals, as well as men and women, consequently do not consider themselves licensed to be disorderly, or whether the Northern centipedes are a different and more good-natured branch of the family, I will not attempt to determine. But this I am sure of, that I never in my life heard of a centipede—or, as we used to call the insect, a *thousand legs*—biting, or attempting to bite, any of the good citizens of Connecticut.

In the West Indies, however, as naturalists tell us, the case is quite different; and I recollect seeing centipedes in the Southern part of Italy, which the natives told me would bite most unmercifully, when they considered their rights invaded. In South America, and in some of the West India Islands, the utmost care is necessary to prevent these wretches from getting into the houses, and doing immense mischief. They love to live in soft and decayed timbers, and are much more numerous in old houses than in new ones.

Their practice is to lie still in the day time, and steal out of their hiding-places at night, in search of prey. In spite of all the people can do, in those places where these pests are most abundant, they will find their way into sleeping rooms, and even into beds, to the great annoyance, and

often the danger of the sleepers. When a light is brought into the room, they always attempt to escape. Though they run with considerable swiftness, they are quite ready to stand on the defensive sometimes, when they are attacked, and when they consider themselves in danger. Their disposition to bite, as you may well suppose, renders them rather troublesome bedfellows. When they get into a bed, the least movement of the sleeper over whom they may be crawling, and who can hardly fail to be disturbed by their sharp-pointed feet or claws acting on his skin, is almost sure to provoke a venomous bite, which will be frequently repeated, if the midnight visitor is not removed from the bed. The bite of the centipede is exceedingly painful for the moment, and is followed, unless the wound is taken care of in season, by great inflammation and high fever. If the insect is a large one, and the bite is severe, life is not unfrequently lost, especially if the patient is of a delicate constitution. Bishop Heber speaks of centipedes as being very large and poisonous in different parts of India. These insects have occasionally been brought to this country in cargoes of hides from countries where they are abundant, and where their bite is poisonous. Some years since, a man, who was employed in unloading a vessel in Boston, lost his life, in consequence of a bite received from a centipede brought to the country in this way.—Woodworth.

### THE FAMILY RE-UNION.

*See Engraving.*

One of our illustrations this month gives a pleasant fireside scene. It is a family re-union, such as, at Thanksgiving or Christmas, takes place in thousands of our happy homes. Innocent childhood, with its springing foot just on the threshold of life, and old age, wearied with a long journey, and ready to depart, are there; with manhood in its vigorous prime, and maiden beauty just unfolding, like a sweet flower, into lovelier womanhood. Look on the picture. Ah! If all could gaze thereon with undimmed eyes. But this may not be. For one such perfect circle, how many show broken links in the household chain! Ye who are yet spared to each other, keep bright the links of affection; and ye who mourn over broken ties, look hopefully forward to a blessed re-union in that better world to which your steps are tending.



THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Let us now take a brief survey of the Tower : this ancient pile, once the bulwark of London, as well as the prison-house of its secret crimes, has been alternately the residence and prison of royal and noble personages for a thousand years.

William the Conqueror built that portion of the Tower of London known as the White Tower. The history of this notable structure is rife with events of thrilling interest. As a palace and a prison it is more memorable than as a fortress. The historic details of the Tower, indeed, form a prominent feature in many chapters of the history of England, and we can scarcely venture even to refer to them by name. While the barons were waiting for the royal signature to the Magna Charta, the Tower was held in trust by the Archbishop of Canterbury. During the victorious reign of Edward III., among its illustrious inmates were the crowned heads of France and Scotland. It was also within its dreaded walls that the conference was held by Richard II. and the leaders of the insurrection of Gloucester, and the Tower was vigorously besieged in the sanguinary conflicts of the Houses of York and Lancaster; while during the civil war, it was successively occupied by the contending parties. From the Tower, too, Royal processions and pageants usually proceeded, as late as the times of James II. Among the most costly of these may be mentioned the coronation pageants of the haughty Elizabeth and the profligate Charles. It was in a cell on the first floor of the White Tower that Sir Walter Raleigh, it is said, wrote his "History of the World." On the interior of the walls of this Tower are still to be seen the melancholy mementos of terrible sufferings. One of the most affecting is that of a hapless lady, who records the sad story of her twelve years' incarceration—it is signed A. W.; an inscription over the doorway of the cell reads as follows: "He that indureth to the ende shall be saved. M. 10. R. RYDSTON DAR KUNT. ANO. 1553;" and yet another, "Be faithful unto the deth and I will give thee a crowne of life. T. Fane, 1554;" and beneath it, "T. Culpepper of Darford."

The Chapel erected in the reign of Edward I., and dedicated to St. Peter and Vincula, possesses great interest, from its being the cemetery where so many noble and worthy personages at last found repose after suffering from the cruelties of the tyrant Henry VIII. The gentle Anne Boleyn slept here, beside her noble brother Lord Richford; also Cromwell, Earl of Essex, and Sir Thomas More.

The Tower has been designated by the poet Gray, as—

"London's lasting shame  
With many a foul and midnight murder fed."

How many have been the noble and heroic victims of state intolerance, cupidity, and mistaken zeal! One of these was the martyred Titchborne, who, though he refused to connect himself with the conspiracy for the assassination of Elizabeth, yet fell a sacrifice to suspicion. His pathetic verses penned just prior to his execution, are as follow:

"My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,  
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,  
My crop of corn is but a field of tares,  
And all my goods are but vain hopes of gain.  
The day is fled, and yet I saw the sun,  
And now I live, and now my life is done

"My spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung,  
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green;  
My youth is past and yet I am but young,  
I saw the world, and I was not seen:  
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun,  
And now I live, and now my life is done."

The principal parts of the Tower usually inspected by visitors, are the Armory, containing equestrian figures in armor, from the reign of Edward I. to James II.; Queen Elizabeth's Armory, which is situated in the White Tower, and was the prison of Sir Walter Raleigh and others, during the reign of Queen Mary; the "Regalia," or royal jewels, contained in another apartment, are estimated at three millions sterling. St. Edward's Crown was made for the coronation of Charles II., and has been since used at the coronation of all the Sovereigns of Great Britain since that period to our days. This Crown is identically the same that Blood stole from the

Tower, May 9, 1671. The new crown made for the coronation of Queen Victoria, is a purple velvet cap, enclosed by hoops of silver, and studded with a great quantity of diamonds. The upper part is composed of an orb, adorned with precious stones, and surmounted by a cross. Amongst these diamonds is a magnificent ruby, worn by the Black Prince, and a sapphire of matchless beauty. The value of this crown is calculated at £111,900. Think of a space of two feet square representing property to the value of \$15,000,000. In the Record Office are kept the rolls from the time of King John to the reign of Richard III.—*Saunders's Memories of the Great Metropolis.*

### "CAN'T AFFORD IT."

"Can't afford it! Too many mouths to feed—too many backs to cover. It's a luxury I should very much like to indulge in—no man fonder of reading than I am—but can't afford it, sir."

"It's only three dollars a year. Less than sixpence a week."

"I know. But three dollars a year will buy half a barrel of flour and give my family bread for a month. It's no use to talk, my friend. I know exactly my own ability, and know that I can't afford to take the magazine."

And thus Mr. Rivers closed the matter with a persevering "canvasser," who was industriously trying to add to the subscription list of a certain highly popular magazine.

"I think you might have taken it, papa," said Mary Rivers, greatly disappointed. "I never see a magazine or newspaper, unless I borrow from Jane Tompkins, and I know her father grumbles at her whenever he catches her lending them."

"I might do a great many things, child, if I was made of money, which I am very sorry to say is not the case," returned Mr. Rivers. "If I could afford it, I would take all the magazines and newspapers in the country; but I can't, and so that ends the matter."

And thus ending it, Mr. Rivers turned away from his disappointed daughter, and left the house.

Mary Rivers was extremely fond of reading, and had time and again begged her father to take some of the magazines or papers, but his uniform answer was, "I can't afford it;" so she was forced to borrow from Jane Tompkins, whose father subscribed for half a dozen, and thought the money well laid out. To have to borrow she thought bad enough, but the worst of the matter was, no sooner did she bring a magazine or newspaper into the house, than it was caught up by one hungry member after another, always including her father, and its contents devoured by each, and this often before she could get a chance to read half a dozen pages or columns. The newspaper or magazine, whichever it might be, never passed through the entire family of Mr. Rivers without being considerably the worse for wear. The papers were soiled, rumpled, the folds worn through or torn, while the magazines were sent home often sadly disfigured. All this to Mary was very mortifying, and often prevented her from asking to borrow the new numbers of the magazines, al-

though, to use her own words, sometimes, she was "dying to see them."

It was a warm day in July, and Mr. Rivers, who had, about six months before, joined the temperance society, felt very dry as he walked along the street. Before signing the pledge, he would have quenched a similar state of thirst with an iced punch or a mint-julep. Now he merely stepped into a druggist's and called for a glass of mineral water, for which he paid his fip, thinking, if he thought at all about the expense, that it was the merest trifle in the world.

An hour afterwards he indulged in the luxury of a couple of oranges, at four cents each, which tempted him as he passed a fruit stall.

"Rivers," said a neighbor, stepping into his store after dinner, "it's terrible hot, and as there is nothing doing, I've made up my mind to take a little excursion down the river in the steamboat that leaves at four o'clock. Come—go along, won't you? We can be home by tea-time."

"I don't care if I do," replied Rivers. "I want a little recreation badly."

A thought of the expense, or whether he could afford it, never crossed his mind.

At four he was on board the steamboat, after having spent a shilling for cigars, which were shared with his neighbor.

"Come, let's have a glass of lemonade," he said, shortly after they were on board the steamboat; and the two men went to the bar and each drank a cool glass of lemonade, for which Rivers settled. Shortly afterwards the fare was called for. It was only twenty-five cents.

"Cheap enough," remarked Rivers.

"Yes, cheap as dirt. No wonder the boat is crowded."

Twelve-and-a-half cents more were spent by Rivers for an ice cream before he returned from the excursion. He could afford this very well.

On arriving in the city, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, it occurred to him that, as long as he had been enjoying himself so well, he ought to take something home for his family that was a little nice. While wondering what this should be, he passed a fruit shop, in the window of which was a large display of oranges.

"I'll take a dozen oranges home—that will do," he said.

And so he went in and got a dozen oranges, for which he paid thirty-seven and-a-half cents; and bought, besides, a fip's worth of tobacco.

The extra spendings of Mr. Rivers, who could not afford to take a magazine, were, for that day, just one dollar and twenty cents, or at the rate of three hundred and sixty dollars a year! And yet Mr. Rivers thought himself a very economical man, and took merit to himself for saving on newspapers and magazines.

On the next day, Mr. Rivers felt as if he needed a little exercise—he was so closely confined in his store—and as it was dull, he could as easily be spared as not. So he hired a horse and sulky for a dollar and a half, and took a pleasant ride to himself. Previously to his riding out, he spent a shilling in mineral water. During the ride, he paid to gate-keepers, stable-boys at taverns where he stopped for lemonade, and for what he drank

and smoked, just thirty-eight cents. Ten cents in cakes for the children, laid out to satisfy the rather unpleasant sensation he felt at the idea of having indulged himself in a ride while his family remained at home, completed this day's extra expense of the man who could not afford to take a periodical; the whole amount was just two dollars.

On the day succeeding to this, fifty cents were spent in little self-indulgences; on the next, twenty-five cents, and on the day after, nearly a dollar. And so it went on, day after day and week after week, while Mary continued to borrow from Jane Tompkins her magazines, newspapers and books.

One day, shortly after the new magazines for the month had been announced, Mary called as usual upon her friend Jane. On her table lay "Godey's" and several other magazines.

"How much I do envy you!" she said. "What would I not give if my father would take the magazines for me as yours does for you; but he always says that he can't afford it."

Then Mary turned over magazine after magazine, examining and admiring the beautiful engravings. When she was going away, she said—"Are you done with the Lady's Book yet?"

Jane looked slightly confused as she replied—"I've read it, Mary, but papa isn't done with it."

"No matter—'Graham' or 'Putnam' will do."

"I'm sorry, Mary," and the color rose to Jane's face, "but I can't let you have either of them. The fact is, Mary, to tell you the plain truth, papa has objected for a good while to my lending my periodicals and literary newspapers, and now positively forbids my doing so. But you can come and see me, Mary, and read them here. I shall be glad to have you. But I need not say that—you know I will. I wish papa wasn't so particular; but he is a little curious about some things."

Mary felt hurt, not with Jane, but at the fact. She went home feeling badly.

"Your friend Miss Rivers didn't get her usual supply of reading," said Mr. Tompkins to his daughter, shortly after Mary had left the house.

"No, and I was sorry for her," replied Jane. "She seemed hurt and mortified when I told her that I could not lend them. I'm sure, papa, it wouldn't have hurt us at all, and would have been such a gratification to her."

"Let her father subscribe for them, as I do. He is just as able."

"But he thinks he can't afford it, and now—"

"Thinks he can't afford it, indeed!" said Mr. Tompkins. "A man who spends two or three hundred dollars a year in self-indulgences of one kind and another, talking about not being able to afford magazines and newspapers for his family! Why it costs him more for tobacco and cigars than it does me for periodicals!"

"Still, papa, it is hard for Mary to be deprived of them. It isn't her fault. She says she often begs her father to take them for her, but that his only reply is he can't afford it."

"If she were the only one concerned, Jane, she might have them with pleasure," replied Mr. Tompkins. "But, you see, she isn't. It is plain, from the condition in which the magazines come

home, that they have gone through the hands of the whole family. That Mr. Rivers indulges himself in reading at my expense I am very well satisfied, for I have seen my periodicals at his store more than once."

"Yes, that is the worst of it."

"Besides, Jane, I am not perfectly clear in my own mind that it is honest towards the publishers to encourage anything of this kind. They go to great expense and labor in getting up their works, and certainly give the money's worth to all who subscribe. But if every subscriber lends to his neighbors who are perfectly able to subscribe themselves, and who would do so if they could not borrow, the publishers cannot be sustained, or will receive, at best, but an inadequate return. For my part, there is scarcely anything I would not do rather than borrow a newspaper or periodical. I never have been guilty of that meanness yet, and, if I keep my present mind, never will."

Mary Rivers, as has been seen, went home, feeling very badly. The more she thought about what had occurred, the more she felt mortified and really ashamed of herself for having trespassed upon Jane Tompkins for her periodicals and newspapers, to such an extent as to cause her father to interfere and forbid her lending them any more. For this fact in the case she was not slow to infer.

"Mary," said Mr. Rivers, as he sat that evening, listless for want of something to read or do, "ain't none of the magazines out for this month? Havn't you got a 'Gazette,' 'Post,' or a 'Courier,' from your friend Miss Tompkins?"

"No, papa," replied Mary.

"I thought you went there to-day."

"So I did, but Jane says her father has forbidden her to lend the papers and magazines any more."

"He has!" ejaculated Mr. Rivers, with surprise and something of indignation. "Why was that?"

"I don't know; but Jane said she couldn't let me have them any more."

"It's very selfish!" said Mr. Rivers, "very selfish! What harm could your reading the magazines do him, I wonder? But that's just like some people! They cannot bear to see others enjoy themselves, and will prevent it if in their power."

Mr. Rivers felt rather uncomfortable about this refusal on the part of Mr. Tompkins. It seemed to him to be aimed at his family. He also felt uncomfortable at the thought of losing his regular weekly and monthly enjoyment of reading the newspapers and magazines "free gratis, for nothing." In fact, this standing of Mr. Tompkins upon his reserved rights, had an unhappy effect upon the whole Rivers' family, from the father down to little Tommy, who read the anecdotes, and a story now and then, with as high a relish as any of the rest.

Things remained in this posture for two or three weeks, when Mr. Rivers became so hungry for the mental aliment withheld by Mr. Tompkins, that he strained a point, even though he felt that he couldn't afford it, and went and subscribed for a magazine. He brought home a couple of numbers

with him, and tossing them into Mary's lap, said—"There's reading for you, Mary, and no thanks to Mr. Tompkins!"

Mary's eyes and face brightened as she caught up the magazine.

"Have you subscribed for it, papa?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes, dear. You can read your own magazines now."

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed Mary, the tears starting into her eyes.

Even though he couldn't afford it, Mr. Rivers felt happy to think that he had made Mary so happy. On the next day, he thought frequently of the delighted face of his daughter when he told her that he had subscribed for the magazine. Before night he determined to give her another agreeable surprise ere the week was out. It was Thursday. On the next evening, when he came in, Mary sprung towards him, and holding up a newspaper, said, while her whole countenance beamed with pleasure—"A man left the 'Gazette' here to-day. Did you subscribe for it, papa? Yes, I know you did; your face tells me so!"

"You seem highly delighted about it," Mr. Rivers said, with an irrepressible smile.

"And so I am. I've wanted to see the 'Gazette' badly."

Nor was Mary alone in her expression of pleasure. The younger sisters and brothers were in raptures at the idea of having a "Gazette" that was all their own to read; and even Mrs. Rivers, who was not of a very literary turn, remarked, on the occasion, that a newspaper was "an excellent thing among children," and that, for her part, she always liked to read a little in them now and then, especially in that part containing receipts and other domestic matters. Not for a long time had Mr. Rivers done anything that gave such universal satisfaction at home. Even though he couldn't afford it, he was very far from repenting of this act of extra liberality.

Many weeks did not pass before another magazine and another newspaper came to the house, and before six months, Mr. Rivers was as liberal a patron of periodical literature as Mr. Tompkins, and this although he "couldn't afford it."

A year or two have passed, but notwithstanding the heavy additional expense of twenty dollars per annum for magazines and newspapers, the mercantile community have not yet been startled by an announcement of the failure of Mr. Rivers, and we hope never will—at least not so long as he takes the magazines and newspapers and pays for them punctually.

## A HARD SUBJECT TO PAINT.

Our steel engraving this month is one charmingly treated, both by the painter and engraver. A juvenile artist is represented as trying to fix the rather severe countenance of a young companion, but the task proves a hopeless one, as the looker on might naturally anticipate. The contrast between the earnest sketcher, the equally earnest subject, and the playful younger children in the group, is sufficiently striking to give harmony and interest to the picture.

## THE OLD KING.

A lonely King is the Winter old,  
With his stern and frosty visage cold.  
His aged head wears an icy crown,  
And his brow, a harsh, forbidding frown.  
Regal and sad, on his marble throne,  
He sitteth forsaken, and alone.

The Summer—she is a wilful child,  
Of nature passionate, warm, and wild;  
She mocks at her father's thin white hair,  
Bleached by ages of grief and care—  
Mocks, when he asks for a single flow'r,  
To gladden his snow encrusted bower.  
Her smiling vales yield no bloomy branch  
To circle his realms of avalanche:  
No fragrance—droppings, no sunny gleams,  
People the old man's sombre dreams.

But Autumn was gentle, fair and meek,  
With tender eye, and a blushing cheek,  
Well loved, stern Winter, her step of grace,  
The pensive loveliness of her face;  
Gliding along in her golden veil,  
Lovingly beautiful: fair, but frail:  
Fading away, with the crimson fall  
Of the forest leaves—her mourning pall;  
Gently she died on his rugged breast,  
Softly, and sweetly was laid to rest.

Yet there is one, who loveth him still;  
Who humors the old man's captious will—  
Mirth-loving Spring! with her joyous tread,  
Who garlands her father's frosty head,  
She spreadeth her dew-pearled vestments wide  
His woe-stricken visage fain to hide;  
Springing away from his fond embrace  
With laughing glee in her merry face;  
Tossing the May-bloom in childish sport,  
Speeding away to her fairy court.  
Flinging back beams of violet-dew,  
Shining memories, silverly blue.  
The old man heareth the song afar,  
As he stands without the crystal bar  
Of youth's elysium realms of bliss,  
Which never—oh! never can be his.  
Poor, foolish King! in his fruitless race  
Round old eternity's rugged base;  
Doomed, like Salathiel's ghost, to hear  
That ceaseless prophecy: "Tarry here!"

MEETA.

NORFOLK, Oct. 1853.

## THE RICH MAN AND THE BEGGAR.

A beggar boy stood at a rich man's door—  
"I am houseless and friendless, and faint and poor,"  
Said the beggar boy, as the tear-drop rolled  
Down his thin cheek, blanched with want and cold.  
"O! give me a crust from your board to-day,  
To help the beggar boy on his way!"  
"Not a crust nor a crumb," the rich man said,  
"Be off, and work for your daily bread!"

The rich man went to the parish church—  
His face grew grave as he trod the porch—  
And the thronging poor, the untaught mass,  
Drew back to let the rich man pass.  
The service began—the choral hymn  
Arose and swelled through the long aisles dim;  
Then the rich man knelt, and the words he said  
Were—"Give us this day our daily bread!"

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY JEANNIE DEANS.

[Concluded from page 386.]

APRIL 10th.

I have been ill, very ill, they tell me. In my fever, what may I not have said? Let me recall the past. Regina returned from her ride, spiritless and gloomy. My head has been aching all day. I felt wearied and lonely. In the twilight, by the window, I sat weeping and complaining in my heart of my sad fate—an orphan unloved and alone.

When Hetty summoned me to the tea-table, I sent an excuse. She returned with a cup of tea, which Katrine in the goodness of her heart wished me to drink. Into the hours of midnight I wept, and when morning shadows came creeping to light, fell asleep; but day summoned me to labor. I rose with a dizzy, bewildered feeling, and descended to the breakfast-room, with my head throbbing and burning painfully. I was late; the family had already finished their meal. No one spoke as I entered—Carroll balanced a spoon on the edge of her cup; Ruth traced the imagery on her plate with a fork, following every little vine tendril faithfully. How plainly I remember it all. Katrine handing me a cup of tea with her pretty white hands, made some inquiry as to my health. As I raised my cup to my lips, my eyes encountered those of Regina flashing and menacing. Soon they rose one by one, left the table, Regina and I were alone.

"So," she cried in a voice choked with passion, "Mr. Evelyn called here yesterday, and you suppressed his visit. Perhaps, amid our many kindnesses, you have forgotten that you are a governess, earning your daily bread. Forgetful of past favors, in your ambition you would soar higher in the worldly scale, you could not inform me that Ellwood was here—that he pressed your hand at parting, and whispered in your ear. Girl! girl! have I confided in you that you should play me false and deceive me. But believe me, Ellwood will never be yours, much as you love him, and you cannot deny it. To your shame be it spoken, you love Ellwood Evelyn."

In my astonishment I had risen to my feet. The cruel words burned in fiery characters on my brain. A suffocating feeling encompassed my throat. I had but one thought, one wish, to leave the room. I staggered to the door. Ellwood stood in the entrance; his clear eye fixed upon me. He had heard *all*! I gave one glance and remember no more.

Occasionally, Katrine's angel-face floated in a dream around me; her soft, cool hands resting on my brow chased away the fever flame; but it soon vanished, giving place to fiery images. I learn from Ruth that Katrine has watched me, unwearily, night and day; that, in the delirium of fever, she alone was with me. *Dear Katrine!* so like her own, considerate self.

Ruth also tells me that, as I was fainting, Ellwood caught me in his arms. After summoning Katrine, and placing me in her charge, he requested an interview with Regina. She had fled to her room, and at first was disposed to refuse

it; but, on his sending her an enamelled ring, she went hastily into the parlor. Their conference lasted for more than an hour, and when Regina came from thence, she was weeping violently, and kept her chamber during two entire days.

Ellwood was pale, but calm. He inquired if I had recovered, and on learning that I was very ill, appeared quite agitated. He has frequently sent his servant to know if I were not yet convalescent; but he has not himself called again.

After Ruth left me, Katrine came in and forbade my talking more. As she moved quietly around the room, I noticed that she looked paler and more sadder than was her wont. An *old* look dwelt upon her face, as if some fleeting sorrow had at last lighted there, and left a shadowy seal impressed thereon for ever.

While pondering thus, Carroll came, even more smiling and joyous than usual.

"I have only stolen in to kiss you, Jessie," she said, "for Mr. Clermont is waiting to take me to the concert, at Rosedale. I am so very sorry, Jessie, that you cannot come also."

"Who is Mr. Clermont?" I enquired.

Carroll blushed and replied, in a careless tone: "He is an old friend of Katrine's, who has been here frequently since your illness. But I do hope you will be sufficiently recovered to go to the 'owl's' fete. Jessie, do hurry, and get well, there's a darling. But, good bye," and away she ran, singing clear and musically, even to the parlor door.

"Miss Netta has not been here frequently of late," said Katrine. "The little 'owlets' have had the measles, and although they have now entirely recovered, she is still devoted to them."

"Is Miss Netta happy?" I asked, after a long pause.

"I think so," replied Katrine, softly; "she has ceased to live for *self*, and is only happy in the enjoyment of others. Young girls, such as you, Jessie, are, too often fancy that a woman cannot be happy unless she is married. To be sure, they fulfil a higher destiny, if they meet with a congenial heart, in smoothing his pathway through life's pilgrimage, and losing her own identity in his thoughts, hopes and being. This is the *higher* destiny, truly. But cannot a single woman be happy and independent? a benefactor to mankind, the angel of *many* homes, diffusing that light abroad which, in the home of the wife, is 'hidden under a bushel.' Is not Miss Netta a useful and, therefore, a happy woman? Does not her brother and his lovely children look to her for all their comforts and enjoyments in life? If Miss Netta had married her early love, she *might* have been a *happier* woman, but he died a short time before her intended marriage, and Miss Netta still looks forward to their union in a better, brighter world."

This was a long speech for Katrine. She kissed me gently, and left the room. While pondering on what she had said, I fell asleep.

## THE UNDER CURRENT.

Beryl had returned; had sought Katrine. He was handsomer than she had dared to hope. He took her hand with kindly greeting, said that she



had changed, spoke of their childish love, asked her if she remembered the old bridge, where, in the pale moonlight, they had broken the plain gold ring, in their youthful romance? He spoke lightly, even jestingly, of those by-gone days, and all so calmly, naturally, that Katrine could have gone mad at that very calmness.

Was this the return she had so longed and looked for? Yes, he had forgotten the love story in memory's book; the clasps had remained unopened for long, long years. If he should ever remember to read its pages, it would be with a half smile at his "boyish folly," while she, in her heart of hearts, would cherish it as a beautiful reality.

This was the first meeting between those who, ten years before, parted as lovers. Oh! life, varied and sad are thy lessons! How eagerly we read the pages of thy experience, and what does it teach us? Our own mutability, our utter insignificance.

Again and again did Beryl call, but no longer did he ask for Katrine. The witching Carroll had won his heart by her winning ways and sunny smiles. And as Katrine watched the unfolding of his character, beneath the genial warmth of the social circle, that character she had so worshipped in its young beauty, she detected many little blemishes, weaknesses in the man, she had not dreamed of in the youth. Carroll confided to her elder sister all the childish treasures of her heart. She and Beryl were already lovers.

Was there no little mischief-thought to whisper in Katrine's ear, to speak to Carroll of the past, and make the recreant suffer in his turn? No, Katrine looked upon him no longer as a loved one.

A maiden of seventeen will love a character that at twenty-five she will blush to own she felt a friendly interest in. Thus it is in very early marriages—the girl's mind is only a shadow of what it will become. It expands, blossoms in beauty, beneath the sun of years and experience. And in the light of wisdom finds itself mated to an uncongenial soul—her own being vastly superior. In the natural course of events, she is discontented, and her star of domestic happiness is hidden under a cloud.

Katrine, with her clear perceptions, saw all this. She could no longer lean upon his heart with trusting faith; she felt herself the firmer, the better of the two; that as his wife, hers must have been the strong arm to battle with life's foes.

With this knowledge vanished all love for Beryl Clermont from her heart. Life had no more dreams for her; it was a reality. Why should it be the less happy, that the shadows had fled and left the sunlight clear?

MAY 1st.

Spring is with us. How earnestly we long for her coming, through the weary Winter months, and sigh for a glimpse of her cheerful face. We hope for all that is beautiful and good in her presence.

Ralph has come with the flowers, and smiles brighten "the mother's" face. Carroll brought me a bunch of early violets. They recalled old

childish days. Their leaves were wet with shining drops. Was it dew or tears? I brushed them away, called myself a foolish child, and hummed a gay song as I sewed.

Ralph is quiet and dreamy. Sometimes he is forgetful, even of the presence of his betrothed.

Ruth, with a woman's keen instinct, knows that all is not right, and redoubles her efforts to amuse and cheer him. They wander hand in hand through the forest, climb the hill-side, and, resting on its summit, gaze at the lovely scenery below. Sometimes they row in a little boat down the majestic river to some fairy green isle, and come back laden with crimson blooms and golden rods. Ruth, at "the mother's" earnest request, abides with us as one of the daughters.

Regina, cloudy and stormy, refuses to receive comfort or become amiable. Judge B. has called frequently, but she refuses to see him. He sends, daily, written missives, that are returned unopened. What course of conduct "her majesty" will adopt is unknown, for even to "the mother" is she reserved.

Carroll and Beryl are engaged, and happy as the days are golden. He is a tall, fair man, pleasant in manner, but I fear, in his researches for riches, he has forgotten to look for wisdom. But Carroll is a childish creature. He has mind enough for her.

MAY 14th.

The "owl's" fete was a miracle of splendor. The lamp of heaven hung like a silver bow in the eternal dome, her star-pointed arrows glittering on the blossoms. The earth lamps shone through golden tissue, blazing from every bough upon bright faces and lovely forms. The paths were tortuous and embowered. In a gentle turn you came vis-a-vis to a cooling fountain or miniature waterfall. Now the door of a grotto invited you to enter; or, far from the variegated lamps you lost yourself in shadows, where you encountered a graceful statue gleaming in the faint moonlight. Music, softened by distance, came like the voices of the past, sweet but exquisitely mournful. On the green lawn danced the merry couples.

Regina, queen of the evening, moved graceful and fair amid the laughing throng. Judge B. was also there. His dark eyes sought hers in every turn of the dance, but never met them. In vain did he try to speak with her, to attract her attention. She was profoundly ignorant of his presence: never for a moment was she alone, and did not deign to glance towards him.

As the evening wore away, she, with her usual caprice, declined dancing, and, suddenly turning to me, passed her arm through mine, saying, in a low, despairing tone—

"Jessie, let us leave these lights. My brain is bewildered, my senses are forsaking me."

With hurried steps we passed from the tinted rays, through a labyrinth of lilacs, to the summit of a gentle slope. A statue of Venus, surrounded by Cupids, rose, in the pale heaven-light, beautifully majestic. A jet d'eau threw myriads of pearls into the air, and the flowers caught them in their cups.

Regina folded her hands upon her breast in this profound admiration of nature. The grand sublimity of the immortal hushed the trembling

heart of the mortal to rest. I wished her soul to become softened—to turn from self to adoration of the Divinity.

A grotto was beside me. I entered its inviting shade, and seated myself on the rustic bench. A rustle of the shrubbery attracted my attention. A figure sprang from the darkness to Regina's side. It was Judge B. With a faint cry, she staggered back. He caught her in his arms. She struggled to free herself, and, leaning against the statue of Venus, demanded, in a faltering voice—

"Why haunt you my footsteps?"

"Regina," he replied, (how musical were those tones—never sung syren more enchantingly), "Regina, queen of my soul, why ask not if I love you. Has not my watchful care kept nature quiet while you slept? The grass beneath thy window has been my resting place for many a night. Think you the light of heaven shines on your dear face, and I not see it. Light of life! glorious majesty of my being! never for a moment art thou absent from my thoughts. If I have frailties of the heart and head both; if I am guilty of crimes; if dark clouds encompass me; who can bring me to the light but thou? Regina shall pray for me, and with me, until all guilt is washed away in the music of her voice. Regina, my good angel, wilt thou leave me?"

He kneeled before her, raising both hands in earnest entreaty. She trembled. Her face became pale, shadowless. She clasped both hands upon her brow, crying—

"Florian! Florian! save me from myself! You know not what sacrifices your request involves. Would you wish me to forsake mother, sister, brother, for thee? If it were not for them, think you I should have hesitated so long? If it were only myself," she continued, hurriedly, "if I alone were the sufferer, my choice would soon be made."

Her head sank upon her breast; her hands fell listless by her side.

"Regina," cried the Judge, springing to his feet, "you love me! you love me! Proud girl! our souls are one now and *for ever*. Dear one! I swear to you beneath these smiling heavens, never to give you cause to repent your choice; never to wound your heart, or bring a tear to your cheek. I have the means, and life shall be all golden to you, Regina, dear love;" he whispered in his music-tone. He drew her towards him; her head sank on his shoulder; she wept bitterly.

Like a dreamer had I stood listening; or, like a dull actor, who is gazing on the busy scene, forgets his own part. I stepped from my ambuscade directly in front of the lovers; Judge B. started slightly, but recovering himself immediately, said in bitterly sarcastic tones—

"Is Propriety playing eaves-dropper?"

I made no reply, nor by look or voice did I indicate knowledge of his presence.

"Regina, dear friend!" I cried. "Bethink thee of thy widowed mother. Shall she mourn thee, her best beloved one as dead. Shall Carroll's young joy be clouded, and Ralph's glory be darkened by thee? Think you, Heaven will smile upon a union that has no mother's blessing? Can

you trust the heart of a man, when the first lesson he teaches you is deceit; can you place implicit confidence in his word, when he implores you to forsake all holy ties, forget the duties of a child, and tread the wrong path in life? Shall I tell you what will be the end of your romantic union with this man?"

Here our eyes met for the first time, and his glance fell before my steady gaze; but Regina with her proud dignity stepped between us, saying in a calm, clear voice, as she placed her hand in his—

"Jessie, this is my choice, and despite all the world will I keep my troth with him."

They turned away, and were lost in the dark windings of the path. I was alone; my mind was in a chaos; I could not determine on my duty; and when Miss Netta came searching for me, I sat weeping in the moonlight.

"You foolish child," scolded Miss Netta, "what cause have you for tears? Only the old and world-weary should weep for another home. Who shall tell what is in the future for you? Yes—who shall tell?" and sighing, Miss Netta placed her arm in mine, and led me to the house, when, in listening to her merry voice, and varied charms of conversation, I was comforted.

MAY 20th.

There came a proposal for Regina, this morning, from Judge B. Courteously but firmly "the mother," denied his suit. He then requested an interview with Regina, but this was also refused him. He reproached "the mother," but gently she replied—

"Judge B., my daughter's happiness is dearer to me than life. I have no faith in you, and still less in your promises. I have watched you narrowly. My judgment seldom errs where my heart is interested. Regina cannot be happy as your wife, and I decline decidedly the honor of your hand for my daughter."

With a smothered exclamation, he passed hastily from the house, and in the hall Regina met "the mother" face to face. What was said, no one can tell; but bitter, defiant words passed Regina's lips, and "the mother" was pale and thoughtful all day. "Her majesty's" flushed cheek and glowing eye portended a furious storm.

JUNE 8th

*Twilight.*—Ellwood is going far away. This little note, and a bunch of forget-me-nots, are all that is left me in my loneliness. How my heart cries through the starless light unto the heavens for hope and faith; yes, it ascends through the stillness profound, far beyond the clouds unto the eternal throne—

"Father, Father, give me strength to bear this trial"

*Midnight.*—I sat beside my window. I could not rest; sleep visited me not, and dreams fled away; my heart was throbbing wildly; I longed for a mother's sympathy; her loving confidence and holy kiss. A light shone from Regina's window at this late hour; its rays fell in fiery streams on the liquid grass. The branches of the sweet-scented shrub parted; a form stood in the reflected light; it was Ellwood Evelyn. With folded arms he stood, erect and stately; his finely cut features were distinctly visible; his face was

pale; was it the light, or my imagination? Thus he stood statue-like for a moment; then sighing deeply, he turned away.

Was this sigh the last regret for an unworthy love? I believed so; and closing my window, sought my couch, where from very weariness I fell asleep. How long I had slumbered I know not, but I dreamed that Regina came in, attired in her dark travelling dress and bonnet, with a lamp in her hand. Placing it on the table, she approached my bed, and kneeled beside me; softly kissing my brow, she murmured, "Jessie, dear, gentle child, forgive me!"

I felt her tears on my cheek as plainly as if waking; repeating her caresses, she took the lamp, and silently departed. I awakened with a start; had I been dreaming? It was too real to be doubted; and these tears? ah; they might have been my own. I fancied I heard carriage wheels in the distance, and listened painfully. "It must have been the wind," I thought. At last I slept; and when I again opened my eyes it was a sunny morning.

Who has not, after a night of sorrow, risen with a questioning mind, as to what do we live for? What mourner has not seen the world a blank day, without events; years, time only to be endured; life, aimless, hopeless; nothing but a space or void? Thus felt I on this ever-to-be remembered day.

The morning meal was late. "The mother" appeared pale and anxious; twice had the bell summoned Regina, but she had not answered the call.

"Her majesty" is pouting," said Ralph, with a peculiar smile. Carroll telegraphed on her fingers. "That he should keep silent, for Regina needed sympathy;" he replied in the same talismanic language, "That one young lady, who was in love, readily sympathized with another in the same state of feeling." Carroll laughed, Katrine turned an anxious eye upon "the mother," who vainly strove to appear cheerful and calm.

"Go, Hetty," at length she said, "and request Miss Regina to breakfast with us."

Hetty returned instantly, saying, in a surprised voice—

"She is not there."

"Not gone? no, no!" cried "the mother;" "she would not leave me thus!" and springing from her chair she rushed with incredible swiftness up the stairs to Regina's chamber, whither we all followed in great perturbation.

All in Regina's room was disorder and confusion. Her best wearing apparel had been chosen to bear her company in her flight; here hung a robe, from which the lace had been torn by an unsteady hand—a sister's fingers had placed it there when last worn; a wreath of white roses was flung on the lounge; in the cup of one sparkled a tear in the sunlight. A mother had twined it into her silken ringlets, (Think you she did not remember all this in after years and weep tears of blood?)

"The mother," with faltering steps, reached the little writing-desk; it was open, a sheet of writing paper lay unfolded there. "The mother" read aloud, as if dreaming—"I go hence to make or mar my hopes in life. A girl of my age

should be mistress of her heart, at least. I am mistress of my actions. The strength of a god dwells within me. I will be no longer a child. Mother, mother, pray for me."

"The mother" placed her hand upon her heart, as if repressing there an agony of pain.

"Ralph, Ralph," she cried, wildly, "follow them—See that all is well—"

Ralph, with clenched hands and set teeth, stood immovable. His face was fearful in its pallid anger. The large blue veins were swollen in his forehead; his eyes were flashing with a desire for revenge.

"I will go, mother," he cried in a hoarse voice, "but woe unto him, if I overtake them."

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," whispered Katrine in his ear; but he rushed from the room, and in a few moments we heard his horse's feet as they dashed through the gateway.

But we heeded it not, for the mother needed all our attention. She had been in quite delicate health during the winter, and this excitement hastened a hæmorrhage of the lungs, which we had so frequently dreaded. After placing her in bed, Katrine despatched Hetty for "the owl," who is the physician of Rosedale, and for Miss Netta.

They came immediately. "The owl" asked no questions, but was graver than usual, giving orders to Katrine, in a low voice, while she, poor girl, looked continually from her mother to himself. Miss Netta, on the contrary, drew from me all I knew of the matter; and I even related to her my strangely true dream.

"It was no dream, child, no dream," said Miss Netta: "the mental powers were more active than the physical, and you really saw all this without being able to move. But this is a sad lesson to 'the mother,' poor thing! Regina was to her more precious than a 'gain of fine gold;' but sand is often mistaken for gold, and it is only beautiful while the sun shines. As she sows must she reap."

And having uttered this moral proverb, with her head on one side, complacently stroking her black silk bag, and gratified her natural curiosity, Miss Netta went energetically to work, and with delicate attentions and encouraging words made "the mother" feel more comfortable and less alone. Soon she fell into a tranquil slumber, the effect of a quieting powder administered by "the owl."

Katrine and "the owl" had a long and earnest conversation on the porch. Ruth and I, arm in arm, walked up and down the gravelled walk. I remarked that "the owl's" glance followed us wheresoever we turned. I did not notice it particularly then, but long afterwards it recurred to me. As evening came, Miss Netta and "the owl" returned home.

We stood on the steps anxiously awaiting Ralph's return. How long those hours appeared! We would count the strokes of the clock, and then feel assured that it was wrong; that it was certainly two hours since it last chimed. Twilight deepened into evening, and evening into midnight, and still we stood there, scarcely daring to breathe, in our great anxiety. If a leaf stirred, or a stem fell from a tree, we gently

pressed each other's hands, dreading to give voice to our expectations.

At length Ralph came slowly riding down the walk. He was alone. Our hearts stood still, the blood curdled in our veins; we no longer breathed, for pale as a spirit "the mother" stood in our midst. Ralph sprang from his saddle and folded her in his arms; our hearts beat to a waltz; the blood danced in tumultuous hope.

"Mother, dear mother," he whispered. "I was too late; they were married at Glendon, and sailed immediately."

The mother sank on her knees in prayer. When she arose she was calm; leaning on Ralph and Katrine, she thus addressed us:

"My children, do not allow this unfortunate event to cloud your young hearts. I would see you all smiling, that my own cheerfulness may be sustained. Good night, beloved ones." And waving her hand to us, she was borne cheerful and smiling to her own apartment.

Was it strange that my thoughts should turn to Ellwood that night? that I should wonder how he would bear the tidings of Regina's wilfulness, and his loss of her for ever? that I should wish to be a hidden spectator when he received the news, that I might judge how very dearly he loved her?

AUGUST 1st.

It is now nearly two months since Regina's elopement, and not one line has been received from her as to her happiness or whereabouts. "The mother" is slowly declining. Ralph has been in the city for the past two months. His letters speak in rapturous terms of his projected voyage to Italy. Ruth will accompany him, as his wife, and as the sweet girl reads his glowing accounts of their pictured future, her eyes sparkle with enthusiasm, her cheeks glow with the reflection of his glory. Already has she waited four long years, with never-dying patience or hope, until they should be able to marry, and I rejoice with her that a home-light is brightening the future.

"He is poor," whispers worldly wisdom. But energy, prudence, industry, with true heart-love, "is more precious than rubies." This should be the true stamp of American coin, the only passport to the best society; it should be the watchword of mothers and a sentiment recorded on the heart by daughters. It speaks in the Declaration of Independence; it shines amid the stars of our national banner; it sings in our majestic rivers; echoes from mountain-top to valley; it is greater than "fine gold refined."

Carroll, "our singing-bird," the dancing flame on our household hearth, will soon be united to Beryl Clermont. They are only awaiting Ralph's return. My engagement will cease with my pupil's marriage; but Katrine would have me remain as "family friend," and besought me, in such moving appeals, to stay and comfort the mother, and assist her in her house duties, that I have consented to take Regina's place. And wherefore should I leave these beloved ones? Whither should I fly? Like the weary dove, I find no home ground on which to rest my weary heart.

Evening.—As I wrote in the library, a shadow

moved across the papers, and a lovely bouquet fell at my feet. In astonishment, I picked it up and discovered my name on a card attached to them. Rising hastily, I ran into the hall, and brushed quite unceremoniously against "the owl." He was very red, and graver even than usual.

"See," I cried, holding my trophy above my head, "some fairy has smiled upon me. Have you seen any one pass?" I added, in the same breath.

"I do not remember," he very oddly replied.

I walked toward the door, when he called to me—

"Stay! You know the meaning of flowers. Read, then, this bouquet to me."

Myself (with a little vanity of knowledge): "This damask rose is bashful love."

Owl (with a sigh): "Very true."

Myself (somewhat surprised): "The primrose means—"

Owl: "Have confidence in me."

Myself (tremblingly): "Hawthorn says—"

Owl: "Bid me hope."

I raised my eyes to his. I could not meet that tender look.

"Jessie," he cried, taking my hand, "give me hope to one day call you my little wife. If you could only dream how I have loved you, dear one! How I have pictured your loving heart as having found a home in my affection. How I have pictured your sad face radiant with happiness, and you moving, a ray of light and joy, around my home, crowning my declining days with words of peace and love. Speak! may I hope? Speak to me, sweet child."

I withdrew from his grasp, and hid my face in my hands, weeping bitterly. How could I speak to him? How tell him, so good and kind, that there was no hope for him? That I could not love him? No, no, as these thoughts flew through my mind, I only sobbed the more.

"Jessie," said he, gravely, "do not weep longer. I will not ask you to decide now. I was too abrupt—too sudden in my offer of a hand. I will wait longer. Let us deem this as having never taken place. Have confidence in me as a true friend. I will ask no more."

I raised my head to tell him how highly I was honored; how grateful I felt for his kindness; how thankful I was—but my voice was choked, and I foolishly cried the more. He took my hand and led me into the library, placed me on the sofa, and took a seat beside me.

"Jessie," he tenderly said, "I am an old man. I am richly endowed with worldly goods. I am grave and homely; possess none of the graces with which to win a young heart; but the love of the beautiful, the holiness of truth, the purity of principle, the golden memories of youth, still dwell in my heart as freshly as ever. You are young and pretty; a thousand graces charm the beholder; you are truthful and candid; loving and unselfish; but you are an orphan, friendless, homeless, entirely alone in the world—we are, therefore, equals."

I rose and stood before him. I spoke from the depth of my soul.

"You have not reasoned with your usual solid,

good sense, dear friend! Love has blinded you. No, no, we are not equals. Your judgment, discretion and experience are vastly superior to mine. Your goodness and many virtues of heart I cannot hope to attain. Yes, in every way are you the superior; but, should I marry you without love, believe me, we should never be happy. It would be a marriage of convenience on my part. I would not wear on my heart that charm that enables a wife to overlook hasty words, forgive momentary unkindnesses, endure the trials and annoyances of life with smiling fortitude. Oh! believe me, a union built on any other foundation than the rock of love, will too soon, either from the war of elements or ice of seasons, slide from its sandy precipice into the abyss of ruin."

"Thou, good child! Thou art right," replied the "owl," rising. "A true woman, with a true woman's soul! Henceforth, we are friends; and this day will be buried in the past." And sighing, he departed.

I leaned my head on the desk. An old dream, long sleeping, had been rudely disturbed.

OCTOBER 2d.

This morning, Ruth received a letter from Ralph, saying that he would take tea with us the next evening. Ruth prepared his room with her own hands, gave orders for his favorite dishes, and was very busy with a white muslin dress and blue ribbons. But at noon came another epistle. He must delay his visit: urgent business demanded his immediate attention. Ruth appeared much less disappointed than "the mother" and Katrine. She wrote a response immediately. I saw in her dreamy face a knowledge that he would come when he received this, and, as she folded it, she whispered to me—

"I have written just as bewitchingly as I can."

None of the family expected him but Ruth, and she was silent. The evening arrived, and Ruth, in the pure muslin dress, was lovely. A blue ribbon encircled her graceful neck, and a white rose nestled in her glossy braids. She stood near the window, watching, but darkness brought him not. She longed to ask if the stage had arrived, but a bashful shame prevented her. At last, Carroll, the mischievous, suspected the watcher, and laughingly calling her a Penelope watching for Ulysses—an Ariadne mourning a Theseus.

The mother lay upon her couch, smiling, as Ruth nervously paced the room, occasionally looking from the window as if her bright eyes could penetrate the condensed darkness.

"Do not hope longer, dear Ruth," whispered "the mother," as the clock struck nine. "Go to sleep, and perhaps the morning may bring him."

Very loth was she to relinquish this cherished idea; but badinage finally prevailed, and we went to our room. Reluctantly was the pretty dress laid aside. I imagined that tears were in her eyes. We heard a noise like distant thunder. We listened. It was the stage.

"There, there!" cried Ruth, bursting into tears. "I knew he would come; and, see, I look like a fright."

The ponderous vehicle dashed furiously to the gate. The driver sounded his horn. It passed by, the echo rumbling on our ears. Ruth stood

astounded, gazing from the window in speechless surprise. But now the coach rattled through the lane, and stopped at our very door! Ralph sprang from the steps and rang the bell hastily.

It was but the work of a moment for the delighted Ruth to gather her braids under a becoming, little morning-cap, slip on a delicate blue wrapper, run down stairs, and let him in. He caught her in his arms and kissed her repeatedly, we listening at the head of the stairs.

"Jessie and the sisters are watching thee, Ralph," said Ruth; "go and speak to them."

We sprang up the staircase, but we beat a hasty retreat into our room, locking the door, at which Ruth soon knocked.

"Now," said she, blushing, "I have left Ralph to eat his supper, and I am determined not to lose the effect of my white dress."

The braids were duly arranged, the blue ribbon and white rose adjusted, and looking prettier than I had ever seen her, she went away.

OCTOBER 31.

This is one of those hazy, dreamy days, when the sun peeps through cloudy, half-closed lids upon the world, and to the crimson veil of Autumn adds a golden ray. Ruth sat on the old moss-covered trunk of a fallen tree, weaving of the gorgeous leaves, a crown for his brow, who reclined at her feet.

I tried to engage my attention with a book. They did not heed me, but I turned from the page of fiction to the more interesting one of truth. I listened.

Ruth: "This is a beautiful type of the laurel wreath of glory, Ralph, that the future will place upon your brow. See; every shade of the rainbow is in this leafy wreath."

Ralph: "Yes, nature is beautiful, but art is glorious. I would dip my pencil in the heaven-bues, but I would paint the earth. But, Ruth, beloved one, you will not be with me when fame shall write my name in stars upon her loftiest temple—I shall be alone—"

Ruth: "Ralph, Ralph, give word to my fears. Do you no longer love me?"

Ralph: "Yes, a thousand times better than ever. Now that we must part, I must seek a name and fortune in foreign lands. I sail for Europe in two weeks. I go without you; but you will wait for me, Ruth, *only* five years. It will not be long, love. I will write to you often, very often, and think of you always."

Ruth sat pale and speechless. Could I not read the bitter thoughts in that loving heart?

"*Only* five years!" It was a mockery to her hopes. Already had she waited four. Did he not love art better than her? Could he doom her to five years' wretchedness in an unhappy home, poor and tyrannized over, as he knew her to be? Could he leave her? give her true heart, with its wealth of love, pearls of faith, for the fickle, fleeting, future hopes? Was love of self predominant in the one she had so worshipped? Did that black cloud darken the sunlight of his noble virtues?

Yes. As the breeze sighed in the tree-tops, and the gay leaves fell around her—on that day when nature was happy and beautiful—*her* idol fell from its ideal base. She loved him still, but

it was no longer the worship of the trusting, believing girl. It was the sad, trembling love of a woman, loving the virtues—knowing but forgiving the faults. Scarcely to herself did she dare to breathe that he was selfish; and to him she would not have whispered it for the world.

Ralph awaited her reply, picking to pieces the wreath she had woven. She smiled sadly. So had he torn from her heart its most beautiful fancies. The answer came, but the altered tones made him look with sudden surprise into her face.

"Ralph, I give thee to the world—to fame. Great will be their rewards, but not equal to one prayer from my heart for thy happiness. Your name will be spoken by many tongues with praise; bright eyes will smile upon you; glory's crown will rest upon your noble brow; but, alas! heavily. You will listen for one beloved tone; long for a glance of those eyes that have never reproached you; wish for the touch of those well-beloved hands to lighten the glory-weight with words of true affection. Go where you will, my love will haunt you.

"But, Ralph, we must part. I will not bind you with fettering ties. In your letters, words and actions have I read this sad scene. Ralph, you are free, free as air, farewell—for ever."

They rose. She held out both hands. He caught her in a last embrace. She fled to the house. He turned a disquieting glance upon me. I was intently reading. He threw himself on the ground, and covered his face with his hands.

"That is right," whispered I to myself; "you ought to suffer, and thought may bring you to yourself." Therefore, I quietly read on, my heart beating indignantly the while.

As the sun slowly sank behind the trees, he rose, without speaking, and walked to the house, whither I slowly followed.

Tea was on the table. Ruth was absent. No one asked for her, or wondered at her absence. The conversation was forced, languished and ceased by common consent. That evening, "the mother" and son held a long conference in her room. The day after, he bid us farewell and left for the city, to sail in two weeks for France. After his departure, "the mother" seemed entirely prostrated. Her strength had been garnered for this parting, and now she was unable to leave her couch. She sent for Ruth. The poor child came, pale and spiritless. At "the mother's" whispered request that she should remain, she kissed her faded cheek, and promised never to leave her. Beautiful love of a daughter and mother! Ruth and Naomi lived again. One affection bound them together.

In this sad season of family sorrows, was Carroll united to Beryl Clermont. "The mother" would have it so, and they left immediately for a distant home. How quietly, sadly passed the Winter with us! The cold, snow and rain were alike unheeded. All hearts and thoughts were centred in the little room, where dwelt "the mother." She was slowly fading away.

Miss Netta and the "owl" like good Samaritans, poured the oil of comfort on our wounded hearts, and bound them up again in hopes.

Miss Netta brought news and a cheerful face into the sick chamber. Delicacies, well prepared,

such as she alone could make, found their way thither, and blossoms from her green-house rested fragrant on the pillow of "the mother."

Joy-beams came in the shape of letters from Carroll.

She was happy, much beloved, and in gay society. A slight cough had kept her more at home than was pleasant; but Beryl was fearful, and she had no will but his.

A smile flitted over the pale lips of "the mother," and a blessing was breathed for her youngest blossom. Ralph wrote hopefully also, but poverty was a fearful foe, and fame was dearly bought. A prayer from two gentle hearts ascended to the throne of grace for him, the wanderer from the fold.

March has come again; "the mother" draws each day nearer the gates of eternity, and every word she utters is treasured in our hearts as coming from the Heavenly land, toward which she is journeying.

No tidings from Regina. Her name is an unuttered sound in the household.

Is she forgotten? No, no; the mother's cheek flushes with hope when the post-boy comes, and wears a weary look of disappointment when he has departed.

Katrine's tears often fall for the beautiful sister she has seen grow up under her watchful eye. But silent is her pen. Does no spirit whisper to her heart that a dying mother is passing from earth, awaiting her coming; that Death kindly lingers on his way from Heaven, giving her time to remember the tender love that nursed her youth.

When a daughter's love sleeps, terrible will be the awakening.

I sit in my own room, with a letter in my hand; it is open, I dare not read it. It is from Ellwood.

My eyes have devoured the words. What if it is only a friendly letter? Does not my heart rejoice that he has remembered me? Is not this sentence worth its weight in gold to me? "Jessie, sweet girl! the remembrance of your sad, gentle face, is often with me as I sit in my dusky office. From the first night you came among us, I felt a strange interest in your orphaned loneliness, and since then I have found reason to thank you for your kindly sympathy. Ruth often speaks of you in her letters, and from her account one would imagine you perfection. But, gentle friend, I needed none other to tell me that you were as worthy of the love I lavished upon her, as she was unworthy of it."

This day was marked with a pearl in my heart calendar.

With the first breath of Spring flowers passed "the mother's" soul to Heaven. And perchance the same cloud bore also Carroll's young spirit. She died on the same day as "the mother," and Beryl is desolate indeed.

We made a bed for "the mother" near the garden-bower, in the midst of beloved objects, under trees that her own hand had planted, beneath vines whose curling tendrils owed to her their beauty and strength.

The night is dark, the hearth is desolate, the sun has ceased to shine, nature is a mockery, and



life is undurable. When a mother dies we have lost a jewel from life's crown that can never be reset.

OCTOBER 12th.

I sit in the shady porch dreaming. Tray lying at my feet, dreams also, and growls as though some unhappy thoughts mingle with his dreams as well as mine.

Ellwood will soon return, and hope dawns in my heart. Beryl has returned, and even now he and Katrine walk in the garden, speaking of the lost one. Following closely on their footsteps, Ruth and a friend of Beryl, gaily conversing. Now they have passed into the meadow, and I hear their cheerful voices no longer. But I am not alone; happy thoughts are the pleasantest of companions.

*Evening.*—While I still dreamed upon the porch, a carriage rolled to the gate; two persons alighted therefrom; the first was a middle-aged woman, who carried in her arms a young infant. Behind was a tall, willowy figure—I thought I recognized the form, and springing forward caught her in my arms, crying “Regina!” She was pale, but more beautiful than ever, and could more appropriately be called “her majesty.”

“My mother! Jessie!” she cried, “lead me to her. I long to place my babe in her arms and ask her forgiveness.”

I turned away my head.

“Lead me to her,” she resumed impatiently.

I took her hand, led her through the old hall beneath the accacia's bloom to the little bower. Silently I pointed to the grassy mound, covered with fresh wreaths—love-offerings to her memory from the hand of a pious daughter.

She turned upon me a look of shuddering horror.

“No, no!” she shrieked, “tell me not that she is dead! Oh! mother, mother!” she cried, throwing herself upon the grave. “Did I leave you in anger never to meet again? Speak to me! Say that you forgive me—one little word; I ask no more. Never to see you smile again; never to hear your voice; never to say *mother* again through my whole life. Oh, I have hastened her into her grave—I have murdered my own mother! Oh, God! I too have a daughter; may she not cause my death. Why do not the clouds fall and bury me—oblivion, death, I court ye!”

Poor Regina! Life ceases not with our call for that endless sleep; but this, “O death! is thy sting; here O grave, is thy victory.”

“Oh, mother, mother, mother!” and thus moaning and praying in such heart-moving appeals, she continued like one bereft of reason. I tried to raise her from the ground, and told her how “the mother” had prayed for her, when she fancied herself unperceived; and by entreaties and caresses calmed her agitation in some degree.

“I felt a strong impression that something had happened at home, Jessie. I have just landed from England; I had not heard of her death; I left Florian in New York to arrange matters and buy a house. I hastened with my child hither—a weight was upon my heart, an undefined fear disturbed my hopes, but I did not dream of this.”

The party now emerged from the meadow. The

meeting between the sisters was affecting in the extreme.

No reproaches were cast upon Regina, and had they been, she would only have considered them just.

Her little babe was a miracle of beauty—too ethereal for earth. Regina was overwhelmed with remorse; her bursts of grief were terrifying to witness; and no consolation could be bestowed. She had never possessed any religious faith; none even of her own, and now she had no staff to lean upon.

She had remained with us a month; her grief was less violent, but a gloomy remorse had settled in its place. She sat for hours, her eyes fixed on vacancy, heeding no questions, conversation, or the cries of her infant.

But the little angel babe was seized with a violent fever. She mechanically performed the duties of nursing it. Katrine, with watchful care, was ever ready to interest her mind, but all in vain.

“This will never do,” said the “owl,” shaking his grave head, his grey eyes filling with tears; “this will never do, we must try some violent means to draw her from this dreamy state.”

“Send her to that scapegrace husband of hers, who was the originator of all this sorrow,” said Miss Netta. “I think that would be a violent measure; but for my part, I think gentle means much the best.”

And Miss Netta departed in quite a glow of honest indignation.

But on the morrow, God had taken the little sufferer to himself, and Regina awakened from her dream-land to a sad reality. Holding the little lifeless form in her arms, she would not be comforted. To her there was no hope; she believed not that she would meet it after this life.

A week had passed since we had laid the babe to sleep on “the mother's” breast, and Regina was fast relapsing into the same melancholy mood—when to our surprise, one morning she arose calm and cheerful.

She continued thus for several days before Katrine or myself dared to question her as to the cause of her sudden change.

“It is a dream,” she replied, “which I will relate to you. I thought I sat on the porch with my babe in my arms; it was very cold and still: the ‘owl’ passed by, I begged him to feel of its little hands. ‘It is death,’ he replied. At this moment I saw in the heavens a blazing meteor, and stars fell from it to the earth; I reached out my hand, and one of these little rays fell upon my hand and turned to white ashes. Soon it moved and fluttered, and a pure white butterfly arose from the ashes and flew towards the stars. I looked in my lap; the child was gone and I awoke. Yes, my beloved babe, we shall meet again, never more to part.”

Her time of departure drew near—Judge B. would expect her return. She said but little of her married life; still we were led to think her not happy. Katrine begged her to remain with us.

“No,” Regina would reply, “Florian is alone; he has but me in the world. It is my duty to cling to him through life. We are not entirely congenial; but he is kind to me, and I hope these

bitter lessons will make me more yielding and forbearing.

She left us. We have never seen her since, but often hear from her. Strangers speak of her as the queen of the city, living in splendor, admired and sought for. But we know her heart turns from the wealth of the city, its vanities and pomp to a little green spot in our garden bower.

DECEMBER 10th.

By the blazing hearth-fire I sat pondering on the changes, not of life, but of the heart. Ruth will marry. She is lovelier than ever; dimples and grace has Time added to her face, and depth and width to her mind. She is truly a noble woman; one to comfort and bless; one to be loved and cherished. Beryl's friend, Dr. F., is my beau ideal of a congenial spirit for Ruth. She is ideal, he real; she has much sentiment; he has just enough for life purposes and happiness; he lays at her feet a fortune and unspotted name, and offers a heart, true and warm, capable of holding a dozen common place affections. She loves him; loves his highly cultivated mind, his dignified manners, and good common sense. Should she remain true to a youthful dream of romance, the object being unworthy of her love? No, and from the deepest recesses of my heart is breathed a prayer for her happiness.

While thus lost in thought, I watching the ruby and golden flame chase the blue cloud smoke up the huge chimney, a hand was gently laid on mine, a voice breathed my name. I started to my feet in surprise. The intruder caught me in his arms and spoke fast and vehemently, while I could not free myself.

"Jessie! dear girl! think you a pearl of such price can remain hidden longer in this wilderness? Have you not known that I loved you since that day on which you looked on me so kindly? Know you not that I came beneath your window, breathing a last farewell on the evening I left home? Ruth has given you many messages. I have written you frequently. Think you all this was done in friendship? No, it was the truest love man ever felt for woman. I knew that you loved me; yes, ever since that fatal day when Regina so outraged your delicacy of feeling. That love was dearer to me than the wealth of the Indies.

"I felt sure of your love, and convinced of my own constancy. I therefore worked hard to build a cage for my little bird, and thither have I come to take her. It is an humble cottage, Jessie, but it is the heart makes the home. I can promise you comfort and happiness. Jessie, will you go?"

I did not reply: but quiet and happy I rested on that loving heart.

My girlish dreams were at last realized. A happy home and strong arm to lean upon. As Ellwood's wife, the future has no fears for me.

Ralph is still a lonely wanderer. May he, with his golden treasures, gather graces of the heart.

Ah, often amid lonely hours, will Ruth's prophecy be fulfilled. No sweet voice will cheer his pathway. A selfish man will never be beloved.

#### THE UNDER CURRENT.

Katrine stood with her old lover beside the window, where in times long gone by, they had whispered vows and made promises which he had broken.

His thoughts had gone back to their early youth, hers sang ever a dream of memory.

"Trina," he murmured.

Katrine started: it seemed like a note of dimly remembered music.

"Trina, do you remember our days of betrothal? When we stood here in this very spot and wrote our names on this pane of glass with crystal? I promised 'faithful 'till death,' you whispered, 'for ever true.'"

"Can you recall those days with pleasure, Trina? I can say I am unchanged in the knowledge of your worth and goodness, of your self-sacrificing spirit, of your high intellect and loving heart. I seem to have passed through a dream; that I could not have foreseen all this, have known thy superior virtues—oh, fool, fool, that I have been!

"Despise me, Trina, reject me if you will; but the love of youth sleeping for a time has awakened stronger than ever. Noble, generous girl! all your high resolves, truth, constancy of principle, burst upon me in such dazzling succession, that I am bewildered.

"Trina: thou art lovelier to me, than when in your youth I worshipped the lilies and roses of your face. Do not weep—answer me?"

Katrine: "A few tears are given to the dream that has fled for ever. When you returned, my heart was faithful, was entirely yours.

"How I had longed, prayed for that meeting; hoped through years of trial and sorrow. It was my hope, my comforter.

"You came; you had changed. I had grown older; had lost graces of form and face. You returned to Carroll. Then my heart cried bitterly for sympathy. I had duties to perform; I multiplied them. I read, wrote, lost self in my love for others: but lost, also, that love for you.

"No, Beryl, when love loses respect, he loses all. *It is like the arrow to his bow.*

"I have remained faithful to my promises. I am 'true for ever' to that dream—there, you are not as here. I cannot love again. You have doomed me to this isolated life. I do not reproach you. I would be your true friend for her sweet sake that made you my brother.

"I give you my hand in sisterly affection. It is all I can do. My heart died the night you returned."

Beryl left her, a wiser and better man. And through life's pilgrimage he strewed the flowers of charity by the roadside, that the poor and needy might rejoice. And for Katrine's sake he bore the cross meekly, and with content.

#### PICTURES OF LIFE.

In the large, magnificently-furnished parlor of a fashionable mansion, gather the beautiful, accomplished and wealthy. Diamonds vie with blazing lights; cheeks rival the fragrant exotics; feathers, laces, gems and rainbow. Colors mingled in beautiful confusion. Amid this high-born throng, moves the hostess; dignified, stately,

beautiful, attentive; every movement is grace; all gaze upon her admiringly; she is with them, but not of them. Her dress belongs to them, but her soul is far away. The black velvet robe is confined at the neck and waist with diamonds. Dance after dance continues; wine flows, tongues loosen; all is gaiety and life.

The guests have departed; one solitary lamp sheds a sickly light around. The lovely hostess is alone; her husband is still engaged in missions of fashion; no child-like voice disturbs the too profound stillness; no little mouth pouts for a kiss; no graceful white arms are thrown around her neck; no little dove nestles in her bosom, stealing away, by its manifold charms, life-troubles.

No; lonely, sad, uncheered, Regina lives; but no complaint passes her lips. She kneels before a little stand, where rests a large, open book, with clasps. She reads—no comfort hath she received from the light of the world.

Her lips move in prayer—"Mother, mother, thou hast forgiven me."

Weep, stricken one, tears of repentance wash away thy sin. She sees not the splendor surrounding her. A green mound, covered with fresh wreaths, in a sunny garden, dwells in her memory. A little pale form is visible to her spiritual eyes. It wears a white robe, and holds in its hand a golden harp. The mother has laid her treasure in Heaven.

#### THE WEST.

The prairies are nodding with silver grass, and bright countless hues. The Indian pink and lady slipper—the wild rose and geranium cluster in natural wreaths around a simple cottage. In the white-leaved poplar, the wild thrush mimics his woodland brothers.

The yellow willows dance on the dark, green waters of the Mississippi. In the distance the blue steeps rise precipitously to the clouds; frail pines and cedars hang thereon, and thus have clung for centuries—Indian mounds, and strange freaks of nature diversify the otherwise plain table-land beyond.

Foaming cataracts leap joyously down the hills, dancing in the valleys below. Timid deer peep with large wild eyes from the hazel thickets, and gentle prairie fowls rise from your very feet. The pheasants drum on the old moss-covered trees. The wild bee hides in the wild woods his luscious, golden store.

The West! the beautiful West! the cradle of the strong and brave, but yesterday a silent wilderness—to-day, a human forest—combining in nature all climates and resources.

Rich in forests, streams, and Indian lore; wealth lies under the green prairie sod; glittering ore and sparkling mines. Overhead stretches the huge branched trees; even they are converted into gold, by the sturdy Westerner.

It possesses the noblest of rivers, the most indomitable of men, "nature's noblemen," hospitable, brave and true. Women intelligent and fair, to industry born; devoted to their duty, and the right.

The beautiful, the grand, the graceful and sublime dwell side by side in her varied scenery.

Oh; who shall sing thy praises aright, thou land of promise?

Thy daughter's voice is all too feeble; her words too few.

In this fairy-land dwelt Jessie and Ellwood, happy and beloved. Jessie's heart expanded beneath the sunlight of happiness, beneath the smiles of nature. Her face wore no longer the sad, subdued expression of olden times; but smiles dwelt on her lips and nestled in the dimples of her cheeks.

In the cottage door she stood, shading her eyes from the sunshine, watching the road from the nearest town, to catch a glimpse of the truant husband, a few moments later than usual. In the room behind her, one can perceive a table covered with a snowy cloth, shining dishes, honey, wild fruit, white bread and golden butter. Who does not envy Jessie's pride of this simple meal? Ah; comfort and content, with a loving heart, is the paradise on earth.

#### RUTH.

In a spacious parlor, where the light falls in softened rays, where statues adorn the niches, pictures the wall, and little bijoux of art dwell in unison with home comforts;—here, where exquisite taste prevails, is a fine-looking gentleman in an easy chair; a dressing-gown of rich material is wrapped around him; slippers, embroidered in gold and silver, encase his feet.

His face wears an expression of true goodness; it is a countenance of truth and intelligence; one that verifies the old adage forgotten in our modern days—"A well-spent morn and noontide maketh a glorious even."

He is reading aloud, and as some chord in his bosom answers responsive to the book, he raises his eyes to meet the sympathetic look from the fair being opposite, without which life is a desert and sentiment flimsy and unprofitable. This is Dr. F. And Ruth, dressed with neatness and elegance, sits opposite to him, in her little sewing-chair, with a piece of light work in her hands, in which she makes but little progress; one stitch is taken, and now it falls from her grasp. Her eye is fixed on the changing face of the speaker; her ear heeds but the music of loved tones; a half smile of happiness plays on her dreamy face.

When he raises his head, and glances for a mute reply, she nods approvingly, and seems deeply interested; and so she would if it were a law-book, a ledger, or disquisitions on metaphysics, instead of an interesting fiction or history.

Oh, woman, woman! When you love you have no identity; you are more benighted than the heathen; you make to yourself graven images and worship them. But who would convert this sweet fanatic to another belief, when she is so perfectly happy in her self-immolation?

Ruth has no memory of the past. The present is sufficiently beautiful.

Hope has folded its wings contented. Life is numbered by to-days.

#### GERMANY.

In this land of Schiller and Goethe, of Melancthon and Martin Luther, where light first dawn-

ed upon the world, and monarchs now tremble; in this country of strange anomaly, of ideality and phlegm, of the spiritual and real, dwells Ralph.

In the dusk of the evening, he sits in his lonely studio, beside an open window.

A scene of exquisite beauty is before him; dark ruins, Gothic chapels and mouldering battlements, scarcely illumined by the silver-threaded moon. Purple vineyards, golden grain, graceful trees, and below a rippling stream.

What view could give greater delight to an artist? Who would not be enchanted by this ravishing picture of nature?

But Ralph has no delight in these harmonies of light and shade. A portrait of memory dwells in his heart; a sweet voice is sounding in his ear. The past is singing to him; what does it murmur?

Of broken faith, tears, and a pale, dreamy face. Of golden dreams never realized; of happiness slighted for an illusive ray.

Ralph turned sick at heart from the past.

What does the future present to his view? A lonely man, toiling up the steep ascent of fame, without gathering a flower on the way. A heart dead to sweet impulses, turned to gold, shedding no light abroad, and leaving all darkness and gloom within.

Now was the veil of self torn aside, and as he gazed upon the faults of his early life, he turned shuddering away, and breathed vows of repentance and reform, which an angel-mother bore to the throne of grace with joy and thanksgiving.

#### "THE OWL."

In the old-fashioned family room, Miss Netta is knitting energetically, pausing now and then to wipe away a tear.

"The owl," in the large arm-chair, wears a subdued look on his grave old face, and the hooked nose is slightly red; it may be the fire-warmth, or perhaps "the owl," like Miss Netta, "is very apt to become foolish, when anything touches his heart.

Two little chubby faces rest on his breast; two pairs of large eyes gaze with wonderment into his; and four miniature boots scuffled on his knee: the same number of dimpled hands twist the brass buttons on his coat, and delight in the very broad-faced boys they see therein.

"The owl" presses the little rosy cheeks closer to him, and gazes with pride on the little white curly heads.

"Yes, Netta," he at length says, "I have confided to you my love and disappointment. Jessie was a bright ray in our life, and we can never forget her.

"I do not complain; I have these dear charges and you, sister, to cheer my pathway. I will henceforth dedicate my life to them and to you. Your happiness shall be my first thought.

"And as time glides by, we will embrace it gently, laying up good deeds on earth, and treasures in Heaven.

"Let the world laugh as it will, and call us old supernumeraries; we will live for each other, and in the face of nature, I say, Happy is the man who possesses that greatest of treasures an

old maiden sister; and happy is the world that such self-sacrificing spirits dwell therein."

Miss Netta's ball of yarn rolled into the ashes; she lost a dozen stitches; dropped her needle and held out her arms; her brother and his children rushed to embrace her.

Miss Netta was a proud and happy woman. A dear, good, cheerful, patient old maid.

#### KATRINE.

"Trina remains in her early home, alone, but not lonely. Nature is beautiful; chosen friends gather around her; birds, books and blossoms are at her command; and thoughts, beautiful and varied, are her companions.

The lofty and intellectual seek her; her name is an amaranth in the wreath of fame.

Her solitude is peopled with the long lost and loved; with beautiful images, glowing pictures of fancy; music of words, and imaginative musings. Nature and art vie with each other in the old well-remembered garden; flowers blossomed on the green mound near the bower, and birds sing above it, through the long summer days.

In the evening little lamp rays steal trembling from the window, and rest thereon, smiling.

During all seasons, rich buds rest there, perfuming the frosty air of winter.

Katrine felt not alone; this sacred spot was a friend to her. Here she held communion with the past.

Here the house was filled with young, joyous faces, and the pale mother moved like a dream-spirit amid them.

Here she heard angel voices, tones of spiritual music, always singing to her of that beautiful heaven-land where Ariadne's starry crown is awaiting her.

NORFOLK, July 1st, 1863.

## THE ENGLISH WOOD THRUSH.

BY C. W. WEBBER.

A short time after the loss of our charming pet Brownie,\* a dear friend presented my wife with an English wood thrush. It was a remarkable fine specimen—a male in the first year. We called him "Brownie the Second," and I have some curious things to relate to you of him too.

I had a theory which I often broached to my wife concerning this branch of the family Zurdinæ. It was that the wood thrush constituted the feathered incarnation of the Affectional Sentiment in Mankind—that in its mellow, clear and wonderfully liquid notes, we heard the natural language of tenderness, pity, charity and hope—and that therefore the fact of Brownie's feeding the poor Kelpie was no accident, but that the same sympathetic benevolence would be found to characterise the specimens quite generally and without regard to sex. Now this bird (*Zurdus Musicus*) the song thrush of Europe, is so nearly allied to (*Zurdus Melodus*) the American variety, that the two were for a long time confounded among the Old World naturalists, and indeed, Wilson was the first who drew the clear line of

\*The writer refers to a pet American Thrush, mentioned in an article published in the Home Gazette a year ago.

distinction between the two, and established ours as a distinct species.

This bird was presented to us in the Fall of the year, and as I had ventured to predict that with the return of Spring our new English friend would exhibit the same traits as his late American kinsman—poor Brownie—in feeding the first young birds of the family Zurdine presented to it. I was all eagerness to have the Spring come, that we might test the question fully.

It happened that a nearly fatal illness overtook me this Winter, and I was compelled to seek for restoration in the South.

We arrived at Charleston very early in the Spring, and by the time the mocking-birds began to breed, I was able to travel far enough by railroad to reach Columbia, the lovely capital of the State, where, under the care of that distinguished naturalist, physician and gentleman, Professor Robert W. Gibbes, I was soon so far relieved as to be strong enough to get out on short excursions occasionally. My wife was engaged in making drawings of birds for a volume now in press.

We had in addition to our pet Englishman alluded to, a fine male Southern mocking-bird, which was not quite old enough—though it sang very well—to furnish her the necessary definition of plumage for a correct drawing.

Her ambition was to achieve as nearly as possible the butterfly airiness with which this marvellous bird floats upward and around upon the eddying extacies of its mighty song.

It was perhaps a presumptuous attempt—but presumption has ever been the synonym of daring. She made an hundred studies from the action of the caged bird all to the same end—but none of them were entirely satisfactory. At last the conviction came that we *must* have a specimen-bird—not a “stuffed specimen,” but one warm and yet throbbing with the last pulses of life—that could be placed naturally in the position studied from the living bird, and sketched rapidly before it grew cold in the rigidity of absolute death.

When my wife announced to me that she *must* have such a specimen—that although she had studied the wild bird on the wing at a distance, and the tame bird near at hand, and had many good ideas of this movement in her sketches—yet there were numerous details of outline and finish which it was impossible to achieve without the warm specimen. I well recollect my despairing answer.

“The fact is, I would rather face a panther on the bound than shoot a mocking-bird—I hope God will forgive me—but as I see clearly it must be done, it *shall* be done!”

This was said with a tragic earnest, that must have been comical, for my wife said, with a quiet smile—“Well, now, heroed as you think you are, I do not believe you *can* do it!”

This conveyed an implication upon my marksmanship—of which I am, by the way, excessively proud—and also upon the firmness of my nerves, which could by no means be endured. So with a sovereign wave of the hand and an extra straightening of my person, I left the room, saying, “You shall see, madam, that my *will* can accomplish *anything* that is necessary!”

Fifteen minutes afterwards we were embarked

in a light buggy, attended by a bright mulatto boy, bound for the outskirts of the city—I with gun in hand, and my wife with a most provoking look of archness upon her child-like face. I was going forth slaying and to slay, and vowed that I had as soon kill a bird of Paradise as a mouse, when the interests of science required it, and persisted—like the boy whistling in the dark—in convincing her that I should certainly shoot for her the finest specimen of a mocking-bird that we could find! Indeed, for the purpose of reassuring her smiling incredulity, I went on to remind her that she had seen me perform miracles with the rifle. She had known me even to place six bullets in successive shots upon the space of my thumb-nail, which I thrust forward to show her was not a *very* large one!

“Oh, yes!” she knew I was a “good rifle shot—a wonderful rifle shot—if I insisted upon it—but—shooting at buffalo, deer or even Camanches, was *not*, strictly speaking, shooting at mocking-birds!”

“Nonsense! If a man knows how to hit one thing, he knows how to hit another!”

I felt somehow funny, I must confess, at this persistent dubiousness. It could not be that she thought that because I had become accustomed to shooting at large objects, that therefore I should miss the small ones as a matter of course! What could the woman be driving at? Why I could shoot a bird on the wing a great deal easier with the shot-gun than a deer on the run with the rifle, which requires you, in order to bring him down, to place a single ball in a much smaller space than even the snipe would cover with its wing on its flight. She cannot mean that I am not a good marksman—for that she knows I am?

Hah, there is a mocking-bird, well known in all this region as a magnificent singer! See him bounding up from the top of that pear tree inside the garden! The people will all curse me, I know, for slaying the angel of song in their neighborhood—but then I hope to make peace with them in explaining that it was a necessity of science and its accompanying art.

The buggy was stopped, and out I sprang. He was but a short distance off, swimming and bounding “on the billows of sweet sound.”

My wife said as I left her—“Be sure you get him—he is a splendid creature—just the specimen that I want!”

“Yes—you shall see!” said I, faintly.

I walked up towards him. He did not observe me—he was too much absorbed in his hymn. I was now within twenty paces of the low pear tree—yet he soared and floated unobservant of the stalking murderer in his front—he knew no evil in this hospitable land, and music had been “plate of mail” to him. I pointed my gun at him three times—but always I could never see the end of the barrel—for my eyes grew thick with tears. I could not see him, he was

“—hidden in the light!”

of music!

I tried, in the desperation of my *will*, to pull the trigger in that *direction*, but the gun would not go off. I could not make it go, and found that somehow it was only on half-cock. Even then, after it was on full-cock, and the beautiful

creature undauntedly floated and sung, I found another pretext for dodging my boasted inexorableness. I saw the female fly into the same tree, though lower down, and came to the instantaneous conclusion that, as they must be building there, it would be an unpardonable profanity for me to shoot the male under such circumstances.

I went back to the buggy, and although my wife attempted, hysterically, to keep up her bantering tone, and vowed that if I did not shoot her a mocking-bird she would do it herself—because “she *must* have it!”—yet I felt that her voice trembled in this assertion of the inevitable requisitions of art, and not another word was spoken between us as we drove back to our hotel.

A week had passed, and still her studies made it more apparent that we *must* have a fresh-slain specimen to enable her to complete the drawing contemplated.

At last, upon one of my well days, we were transported to the edge of an extensive woodland, intersected here and there by large old fields, or commons, which had been deserted for years. These were the most likely places to find the highest specimens of the Southern mocking-bird. After leaving the buggy, we traversed, on foot, some quarter of a mile of foot-path, over an undulating upland, and suddenly found ourselves introduced to a small meadow on the bank of a feeble rivulet. This had, many years ago, been a farm, but had for some cause been deserted. I saw at once it was the place for mocking-birds, and we accordingly sat down beneath the shade of a heavy pine to watch the aspects of the scene. In a little while, we saw, in the meadow below us, two mocking-birds, flitting to and fro as if this was their familiar home.

The male was a splendid specimen, and although I shot at it with, as I supposed, my nerves worked up to the last degree of tension, I never hit it, although within astonishingly short distance.

At last, as my wife had brought out paper and pencils for drawing, and wires for fixing the bird in position, I was compelled to shoot one of the pair, in spite of myself. It was fixed upon the wires immediately, and she commenced making the drawing beneath the shade of a pine.

I left her, saying, “I am convinced that those birds have a nest in this meadow. You continue your drawing, while I go to look for it.”

I wandered around the meadow, looking into every isolated clump or thicket without distinction.

Every secret place had been searched, and as the mate came along, I, in a splenetic mood, brought it down also.

But then the idea haunted me—they have a nest of young in this meadow, and now that I have done murder upon their natural protectors, my business is to protect the callow children of song.

There was a small clump of blackberry vines mingled with more vigorous shrubs and more luxuriant foliage, which occupied the central place of this old field, and into which I had glanced an hundred times in passing. The foliage was impervious to sight, but at last it occurred to me to thrust my cane into the im-

pervious bosom of the brake, and, turning aside the thorns gently, I saw, sure enough, as I had suspected, four yellow mouths, gaping out of darkness to the stir which reached only the darkened sense of their sealed vision.

Carefully, through the envining thorns, I lifted the dim family, and bore it to my wife.

“What can we do with them?” said she, despondingly.

“Never mind—we have the English wood-thrush, Brownie the Second—and rest assured he will take care of these callow younglings.”

Well, we got the little things home; and Brownie the Second behaved very much as Brownie the First had behaved. He exhibited the same tender solicitude as Brownie the First. After we placed the nest in his cage, he continued, for an hour or two, to jump around with a wonderful expression of wonder and uncertainty, until the little creatures began to gape their mouths with hunger, and utter a feeble cry for help, then came our valorous song thrush, and with just the same movements which I have described in the conduct of Brownie the First towards the dismal Kalpie, he established an immediate sympathy with the forlorn little ones.

He fed the young mockers at once, and sedulously cultivated them into respectability; and it was very amusing to notice, as the young birds grew up, how insolently they attempted to assert their supremacy. They could make nothing out of the song thrush.

What he did was a *sentiment*. Let your insolent autocrat of song say what he might, in splendid fiction, but he never yet dared to emulate my song! I am the voice of love—his of ambition! So let us stand; and thus they stood, so far as their farther relations were concerned.

When the young mocking birds which he had cultivated became obstreperous, and presumed to peck—with their usual selfish and ungrateful propensity—at the very head and eyes and heart that had nourished them, he would keep quiet until patience was utterly exhausted, and then turn about and give them a tremendous drubbing.

I have seen the song thrush in many associations, but I never saw it fail to thrash the mocking-bird and every other bird of its family, when they had carried their aggressions up to a certain point. This bird will not fight if it can help it, but when it does, it fights like a desperado, and always wins!

Both the American and English varieties are equally quiet in this respect, and never commit aggressions upon their neighbors, but resent them with equal fierceness.

There is a curious book, called “The Natural History of Cage Birds, by J. M. Bechstein, M. D., &c., &c., of Waltershausen, in Saxony,” which furnishes many interesting particulars in regard to the habits of the song thrush. We shall proceed to give them, as being somewhat rare to American and general readers. Speaking of the song thrush, he says:

“We might, with Brisson, name this bird the *small missel thrush*, so much does it resemble the preceding in form, plumage, abode, manners and gait. Its length is only eight inches and a half,



three and a-half of which belong to the tail. The beak is three-quarters of an inch, horn brown, the under part yellowish at the base, and yellow within: the iris is nut-brown, and shanks are an inch high, and of a dingy lead color. All the upper part of the body is olive brown. The throat is yellowish white, with a black line on each side; the sides of the neck and breast are of a pale, reddish white, variegated with dark brown spots, shaped like a heart reversed; the belly is white, and covered with more oval spots."

Here we have the usual inaccuracy of old authors—but let us hear him:

"When wild, this species is spread all over Europe, frequenting woods near streams and meadows. As soon as the autumnal fogs appear, they collect in large flights to seek a warmer climate. The principal time of passage is from the 15th of September to the 15th of October, and of return about the middle or end of March: each pair then returns to its own district, and the male warbles his hymn to Spring from the same tree where he had sung the preceding year.

"On confinement this bird is lodged like the missel thrush, and much more worthy of being kept, as its voice is more beautiful, its song more varied, and being smaller, it makes less dirt.

"This species generally build on the lower branches of trees; the nest being pretty large, and formed of moss mixed with earth. The hen lays twice a year, from three to six green eggs, speckled with large and small dark brown spots. The first brood is ready to fly by the end of April. The upper part of the body in the young ones is speckled with white. By taking them from the nest when half-grown, they may be easily reared on white bread, soaked in boiled milk: and they are easily taught to perform airs. As this thrush builds by preference in the neighborhood of water, the nest may be easily found by seeking it in the woods beside a stream, and near it the male will be heard singing.

"Of all the birds for which snares are laid, those for the thrush are most successful. A perch, with a limed twig, is the best method for catching a fine-toned male. In September and October these birds may be caught in the water-traps, where they repair at sunrise and sunset, and sometimes so late that they cannot be seen, and the ear is the only guide. When they enter the water haste must be avoided, because they like to bathe in company, and assemble sometimes to the number of ten or twelve at once, by means of a particular call. The first which finds a convenient stream, and wishes to go to it, cries in a tone of surprise or joy, 'sik, sik, sik, siki, tsac, tsac,' immediately all the neighborhood reply together, and repair to the place. They enter the bath, however, with much circumspection, and seldom venture till they have seen a red-breast bathe without danger; but the first which ventures is soon followed by the others, which begin to quarrel if the place is not large enough for all the bathers. In order to attract them, it is a good plan to have a tame bird, running and fluttering on the banks of a stream."

So it is with the gentle and affectional natures of humanity, they are easily caught by the

"limed twigs" of pretence. But here is what the German says of the European bird:

"The song thrush is the great charm of our woods, which it enlivens by the beauty of its song. The rival of the nightingale, it announces in varied accents the return of Spring, and continues its delightful notes during all the summer months, particularly at morning and evening twilight."

The habits of the English or European song thrush agree so perfectly with those of the American bird, that we are almost tempted to pronounce them identical, except that we have heard their songs. One is brilliant, keen and cold as hawthorn hedge-rows; and a systematized civilization would require the other wild, bold, liquid; and free as the very breath of harmonious liberty could demand.

At all events, the English bird is true to *sentiment*, and that is all we demand!

## THE HILLS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Would you centre your home in a panorama of beauty, surpassing all others which the great artist has painted? Build your house among the hills. Not in the valley-depths, with near mountains rising all around you, so that your eye is as weary as your feet would be, with constant climbing: but on some gradual slope, where you may command the contrasts of valley and stream, and hills ever retreating into the shadow of greener hills; where you may see far off summits standing blue-veiled before the rising sun; or, wrapped in robes of purple mist, swimming and floating in the ebbing tide of sunset splendor.

If you let the Hand which pencilled that unutterable beauty write its translation within you, and if the souls around you grow up understanding it, then have you completed the harmony of the scene, and have caught some dawning beams from the glory of the "new heavens and the new earth." For what can that golden time be, but a perfect unison in the song that rises from nature and from the heart of man?—a correspondence between a beautiful humanity, happy because holy, and a beautiful universe, no longer blank and meaningless, because men are blinded by sense and sin.

It is a thing to be grateful for, to live where the inward vision can always float away through the outward, over the undulations of a hill-horizon; the sadness it brings is humanizing, the mystery it hints of, elevating; and beholders are better for beholding, although they may not always know it themselves.

But to dwell among the mountains cannot be the lot of all. Well, the little hills are everywhere; the prairie has its mounds, and the seaside its rocky cliffs.

Do not children show the upward instincts of nature, in their squirrel-like fondness for climbing? Here, upon this barren height, perched over with blueberries and juniper, its gray granite rocks fringed round with the graceful boughs of the barberry-bush, we are far enough removed from the grandeur of inland mountain-

scenery. The juvenile population around, doubtless, think this hill raised for the express purpose of sustaining that white-walled, black-roofed powder-house, and for the exhibition of sky-rockets and Roman candles to the town, on Fourth of July evenings. Yet even this elevation of earth brings with it a conscious elevation of soul. These children, who have come up to share our after-tea ramble, feel it as well as we.

Little two-year old Frankie there, who thought himself so tired, that he must be carried through the fields, insists upon climbing all the highest rocks, without assistance; and when he has reached the top, gives vent to his emotions of the sublime, by throwing up his cunning little arms, and uttering a prolonged "oh!" It is the only symbol-note he can command, for he has not learned to talk yet.

He does not see what we older ones do, in the wide scene around; we, who have trod those grounds in childhood and mature years, with both joy and grief for companions. We can fancy the laughter of our playmates even now echoing along the banks of yonder sparkling river: the waves of yon blue ocean wear a tinge of sadness for hopes of ours they have buried, and dear ones they have borne far away. That graveyard, thickly filled with white stones as a harvest-field with sheaves, reminds us of our sweet love-blossoms, which the Reaper has gathered in with the grain.

But, Frankie, dear child! only feels that his little soul has come out into a great cheerful room, which he is trying to fill with his energetic "ohs!"

And there is Lizzie, his sister, standing upon a ledge of trap-rock, crossed over curiously with lighter veins. She has heard that these veins were pushed through the older rock, when the melted mass was hot; and being struck with a singular moisture in their appearance, is shouting to us to know if they are cooled sufficiently yet, to make it safe for her to step upon them.

This other boy, who has never seen the sun go down, except behind clustering house-tops, wants to know what it is that makes the clouds in the west have such bright ruffles around them; and, as the departing day-god drops slowly out of a purple robe of clouds, fervidly ejaculates, "That isn't the same sun that shines up in the middle of the sky!"

No, little Ben! no more than you are the same now that you will be in the high noon of manhood, or the sunset of old age. And yet it is the same, only the varying clouds make it seem so different. So, down to a serene old age, whatever the changes of your skies, may your spirit always be a sun in light, and warmth and beauty.

And oh! ye children, be it ours often to come up to the hills with you; for in such an hour as this,

"Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither;  
Can, in a moment, travel thither.  
And see the children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

Common sense is an excellent article, although there are but few men or women either who use it, except in homoeopathic doses.

## THE BLIND BOY.

An editor, from whose selection we take the following lines, has beautifully said that, for himself, he could not see to read them through:

It was a blessed summer's day;  
The flowers bloomed, the air was mild,  
The little birds poured forth their lay,  
And every thing in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wandered on  
Beneath the deep wood's simple shade,  
Till, suddenly, I came upon  
Two children who had thither strayed.

Just at an aged beech tree's foot  
A little boy and girl reclined;  
His hand in hers she gently put—  
And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near—  
A tree concealed me from their view—  
But all they said I well could hear,  
And I could see all they might do.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,  
"That little bird sings very long:  
So do you see him in his joy,  
And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,  
"I see the bird on yonder tree."  
The poor boy sighed and gently said:  
"Sister, I wish that I could see!

"The flowers, you say, are very fair,  
And bright green leaves are on the trees,  
And pretty birds are singing there;  
How beautiful for one who sees!

"Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,  
And I can feel the green leaf's shade,  
And I can hear the notes that swell  
From those dear birds that God has made.

"So, sister, God to me is kind;  
Though sight, alas! He has not given;  
But tell me, are there any blind  
Among the children up in Heaven?"

"No, dearest Edward, there all see;  
But why ask me a thing so odd?"  
"O Mary, He's so good to me,  
I thought I'd like to look at God!"

Ere long disease his hand had laid  
On that dear boy so meek and mild,  
His widowed mother wept and prayed  
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,  
And said: "Oh, never weep for me;  
I'm going to a bright, bright place,  
Where Mary says I God shall see.

"And you'll come there, dear Mary, too!  
But mother, dear, when you come there,  
Tell Edward, mother, that 't is you—  
You know I never saw you here!"

He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled,  
Until the final blow was given;  
When God took up that poor blind child,  
And opened first his eyes—in Heaven.

## FOR HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

## "THE LITTLE FOXES THAT SPOIL THE VINES."

BY ANN E. PORTER.

"I'm glad *my* husband isn't so notional!" said a gossiping neighbor to a friend, whose husband had just passed out of the room, after finding fault with some little domestic arrangement not exactly within his sphere.

"I am sorry Mr. C. has this habit," replied the other, mildly; "but, as I cannot remedy it, I must bear it patiently."

Such were the words which passed the lips; but the hearer little knew what a train of sad thoughts she had elicited for the day.

That afternoon, as Mrs. C. sat alone, engaged with her sewing, her mind was busy with the days of her girlhood, when, free from care, she was a loved and cherished daughter, gathering the flowers of life, but bearing none of its burdens. Then followed those days of blissful anticipation, when he whom she now called husband was a frequent visitor at her father's house; she recalled the hours when together they read, rode or sung; when time was swift-footed, and the old family clock seemed to measure its revolutions by her own quick pulse and light step. But, O! how different was the present from the past! She had been married five years; their first babe, a beautiful child, had been carried to the grave just as it had learned to lisp the word "mamma;" their second was now an infant, but a fretful child, requiring much patience, and many hours of personal attendance. The mother had grown pale and thin under the heavy duties of nurse and housekeeper. Her husband was a physician, with the practice of a small country village—enough to afford a comfortable support to his family, but requiring much prudence and good management to enable them to lay up anything for old age or a rainy day.

It was necessary, therefore, that Mrs. C. should "look well to the ways of her household;" nor could she, as a faithful wife, "eat the bread of idleness." Sometimes the body was weary, and the spirit, too, would flag beneath its duties. Then, too, she had learned that her husband had his peculiarities. Yes; she must acknowledge it to herself, that he was very notional and set in his way. If there was a single heavy streak in the bread, or a grain too much soda, he would be sure to notice it; if the baby sneezed, it had taken cold; or if a button was missing from his shirt, he wondered that it should have found its way into the drawer until repaired. Yes, all this was true; and, as his wife thought it all over during the baby's nap, that afternoon, she began seriously to think that she had trouble—that life was full of sorrow and perplexity. Soon the child awoke, and cried. This set it to coughing; a short spasm followed, which alarmed the young mother, and it was some time before she could get the little one quiet. Then, on looking at the clock, it was near the usual time for tea. Seating her child upon the floor, and giving it some plaything, she hurried into the kitchen; but the doctor soon came in.

"Ah, my dear, isn't supper ready? We must try to be more punctual."

"It will be on the table soon," said the wife, trying to suppress a choking sensation in her throat. As she uttered this, she sighed, and in her heart wished "she had never been married." It was a well-defined wish, and, although it was unuttered, it was for the moment the real language of her soul. In the meantime, little Jessie had found the way to her father's arms, and was crowing with childish delight.

"Now for some supper," said the doctor, cheerfully, as he placed the child in its high chair, not forgetting (for he was a particular man) the linen pinafore. He then assisted his wife in putting the dishes upon the table.

He was tired and hungry, but the frugal meal revived him. If it is true that "no diplomatic difficulty is so great but it may be covered with a table-cloth," then, surely, a pleasant tea-table may prove an antidote for slight domestic jars.

"Sanford has paid me that bill to-day," said the doctor. "I never expected to get a cent of it: and now, Emma, I can purchase that illustrated edition of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, which you have so long wished to own. I am glad we did not buy it before, for there are some at the bookstore, to-day, bound in morocco, plain, but firm and good."

In pleasant chat the hour of tea passed, and Mrs. C. felt a pang of self-reproach, as she moved busily about the house, replacing the tea-things and preparing for breakfast. "I was wrong, after all," she said to herself, "and forgot how many blessings are given to me."

The next day, when he returned home, he brought the new work, and, in looking at its beautiful illustrations, every unpleasant thought was forgotten. When they knelt at the family altar, and the husband used a petition which he had often offered before, each felt its force, and, unknown one to the other, added from the heart a fervent amen. "O, let us not look for unattainable by looking for unmingled bliss on earth; but remember that this is not our rest, and be prepared for difficulties, trials, changes and final separation."

These last words, "final separation," softened each heart. The young wife thought of widowhood, and shuddered. "Such a punishment would be just for my rebellious thoughts, yesterday," she said within herself. The doctor, with true affection, looked with interest upon his pale, gentle and still beautiful wife. But though such feelings tended to subdue irritation for the time, their influence was only temporary. The next day brought its domestic duties, and the thousand petty trials which are always the portion of the wife and mother who performs her own household labor and takes the care of her children.

Mrs. C. was gentle-tempered, quiet and unobtrusive in her manners. She was not what is termed a literary woman, but she had a taste for reading, and her proficiency in the common English branches, taught in the village academy, was rather better than that of most of her companions. But she took little interest in the abstruse subjects which occupied the attention of

her husband. He had a decided taste for the physical sciences, and his attainments in chemistry and philosophy might have fitted him for a professor's chair. He delighted in making experiments, and being, as we have already seen, a precise and particular man, he was generally very successful; for his weights were exact to the fraction of a grain, and all the furniture of his laboratory scrupulously clean. It was no wonder, then, that he thought bread and meat, puddings and pies, might be uniformly good.

"Have an exact rule, my dear, and always adhere to it, and never 'mix up,' as you term it, in a hurry; like cases will produce like results, physical laws are invariable, and there is no more need of heavy bread or overdone beef than there is that one ounce of my paragon should be unlike another, one box of blue pills be of different proportion from its neighbor."

Alas for the poor wife! Such doctrine was rather discouraging. She knew nothing of practical chemistry in housekeeping. She did as her mother had done before her, and, though a good housewife, yet she did not always satisfy the somewhat exacting demands of her husband. Let me not be understood that he was fretful—far from it; but he could not comprehend why all the details of housekeeping could not be as methodically managed as those of his own library. On the other hand, his wife was conscious that her husband was becoming more and more absorbed in his profession and studies, and had less leisure for herself and child. She had little time to give to society, and began to feel more and more her somewhat isolated and lonely position. It was well for her that she had a child, though it could not yet lisp her name, and was sickly and fretful. The consciousness that her neighbors thought her husband "precise and fussy" annoyed her. She dwelt upon it when sewing in her quiet sitting-room, or when busy in her kitchen.

Her husband's practice about this time increased, and with it also his ambition to excel in those branches most nearly connected with his profession. Now, it never once entered his scientific head that the fire of domestic affection must be supplied with fuel, or the flame would diminish. He was careful to keep bright the coals in his laboratory furnace, but he forgot the fireside which conjugal love should carefully guard. He married from no mercenary motive; he believed it was true affection which led him to select his Emma from the rest of the world, and he had not the shadow of a doubt that her whole heart was his own. He had now and then wished she was more fond of scientific pursuits, yet it never occurred to him that she viewed him in any other light than the very model of a husband—for such he intended to be.

He could see some trifling deficiencies in her, to be sure, but he believed that her affection was such as to blind her to all defects in his own character. And here we find them, a couple "happily married," as the world would say, and, for aught the world knows, and as far as outside appearance would indicate, enjoying a more than common share of conjugal felicity. But there is a sadness in that house, a little cloud in the horizon,

which may spread till it darken the whole sky, or may fade away like the light mist of morning. We have taken this instance because it is so common, and because there is in so many homes a little root of bitterness, marring the joy and beauty of married life. It may not be the "fussiness" of Mr. C., or the sensitiveness of his wife, but something as trivial—some bad habit indulged, some peculiarity unchecked, which embitters life, and sometimes leads to separation. We have not taken, as we might, the sad picture of the drunkard's home, where all conjugal happiness and love are drowned in liquid fire. With such we weep and pray, and look forward with hope to the day of our nation's deliverance, by the power of law, from this curse which has made so many homes wretched. Neither have we introduced our readers to the fireside of the gambler, the adulterer, or the modern fanatic, who laughs at the sacredness of marriage, but still lives in the family relation. These gangrenes of society need desperate remedies, and a skilful physician. Our business now is with the little foxes that spoil the vines; with those homes where the plague-spot is so small that it is considered hardly presentable to the priest.

We have been astonished to observe how much conjugal happiness has been marred by bad habits or want of mutual confidence. Sometimes, when we have heard of the separation of a married couple, or the remark that certain persons did not "live happily together," our thoughts have gone back to the little cloud, once no larger than a man's hand, and we have mourned as we thought how easily it might then have been chased away.

We sometimes feel that, if we are ever so blessed as to arrive at Heaven, and are given an angel's mission on earth, we would choose, were it in our power, to carry conciliation and peace to hearts bound by the legal ties of wedlock, but sundered in spirit. But, at present, as a weak, feeble woman, we desire to say a few words to those married people who now and then find their horizon darkened by a storm.

Scattered throughout the pages of the *Mother's Assistant*, like the golden sands in the soil of California, are directions to young ladies as to the choice of companions for life, and advice as to the best method of preparing themselves for the duties of wife and mother. So frequent and so good has been this advice, that I should hesitate long before I venture to add thereto; but, my dear married friends, let me whisper a few words to you. The world calls you happy, and, if they judge by appearances, they judge rightly; for, when neighbors enter, are not all "domestic jars," as they are called, and harsh words, hushed for the time being? It is when perplexed with the annoyances of every-day life—the care of children, sick, playful or turbulent, as they are by turns—or when, with a small income, we must manage to supply the numerous wants of an increasing family—when business hurries, and household help is needed and not obtained, or if obtained, is careless and troublesome—when pecuniary losses depress the husband, or weariness and care steal the smile from the wife's cheek—it is at such times we need to draw from that fund of conjugal affec-

tion which should be constantly accumulating interest as the years of wedded life pass.

See that young couple at the altar! The blooming girl in satin and orange-blossoms; the groom in his fresh coat and white gloves. How bright the future looks to them, and how faultless they seem to each other! Talk to them as you will, they cannot be made to believe that they have imperfections of character which will call for patience and forbearance, or that the love which now shapes their paradise must be accompanied with principle—*firm religious principle*—or they may be driven from that Eden which seldom opens a second time to receive the self-banished exiles.

It is not enough that they are professing Christians; they must learn to make that religion a *practical, living, every-day concern*. It must lead them to banish suspicion, not *thinking* evil, and to return a soft answer for hasty and perhaps angry words. There will a time come—it comes to all—when married life wears a very sober hue to the young couple; when they pause and look back upon the careless, free days of single life. No situation is free from perplexities, and He who instituted the family relation has sent joys to overbalance all the trials of our lot; and be assured there is more happiness in married life, where the parties are united in heart and principle, than in any other condition.

And, I may add, that an unhappy married couple are made doubly wretched by the bonds which unite them. The same soil which yields the richest products beneath the hand of the skillful husbandman, is also most luxuriant in weeds when neglected. Our Father in Heaven was merciful when He gave Adam an helpmeet—"compassionate like a God," when He allowed that helpmeet to wander from Paradise with him, hand in hand, to go forth 'mid the gloom and the thorns and briers of a world upon which they themselves had brought the curse. And we believe, also, that, as woman first led man to sin, she has graciously been permitted the largest share in winning a lost world back. I mean by this that her gentle persuasion, and her more impulsive, enthusiastic nature, are better fitted to win man to right and duty than the sterner sex. Think not, then, that I speak aught derogatory of woman's rights, when I assert that in the first domestic difference which springs up between them, where no duty is concerned, it is most becoming that she should be the first to yield. Let her do it gracefully and quietly, and she has made a conquest greater than he who wins a battle. A woman who governs her temper is more respected by the other sex than she who can command an army or discuss politics. They can do the one, but, alas! they know how much easier it is to guide a ship in a storm than to curb evil passions.

With the cares of life comes also the sad consciousness that we have not married a faultless being. The warmest affection cannot conceal from us this fact. Now, let us beware when that knowledge slowly but surely dawns upon us. Whenever the wife, in the quiet loneliness of her home life, sits down to brood over the hasty temper or other short-comings of her husband, she is in danger of marring her own peace, unless she looks also upon the reverse side of the picture,

and holds his virtues to the mirror of her thoughts.

We surprise ourselves sometimes when we stop to reckon the good traits of a neighbor, and a discontented wife will sometimes end a sad hour with a song, if she will try this experiment when disposed to find fault with a husband.

Beware, also, how you speak of a husband's failings to your female friends. If you do this but once, you will find that those faults are magnified in your eyes, and you have unconsciously weakened the sacred ties of married life. There is sometimes a certain light badinage among married people, which, to say the least, is productive of no good, and sometimes leads to positive evil. It may be like

"An arrow sent at random,  
But finding mark the archer never meant."

Let me give an example from real life. A gay young girl is visiting some friends, who have been married eight or ten years, perhaps. She is fond of society, and, as the wife is necessarily much at home with her little ones, the husband politely attends their visitor to the concerts, lectures, evening parties, and so forth.

All this is not displeasing to a lady who loves her children, and has learned to prize the quiet joys of home; she goes, too, when she can, but finds it no sacrifice to remain in the nursery when duty calls. Indeed, she is pleased to see that her husband retains the gallantry of his youth, and looks with a wife's pride upon him, and the young visitor leans lightly upon his arm.

"We will return early," says the husband, as the wife sits in a rocking-chair with a babe in her arms.

She replies, cheerfully, "Don't hasten on my account. I shall not be lonely."

There is perfect confidence between that husband and wife, as nothing has ever yet occurred to mar it. Pity that a light jest should do that which years of care and trial have failed to produce.

The gentleman and the visitor return in fine spirits from the concert; the piano is opened, the wife orders refreshments, and a merry hour ensues. They sing, laugh and jest. The husband jokes the lady about a certain young gentleman who seemed so eager to assume his place that evening; and one thing follows another, till, at last, he says, "No, Mary, don't marry him. I shall want a wife, one of these days, perhaps. Julia, my dear, what say you to my second choice?"

This seems rude and unfeeling; but it was uttered as a joke, and was taken as such, for the wife knew that she held the first place in her husband's heart. She had proved his love, and she rested upon it as upon a rock; but, nevertheless, the unfeeling words struck a chord in her heart which vibrated to tones of deepest sadness.

While she smiled with the lip, there was a tear forced back to its fountain. These words haunted her for years.

"How could he speak so lightly of my death?" she would often ask herself; and it was not until she lay upon a bed of sickness, with little hope of life, and saw his agony at the idea of separation, that she ventured to tell him how much sorrow

those idle words had given her. He had forgotten the circumstance, and could hardly be made to believe that he had ever been guilty of such folly and rudeness. But most tenderly did he watch by her bedside, and in after years proved, by his increased devotion to her, who seemed raised almost from the dead, that it *was only a joke*.

We believe husbands are more addicted to such jokes than wives, and we would kindly caution them. A woman's heart is sensitive, and where her affections are concerned, secretive. A poisoned arrow may rankle there for years unknown to you. Heaven help you if you find at last that it was your hand which sent it!

The breach widened daily between Mr. C. and his wife, the parties, with a sketch of whose domestic life we commenced this article. The doctor, as we have said, loved his profession; he devoted all the hours which he could spare from active practice to his study. Medical journals, reviews, new cases of instruments, manikins, colored lithographs of all parts of the human frame, not in the symmetry of its natural proportions, but distorted by disease or accident, filled his study and thinned his purse, leaving little for such books or pictures as would have suited his wife's less scientific taste. Once or twice he made feeble efforts to interest her in his pursuits; but the very sight of a skeleton made her faint, and a medical book was immediately carried to the study, if left by chance on the parlor table. Her own domestic cares were not lessened as time passed, for when her little girl was but two years old the mother gave birth to twin boys. Now, if never before, as the neighbors said, "the doctor was fussy and notional." He required the most exact and punctilious attention to be paid to his boys—the morning and the evening bath, the daily exercise, regular hours for feeding and sleeping, and no anodynes, at the risk of his great displeasure.

"Maybe this is right enough," said Mrs. Sloan, who lived near them, and was the mother of six robust, ruddy-faced boys; "it's well enough, if one can have strength and help. My babies all come up somehow, but I never had no rules about it; I nursed 'em when they cried, washed 'em when they got dirty, and give 'em peppermint and soot tea when they had the colic. Your husband's 'mazin particular, Mrs. C., and don't know nothin' about woman's work, or he wouldn't expect you to be regular as the clock with three children, and only one girl to help. He forgets there's washin' day, and bakin' day, and ironin' day. Lawful sake! if he should see my Tim rollin' about the floor, Monday, with an old woollen frock on and a crust of bread in his mouth, he'd think the child would have a fit of sickness; but he's fat and healthy as a pig. The long and short of it is, Mrs. C., you must learn to have a mind of your own, and take no notice of the doctor's whims and notions."

But she felt that her husband's plans were best, if they could only be executed: and she strove, with her one inefficient girl and her three little ones, to gratify his taste for system, and fulfil his directions as to the management of the children. They were *possibilities*, but he expect-

ed of his wife that which never has been and never will be accomplished.

The doctor was seldom with his family now, for his practice and his study demanded nearly all his time; but he came as regularly as his profession would allow to his meals, and he was disturbed if he did not find them as punctual as himself. More frequently than ever the bread was heavy, and the meat indigestible from overcooking. Sissy could eat no dinner, because she had been fed between meals; and an old cradle, (a very useless thing, he averred) was found in the kitchen, and Betsy was rocking and singing with all her might, to hush the loud cries of one of the boys.

"O, dear!" he would exclaim, "I do wish, Emma, you would try to understand the laws of health, and be more systematic; the health, and perhaps the life of our children, depend upon attention to these little things."

Poor Emma had heard this so often that she was wearied, and, if the truth must be told, was becoming indifferent. She had struggled to perform what the doctor called a wife's duties, till her pale face and wasted form ought to have told him that she had a task beyond her strength. But he heeded it not; he was engaged in writing a treatise on the "causes of tubercular diseases," and he had little time to waste just then upon the sad, pale face of his wife.

It is not strange that in that wife's heart there sprung up a yearning for sympathy, a consciousness of neglect, and of unassisted and unappreciated efforts to do right. There was now and then a looking back to the happy days of girlhood, but oftener a sense of present weariness and desolation overcame her. She had no time to read, and the doctor seldom read aloud, or if, at rare intervals, he did so, it was some medical treatise, which he requested her to hear for the benefit which she might gain. One sunny spot in the desert only remained—it was their hour of evening worship. At that time the domestic and the children were generally asleep, and quietly, without interruption, they read a portion from the Book of books, sung their evening hymn, and mingled their petitions at the Throne of Grace. Blessed moments, that, like one golden thread, kept these hearts together!

But, one evening, as Mrs. C. sat alone in the quiet sitting-room—quiet only when her little ones were hushed in slumber—she was alarmed by the abrupt entrance of two men, supporting her husband in their arms. "Don't be alarmed," said the doctor to her. "I have broken my leg, but am not otherwise hurt." His voice relieved her fears, for her first thought was of death, and who shall say what agony was concentrated in that one half-moment of time? How differently do our hearts measure hours, minutes and seconds, from the far-distant sun, the regulator of our clocks!

None but those who have known by experience can tell how wearisome are the days and weeks of confinement with a broken limb. To the doctor, who had at this time a busy round of practice, it was very trying to lie almost motionless upon his bed, and in such a position that it was very difficult to read. After making various



efforts, and finding his eyesight weakened, he gave it up in despair. His only amusement was in watching the three children, and conversing with his wife in those rare moments when she could bring her sewing and sit down at his side. He noticed how seldom this happened, and, at the same time, how much pleasure it gave her when she could find an hour free from domestic cares. For the first time in his married life, he began to have some conception of the various cares and manifold labors of a wife and mother. In silence, he watched from early dawn till twilight gray the constant step of his wife. If she was away from the kitchen any length of time, things were sure to go wrong there; the cooking was spoiled or the work undone. If her eye was not constantly on the children, then trouble ensued; now a burn which mother's hand must soothe and bind; now a fall which mother alone can ease; the next minute, perchance, the molasses-jug was robbed of its stopple, and the apron, just now clean, must be exchanged; or a pan of milk was tipped over by some careless little hand, and the recipient would come tottling into the sitting-room, dripping with the milky shower. And when, at night, sleep, that most efficient aid to the tired mother, came and wrapped the little ones in her soft mantle, there was the work-basket with its pile of "auld clathes," waiting to be made "almaist as weel as new" by the same hand which was required to work so many wonders during the day. The doctor saw all this with a mingled feeling of wonder and self-reproach; reproach that he had ever spoken harshly to, or required so much from his wife, and wonder at the patience and long-suffering of a woman who could, day after day, perform these duties without a murmur. But for the present "he communed with his own heart, and was still."

"Emma," said he, one day, "I wonder if Mr. Hall, the schoolmaster, would come and read to me an hour every evening, if we should send for him. I wish very much to know the contents of my last medical journal."

"Wouldn't you like to have me read awhile?" she said, mildly, as she rose for the book.

Now, there is a little perversity in men, as well as women, sometimes: and, though the doctor knew that his wife disliked the very sight of his professional books, he consented, and for an hour listened to her pleasant voice, as she read a chapter on tumors, containing a minute description of some difficult surgical operations for the same. Every night, for a week, she found time to read, until the book was finished; and let me add, to the doctor's credit, that not once during that week did he find fault with the cooking, though one day the beef was baked ten minutes too long, and the rice-pudding not long enough.

The doctor's limb was doing well; he would soon be out again; none the worse physically for his accident, and morally a wiser man.

"To-morrow I shall try the crutches," he said to his wife, as she closed her book for the night, "and I hope I shall not trouble you to read any more. My eyesight will be better now, I have no doubt."

"I hope then, you will read aloud," she re-

plied, "for I am getting quite interested in your books, and have found them very useful to me. I really ought to ask your pardon for having formerly treated them with so much neglect."

This was too much for even the doctor's firmness to bear. He drew his wife to his side, and, with her hand clasped in his, told her how much he needed her forgiveness for his former exacting, fault-finding spirit. "I little knew your cares, Emma, and far less did I know the patience and wisdom which a mother needs. Henceforth I will aid you in your duties to the best of my ability, and let me beg of you to let your husband's heart be the repository of your cares and trials; their recital will never annoy me again."

Tears blinded the eyes of the wife: she could not speak, and yet her heart was full of joy. Beautiful, indeed, was this melting of hearts that, had been estranged, and pleasant to hovering angels were the mutual promises made, that, with God's help, they would aid each other in their duties, and bear their mutual burdens. Sweet as incense on holy altars was the prayer offered that night, and full of meaning that petition, again repeated:

"O, let us not look for unattainable by looking for unmingled bliss on earth; but remember that this is not our rest; and be prepared for difficulties, trials, changes, and final separation."

There is now many a silver thread amid the dark locks of the doctor's hair, and his wife has donned a cap, and looks very matronly with her three girls and her twin boys; but her brow is smooth and her heart at peace, for her husband is a tower of strength unto her, and his heart trusteth in her. On the blank leaf of his last present to her (don't smile, reader—it was *Condie on the Diseases of Children*) he wrote—

"Our spirits ne'er grow old with age,  
Eternity's their heritage;  
Our love, once nursed 'mid hopes and fears,  
That grew and bloomed with added years,  
Will strike its roots still deeper there,  
And fruit immortal ever bear."

[*Mother's Assistant.*]

## THE BOY-KING OF THE BRITISH ISLE.

BY REV. EDWARD C. JONES, A. M.

Mackintosh, in his history of England, tells us that, during the brief reign of Edward VI., he held many interviews of a social character with his sister Elizabeth, then herself quite young, and that the affectionate sobriquet which he gave her on such occasions was "Sweet Sister Temperance."

Thou boy-king of the British isle,

Thy pulses had a vigorous play,  
When courtly phrases cast aside,  
And the heart-instincts gratified,  
And frozen formulas defied,

Thou gavest to converse sweet the day.

That princely sister, in whose hair  
Full many a polished gem was sleeping,  
Upon whose robe of silken hue  
Embroidered flowers stood out to view,  
Speaking of lineage high and true,  
Thy heart's gold key was in her keeping.

And not within an audience hall,  
The brother and the sister met,  
Where guardsmen halberded drew near,

And lawn and mitre lent the ear,  
While counsellors brought up the rear,  
In fawning order trimly set.

But in the sweet secluded room,  
Where canvas breathed and statues clustered,  
Mid favorite books with gilding dight,  
And lute and harpsichord in sight,  
Charms which would melt an anchorite,  
Their heart's best feelings mustered.

Those flowers, in alabaster vase,  
Whose fragrance charmed the atmosphere,  
Bepictured genial souls set free  
From courtier-like chicanery,  
Who gave one hour to gaiety,  
And sweets commingled there.

We see them yet—that maiden bright,  
With twenty summers round her stealing,  
And that dear boy, whose lightest word  
A nation to its centre stirred,  
Now carolling like woodland bird,  
His childhood's guilelessness revealing.

He, with his arms around her thrown,  
Or sporting with a sister's tresses;  
She, with her white hand on his head,  
Where twelve short years their bloom have shed,  
Years which his name have chronicled,  
That brother fond caresses.

Sweet Sister Temperance! thou to me  
Art as the honied hoard of flowers,  
To that dear treasure hies the bee  
With quickening buzz of melody,  
And thus my spirit bounds to thee,  
Enlivener of my tedious hours.

Sweet Sister Temperance! here I sit,  
And read thee some Provencal glee,  
Or tracing up our stately line  
Where sage and hero intertwine,  
Rejoice that blood as pure as thine  
Runs in our pedigree.

• These moments speed their flight too soon,  
These recreative spells of pleasure,  
When the pent heart-floods play and leap,  
Like streamlets down a mountain steep,  
And on their course our feelings keep,  
Unheeding courtly measure.

Sweet Sister Temperance! when the crown  
Thick with its spiky cares is on me,  
I turn in musing mood to where  
I told the jewels in thine hair,  
While in the calm and quiet there,  
Thine eyes were bent upon me.

Oh, gentler feelings of the soul,  
In palace as in cot upspringing,  
No pomp of art can steal away  
Affection fresh as new-born day,  
Heart-throbbings which will last for aye,  
While man to man is clinging.

The creature yearneth for some arm,  
On which to lean confidently;  
Some bosom to whose inmost chime,  
Its moral pulses all keep time,  
Whate'er its lot, whate'er its clime,  
As thus, boy-monarch, 'twas with thee.

On stern volcanic steep the flower  
Blushes amid the stifling air,  
*So, mid the fever-heat of kings,*  
*Friendship puts forth its blossoms,*  
*And Hope and Love, those beautiful things,*  
*Are budding everywhere.*

## NEIGHBOR GRAY'S BOUND GIRL.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

There she was—right across the road. I could see her as I peeped through the crevices of the blind, and somehow my heart ached for her. She looked just about my own age, and she had come to neighbor Gray's the day I picked my first snowdrop for grandma. How long ago that seemed, for it was now the heart of Summer. I remember how glad I was as I saw her descend from the stage, for there was no little girl that lived near our house, and I thought we should have just the most delightful time playing hide-and-seek under the pear tree and picking berries in the belt of woods back of our house, but somehow she never played, or did anything like other little girls; and though neighbor Gray's green front door and our own stared each other straight in the face, and though she had been there so long a time, we had never spoken to each other. Everybody called her "neighbor Gray's bound girl," and every day I saw her, with an old brown sun-bonnet, and her long curls—golden bright as the sun-flashes that danced and peeped so impudently, every morning, through the rose bush by grandma's bedroom window—dragging that clumsy "go-cart," with its green curtain, up and down the street; while Johnny Gray, who was, I thought, the crossdest, biggest, homeliest baby in Christendom, rolled and squalled inside.

But, from the time that neighbor Gray's bound girl set foot upon the steps opposite our cottage, my sympathy had been warmly enlisted in her behalf, while my curiosity had been kept alive by her isolated position and the atmosphere of mystery which seemed to environ her.

One day this latter had grown insupportable. I saw her coming down the road, and resolved to run across and meet her, and have one good look into her face, and, if I could, muster resolution to speak to her. The former of these feats I achieved, but when she raised her little, sad face, and looked at me a moment with eyes whose color I likened to the August sky at noon, my heart misgave me—I could not even smile.

But the little white face haunted me more than ever after this, and I watched, more frequently than ever, through the crevices of the blind, the green "go-cart" and the little girl.

But, one afternoon, I sat there, wishing my little neighbor had just such a grandma to love her, as I had, and wondering *why* she had not, until, at last, some very sceptical doubts found their way into my thoughts, and some very unorthodox premises sorely puzzled my little cranium.

"Grandma," was the audible conclusion of my mental argumentation, "didn't you say God loved everybody?"

"Yes, my child," answered a soft voice by the table.

"And didn't you say He could see everybody too?"

"Yes, Annie. His eyes are never closed—darkness and day are alike to them."

"Well, then," I said, impatiently, "if He loves neighbor Gray's bound girl, and sees her drag-

ging Johnny from morning till night, and knows, just as well as I do, she's tired almost to death, why don't He do something to help her, when He can, just as well as not?"

"Clouds and darkness are round about Him. Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne!" said my grand-mother, in tones whose solemnity thrilled my heart. "Come and sit down here, Annie, and listen to all I say."

I brought my stool to my grand-mother's feet, and she laid her dear hand on my head, and talked to me a long time of the Great Father's goodness and mercy, and how He had promised to hold those that loved Him in everlasting remembrance, and how at last we should learn that all our trials here had worked together for our good, and how we should not mind them for the happiness that should come hereafter; and before those words of faith and love, my rebellious murmurings were hushed, and my momentary scepticism vanished, and then my grand-mother told me, perhaps, I could devise some method to assist the little bound girl; at least, I could pray for her.

That night, I lay awake a long time after grandma had left her good-night kiss on my forehead. I remember how the moonbeams painted the high bedposts with silver, and filled the chamber with a dim, ghost light, which metamorphosed the two old chairs in the corner into grim, misshapen giants with glaring ghoul-eyes; but I was not afraid, for right before me stood the pale face of the bound girl, and I was too much absorbed in schemes for her benefit to devote much attention to giants, which I knew were the old chairs, after all.

A thousand plans had been suggested to my mind, and dismissed as Utopian and impracticable, and I was beginning to grow discouraged, when one less amenable than any of its predecessors to such censure, presented itself. In the garden, by the gooseberry bushes, stood a young peach tree, all my own, as grandma had repeatedly affirmed. Three early peaches, the first of its progeny, lay among the long, slender leaves. How I had watched them all Summer, and beheld with such delight the mellow hues which crept along the side nearest the sun, and the rosy streaks which stole over the downy, transparent covering.

And at last these were fully ripened. Grandma had promised me I should gather them the next day. She must, of course, have the biggest; but the larger of the other two I would reserve for my little neighbor, and present it with my own hands.

I felt very happy and very sleepy after I had matured my plans, but I did not forget to pray that God would be very merciful to the object of my solicitude; "and please don't wait till she gets to Heaven, either," I said, and then I turned over, and went to sleep.

The next day, grandma and I went to the peach tree, for I was not tall enough to reach the fruit, and after she had plucked it, and I had given her the largest peach, I disclosed the plan which I had devised the previous night. She assented very cordially to my proposition, and that afternoon, when I saw the brown sun-bonnet and

the green cart coming out of the front door, I took my peach and walked bravely down to the garden gate.

"Little girl," I said, but my voice was strangely tremulous, and I doubt if it floated beyond the trunk of the old oak that stood just outside the gate. I essayed again. "Little girl!" It was spoken louder, but the rumbling of the wheels must have drowned the words long before they reached the organs for which they were intended? I resolved to make one desperate effort. "Little girl," I shouted at the top of my voice. Ah, she certainly heard me then, for she stopped, and looked wistfully up and down the street, and at last, shading her eyes with her hand, she descried me. "Won't you please to come across here?" I said as deferentially as I could; "I've got something for you."

She gave one fearful, deprecating glance at Mrs. Gray's, but nobody was at the windows, and then she came across the road, and behind her came the lumbering cart and the squalling Johnny.

I held out the peach. "Grandma's had one," I said, "and I've had one; so I saved the other for you."

A glad, eager light filled the blue of her eyes, and the muscles around her mouth quivered as she received the present. "Thank you," she said, just as grandma told me always to say it.

Then came an awkward pause; but my first success had inspired me with unusual confidence. I opened the gate. "My name's Annie Dale, and I live here with grandma," I said. "Now, what's your name, little girl?"

"Emma Lee," she answered.

"Well, Emma, I like you very much, and I should be glad to have you like me."

The next moment the cart handle was dropped, and a pair of small arms were clasped tightly around my neck, and Emma was straining me wildly to her heart, while deep sobs were almost convulsing her child-frame.

"Don't, Emma, don't," I said, as I stroked soothingly the long, golden curls. "Why, did you ever!—I'm crying too."

In a little time, we both grew calmer, and I seated her on the stone by the wicket, and put my arm around her, while Johnny played with the fringe of the curtain, and, for a wonder, was quiet.

"Emma," I asked, "what made you cry, just now?"

"Oh, Annie!" she answered, "it seemed so strange to hear anybody say they loved me, that I couldn't help it." Here I drew up closer to her. "I didn't think I should ever hear anybody say so to me again; nobody ever speaks pleasant to me now; nobody ever calls me 'little Emmy,' though I was only ten last April, and before mamma died she used to say it so sweetly, every night, when she tucked me up in bed, 'My little Emmy, I love you,' and then she would kiss me, and sometimes I dream I am lying in my own chamber again, and I see mamma standing over me with that sweet smile on her face, and hear her speak just as she used to, and then I wake up, and find myself in Mrs. Gray's dark, old gar-

ret, and it's all gone." Here Emma cried again, and so did I.

"Emma," I said, when we could talk again, "haven't you got any brothers or sisters, or anybody to take care of you?"

"I've got a brother, and his name's Willy," answered the child. "Oh, you can't begin to think how I loved him, and how happy we used to be in our home before mamma died. It was such a pretty house, Annie, with green grass in front and a great apple tree, where Willy and I played every night—and there was a brook a little way from our house, with mint that grew all around it, but mamma wouldn't let me go there without Willy, for he was two years and two months older than I. Then you see, a great way off, there was a hill—I could see it from our kitchen-window—and the top of it just hit the sky, and one day I told mamma if ever she should die, I would go to the top of that hill and climb right straight up into Heaven, and ask the angels to please to take me to her. But she smiled, just as mamma always did, and said the hill was as far off from Heaven as our cottage was, and that, I know, was a great way. But one day mamma was taken ill with the fever, and she grew worse and worse, and the Doctor and the nurse whispered together very gravely, and Willy and I wouldn't go to the brook or to the apple tree any more, and they wouldn't let us see mamma. One morning the nurse came and took hold of Willy's hand and mine, and led us to her bedside, and her eyes had grown so large and shone so, though her face was whiter than the pillow. She said, 'God is going to call your mamma home. He will be your only parent now, and you must love and trust Him!' Then she rose right up and put her arms round us, so tight, and said, 'Oh it is so hard to die and leave you here all alone in the cold world!' and her face grew whiter all the time. Oh, how Willy and I cried! I thought my heart was breaking. But mamma's head fell back, and then I screamed, for she looked just as if she was dead, but she opened her eyes again, and told Willy there was a paper in one corner of her bureau drawer, where she had written the name of our uncle, who had lived in the West Indies a great many years, and she made Willy promise to write to him and tell him we were all alone in the world—and then—. Oh, Annie! I can't tell the rest," said the child, endeavoring hard to keep down the sobs. "Two days after they buried her, and I thought as I looked down, down into that dark grave, where they let down the coffin, if they only *would* lay me close to her, only I didn't want to leave Willy. After that some men came to our cottage, and they talked a long time, and I heard one of them say, 'Every dollar of the property was spent; and that I must be bound out, and Willy must go to a trade.' I thought it would kill me to leave Willy, and I clung fast to him until one of the men took me away," and Emma wrung her hands. "The last words he said to me were, 'Emmy, as true as I live, I'll write to that uncle, and tell him all about it, and how they took us away from each other, though we had never been parted a single day! Oh, Annie,' and again the hope-light broke into Emma's blue eyes. "When I lay awake in

the dark crying, I remember Willy's words, and think perhaps he and uncle will come for me some day."

"Oh! I hope he will!" I responded, eagerly.

And so I and my new friend sat on the stone step and chatted away the long summer afternoon. I furnished her with a verbal epitome of my own history. I told her of two graves lying under the green willow, where the wind-sighed its low, mournful monotone through the long grass, and that there my parents slept with folded hands the sleep that knows no earthly waking. And I told her how my grandma would part away my curls and look in my eyes, and say they were just like my poor mamma's, and that I was all God had left her to love, and I promised her my grandma should love her too.

I remember the blush of the sunset brightened the Western sky as Emma rose up to leave me, and how we interchanged promises of meeting next day, and that Emma said she had not felt so happy since she left Willy.

The intimacy which had had so auspicious a commencement, continued uninterrupted for several days. Every day I met my little neighbor at the gate, and every day I filled her apron with the cakes and the berries I had saved for her, while she assured me that she loved me better than anybody but Willy, and I confidently affirmed that grandma was her only rival in my affections.

"Here! I should like to know what right you have to be sitting there, instead of dragging Johnny, you lazy, sly, good-for-nothing thing," broke in the harsh voice of Mrs. Gray, one afternoon, upon our conversation, and there she stood in the front door, her cap awry, and her thin, cadaverous face inflamed with passion.

"Oh, Annie, what *shall* I do?" and my companion turned toward me a face from which fear had chased every vestige of color.

Now, reader, I was the most shrinking, coward-hearted child in Christendom. A dog, or a good sized cat, did it but open its green, glassy eyes suspiciously upon me, could send me panting and trembling inside of grandma's gate, where I entertained a sort of undefined belief that no evil could obtain ingress. But that afternoon, I walked straight across the road, holding Emma's hand, and, looking up at the cloud on Mrs. Gray's brow, said in a clear voice, though I trembled all over with the effort:

"Please, Mrs. Gray, don't scold Emma, for I asked her to set down on the stone step, so you see it's my fault, not hers."

"Wa-ll," answered that lady, somewhat mollified by my words; moreover, she stood in considerable awe of grandma; "seeing you ask it, I'll let her go this time, but mind you don't do the like again, or you'll get a trouncing you'll remember one while," she said to Emma, as she pushed her into the house and slammed the door in my face.

I went straight home to grandma, but as soon as I saw her, the unnatural tension of my nerves gave way, and with a sob I buried my face in her lap and related the sad termination of my intimacy with Emma, and how the thought of seeing her no more almost broke my heart, and

grandma answered me with her own soothing words, and assured me she would endeavor to find some method of making neighbor Gray retract her unjust prohibition.

"Annie," said my grandma the next morning, as I was wandering uneasily around, for thoughts of Emma lay heavy at my heart; "I want you to pick me some gooseberries—your new basket full will just pile up my china bowl with them, and as I am going into neighbor Gray's this afternoon, it may be for your interest to pluck the largest and fairest ones."

I was not slow in comprehending her hint, and down among the gooseberry bushes my fingers worked unceasingly that morning. The Summer birds warbled their songs on the spray, but I did not pause to listen. The butterflies, with the sunlight glancing along their crimson wings, flew past me, but my feet followed not their passage, and before noon I carried very triumphantly to grandma the fruits of my labor, with the dark leaves tastefully ranged round the large ripe berries.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Dale. Why, Annie, how d'y'e do? Walk in."

And the thin, cadaverous features actually relaxed into a smile as Mrs. Gray's eyes rested on grandma's china dish piled up with the tempting fruit.

Well, reader, we walked in, and Mrs. Gray was in a wonderful good humor, as she emptied the fruit into a bowl and sat down to give grandma a prolix history of the trials which she was daily called upon to encounter, among which the ignorance and wilfulness of her "bound girl" occupied a prominent position.

Grandma had a delicate mission to execute, but she performed it with a tact and skill which a diplomatist might have envied.

She informed Mrs. Gray she was exceedingly fond of babies, and she had often wondered why Emma did not bring Johnny over to the cottage more frequently, and she praised his red cheeks, and said his great eyes were just the color of his mother's, (no great compliment, I thought;) and at last, when she said she would send him some blackberry jelly, Mrs. Gray said Emma might bring him over to our house whenever she liked.

I was out of the house and down the road after Emma with this precious information before grandma had reached the front door; but I heard her last words, "Mind, and don't forget to send for the jelly, Mrs. Gray."

After this, our intimacy was undisturbed by Mrs. Gray. Every day the green cart was drawn up before our wicket, and every day we gathered fruit in the garden and played under the trees, and Emma left me every day with the smile-light in her face and the rose-hue lying in her white cheek. Johnny, who had conceived a wonderfully strong liking for grandma, would lie in her lap for hours playing with her cap ribbons and listening to her nursery lullabies.

Summer went by in her glory, and Autumn embrowned the green hoods of the far-off hills, and the brooks caught a moan in their babbling, and still from the far-off city where he had gone, there came to the eager heart of Emma no whisper of Willy.

"Mrs. Dale, won't you lend me Annie's new green dress? She's just about her height, and so it'll fit her," and Mrs. Gray pulled Emma into the cottage very unceremoniously one October morning, and informed us that her uncle had come from the Indies, bringing with him a "power of money," and that he had "taken her all aback by his grand airs."

"Lucky for me," she said, "Emma was in the kitchen; so I just told him I'd bring her in, and I ran out, caught hold of her, and we slunk out the back door and came over here. La, child, stop crying. What'll your uncle say if your eyes look so red? I wish I'd known you had any rich relations before; but maybe he'll pay us something for giving you up now. Oh, dear, I was so *frustrated* when that handsome carriage stopped before our door, that it's completely upset my nerves;" and the lady, whose confusion I was naughty enough to enjoy exceedingly, seated herself in grandma's chair, panting with excitement and exertion, while I ran for my green dress, and grandma combed out Emma's long tangled ringlets.

How pretty she looked in my green dress!—and I put my arms around her and whispered, "I'm so glad, Annie," and then Mrs. Gray hurried her off.

An hour later a handsome carriage drew up before our garden gate, and a sun-browned, but fine-looking man in the prime of life, dismounted and lifted out Emma and approached our cottage.

He came, so he said to grandma, at his niece's representation, to thank her for all the kindness she had shown to his sister's child, of whose situation he had no sooner learned, than he had hastened to her assistance, and he placed his hand fondly on my head, and told me he would come for me to visit Emma some time, for I was crying to think he was about to take her from me, and Emma put her arm round me and said, "I'm going to see Willy to-day;" but there were tears in her eyes too, and so her uncle shook hands with grandma and me, for he was in great haste, and they entered the carriage again, and I watched it through blinding tears as it rolled away, and far as I watched, the sweet face of Emma Lee looked out of the carriage window after me.

The afternoon of that day, Mrs. Gray came over to the cottage, and told grandma that Emma's uncle was a "rich old bachelor," and that she expected the "little huzzy" had told him they hadn't treated her well, for he said that the mother had consigned both the children to his care, consequently they could have no legal claims upon him, and hadn't paid a cent.

"I hadn't the face to tell him that the dress she had on was a borrowed one, and she rode off in it, so I 'spose I must get Annie another," was the conclusion of that lady's virulent remarks.

Grandma hastened to assure that she would not hear of such a thing, and this seemed to modify somewhat neighbor Gray's anger, as she took leave.

I was very lonely that day and the day after; but grandma said I should remember how God had answered my prayer, and given Emma a new home, and such a kind uncle, and should be very

thankful, and I tried to, but it was so hard at first.

"O! Annie, darling, if I only could have a cup of tea. It would taste so good; but there's no use wishing," and with a heavy sigh, my grandmother laid back on her pillow. Eight years subsequent to the time when neighbor Gray's bound girl went forth from her ungenial home, did my grandmother speak thus to me. It was a winter morning, and the frost fingers of the night had wreathed their fantastic chainwork over the small windows of the single chamber that was our only home, and the late winter sunshine struggled down through the tall brick edifices which lined either side of the street, and looked in with a wan, sickly stare upon us, as I resumed the sewing I had laid away very late the night before.

We had lost, and left all, reader. Our pretty cottage, with its green garden, where I had played away the days of my childhood—the great sentinel oak before the wicket—the roses that looked in at grandma's bed-room window, and the little chamber, which the moon used to paint with silver, the belt of woods with their trees making curtsies to the sky, and the gray, far-off hills, all, all had gone. One of the former owners of the land pretended to have discovered some flaw in the bill of sale, and, after a long, troublesome law-suit, which sowed my grandmother's hair with silver, and gathered fresh wrinkles on her forehead, our cottage passed into his possession, and in her old age my grandmother went forth from the home of her fathers, with a sad, patient smile on her face, that it almost broke my heart to look on, and yet she said, every day, "God's will be done!"

We came to the city, and I shrunk closer to grandma's side, as the great human tides surged through the broad thoroughfares, and wished we were lying under the willow, in the graveyard, by my parents.

At first we went on tolerably well; only I longed so for my little chamber and the dear, old garden, but, at last, my grandmother was taken ill, and the money she had saved was well nigh exhausted. My pen glides hastily over the record of those dark hours, reader, for I know your brow has grown sad in its sympathy for us, and I am longing to call back the light to your eyes. Suffice it, the dawn of my eighteenth winter found me in a single chamber, located on the fourth story of a brick building, where, for three months, grandma and I had managed to exist, and that was all, upon the proceeds of my needle, for I had obtained, through the influence of a laundress, who occupied the first floor, the "plain-sewing" of two or three families who resided in the upper portion of the city.

But that morning our pecuniary resources were entirely exhausted. Our last mouthful of food had disappeared, and the night previous I had prepared, with many tears, my grandmother's last cup of tea. By sewing very diligently, I thought I might complete the dress I had on hand by noon, and then I had resolved to carry it home, and request immediate remuneration for it, although it was the first I had ever made for

the lady who owned it, and whose name I did not even know, for her domestic had furnished me with her address.

But grandma's words, wrung from her lips by pain and hunger, when she was only partially awakened, had undermined all my resolution, and I laid down the folds of silver lace, and covered my face with my hands, while the tears gushed fast through my fingers. I cried there a long time, but very still, so that I need not awaken grandma, who had settled into an uneasy slumber, and then a plan for procuring her some food—for I did not think of myself—flashed into my mind. I would write a note to the lady, requesting her to pay me before the dress was completed, and carry it myself, for my distress rendered me desperate. I seized a pen, wrote a few hasty words, and, throwing on my bonnet and shawl, glided noiselessly from the room.

It was a long walk, and the air was very cold. I drew my green veil around my face, and cried almost all the way. At last, I reached the large, elegant stone edifice, and, ascending the steps, pulled the bell. I delivered my note into the hands of the porter, and requested him to inform his mistress that I waited a reply. I remember that I sank, dizzy and faint, upon the rich cushions, in the spacious apartment where he led me, and that I heard him say, "Here's a note for you, Miss," to some person in an adjoining room.

"Annie Dale! Annie Dale!" were the next words uttered in a loud, eager voice, and full of pathos, which had reached me; "where, where is she?" and the next moment the door was thrown widely open, and a light, girlish form bounded through. I knew her at the first glance, though eighteen summers had ripened into graceful girlhood the form and features of Emma Lee. I rose up, and tried to speak, but the sudden surprise, added to my long abstinence, proved too much. I slid from the sofa, and her arms alone caught and saved me from falling.

When I awoke, I lay in a large, lofty chamber, with faint footfalls and low voices all around me; while Emma Lee was holding my hand, and her tears were falling fast upon my face, and by her side stood the sun-embrowned gentleman, whom I recognized as her uncle.

"Oh, Annie," said Emma, "open your dear, brown eyes, and look at me once more. I have not forgotten how pitifully they used to look on me when I was only that cruel, cross woman's bound girl; oh, I never thought I should find you reduced to working for me! Kiss me, Annie, darling," and she put down her bright cheek to my lips, and I kissed it, and then I whispered, for I was very weak—

"Emma, my grandmother is sick, and almost starving, and she will be so alarmed if she should wake up and find me gone."

"Mrs. Dale sick, starving!" cried Emma. "Where is she! Oh, uncle, send for her, do send for her," and she turned to the gentleman who had been blinking his eyes, and staring out of the window quite auspiciously for the last few minutes. He came forward, and took Emma's hand, and my own, and said—

"Be calm, my children. We owe you and your grandma a great debt, Annie, and we will



try to repay somewhat of it. Where does Mrs. Dale reside? I will go to her, myself," and I whispered the number of the house, and he left the room, and Emma put her arms round my waist, and we both wept, just as we did one summer day by the garden gate, and then the domestics brought me some delicious tea and toast; and in a little while I could sit up, and tell Emma the sad history of the days since we parted.

How brightly the picture of that winter-day looms up amid the darkness which lies in the back-ground! Before night grandma was sleeping quietly under the home-roof of Emma Lee; and her physician was assuring me that relief from the pressure of mental anxiety, and careful nursing, would soon restore my grand-mother's physical energies. And so they did. That winter glided away, all light, and happiness and love, for the home and the heart of Emma Lee were all my own.

One day, when the bounding pulse of the spring had quickened the great heart of our mother-earth, "Uncle Charlie," as I had learned to call Emma's uncle, invited us all to ride. How delightful it seemed, as we cleared the suburbs of the city, to hear the warbling of the spring-birds, and to see the violets lifting their dark, meek eyes along the ridges of the meadows. Our route proved a very circuitous one, and, though I continually teased Uncle Charlie to tell me where it would terminate, he only replied by a shake of his head, and a comical blinking of those dark, handsome eyes. At last I thought objects began to assume a familiar appearance; and while I was vainly striving to identify them, we turned a sharp angle of the road, and drew suddenly up before our cottage-gate. It never looked half so pleasant as it did that afternoon, nestled among its fair spring shrubbery. But it was no longer our own. I covered my eyes with my hands. I could not look on it, when I thought of this. Uncle Charlie insisted upon our alighting, although grandma and I pleaded strongly against it; but he would hear of no refusal. We walked up the front path, and grandma trembled almost as much as I did; but we did not see any strange faces at the windows; and Uncle Charlie led us into the little parlor, which new furniture had completely regenerated, and then he said—

"Mrs. Dale, I have discovered that you were unjustly deprived of your property. I have also succeeded in proving it, and now restore your cottage, and the adjoining land, back to you."

I wish I could paint for you, reader, the rest of the scene in that little parlor; but I cannot, for the tears fill my heart, and blind my eyes whenever I think of it; but that night, as I laid down in my little chamber to sleep, and nestled up close to Emma, I wondered if the angels could be happier than I.

After this, Emma and I attended school at M—, for two years; but Uncle Charlie and she passed their summers at the cottage; and I used to tell Emma how I watched for the green "go cart" through the chinks of the blind; but Mrs. Gray and the old house are all gone now.

And now, reader, before we part, there is a

word I would whisper in your ear: I have seen Emma's brother—William Lee. How slowly my pen writes that word, as though it lingered lovingly over every letter. He has Emma's blue eyes, but his hair is darker, and the contour of his features more strongly defined. Last summer most of his college vacation was passed at our cottage; and one evening Uncle Charlie and Emma went to walk, and William and I went down to the peach-tree, (it is a large tree, and its broad arms are loaded with fruit now), and under that tree, William Lee whispered in my ear three little words, which sent the blood to my cheek, and a quicker throb to my heart. I must have behaved very foolishly, for I leaned against the tree, and burst into tears; but somehow William seemed to understand all I wanted to say, only I couldn't, and—but I cannot tell you what he said, reader; suffice it, that Emma draws her arm around me almost every day, and looking into my face with her blue, roguish eyes, says: "Next autumn, Annie, you will, in truth, be my sister;" and that comical look, which is always the precursor of some pleasantry, comes back to dear Uncle Charlie's face as he says: "But she will not be William's sister any longer," and then I always cover my face with my hands, for it is very singular, but I never can hear William Lee's name spoken without my foolish little heart bounding just as it did one midsummer night under the peach-tree.

## FLOWERS.

BY HORACE SMITH.

Ye matin worshippers! who, bending lowly  
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,  
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy  
Incense on high.

Ye bright mosaics! that, with storied beauty,  
The floor of nature's temple tessellate,  
What numerous emblems of instructive duty  
Your forms create!

'Neath clustered boughs, each floral bell that  
swingeth,  
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,  
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth  
A call to prayer;

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,  
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,  
Its choir the winds and waves: its organ thunder;  
Its dome the sky.

There, as in shade and solitude I wander,  
Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the  
sod,  
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder  
The ways of God.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!  
Upraised from seed or bulb, interred in earth,  
Ye are to me a type of resurrection  
And second birth.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,  
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,  
My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining  
Priests, sermons, shrines.

## HOMŒOPATHY.

BY DR. SHARP, OF LONDON.

The misrepresentation of homœopathy by its opponents is a difficulty which I feel great reluctance to notice. Such disingenuous conduct reflects so much discredit upon my professional brethren, that I would it did not exist, or that I had no need to allude to it. Charges, without proof, of quackery, of fraud, and of falsehood; attempts to hinder the circulation of our books; to erase our names from college and other lists, and to refuse diplomas to our students; accompanied at the same time with the unacknowledged adoption of some of our best remedies, betray a state of feeling greatly to be lamented.

The general ignorance which prevails upon the subject of Homœopathy, is not only a great difficulty in itself, but is also the origin of most of those we have already noticed. Both the profession and the public need to be better informed as to what Homœopathy really is. How few persons have any definite idea of the *principle* of Homœopathy, and of those who have, the great majority entertain a mistaken notion. They think it teaches that what causes a mischief will cure it, thus confounding *similis* (like) with *idem* (the same). Some of Hahnemann's own illustrations may have tended to foster this mistake; but it is highly desirable that the point at issue should be clearly stated and understood before it is discussed. Many things taken into the stomach, in a state of health, are found by experience to nourish and support the body—to preserve life and health; these are called *food*. Many other things, when similarly taken, are found by experience to cause pain and injury to the body—to destroy health and life; these are called *poisons*. We have also learnt from experience that some of these latter substances—these poisons—when given in natural disease, act beneficially and remedially upon the diseased body. Homœopathy implies that experience further teaches us that the best mode of administering these remedial poisons, is to give them in such cases of natural ailments as resemble in their symptoms those injurious effects which such poisons produce when taken in health. If a person has suffered a bruise, he is not supposed to require a second blow to cure him, as is often stated, in order apparently to throw ridicule upon the subject, but some substance is to be sought for, which, when taken in health, will produce pains and sensations similar to those of the bruise. A plant called *Arnica Montana* does this, and a small dose of the juice of this plant is found by happy experience, to relieve the pains of the bruise far better than any other remedy yet discovered.

It is objected that the symptoms produced by these poisons, when taken in health, and said to be similar to those symptoms in disease for which they act as remedies, are not invariably produced; for instance, that *Belladonna* does not *always* produce symptoms resembling scarlet fever, or that *Mercury* does not *always* produce salivation, or ulceration of the throat. No one ever asserted that they did, nor is it at all required for the truth of Homœopathy that they should.

If they have ever unequivocally done so, it proves that they are capable of producing them, which is all that Homœopathy asserts.

Again, on the question of the small dose, we are frequently told that it is putting a grain of the medicine into one end of the Lake of Geneva, and taking a wine-glass out at the other. The North Sea and the Atlantic Ocean are similarly referred to; but such observations only betray the ignorance of those who make them. The medicines for homœopathic use are prepared in a very simple manner. A medicinal plant, when in its perfection, is bruised, and the liquid part separated from the solid; a portion of this liquid is mixed with an equal quantity of pure spirit of wine—this is called the “mother tincture;” two drops of this tincture are mixed with ninety-eight drops of spirit and shaken—this is the first dilution; one drop of this is mixed with ninety-nine drops of spirit, and shaken—this is the second dilution; one drop of this is mixed with ninety-nine drops of spirit, and shaken—this is the third dilution, and so on for other dilutions. These are sometimes made on the decimal scale, instead of the centesimal, that is, two drops of the mother tincture are mixed with eight drops of spirit, instead of ninety-eight, to form the first decimal dilution; one drop of this, with nine drops of spirit, to form the second decimal dilution, and so on. But, when not otherwise expressed, the scale of one in the hundred is understood. Solid substances are similarly prepared by rubbing together one grain with ninety-nine grains of sugar of milk. Where there is nothing to conceal, the truth has only to be simply stated. By so doing, the responsibility of rejecting it is thrown upon those who venture to do so, and ignorance itself becomes criminal.

## A GERMAN STORY.

I had a neighbor at the Cathedral who was never missing as often as I attended divine service. She was an elderly lady, and apparently unmarried. Even now I could paint her as she was then, in her high brown pew, surrounded by its carvings of lily-cups, roses, vines and angel heads, with her book before her, which had a silver-mounted cover of black velvet. Her whole appearance, including her fine cambric handkerchief, lace veil, and the material of her dress—she was always attired in black—bore a certain expression of Sabbath-like life and feeling.

There was something attractive to me in her eyes, notwithstanding the sternness of her somewhat strongly marked features. She joined in the singing of the congregation with more ardor than any one else, and followed the discourse with the utmost attention, evincing, however, more firmness and reflection than fervent devotion, and in general her manner bore the character of strict Protestantism.

By degrees a slight acquaintance had sprung up between us, confined mainly to the finding of the hymn, and on speaking when coming or going. Her bowing, and all her movements, betokened simplicity and a noble carriage. Her short person glided gently along over the tombs on the floor of the cathedral, beneath which, pro-

bably, the dust of her ancestors was reposing in the shade of the Gothic pillars, strewn over with the floating flowers of light, which the sunbeams cast through the stained glass of the windows.

When leaving the church, amid the parting tones of the organ, I often saw my acquaintance cross the square and disappear within the door of a stately old mansion nearly opposite the cathedral. The neighborhood of old churches imparts a peculiar aspect of seriousness to mansions of this kind, and in portraying the character of this lady, I easily fancied to myself a correspondence between the two,—the arched windows and deep niches in the wall appeared to me so taciturn, and yet at the same time so full of gloomy peace. The coat of arms of her ancient family was hewn in stone over the gateway, and this family was to become extinct with this its last, lonely owner. I never saw any one else enter or leave her abode.

Near about that time events took place in my family which, in an indirect way, had a bearing on my own life. Brother Max began to write verses, to deal with florists, to become passionately fond of dancing, and to prance on horseback along our most fashionable street. It is the first pang of disappointed love, to be obliged to give up a brother to another woman, from whom he will never return the same,—ah, how early is woman taught, in all kinds of ways, to practice resignation! Dorette was pretty, very pretty, and, what was more to my advantage than hers, so pleasing to myself, that after my poor heart had once overcome its deep, undeserved sorrow, I could accustom myself not to begrudge her my dear, proud, Maximilian. His lady-love and her sisters met me, his former darling, in the most friendly manner, and soon the ties of a cheerful friendship was woven between them and myself. The mother of these girls was too fond of her children to oppose the affections of any one of them; and Max was by far too noble and welcome a suitor to put her indulgence to too severe a test. It was decided that their betrothal, which had been brought about rather precipitately, in consequence of the over-tender feelings on all sides, should, for the present, remain a secret; partly on account of the youthfulness of our couple, and partly with the view of humoring the whim of a relative, whose approval of their union was to be secured.

Aunt Francesca, the only sister of the mother of my friends, was described to me as being a very stern and singular lady. She appeared to me as an invisible power, feared by all. "See," the children would say to me, "she is inexorable even with regard to the most harmless amusement. If she were to see the new ball dresses mamma has given us lately! Had she her way, we should always have to go dressed in grey all over. No tailoress, no hair-dresser, no lady's maid would be permitted to come near us. According to her idea we ought to be working always, work as if we had to do it for money's sake. But every thing can be carried too far. At another time she lectures us about learning how to save. Do you think she has ever given us one pearl, one stone of all her splendid jewelry, which she never touches once herself? and O,

when our ill star brings her into our room—then she finds fault with things never being in their proper places. How can people who have imagination, be so precise? One is awe-stricken at seeing the order reigning in her whole large house, where every word, every foot-step finds an echo. Every thing there seems to have been blown off. I believe aunt even helps to do the scouring. She never can keep her maids long. One dies there with *ennui*. There are no flowers there, no birds, no music, nothing except the tones of the organ in the cathedral. There are no arm-chairs there, no divans, nothing but bare walls, or the smoky portraits of her ancestors; hard chairs, old-fashioned wardrobes, everything dating from A. D. whilome. We have never been in her boudoir, it is true. No mortal eye has ever penetrated thither. It remains locked up with the seal of Solomon. Who knows what is hidden there? Perhaps aunt is a disciple of Freemasonry. She has no intercourse with any one. And yet one cannot deny that she is intelligent. But taste, *that* she never has had.

Soon afterwards I chanced to make the discovery that this Aunt Francesca, and my neighbor at church, were one and the same person. My friends jested me upon the high favor I enjoyed with her, and recommended themselves to my protection.

"Aunt will not approve of our happiness, I am afraid," Dorette complained, "for she hates wedlock."

"Because she did not get a husband herself, or she wanted none," said Lilly.

"No," rejoined Augusta, "because her lover died forty years ago: that is the reason, too, why she always wears mourning. Since that time she hates men and lovers."

Hate? I shook my head incredulously. I now thought of that smile of hers, which, on leaving church one day, she had bestowed on a distressed-looking child, of whom she had bought some bunches of violets, and to whom she returned the flowers, together with the money. It was the only time I ever saw her smile.

"You will not believe us?" chimed pertly the voices of the three. "She is an old maid out-and-out; the completest, fairest copy of one! Full of oddities, differing in every particular from everybody else, positive, always hurt, gall all over, always criticising, displeased with herself and the whole world!"

An old maid! I have often been shocked at seeing the cowardly vile world, which judges every act and every life, by its success only, stamp with a nick-name what ought to be a mark of distinction. An old maid! In the Kingdom of Heaven, where the last will be first, there she will rank next to the innocent children, and the souls of maidens, which departed before the rose-time of life. How it moves me, that form, as it is gliding along through time, a stranger to all, wrapt, nun-like, in invisible veils! A flower which an inhospitable climate permitted not to expand! Ever and ever to see others happy, always to resign, to know no wish, no envy.

I could kneel down before them, before these heart-like shrines, closed but replete with much.

How much love, how many dreams, unseen and unknown, are wafting along over the planets, blossoms falling, as it were, on flower-beds of graves! In your poverty what riches! It is the old maid only who knows altogether, and comprises in her heart, the love of woman, wife and mother. Ye sisters of mercy, on whom the world has so little mercy! But even though the victims of an ailing, rotten social system, you are, nevertheless, not its unhappiest ones, not like those who, cruelly humbled, are dragged to the altar, whose unheard death-cry rends the clouds, whose sighs in a lingering death awaken no echo on earth.

It can be imagined that I proposed to myself (hereafter) to look with very different eyes on my neighbor at the cathedral. But it did not come to that. One should never pass by men as unconcernedly as it is generally done; it might be the last time. I did not see Francesca again, after I knew her by that name. Contrary to her custom, she staid away. I heard that her health was declining. She grew worse, and soon after died. All souls felt new sympathy for her. The hidden virtues of the aunt emerged. Of her faults I heard no further mention made, but so much the more of mourning dresses, of her funeral, last will, of bequests, legacies and charities. The nieces decked with flowers, the poor with tears, the coffin of their benefactress. I was thrilled with melancholy upon seeing it borne through that door, so well known to me, covered by a pall upon which her coat of arms was embroidered. The black plumes waved solemnly, the crape streaming from the horses' heads along the street. During the interment a hymn was sung, which the deceased had herself selected for that occasion.

Soon after, the authorities made their appearance in the house, to perform the customary official duties. How dismal, how dreadful it is, this public intrusion of the mechanism of law, into the cloister-like quiet of a maiden lady's home; into those apartments kept hitherto so firmly guarded, into her sequestered room, into the very recesses of her being.

The charm of solitude is frightened away from within these walls by the stern and almost rude looks of these functionaries; the breath scarcely grown cold, of a delicate, retired life, which has for ever fled, is followed up as a matter of fact, by a profane curiosity; the recent traces of a thought, a feeling, of unpretending daily habits, of the many little joys and sorrows, are turned over and gazed at through ever so many spectacles.

My friends gave a description to me of all the particulars. The gentlemen of the law, after having wrung the bell with an air of grave authority, became somewhat impatient until the massive door was opened to them, which led into the fire-proof arched hall, with its round, grated windows, the tessellated stone floor, the marble basins, and the fountain in the grotto, formed of shells.

More than once the foot of one or the other of the gentlemen was near slipping on the shiningly-waxed stairs, while passing by the ancient hunting pieces. First they proceeded to examine the

well-crammed, polished wardrobes, with their little fluted columns, then the stores laid up in the cellar, pantries, garrets. Everywhere profusion and thrifty housekeeping were manifested; in case of a siege, the purveyor would not have been wanting in anything: especially glasses of preserves in the closest array betokened the careful administration of a gentle hand.

In the ante-chamber, with its stucco ceiling, and where from the walls in a row hang the ancestral portraits in full length: the ministers of the law in the room, and the old patricians on the walls, decked with gold chains of honor, the knights in complete coats of mail, the powdered dandies in their gala dresses, and dames attired in satin robes or Amazon costume, were eyeing each other most curiously. The unwonted footsteps of so many made the smooth floor creak. The servants looked on wonderingly. They loiter before they unlock the folding doors. All enter now the large dwelling-room, with its tapestry stiff with enwoven Moors, palms and camels; there is the gigantic stove of white and blue porcelain—under it sleeps a white Angora cat upon her cushion: below the mirror, in a vessel of crystal glass, float silent little gold fish, kept there as if by magic: in the recess of the window is the work-table, and on it a work-basket and scissors, thimble and little spools of fine thread. To the left is seen the solitary bed-chamber: in an alcove stands the bed hung with green silk, over it the portrait of Francesca's father in a hunter's uniform; upon the little table alongside the bed lie the New Testament, a pair of spectacles, a smelling-bottle, a hand-bell, and a watch in a velvet case; the latter had run down during the night of her death, and had not been wound up since.

At the right hand, from the dwelling-room, there are other folding-doors, leading into the drawing-room, which the deceased had always kept like a sanctuary, which no one else had ever been permitted to enter. A long search is made for the key; one is tried after another, but in vain; at length the lock opens. So much the more eagerly all now press into the room; its walls are hung with red silk, trimmed with gold borders; chairs and sofas are of the same color; on the pier-table, under the mirror, stands a splendid old time-piece, its hands pointing at the ninth hour: two large oil paintings hang on the opposite walls, one representing the flight of the Holy Family into Egypt, by one of Durer's scholars; the other a night piece by Shalken, representing the Wise and Foolish Virgins, with the lamps in their hands. Before the sofa, over which the latter painting is hanging, stands a round table, covered mysteriously with table-cloths. They remove them. They, like the cloth upon the table and the napkins, are of the finest damask, but all are in a state of decay from the effects of time. The heavy plate on the table is of the richest kind, but tarnished. The table is, apparently, set for three. Everything is gazed at and examined piece by piece. The time-worn linen falls apart so soon as a finger touches it: in some places even it crumbles into dust. Where may those three persons be now,

that were to have dined here sociably? How long have they been waited for? Even our prosaic officials seem to feel some kind of emotion: a fit of awe came upon them in looking at this meal for the dead. Many questions arose around this riddle, to which the grave only seemed to have the clue.

For there was no one who knew anything about it; the lady herself had given no intimation of this affair, either previously or in her last moments; although death had not surprised her, and every preparation for it had been made by her long before. Her vault had been prepared, under her directions, during her lifetime, and to those around her she had pointed out the very drawer in which they were to find the attire in which she wished to be laid out. The nearer her dissolution approached the less she seemed to suffer. She lay, much of the time, quiet in her bed, apparently slumbering. Once, about midnight, she raised herself a little, and looking around said, "It will soon be day." With these words all was over.

And true enough, in the above-mentioned drawer, put up neatly and fresh, as if done yesterday, everything appertaining to the laying out of her corpse: a robe of white satin, a myrtle wreath, a lace veil, instead of the cap usually worn, silk stockings and slippers, even the cambric folded, which is put under the chin. In all this forethought is revealed a silent bravery, a heroism, such as is rarely found in the other sex. Thus Francesca reposed in the coffin, in her bridal dress. The first time in forty years she had laid aside her mourning. This points out a re-union. A few hours after her demise her features had assumed a mild expression, all traces of suffering having passed away. None had ever seen her countenance look so lovely.

But all this could spread no light over the singular discovery. Neither could the mother of my future sister-in-law furnish us with any information concerning it. For there had never been any congenial intercourse between the sisters—the two differing both in years and dispositions. Whilst the one was still a child, the other, already a blooming maiden, after receiving her education in a distant boarding-school, marrying early, had, with her husband, spent many years abroad; and only recollected the circumstance that once Francesca had been engaged, and that about forty years ago, her lover might have fallen in the battle-field.

It can be imagined how much this wonder of the drawing-room, assuming almost something of the ghost-like, engaged our attention—and how it put our young imaginations on the stretch. We were dreaming of it day and night; and yet were never able to find out its meaning.

One day, many weeks after those events had taken place, I was sitting in my room, at the window, beneath which the stream, (Rhine) along its green banks, rolls in powerful rhythms its lay of distant lands of deeds and glory; I looked beyond it, to the glistening snow-capt peaks, along the horizon. The door opened. "Are you alone, dear?" said a voice. Dorette's little head, with its jet-black ringlets, and her pretty face, peeped in. She ran up to me—

"Do you think we shall be interrupted. I have made a discovery; the mystery of the three covers is solved! You know the work-table of my sainted aunt fell to my share. Look here, what I have found in a secret drawer."

She held up to me a dark blue little book, the clasp of which easily gave way to the touch. Seating herself on a stool, and leaning over my knees, she began to read in her dear, silvery voice:—

#### NEW YEAR.

A real new year! I should never have believed it, that all of a sudden, everything can become so different, so beautiful. I, too, am different. I breathe so lightly; I am good—because I am happy! One can see that God has created us for happiness, and happiness for us.

If I only could remember all! I should not like to forget anything, not one word, one look, one second, I would lock up all in myself, to be my own for time and eternity. I should like to tell all to the angels in Heaven, and give it to them to keep. How has it happened to me! Him I have loved at once. When looking around among the girls and married women of my acquaintance, it seems to me as if there were two kinds of love, one kind which is made, the other which is found. The one is of slow formation, that is the artificial one; the other has always existed primitively, that is the real one. You cannot evade it; cannot add anything to it; it is destiny. I have often asked myself, why there are women who can be untrue in love, can divide their affection, whilst there are others again with whom love absorbs their whole being. I explain it to myself thus: The former are merely *dilettantis*, mere tinkers in love; the latter have the genius of love: with them it is inspiration, a beam emanating from the Deity itself. They *must* love, the others only *desire* to love.

Yes, him I loved at once. When Bettie's husband was introducing him to me, as a friend of his early youth, who was to sojourn with him for a few weeks, previous to his departure for the army, the stranger's voice penetrated to my very heart, as no voice had ever done before. For a long time I did not venture to look at him, until he accosted me, and my eyes had to meet his. Then I felt as if at home, and as if I had always known him. That look of his, how earnest, and yet how child-like. I also liked his noble bearing. Often, when I could do so unnoticed, when holding a book in my hand, or when playing with the children, I listened to his words, each of which inspired me with confidence. He used to tell us of his past life, and of the world, or he would read to us. His stay with our friends being principally made with a view to recovering fully from a wound, he was a frequent attendant in the sitting-room. By the rich culture of his mind, new regions were expanded in my own. I was thankful to him, in my thoughts, for looking encouragingly upon me as a member of the family. I did not desire more; I did not hope for more. When saying to myself, that he would have to go soon, I felt fearful of the void in my future life; neither was I able to comprehend my past life without him.

His departure drew nearer and nearer. The

holy Christmas-eve was at hand. Bettie had invited me to be present on the occasion of the distribution of the gifts. We all sat around the dwelling-room, waiting for the signal to be given, and looking at the slowly parting rays of the day, as they were dyeing, with a purple hue, the snow-covered, peak-like cupola of the dusky Cathedral. News had arrived, ordering our friend, sooner than had been expected, to join the army, and fixing his departure on the day after Christmas. His looks were wandering around among the objects and faces that had become familiar and dear to him; they also rested on me with an expression of tenderness, which inly affected me.

Soon the little hand-bell was ringing through the twilight. Young and old were now crowding through the door of promise, from which a dazzling light was streaming towards us. How the many little lights were sparkling among the green foliage of the tree! How the children were laughing out of their eyes! The festal manifold gifts, laid out upon the white-spread tables, and all and everything thrown back in glistening reflection by the mirrors. Joy, earthly and heavenly, doubly blessed, consecrated by the finger of an invisible angel. My eyes were filled with tears.

"Francesca!" breathed some one near me.

I turned, the eyes of the friend were fixed upon me, radiant and speaking. I understood what they were saying. Christmas joy thrilled through my being; my life's happiness was born! He took both my hands, which I held folded, in his. The Christmas-tree was arching its tent over us. The little tapers were rocking on the fragrant branches; I felt as if we, the beloved one and myself, were standing amid the sweet solitude of a forest, the stars twinkling through the fir-trees. Yet, ere the tapers had burned down, stars of the moment, lights of bliss, Herman had let go my hand—it had been but one moment, and yet it appeared to me as if I had lived in that moment unspeakably long! Thus, with the blessed time itself, will hereafter pass measureless.

Only children can enter the Kingdom of Heaven. That is as true, as that, suddenly, happiness again makes children of us. All of the hundred little tapers had died out. Life's sorrows and joys seek to expand themselves in solitude. I took refuge in my window-niche, seeking to cool my face against the glass. My heart unbosomed itself to the Christmas stars above. "Francesca!" sounded once again, but more firmly—the voice of Herman, who had approached unnoticed by me.

"Francesca! I part from everything, and yet should like to take everything with me. Will you keep a home, will you keep happiness for me? My future hangs on the point of a sword, it is hidden in the smoke of battle-fields. I came a stranger, and as such I go. I can call nothing my own. Bestow upon me the highest boon that can be solicited and granted. Francesca! be my own." I spoke not, but I left him my hand, I let his eyes meet mine. He read in them an affirmative, for he breathed a "Thank you" from the bottom of his heart, pressing my

fingers to his lips. "Kriess Kringel!" he said, and we smiled at each other, as blessed ones, or as happy playmates.

The friend had, besides, requested me to grant him an interview at my own house the day following; to which I had determined to invite cousin Lore, my nearest and dearest relative. As I took leave of Bettie that evening, I perceived by her lively embrace that she had found us out. And old Sebastian, the servant, who with lantern in hand had walked before me, on my way home, when opening our house-door, was shaking wonderingly his gray, stubborn head. I had given him more than one wrong answer, I suppose. I moved as if in a dream. I saw and felt only that one moment of happiness—amid all the perils and sufferings around me, in a whole life replete with anxiety, only that one moment of happiness! Thus man, like the chimney-swallow, may hang his nest even on the smoking ruins of a volcano. Neither separation, which was so near at hand, nor the possibility of my losing my friend, was able to vanquish the delight I felt at having found him. Joy, genuine joy, always excels sorrow, and with right, for sorrow passes away, but joy remains for ever. I was so happy in those hours, that to sleep then, would have seemed to me robbing me of my own.

"I know now where my happiness is, even though I were never to return again," said he to me on the last afternoon.

I received from Herman his mother's wedding ring; he from me, one which my father had worn to his last hour.

We had to confer much and long about various matters, to explain and arrange many things; the Canoness—so good Lore was called in our family—little interfering with us by her presence; still more in consequence of her religious turn, than because of her deafness, she is used to retiring within herself. With her pale, calm features, which are brightened up as it were, by pensiveness, she sat on the sofa before the centre-table, engaged with fine needle-work; Herman and myself were sitting in the bay-window. He requested me to conduct him about the house, to enable him, from a distance, in his thoughts to find me everywhere. I did it most willingly, so that the objects which had surrounded me from my infancy could in future speak to me of him. Leaning on his arm, how I felt myself protected against all the world, and misery and death. I had hitherto been so lonely, my parents having died very early. He was now everything to me—father, mother, brother! So near, and very soon so far! In moments like these, the close relationship between joy and sorrow betrays itself.

One more hour! only a few moments more! I felt as if the watch were quivering within my heart. For the last time, hand pressed hand, and eye met eye.

"Francesca!" "Herman!"

The Canoness stood by with folded hands, her lips moving in a low prayer, delivered as if at the altar—or the grave. Now, the last parting at the head of the stairs. The house door creaking, I hastened to the window to see him once more from behind the curtain. He passes quickly across the square—he does not turn round. Now,



at the corner of the Cathedral he looks back; once more he looks back. He is gone. My tears are flowing for the first time; how could I have wept in the presence of my beloved? Happiness then was still with me! Flowers too are covered with dew only before the sun rises, and after he has set. No lamentation, nothing but thankfulness.

We belong to each other; he and I are ever together, whatever be the distance. To part without separating from each is the bitterest by far; if eyes that have once shed their lustre over thee, should become otherwise cold, gloomy, strange! But in *love* there is no parting.

#### EASTER.

This time I am left without intelligence longer than usual. I tormented myself with a thousand suppositions; I was waiting in fearfulness. Then, about a week ago, I dreamed I was standing or sitting on a little balcony, the beloved one behind me—I knew it without seeing him—so near to me, that his breath touched me. All at once the balcony flew off and away with us. With dizziness I looked down a fathomless depth beneath me.

On the second or third morning after that night. I received a letter from him, informing me that some honorable mission was bringing him on this way, and that the armistice, holding out the prospect of a longed-for peace, it would be granted to us to pronounce the vows of our hearts and complete our union for time and eternity. Heaven be praised!

Herman writes, "You must not delay the fulfilment for a moment. If you love me, you will prepare everything, so as to be able to follow me to the Cathedral the day after my arrival. How my looks will search for it, and welcome it when seen upon the blue distant sky. I shall set my foot again upon the spot where I turned to look back upon your house, for the last time, to see the bay-window, the familiar room—thine eyes! On Easter I shall reach you at some hour in the evening. Sweet bride, await me!"

That is to-day. And how my heart is throbbing! I have run a dozen times to the window to look at that corner of the Cathedral, though it is not later than noon. Everything is ready. The white wedding-dress hangs stately in the wardrobe; the veil, the myrtle crown. I should have liked my little sister to be present, the only being in the world nearest related to me. Abroad, they will, alas, over-refine her, make her un-German, and spoil her for domestic virtues. It is the fault of our perverse guardian. I would like most to educate the child myself, as I also formerly nursed her. I would most faithfully take the care of her. Well, perhaps, when I shall be a wife, Herman will support me in my duties towards the little one. Now, only the spirits of my parents and their friends, such as are left, will accompany me to the altar. I have asked the Canoness, for this evening, to take the place of the bride's mother, and to share our joyful repast. Now I am having the Passover prepared. One would not know old Sebastian; I have never seen him so bestir himself. He has plundered the

garden entirely, to decorate the house from top to bottom. I shall lay the table myself, at which I am going to sit with my lover. I would not permit any one else to do that. I arose very early to arrange everything in the red-room. The finest table linen, with wreaths of roses and our coat of arms on it; the pair of chandeliers, the gilt cups and silver cans, the filagree baskets, three covers; one for *him*, Lore and myself. With what satisfaction I arranged his cover! There is still to be placed on his napkin a bunch of fresh violets, the first of the season. . . . I cannot go on writing, I must weep—that is the dew before sunrise.

#### ASCENSION.

Lord, Thy will be done! Yes, it was Easter-day.

"Lore, do be glad with me!" cried I shaking both her hands, as if I had to wake her up.

"I feel fearful of so much happiness," muttered she to herself, and again her lips moved in prayer, whilst I was fidgetting from one place to another.

The clock struck five, six—I listened and listened. . . . My whole soul was eye and ear. I heard and saw only to be disappointed.—How many passing forms and sounds tormented me!

"He cannot be here yet, Lore," said I, "it is hardly seven o'clock. Perhaps he will not be here until night-time."

She sat upon the sofa praying in a low murmur—it frightened me. The twilight was fading, single stars began to twinkle; it was growing dark, quite dark; here and there in the neighboring houses lights were seen flickering. I felt again as if the watch was quivering in my heart. I had the tapers lit. The Canoness sat pale as a ghost opposite me, on the sofa, against the red-wall, before the three untouched covers. Only Herman's chair was vacant.

There was a hard ringing at the door-bell. I started—hurried out to the stairs. . . . A stranger's face! . . . Only a letter! . . . A black seal!

I do not know how I got back into the room, but I saw the hand of the piece pointing at the ninth hour! I know not how I opened and read the letter. . . .

"He is dead!" shrieked I, and sank down upon my knees beside his vacant chair. The Canoness was moving her lips in a low prayer. She appeared to me like a watcher beside a corpse. I covered my face with both hands and buried my head in the cushion.

"Dead, dead! Never to see him again. Never to hear his sweet voice again! Never! Far from me, in the strange, bloody ground."

On the day intended for his departure, he had fallen in a treacherous skirmish, that had occurred among the outposts. His chair remained vacant. My burning tears moistened its cover. The Canoness and Sebastian had difficulty in removing me. They locked the door. To-day I opened it for the first time. I do not complain. In *love* there is no parting. How much more poignant is the pain if we lose the beloved one in life; if through death, how hopefully hopeless! Now I

share my friend with God only. With Him is the dearest I had in good keeping.

NEW-YEAR.

Forty years ago! They have been long years, and yet I wonder now at their having passed so, day by day. The bell, high up in the tower, has been chiming over my sorrows and hopes; and its clock, which was to strike the happiest hour of my life, keeping time with the impatient beating of my heart, has counted all its sighs. How loiteringly and yet how rapidly time passes with one who unremittingly watches its pulsings; they, like the strokes of the mariner's oar, accompany every act of our outer and inner life, bearing us ever onward.

All is past. Everything around me has changed, the whole generation among which he was known has died out. Only the Cathedral stands unchanged in the strange world without. There, where I am wont to pray, and at the same altar where I was to be wedded to him, I commune with my friend in the presence of God. My house too stands unchanged: my room and the bridal table. I have shut myself up daily in that room, and have knelt every day by the vacant chair.

Through forty years I have spread the table in the adjoining room for the Passover. How I have struggled near that spot, nursing my sorrow beside it, drawing my comfort from it! Waiting forty years for the bridegroom! To wait through a whole life—the hard lot of man! To wait in vain—no, not in vain! Keep the table prepared for the Lord. When the hour comes no one knoweth. . . . The bride awaits thee.

Dorette's cheeks had become more rosy, her eyes more sparkling during the reading.

"What an excellent woman Francesca must have been!" she said, shutting the little book. "I wish I had known her—known her well, I mean—my poor aunt! I love her dearly now. But I shall never again judge by appearances, since a person with such a heart as hers could have become so repulsive in manner."

"Yes," I answered, "your aunt has shown how the mechanism of life may fashion the manner of the individual, whilst the soul preserves itself unaffected by it. Thus every human being, worthy of the name, may bear within itself through life, a secret destiny of slumbering or extinct happiness."

The little blue book was preserved as a holy relic, and not unfrequently produced by way of a special treat.

"It is the dearest to me of all that I inherited from her," Dorette used to say.

When I now saw her exceeding fondness for her aunt, as for a tender confidant and companion of her youth, for that dreaded old aunt, who, while sojourning among us for so many years, had never been sought after by any one; and when I saw that fondness coming too late for both the deceased and the survivor, it made me sad to think how seldom love meets love, at the right time, on earth.

From this, we learn that we best know how to love when unembarrassed by the material presence

of the object. For we must love in spirit, that we may love in truth.

While Dorette was reading to me from that little diary, her looks would often wander from the book to my brother's portrait, which hung over my secretary. In fact, Max never had reason to complain of Francesca's influence over his happiness.

After reading those pages, a change came over Dorette; she grew more serious, her whole being had taken a loftier turn.

I also derived good from having beheld that stern form, which had assumed, in the long course of years, something of the Cathedral; uniform like its clock, like the peal of its bell; stone without, altar, image and light within. What patience, what firmness of faith there must have been in that life, passed in calm acquiescence! A martyrdom of the heart! Is not that female heroism? She suffered herself not to be drawn off from the home-life of her soul, by any storm or event of the outer world; and still more, not even by the contracted machinery of every-day life. And after all, what would woman's life be without that dream and ideality of an inner existence, soaring above all the trifles of earth? Women are poets above all poets. Their souls unceasingly weave poesy.

An old maid! Since that time I can still less bear to hear them mocked at. I ever think of my neighbor in the Cathedral—than whom, no other one has ever afforded to me an instance of such an union of hope and resignation, such an abundance of love—and yet so great a destitution.

She had more of faith and fortitude than many, but she too, like the rest of mankind, suffered loss and want. Each human being has this lot in common with the old maid. And where in this world is there a secure possession? The most secure is patience—we all are awaiting the bridegroom.

JUVENILE INVENTION.

A little boy dropped his drumstick into a well. In vain he entreated papa and mamma, the gardener, and the servants, to go down into the well to recover the drumstick. In this distress a brilliant expedient occurred to Master Francis. He secretly carried off all the plate from the sideboard, and threw it down the well. Great was the consternation when the plate was missed, and an active search was commenced. In the confusion, Master Frank runs in out of breath with the news that he had found the plate.

"Where, where?" was the cry.

"Down the well," replied the urchin. "I can see it quite plain, shining at the bottom, spoons, ladles and all."

The family hurried to the well, at the bottom of which, sure enough, the plate was visible. A ladder was got, a servant descended, and the plate was brought up. Just before the last article was fished for, Master Francis silently whispered to the servant at the bottom, "As you are down there, John, I will thank you just to bring my drumstick along with the soup ladle."

## THE RED EAR; OR, THE HUSKING FROLIC.

*See Engraving.*

In the rural districts, the merry-makings have a natural heartiness about them never seen in cities, towns, nor villages. Overweening self-respect has not come in to fetter the motions of the body, nor to smother the laugh in its free utterance. Feeling and action are in close relationship. You come nearer to nature, untrammelled by custom and unaffected by art.

A merry-making, *par excellence*, is a New England husking frolic. The husking frolic at the South is a different affair altogether. There it is a congregation of negroes from the various plantations near at hand, who, while they work, make the air vocal almost for miles around with their rude melodies, a few of which have been rendered familiar to ears polite by the "Serenaders" who have so highly amused the public during the past two or three years. But, at the North, the "husking," like the "quilting," draws together the gentle maidens and loving swains of a neighborhood, who meet to enjoy themselves in their own way. And such enjoyment as they have, in kind and degree, is not to be met with every day. In former times, the "husking" was a wilder affair than at present. Straight-laced conventionality is gradually finding its way beyond the city limits, and binding the free spirits of our country maidens. They meet oftener with the "city folks," gradually falling more and more into their habits as they partake more and more of their spirit; and, when they assemble for enjoyment, they check their impulses, restrain their movements, and hush almost into silence the merry laughter that seeks to leap forth like the singing waters of the fountain. No; "huskings" are not what they were. Instead of seeing on the threshing-floor a troop of young men and maidens, stripping from the bright ears of grain their leavy coverings, amid laughter, music, and the mingling of sweet voices, as of old, mere "labor" comes in too often to perform the service, and silently and coldly does its work. Yet, here and there a farmer, who cannot forget the pleasant times when he was young, sends forth his annual summons after the maize harvest is gathered, and then comes a merry-making for old and young that is enjoyed in a way never to be forgotten.

Old Ephraim Bradley was a man of this school. If his head grew white under the falling snows of many winters, the grass was fresh and green, and the flowers ever blooming on his heart. With him, the annual "husking" was never omitted. It was like Christmas and Thanksgiving, almost a sacred thing, half involving sin in the omission.

Kate Mayflower, a wild romp of a girl from Boston—at least some in the city regarded her as such—was spending a few weeks in D—, when invitations came to attend a husking party at Ephraim Bradley's. The old man lived some three miles from the village. Kate had heard about husking parties, and her young spirits leaped up when the announcement was made

that one was to be held in the neighborhood, and that she was invited to be present. It was a frolic that, from all she had heard, would just suit her temperament, and she set off, when the time came, to make one of the party, in the merriest possible mood.

Evening had closed in on the arrival of the party from D—, who quickly joined some score or two of young people in the large kitchen, where lay heaped up in the centre a huge pile of Indian corn.

"All that to be husked?" whispered Kate, as she entered the room.

"Oh yes; all that, and more, perhaps," was the smiling reply. "We have come to work, you know."

"Now, gals," said old Mr. Bradley, who stood looking on as the young folks gathered, with bright faces, around the golden grain, "now for a good old-fashioned time. If there are not half a-dozen weddings between this and Christmas, I shall say there is no virtue in red ears."

As he ceased, down dropped, amid gay voices and laughter, the whole company upon the floor, in all graceful and ungraceful positions, in a circle around the pile of corn. Kate alone remained standing, for the movement was so sudden that she could not act with it.

"Here's room for you, Kate," cried one of the girls who had come with her, making a place by her side; and down sank Kate, feeling, for the first time, a little awkward and confused. Beside her was a stout, rough, country youth, whose face was all merriment, and whose eyes were dancing with anticipated pleasure. The city girl eyed his rough, brown hands, coarse garments, and unpolished face, with a slight feeling of repulsion, and drew a little from him towards her friend.

"Oh, plenty of room, Miss! Plenty of room," said he, turning broadly around, and addressing her with a familiar leer. "The tighter we fit in the better. Lay the brands close, if you want a good fire."

Kate could not help laughing at this. As she laughed, he added—

"All free and easy here." He had grasped an ear of corn, and was already stripping down the husk. "A red ear, by jingo," suddenly burst from his lips, in a tone of triumph; and, as he spoke, he sprang towards, or rather upon Kate, with the grace of a young bear, and kissed her with a "smack" that might have been heard a dozen rooms off. Ere she had time to recover from the surprise, and, it must be admitted, indignation, occasioned by this unexpected assault upon her lips, the hero of the first "red ear" was half around the circle of struggling girls, kissing both right and left with a skill and heartiness that awoke shouts of applause from the young "fellers," who envied his good fortune.

That was a new phase of life to Kate. She had heard of kissing as an amusement among young folks, and had often thought that the custom was too good to have become obsolete; but a practical view, and a personal participation like this, was a thing that her imagination had, in none of its vagaries, conceived. An old-fashioned, straight backed, flag-bottomed chair stood

near, and, unwilling to trust herself again upon the floor, Kate drew that into the circle, and seated herself close to the pile of corn just as the young man had completed his task of kissing every girl in the room.

"First-rate, that!" said he, smacking his lips, as he threw himself at her feet. "Wasn't I lucky?"

Kate's indignation had, by this time, all melted away under a lively sense of the ludicrous, and she could not help laughing with the merriest. Soon another red ear was announced, and then the kissing commenced again. Such struggling, wrestling, screaming, and laughing, Kate had never heard nor seen. The young man who held the prize had all the nerve required to go through with his part, as Kate clearly proved when it came to her turn to receive a salute. Springing from her chair, she fled into the next room; but this only increased his eagerness to touch the lips of "the beautiful girl from Boston," and he soon had his arms around her, and his hands upon her cheeks. The struggle was long and well sustained on the part of the maiden, but her fate was to be kissed, and kissed by a rough young countryman whom she had never met before. The deed was done, and then the blushing, panting girl, was led back in triumph to the room from which she had escaped.

Red ears were in plenty that evening. It was shrewdly guessed that every young man had come with at least two in his pockets, for all the girls avowed that never before had farmer Bradley's field of corn produced so many. As for Kate, she was kissed and kissed, until making, as she alleged to her friend, a virtue of necessity, she submitted with the kindest grace imaginable; and, if the truth must be told, enjoyed the frolic with as lively a zest as any one present.

At length, the great pile of corn disappeared, and the company arranged themselves for dancing; but they had hardly been on the floor half an hour when supper was announced—and such a supper as that was! No pyramids of ice-cream or candied oranges. No mock nor real turtle; nor oysters in a dozen styles. Turkeys there were, but not scientifically "boned." No; there were none of the fashionable city delicacies; but, instead, "a gigantic round of beef in the centre of the table was flanked on either side with vegetables. A bouncing junk of corned beef was at one end, and a big chicken pie at the other. An Indian pudding, of ample dimensions, stood forth between the middle and end of the end dishes, and a giant pot of beans loomed up on the other side; whilst pumpkin-pies, apple-sauce, and a host of other 'fixings,' filled up the spaces."

This was the bill of fare for the evening, and our city belle looked on with a new surprise, as she saw the articles disappearing one after another like frost-work on window-panes at sunrise. If the good wife did not say on this, as was said on a similar occasion, "Lay hold, and help yourselves, gals—make a long arm; and let the men folks take keer of themselves. If any on you likes turnips *squat* and buttered, *squat* and butter 'em to suit yourselves"—at least as hearty and primitive an invitation to go to work on the good

things was extended, and no one could complain that it was not acted upon. What followed is best given in the language of one who has already described a similar scene:—

"The guests seemed to do ample justice to the viands; mirth and festivity reigned around the board. Jokes, witticisms, and flashes of fun would occasionally 'set the table in a roar.' All appeared determined to enjoy themselves at the 'top of their bent.'"

"Soon as supper was over all the girls lent a hand, and the table was cleared away in a jiffy. Blind-man's-buff was then introduced; the company now was uproarious! Dancing was the next consideration. Amos Bunker screwed up his viol, rosined the bow, and 'did up' the toe and heel-inspiring notes of Fisher's Hornpipe; whilst a number of the party, who were somewhat skilled in the terpsichorean art, put in the 'double shuffle rigadoon.' Presently the lookers-on caught the enthusiasm, and the whole company, old and young, adepts and novices, took the floor and did their utmost:

'Twas right and left, and down outside, six round and back to back:

Harum scarum, helter-skelter, bump together, whack!"

"And thus was the husking kept up till the old clock, which stood in one corner of the kitchen, beat out twelve; then broke up this jolly gathering."

So it was at old farmer Bradley's. When Kate went back to Boston, she was free to own that she had enjoyed a new kind of merrymaking, and avowed her purpose to be at old Ephraim Bradley's when the next "husking" came off.

T. S. A.

## JULLIEN AND THE YORKSHIRE-MAN.

It was the middle of July, 1853, when all London was stirred by the grand ovation which had just come off in honor of the "Lion Concert-giver," that a tall, raw-boned man might have been seen walking down one of the narrow streets of that foggy metropolis, alternately humming to himself little snatches of melody, and stopping to gaze at the signs over the store doors. Pretty soon he came to the music store of Cramer, Beale & Chapple, and strode heavily in, the large nails in the bottom of his shoes making music "in that part of the town."

"Hallo, mun!" said he, in the broad Yorkshire dialect, to a tradesman behind the counter, who was intently examining a new and beautiful engraving that was designed as a frontispiece to Jullien's last polka, "Con ye tell me if Measther Jullien's in?"

"No, he is not, sir. He left about half an hour since," said Mr. Chapple, (for he was the one addressed;) and as he replied, he raised his eyes from the design, and scanned the rough-looking person who stood before him. He was coarsely clad, a man of brawny limb, with a complexion of that particular ashy color, slightly begrimed with coal, which indicated that he had toiled for years beyond the light and warmth of the sun.

"Wull 'ee be in again to-day?" inquired the Yorkshireman.

"No, he will not—not before to-morrow. Did you wish to see him?"

"Wull, ya 'as, aw wood loike to," said he, hesitatingly. "They talk summut about ees gooin' to America," he continued.

"Yes, he sails next week; but how does that interest you?" said Mr. Chapple, who began to be curious about the motive that could prompt such a rough-looking customer to see the man of immaculate white kids and irreproachable vest.

"I'd loike to ga ower wi' um," was the reply.

"Like to go over to America with him! Pray, what good could you do him?" said Mr. Chapple, with an expression as near contempt as was consistent with good breeding.

"Wull, aw think aw cood do 'um a good deal o' good," said he, with a knowing twinkle of the eye.

"How? You certainly do not look like a musician."

"Wull, as to looks, that's nowhere here nor there, but aw blaw t' opheicleide sum—they say at whoam, betther than ony mun in t' coonty."

"Ah, indeed! What's your business?"

"Aw works in the cooal moine."

"Yes: well how much do you earn a week?"

"'About sixteen shillin'. And then, too, aw belong to a brass bond, and wemak summut by gi'en yan or twa concerts a week."

"I think, sir, that Mr. Jullien has engaged all the help he wants, and will not require your services;" and the music publisher, having satisfied his curiosity, turned away to his business, as if he had already spent too much time to little purpose.

The Yorkshireman awkwardly scratched his head, and stood for a moment, as if undecided what to do, but at length took a few steps towards the end of the counter, and peering over a pile of sheet music, behind which Mr. Chapple had taken refuge, said to him:

"Perhaps ye moight jus' loike to hear me play a bit. 'Gin ye'll gi' me an instrument, aw'll show ye what aw can do."

The request was so good-naturedly made, that Mr. Chapple could hardly refuse: so he led him up stairs, and gave him an old opheicleide, which, after a moment's inspection, he threw down, jocosely exclaiming:

"Gang awa' wi' yer owd brass! Coom, mun, gi'e us a good un."

Chapple obligingly complied. The Yorkshireman took the piece of shining metal in his huge hands, that were hardened, cracked and blackened with toil, and raising it to his lips, played a legato air with such a purity of tone and beauty of expression, that it was hard to tell which emotion was strongest in the mind of the listener, surprise or delight.

"But all this may be by rote," thought Mr. Chapple. "Here, let me hear you play that," said he, as he placed before him a new and very difficult solo for the opheicleide.

The Yorkmanshire glanced it once through, and astounded his listener by executing it with marvellous accuracy, capping the climax by improvising a florid and appropriate cadenza.

"Zounds!" said Chapple, "Monsieur Jullien

must hear you. Call to-morrow noon, and he'll be here."

"Ye thought aw di'nt play ony, eh?" said the performer, as he strode out of the room; and he gave vent to a broad guffaw as he tramped down stairs.

The next day, at the appointed hour, Jullien, with his publisher and the Yorkshire opheicleidist, was in that same upper room. Jullien, after hearing him play, was in ecstasies, which he endeavored to express in half a dozen different languages.

"Bravo!" he shouted, rubbing his hands. "Capital! *C'est extraordinaire*. Mr. Chapple, we must have him. Hire him, hire him at once, and give him five pounds a week."

"Five pounds a week!" exclaimed Mr. Chapple. "Why, he'll be glad to go for one quarter of the money."

"Never mind that," said Jullien, "never mind that—hire him, and give him five pounds (\$25) a week. He's worth it!"

On the north-east side of the orchestra, gentle reader, away back upon the highest platform, you will see, if you attend Jullien's concerts at Castle Garden, this same raw-boned Yorkshireman. He is better clad now; his countenance wears a healthier hue; and, our word for it, you will hear no provincial brogue in the tones of his opheicleide. —*Musical Review and Choral Advocate*.

## THE OLD GREEN LANE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

'Twas the very merry summer time

That garlands hills and dells,  
And the south wind rung a fairy chime  
Upon the fox-glove bells;

The cuckoo staid on the lady-birch

To bid her last good-bye—

The lark sprung over the village church,

And whistled to the sky,

And we had come from the harvest sheaves,

A blithe and tawny train,

And tracked our path with poppy-leaves

Along the old green lane.

'Twas a pleasant way on a summer-day

And we were a happy set,

And we idly bent where the streamlet went

To get our fingers wet;

With the dog-rose here, and the orchis there,

And the woodbine twining through;

With the broad trees meeting every where,

And the grass still wet with dew.

Ah! we all forgot, in that bliss-ful spot,

The names of care and pain,

As we lay on the bank by the shepherd's cot,

To rest in the old green lane.

Oh! days gone by! I can but sigh

As I think of that hour

When my heart in its glee but seemed to be

Another woodside flower;

For though the trees be still as fair,

And the wild bloom still as gay—

Though the south wind sends as sweet an air,

And Heaven as bright a day;

Yet the merry set are far and wide,

And we ne'er shall meet again—

We shall never ramble side by side

Along that old green lane.

## STRAWBERRIES.

BY MRS. F. H. COOKE.

"What are you preparing to plant in this soil, my son?" asked Mrs. Martyn. "Do you intend to raise the *Carduus Benedictus*?"

"No, mother. I have here, you see, a fine basket of strawberry plants; more useful if not so ornamental."

"And quite as well adapted to your condition. The strawberry always seems to me a fitting emblem of domestic happiness. Delicious and healthful, and wholly unpretending; easy of culture, yet entirely ruined by a few years neglect."

"You are given to moralizing this morning, mother."

"I cannot help it, James. I own I am anxious about the fate of this fragile flower that you have gathered, that is so sweet and graceful now, and that, if it receives your untiring cultivation, will crown your whole life with beauty."

"Are women such frail exotics, mother? I thought they were indigenous and tolerably hardy. I should smile to see anybody cultivating you for instance."

"But Eliza is not like me, you know."

"No, thank Heaven! I mean," he added, checking himself in some confusion, "that it would not answer to have two suns in one horizon."

"You are right, my boy. Eliza is no self-controlling sun. She was formed for a satellite, and must be governed by the laws of attraction. And I seriously fear that my long widowhood, my domestic *regency*, as it might be called, has accustomed you to look for more self-reliance in our sex than we usually possess. I am afraid you are rather unfit to be the sole guardian of a being so delicate and sensitive as Eliza."

"Then why didn't you warn her not to marry me? It is now too late to recede."

"Because I was a little selfish, James. I thought she possessed many beautiful gifts, to unfold and perfect which might make the happiness of your life. I thought her confiding gentleness might mitigate the harshness of a character like yours, whose rougher traits are a little too prominent."

James laughed and colored as he said, "And now you begin to be afraid that the experiment will fail. But take courage, mother. Your contemplated removal will make me feel an undivided responsibility, and when you get all arrangements perfected in your Western home, you must come and see what a charming woman I have made of the sweetest girl in Greenville."

"Well, James, I will take you at your word. And recollect that seven years hence I shall expect to be feasted with strawberries of your own raising."

Nearly seven years after the above dialogue took place, Mrs. Martyn, whose Western home was now a model of thriving plenty, left her little kingdom under the vice-regal government of a daughter of seventeen, and set out to revisit the home of her wedded life, and the residence of her eldest son.

The nearest approach that she could make to

Greenville by railroad, was the little town of Rutland, at whose principal inn she proposed to pass the last night of her brief and pleasant journey.

As she drove to the door, she saw a beautiful girl mounting on horseback for an evening ride. As the fair equestrienne threw back the veil from her plumed cap, Mrs. Martyn half-thought she recognized Eliza, the daughter she was about to visit. But the rich brown curls, the merry eyes, the silvery laughter, and, finally, the well-bred glance of a stranger, convinced her that her anticipations had lent a delusive coloring to her perceptions.

The inn was kept by a widow, a Mrs. Roberts, who came in person to receive the orders of her guest, and Mrs. Martyn surely thought herself dreaming when something in the look and smile of the portly matron awoke reminiscences of school-days and diversions. It could scarcely be Jenny Lawson who stood before her, and yet—there certainly was an answering gleam of recognition in those brown eyes, for after some mutual staring the hostess exclaimed, "Excuse me if I am wrong, but isn't this Mary Green that married George Martyn?"

"Jenny Lawson, how do you do?" was the ready response, and a very animated conversation ensued, in which many incidents of earlier date were rapidly narrated. It is true that the ladies had formed in girlhood only one of those casual intimacies that are not based on any real affinity, but this chance meeting awakened slumbering memories which it was mutually agreeable to recount.

After a brisk dialogue of half an hour, Mrs. Martyn remarked, "I met a very pretty girl at your door, whose features struck me as familiar. Does she belong to your family?"

"Bless you, no! I wish she did. That is Fanny Wilmot, and the handsomest girl in Rutland. It is hardly fair to call her a girl either, for she is thirty years old, and you wouldn't think she was eighteen."

"Your young men must be deficient in taste, if they allow such a flower as that to remain ungathered."

"No indeed, ma'am; Fanny has had more offers than she would like to acknowledge, but she is wise enough to keep her liberty."

"But don't you think even she would be happier if she were suitably married?"

"No, ma'am, I don't. I wish you could see her sister that is married. She is Mrs. James Martyn, of Greenville, about fifteen miles from here. She is three years younger than Fanny, and she looks ten years older. A poor, wan, faded thing, a sort of scarecrow upon the field of matrimony. Fanny understands herself better than that. You won't catch her throwing away her independence. She'll be young enough to marry when she is fifty, if she thinks it worth while to do so."

"Do you know this Mrs. Martyn of whom you speak?"

"I guess I do. She was here a few weeks ago. She has changed wonderfully within the last five years. She used to be as fresh as a rose; not so lively as Fanny, but the most quiet little puss. We all loved her dearly. And then she went



away to school and found this young Martyn. I hope he's no connexion of yours, ma'am—and he has just let her pine to a shadow, because he thinks, as he says, that women ought to have grit enough to take care of themselves."

Some domestic duties here called the garrulous matron away, leaving her guest very painfully occupied by this confirmation of the fears she had felt for the welfare of her son and his delicate bride.

With the first gleam of early daylight, Mrs. M. entered the stage-coach that was to convey her from Rutland to Greenville, and it was hardly seven o'clock when she found herself at the gate of her former residence.

The breath of the July morning was mild and genial, and yet the good lady felt a chill creeping over her system as she stepped within the enclosure. The gate was half unhung. The path to the doorway was covered with grass; the bell made no responses to her most vigorous efforts. At length, lifting the latch, she entered the well-known hall, and made her way to the dining-room, where a slipshod maid was about arranging the breakfast.

"Mrs. Martyn will be down soon," said the girl; and she rang a cracked bell with merciless vehemence.

In about ten minutes a heavy step was heard on the stairs, and James himself, with hair unprofaned by brush or comb, was the first to enter the apartment. His warm and cordial greeting, full of surprise and pleasure, was scarcely over, when a languid figure, in a loose dressing-gown, appeared at the door, and kindled into sudden animation at the brief statement—

"Eliza, here is mother!"

The pale thin lips looked positively beautiful as they pressed the matron's ripe, good-humored cheek.

A cheerful breakfast followed, in spite of the forbidding circumstances that had preceded it; and during the whole of that pleasant day, Mrs. M.'s very considerable social powers kept those of her son and daughter in delightful activity. Once only, and then by accident, did she strike a chord that vibrated unpleasantly. At tea she remarked to her son, "These strawberries are delicious. I am glad to see, James, that you are such a successful gardener."

James colored slightly as he replied, "Our own strawberries have run out, but a neighbor, knowing of your arrival, has had the kindness to send us a supply."

There was a smile upon Mrs. Martyn's healthful lip, as she bade her children good-night; but she closed her door, threw herself in an easy-chair, and sank into a depth of very grave reflections.

"All is wrong," said she at last, as she rose to retire. "Not fatally wrong, I trust, but we shall see."

During the whole of the next day she was a quiet observer of events. Lenient and amiable, she only appeared to float upon the tide of joyous and hospitable feeling that her presence had called forth; yet she took silent note of all its eddies and shallows, and sketched a distinct chart for the guidance of her future course.

On the third morning, at breakfast, the coffee was turbid, and the toast burnt to a cinder. James said a few cutting words to his wife, who left the room in tears. After sitting a few minutes in moody silence, the young husband remarked, "It is useless to attempt to conceal the truth from you, mother. You must see how much I am disappointed in my wife. Without being positively ill, she grows more languid and drooping, and inefficient, from year to year: and where I hoped to find an aid in the manifold duties of life, I am only dragged downward by her weight of helpless weakness. I labor to fulfil conscientiously my part of the conjugal contract, but it is vain to expect from her any corresponding efforts."

"How do you divide the duties of the conjugal contract?" asked his mother, with a perceptible smile.

"Why, of course, it is my duty to provide the coarse materials out of which her skill may prepare domestic comforts. For instance, I am to see that the larder is abundantly supplied, and she that the table is a place of refreshment and pleasure."

"Then you hold that

"There is that in life

To which we cling with most tenacious grasp,  
E'en when its lofty claims are all reduced  
To the poor common privilege of dining?"

"Poetry, from my practical mother!"

"Certainly. There are few things more practical than poetry. My dear boy, woman was not given to man merely for his physical comfort. If she did not exist, cooks, and bakers, and tailors could supply, and perfectly too, the daily demands of life; and if some finer articles of the wardrobe were a little neglected, they would soon be relinquished altogether. Adam might have been a fine thriving animal, without giving up a portion of his physical existence to be formed into an helpmeet for him."

"But you see, woman was made for the purpose of helping him, after all."

"Yes, she was to be a help adapted to his needs, which certainly were not, at that time, those of the kitchen and laundry. What was needed by man, at that time, and ever after, was a companion; something that would awaken him to higher life than that of the senses, something that would call him out of himself and his own narrow circle of selfish enjoyments. In a world of full-grown men, some of the finest traits of manhood must lie comparatively dormant. There would be very little to protect and cherish, to cultivate and bless."

"But, dear mother, I have been from my childhood accustomed to seeing woman cultivating and blessing others, without waiting for the performance of any such duties towards herself."

"If you mean your mother, James, let me beg you not to throw your compliments away. You may, perhaps, remember thanking Heaven that Eliza was not like me."

"I do remember it, perfectly, and never was an unfilial utterance more severely punished. In the bitterness of my subsequent experience I have surely expiated those ungracious words."

"But, my dear son, what I then told you has

proved true. Eliza has one of those twining natures that need a perpetual support. If you had made it one of your daily aims to call forth, and develop, and perfect the finest qualities of her nature, I think your patient culture would have reaped a rich reward."

"But I have told you that, as the head of a household, I have something else to do besides cultivating my wife."

"And what more important pursuit do you recognize, my boy?"

"First and foremost, the pursuit of a livelihood; the means of defraying the expenses of the day and hour."

"Life with you, then, is a locomotive with just power enough to drag an empty car. There are thousands of such lives, but I hope not to be compelled to count yours among them."

"Mother! I am willing that others should blame me entirely for Eliza's lost vigor and faded bloom, but I did hope that you, if only from maternal partiality, might have felt some compassion for my position."

"My poor, selfish boy! I do feel chiefly interested in the subject upon your account. It is because I know that by no possibility can you avoid the penalty of neglect of your conjugal duties, that I wish to see them fulfilled to the letter. Believe me, you are mistaken in your ideas of the relative importance of pursuits. There is no field of labor that would so richly reward your exertions as that of cultivating the mental and moral qualities and personal graces of your wife. Animated by your regard and confidence, seeing her welfare of high importance to your comfort, she would awaken to a new beauty; she would become the most precious charm of your existence."

"But, mother, I have never regarded her with indifference. I may have been harsh and neglectful at times, but, deeply as I feel her defects, she is still very dear to me. With all her lifeless inefficiency, I could not find it in my heart to exchange her faded face for the freshest beauty in the village. I would as soon think of giving up my own identity."

"My dear boy, just say to her what you have said to me. You will find it a remedy of wonderful potency."

James blushed as he replied—

"These are delicate subjects to speak of, mother. I should feel awkward to introduce them. I have never opened my heart so fully to any human being before."

"And yet this very heart was pledged to Eliza, and she has never once looked into its depths. It was capacious and warm enough to have sheltered her, and you have kept her shivering outside of its barred and bolted door, and yet wondered that she grew wan and listless. I only wonder that she did not seek the warmth of another fireside."

"If she had done so," said James, with flashing eyes—but he quickly buried his head in his hands, and remained for some minutes absorbed in thought. Then he said sadly, "I have not much faith in your remedy for Eliza's defects, and I am afraid it would be difficult to try it now."

I should find it an awkward task to break the ice."

"Pity that any ice should ever have existed in your intercourse with one whom nature and your own choice have set apart as your very nearest friend. Yet these perverse habits can, I think, be broken. If you have been false to your own heart and to Eliza's through many weary years, it is never too late to be true. And without truth in the conjugal relation, there is a worm at the heart of life's most tempting fruit."

"True, mother; I am fully aware of that. And I am resolved to give your system a trial. I will go now to my wife, though I would rather go to the pillory, and I will say—something that she will like to hear."

And, though with manifest reluctance, the young husband left the room, and was absent for nearly an hour. The words of that interview have never been repeated, yet it would not be surprising if that one brief hour sufficed for the utterance of more earnest truth, for the mutual revealing to each of these long-estranged friends of more of the real character and feelings of the other, than seven years of married life had previously done.

The habit of closing one's own heart against an erring friend, thereby shutting away from his consciousness the affection that might be his salvation, is very easy to take root and very difficult to extirpate. Yet, in the present instance, doubtless the long discipline of lonely sorrow had prepared the way on the part of both for the recognition of the simple truths then spoken by a mother's loving lips. And when Mrs. Martyn prepared at last to return to her Western home, it was surely a living creature that kissed her benignant brow, and said, amid smiles and tears, "I am very sorry to have you go, but we shall never forget this visit."

"Well, remember, children," said Mrs. Martyn, "that when I come again I shall look for plenty of strawberries from the old neglected garden."

WENDELL, Mass., Sept. 22.

## THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

"We remember," says one, "to have read a traveller's conversation with the keeper of the light-house at Calais."

"The watchman was boasting of the brilliancy of his lantern, which can be seen ten leagues at sea, when the visitor said to him, 'What if one of the lights should chance to go out?'"

"Never! impossible!" with a sort of consternation at the bare hypothesis.

"Sir," said he, pointing to the ocean, 'yonder, where nothing can be seen, there are ships going by to every part of the world. If to-night one of my burners were out, within six months would come a letter—perhaps from India—perhaps from some place I never heard of—saying that such a night, at such an hour, the light of Calais burned dim; the watchman neglected his post, and vessels were in danger. Ah, sir! sometimes on the dark nights, in the stormy weather, I look out to sea, and I feel as if the eye of the whole world were looking at my light! Go out! burn dim! no, never!"

## FIDELITY; OR, THE FALSE AND THE TRUE.

"A heart as far from fraud, as Heaven from earth."

We recently read a brief inscription on a tombstone, comprised in these emphatic words:—"FAITHFUL TILL DEATH." The sleeper had been a wife, and the tribute recorded in marble, was by her bereaved husband. The epitaph was simple, and, in some degree, common-place: and yet it told the story of a life of truth and fidelity. The memory of such a being must ever be cherished, not only with tenderness and affection, but with conscientious respect and awe.

There are but few who are faithful to the last, few who are true in all things, few who may be relied upon in every difficulty, and under all circumstances, few who will cling the closer in the hour of adversity. There is, indeed, nothing on this side of the grave, more truthful, more beautiful, more priceless than *fidelity*. And this language will apply to many conditions of life, many phases of feeling, many traits of character, and many understandings between man and man. Fidelity is the true, and treachery is the false. The one has its source in the noblest feelings of our nature, and the highest conceptions of principle, and the other finds its excuse and its apology in sophistry, selfishness and self-deception. The one adorns, dignifies, elevates and refines; the other darkens, defaces, debases and brutalizes.

Who that has ever enjoyed the privilege and the blessing of a faithful friend—one who was so in deed as well as in name—one who was so in the hour of vicissitude, in the day of trial, as well as in the summer and sunshine of prosperity and fortune—one who was so through good report and through evil—one who was so, not for a day or a year, but from boyhood up and on, through weal and through woe, in manhood, and in declining age—who, indeed, that has experienced all the truth, the sympathy, the solicitude, and the generosity of such a friend, can imagine anything more valuable, more precious, or better calculated to console, to cheer, and to brighten the gloomy paths of the working-day world? Alas! for the being who has never realized the genuine sympathy of a kindred spirit—who has gone through the world alone—who has never met with one responsive heart—who has never won the confidence, the friendship, the respect and the affections of a fellow-creature! And still more lamentable, if the isolated, the neglected, and the friendless have been sensitive, susceptible and capable of appreciating all the finer and gentler emotions of the human breast. And yet there are such unfortunates—at least there are many who, full of sympathy themselves, can excite little or no sympathy in others. They are kind, generous, and amiable, and yet they lavish their affections in vain, and meet with no response. Is it to be wondered at, that such beings sometimes become disheartened, peevish, and at last cynical? Can we be surprised that they at length seek for some new source of pleasure, and wrapping themselves up in their own unhappiness, so to speak, determine that the world is cold, heartless, and unfeeling?

It is regarded as somewhat romantic and sen-

timental, to see two individuals of the same sex warmly attached to each other, living, as it were, the one for the other, always associating, always harmonizing, always defending, if necessary—in brief, knit and united by an indissoluble bond of friendship. Nevertheless, the spectacle is one that is often gazed upon with feelings of envy. The sympathy, the confidence and the fidelity that unite and bind two such spirits, must be delightful. And if this be the case between man and man—how heavenly must be the union and harmony between the sexes! "*Faithful till death.*" Who that is about to enter into wedded life, would not hope to have such an epitaph written above his mortal remains by the being of his choice, and at the same time desire to be able to indite a like inscription, should he be the survivor? We can imagine no situation more touching than that of the two aged beings bent with years and travelling slowly down the hill-side of life, hand in hand, and heart to heart—who feel, as they tread upon the threshold of the grave, that from the moment they stood together before the altar, the sentiment of respect and affection had remained unchanged—that they had gone on from year to year, and from season to season, united in spirit and in soul, relying, confident, satisfied and faithful.

Fidelity is one of the noblest of virtues. It purifies and adorns the human character. It is a twin-sister of truth, and it can never have affinity or sympathy with treachery or falsehood. "He is," observed a friend of ours, a few days since, when speaking of another, "he is a *true man*." There is nothing false, double-dealing, or hypocritical in his composition. He would scorn to speak an untruth, and he could never debase himself by a treachery." A warm eulogium, and a just one, under the circumstances. But fidelity is a virtue that is not sufficiently appreciated. There are few, moreover, who are faithful in all things, who are faithful in business, faithful in friendship, faithful in morals, and faithful in those courtesies and obligations which are so admirably calculated to soften and sweeten the social amenities of society.

We some days since saw a poor fellow earnestly engaged in caressing a dog. The affection that he lavished upon the animal was so extraordinary that we ventured to ask the reason. He hesitated a moment, and then related a story of domestic sorrow, and turning to his dog, with tears in his eyes, and a voice broken with emotion, exclaimed, "This poor beast is all I have left. He at least is faithful." A distinguished Statesman, some years since, exclaimed, "One country, one home, and one wife." He had doubtless garnered his affections within his own hallowed household, and his idea of human happiness was embodied in the sentiment we have quoted. And where, indeed, on this side of the grave, should we look for real enjoyment, for earthly happiness, if not within the sacred precincts of home, and in the fidelity of the beings of our friendship and affection?—*Pennsylvania Inquirer*.

None but the contemptible are apprehensive of contempt.

## MY HUMMING BIRD.

MR. ARTHUR—I have always loved Humming Birds, and the articles from Webber's pen, which appeared in the early numbers of your *Home Gazette*, interested me exceedingly. The following year my husband espied a nest in a Silver tree, by our Western window, and we all watched with great pleasure the mother and her two little ones. Our nephews and nieces came from twenty miles round to see the pretty creatures, so packed in their tiny nest, no larger than a walnut; the mother too, flying off for food, and then cramming it down their throats with such efforts, that it seemed like a miniature wrestling match. We were surprised to find the young birds almost as large in the body as the mother—though head, neck and bill were much shorter. 'Twas very sweet to see the young mother trying to gather them under her wings; and as they grew older, to win them to follow her in her flights. We never wearied of watching them, and when after some weeks they took their flight, we mourned their absence, and thought not that we should one day know even more intimately, some of this shy but most attractive family.

Shall I tell you of "My Humming Birds?" If I had the pen of Webber, I might; and though unused to description, I will, in plain, unvarnished English, introduce you to a little one, just in the path of every passer-by, upon the pavement of a well-shaded home, in an old town upon the Delaware. The night had been one of storms and showers, and it was still blowing in the morning, when I heard the cry:—"Aunty, here's a Humming Bird! Don't you want to see it?" I was sick, but called my sister, who ran down and soon returned with the little stranger, nearly drowned, but half-fledged and scarcely able to stand.

"What shall I do with it?" she said.

Memory was not in full vigor; but my thoughts instantly turned to Webber's delightful sketches; and honey, with water and flour, were soon made ready to feed it. A wire cover formed the cage, and we put it on the window, hoping the mother would find her lost one. My nephew had seen her humming round whilst he laid upon the pavement. The little bird put out his long thread-like tongue, and took eagerly the food we offered him; but it seemed too powerful, and a search into the file of the *Gazette* showed me that the food Webber mentioned was composed of two parts of loaf sugar, one of honey, with ten of water.

In a few hours, I heard a humming noise, and found the mother's instinct had brought her to the window on the front of the house, but more than thirty feet from where she had left her little one, and in the upper story. I at once removed the cover; her joy seemed great at finding him. She flew around and returned so often to feed him, that I was obliged to place the cage on the window near my bed, that I might more freely admit her. We fed him also with the food prepared, into which we dipped the coral honey-suckle and put it to his bill. He did not yet understand how to feed himself.

On that night, Thursday, August 17th, I put

him in an open window in the library, which adjoins my room. In the morning, by sunrise, the mother awoke us by her call. To our dismay, the little bird seemed almost dead—a severe and unlooked for change had taken place in the weather, and without a nest and a mother's covering wings, he had suffered greatly. We placed him by a warm air-flue, and put him in a bag with moss, and afterwards placed him in an Eastern window, where the sun shone upon him. and his bright little mother soon found him. Ere long she became so tame that she would feed from the flowers I held in my hand, and would then give of her food to the little one. He, poor fellow, flew into his food, and gumped himself so, that I had to sponge him off with warm water.

On Friday the mother came into the room, but was so terrified, that I thought she would kill herself. She flew for hours about the ceiling. We left her, hoping she would then become calm and find her way out, but she did not. At last, she lit upon a table, and not wishing to frighten her by my touch, I offered her a flower dipped in honey, as I had done before; but she darted off again, and finally fell upon the floor. I took her up gently, and thought, for a moment, that she was feigning death; but I soon found that she was insensible. She took no notice of the young bird by whose side I placed her, fell over upon her side, the blood oozing from her bill. I cut the fibres which entangled her, and had caused her fall—and sponged the head and bill with cold water. I found her bill was cut, and more blood flowed from the wound than I should have thought was in her tiny body. She began to revive—opened her eyes, and in half an hour was able to put out that thread-like tongue, and take the food and flowers we offered her. She appeared very weak, and did not attempt to feed the little one. As soon as she was able she flew away, and came back no more that day.

I feared we should not see her again, but about noon, on the next day, she returned and fed the little one—whose home was now a basket, the box being shallow, and he now able to climb out of it, while the basket was roomy, and had a lid, which we shut down at night. In the day the mother had free access to him, sipped from his little cup and from the fresh flowers beside him, but would not now take food from those I held in my hand. She was much more shy, but attended to her youngling each day, until sundown, and would arouse us by her call by sunrise in the morning. The little one had the same note, and would answer her. 'Twas curious to see how he trembled when she drew near; he would stop feeding, look up so eagerly, and seem so fluttered by her approach.

On Monday the young bird fell from the window to the ground, when I was not in the room. On Tuesday we gave him a tepid bath, which took away the honey, and greatly improved his flying. I had him on my finger at the front door, when the mother-bird drew near, and he flew into the street. We put him on a twig of the elm tree, where she fed him, and tried to induce him to fly with her, but in vain. He flew from my hand to the grape-vine on the porch, but readily came back to his basket, and feared

not my hand which took him from the vine. He would take sugar from my mouth, and hop about my dress, seeming to have no fear of me at all. Altheas and honeysuckles were enjoyed, but he would now dart his tongue into the cup and enjoy the food greatly. The next day—Wednesday—was the seventh of his sojourn with us. I felt that he would soon be able to fly away; but wished to detain him a little longer, that he might be old enough to remember his home, and perhaps one day revisit it. I wanted, also, to take him to see a dear friend of my early days, who would, I knew, take much interest in him. In the afternoon I gave him a full meal: he jumped upon me and flew about me, evidently greatly improved in his flying powers. His mother fed him at four o'clock, and I closed the shutters and also his basket, whilst we went out to ride.

When I came back, he was gone. His mournful call sounded all the evening from a branch of the mulberry tree—a dead one—so we could not venture on it to reclaim him. I learned that the mother had come to the window which was opened, and the bird put in it. She fed him, and after enticing him some time, he flew to this branch not far from the window, but evidently feared to go farther. The next day I put fresh flowers in the window, but I saw them no more.

The nest is there, and I often long to see that bright little face upturned again to mine. The plumage was green and golden: not so brilliant as I supposed; the throat was of a grayish-white, with a little yellow upon it—the young bird was not feathered there when he left us. May he flourish and thrive, though I never see him again.

A SUBSCRIBER.

## MAIDEN MEDITATIONS.—No. 5.

BY CULMA CROLY.

"In man or woman, from my soul I loathe  
All affectation."

"Is, madam, is; not seems; I know not seems."

"O dear! this is a world of shams!" exclaimed I, on the morning of the Fourth, as the antique and horrible procession, with its calithumpian accompaniment, passed my window. Men and boys of the village, transformed into old seventysixers, negroes, female drummers and nondescripts, resembling all kinds of mystified animals, clattered through the gray, rainy twilight, scaring back the dawn with the din of their conches, fish-horns and kettle-drums. Yet such a display as this can only excite a gaze and a laugh; as the stories of Sinbad, the sailor, and Baron Munchausen are great lies, but comparatively harmless, because they are so monstrous.

We need not go far to find all shades of pretence; but we shall look in vain for much that will bear, like this, to be called by its right name. "Keep up appearances at all hazards," the world says, "no matter what comforts you risk."

There is a man who is willing to pay the highest rents in town, and be taxed for a score of thousands, while he is not worth one, for the sake of being thought a rich man. And there is another,

spoiling his silver locks, the old man's crown of glory, with a villainous hair-dye; to persuade himself and others that his life-lease is not as nearly out as they had supposed.

There is a woman of sixty, disguised in the muslins and ribbons of a belle of twenty. And here is sweet sixteen herself, why will she put forth such efforts to be unnatural? Her waist, before small enough for proper proportion, she has managed to reduce to half its real size. Her foot, never beyond a reasonable magnitude for the purpose of walking, she has crammed into the tiniest of fairy shoes, which are, to use an Irishman's description, "full and running over, entirely." Her face, whose bloom she has stigmatized as "countryfied," she has made sufficiently pale by depriving herself of necessary exercise, but yellow blotches are coming out in place of the roses, to tell their own tale. Poor child! every step she takes, slow, limping and stiff, defeats her efforts by writing a commentary upon her mistake, that all may read. Hebe, aping a pale nymph, has become a ghost.

All disguises are seen through, at some time or other, by somebody or other; and then, it is so much easier to be natural! Why, half the distress of some people's lives arises from thinking what others will think of them.

Of course, we are not responsible for the defective vision of any of our neighbors. If one who always wears rose-colored spectacles, tells me that I have a young and blooming face, he may believe it, but I shall not. And if one whose glasses are green, insists that I have a consumptive hue, I can enjoy my rough health just as well as if he had given me no such agreeable information.

We may be honest and straight-forward, and yet be misunderstood, because of being looked at through some other medium than our own atmosphere. So the bad cannot appreciate the good, nor the cunning the simple-hearted.

Why, even I, who from sheer indolence, when no higher motive is dominant, would not take the trouble to cloak my real character, have been accused by some wise heads, of being a "perfect puzzle." A puzzle indeed! The tangle must have been in their own brains.

Mysteries may be great things, but it is better to decide about that after they have been solved. The smoke that darkens the horizon may arise from the conflagration of a town, but it is just as likely to be a burning stubble-field.

The world is full of shams, and shows, and sad, sickening falsehoods. Yet there are those who are true to their own souls and to Him from whose essence those souls were breathed, and there are enough of them to be thankful for.

A noble little fellow was he, who, when tempted to do wrong, with the additional inducement, "Nobody will see you," answered, "But I would see myself." Aye, if our actions do not deserve our own respect, they are unworthy the good opinion of other people. To revel in the festivities of popular favor, while we run from ourselves as from the grasp of a constable, is a shameful pawning of the heart's sacred jewel, peace: a miserable preparation for a land where there is no seeming—where all veils are to be removed.

## DEPART! OH, SUMMER.

"It is only with the return of cold weather that we can hope for the pestilence to be stayed."—*Letter from the South.*

Depart! oh, Summer!  
Hence, with thy gorgeous flowers!  
With all thy treasured sweetness, hence,  
To other climes than ours.  
Gather thy drapery green  
From off our Northern hills—  
Hush thy leaf-music in the woods,  
Thy laughter in the rills!

Depart! oh, Summer!  
To thy far haunts convey,  
Thy glorious sunshine, shadows deep,  
Waft thy sweet birds away,  
S'ay not 'mid groves of pine,  
Nor Southern orange bowers;  
Leave not a fragrant breath of thine  
'Mid the magnolia flowers!

Depart! oh, Summer!  
From climes where myrtles blow,  
Room for the frost-king's mantle there!  
Room here, for Winter snow!  
Hence; that the storm may rage!  
The North wind fierce and wild,—  
That biting blasts from polar plains,  
Revel where thou hast smiled!

Depart! oh, Summer!  
Fain would we wish thy stay,  
But death and woe are in thy train,  
Therefore, away, away!  
From the doomed cities rise  
Imploring bursts of prayer,  
With dying groans and mourners' cries,  
Rending the sultry air.

Depart! oh, Summer!  
From where the cypress waves  
Beneath the glorious Southern skies,  
Over a land of graves!  
Gather thy beauties hence,  
Since thou can'st not restore  
Sunshine and joy to stricken homes,  
We welcome thee no more!

Depart! oh, Summer!  
Beautiful as thou art—  
That the destroying angel's sword  
May from our land depart!  
Meekly our hearts would learn  
The lesson thou hast given—  
Loving each day the less of earth,  
And more, far more, of Heaven! H. W.

BROOKLINE, MASS.

## PRAYER AND PRAISE.

BY ELIZABETH JESSUP EAMES.

Two perfumes of the soul that burn and languish,  
One full of *rapture*, and the other *tears*:  
Of a pure passion, the delight and anguish,  
As rise our thoughts to yon pure atmospheres!  
Then we become through Thee, thou Infinite,  
Great and Eternal! and beyond this being  
We lift our eyes, the pure celestials seeing,  
Cloth'd with a portion of their sacred light!  
Nature is one gr. at Prayer—the Earth a Hymn  
Of adoration to Thy name, O Father!  
Angels and sainted ones around us gather  
And naught imperfect doth our vision dim!

## COURTSHIP AFTER MARRIAGE.

One evening, in a gay party at Herr Kretchman's, the subject turned upon female beauty; and a gentleman of the company asserted that the youngest daughter of the Kamerath Ammon—a blonde, born in April, 1776—was the most beautiful girl in the city. I instantly resolved to satisfy myself upon the subject, without loss of time, and slipping out of the room, I went straight to the Kamerath's house, and rang the bell.

The door was opened by the youngest daughter herself, who explained the unusual circumstance by saying that it happened that no one was in the house except her parents and herself.

I looked earnestly at the maiden, and found her beautiful beyond description; so, without hesitation, I asked her there, upon the threshold, if she would be my wife.

"Why not?" answered she, "but come in and speak to my parents."

We parted late in the evening with a tender embrace—all was settled between us.

In the village of Trupach, on the 18th of January, 1796, we were married, in a good, simple country fashion, and late in the evening the bride stepped into my carriage at her father's door, and went with me to my old home.

I soon found that it was easier for a man to become a bridegroom than a wise husband.

We plagued each other constantly in the beginning, out of pure love, till, from continual vexation, a coldness ensued, which we both felt, but could not account for.

Yesterday my little lady would not suffer me to leave her side, and to day she found it good to visit her brother, ten miles in the country, without bidding me adieu, or naming the time of her return.

Two days after this, hasty messengers came, one after another—I must come—I should come—without me she could have no peace.

I went, and the joy of the re-union seemed as if it never could end. On the following day I was again a burden. I left with a cold parting, and that self-same night came the repentance by an extra post—she could not live without me, I must hasten back.

This certainly would not do—in this way all my identity would be destroyed.

Since the day of my marriage with my beautiful wife, I had been the submissive slave of her will, but now that it was plain she had a will of her own, I must follow some other plan. I sat down to consider, and after some reflection, determined what to do.

Since my marriage my old employments and pursuits had been altogether neglected, but I now resumed them, and as much as possible returned to my bachelor life.

My wife sent every day letters full of tears, but I paid no attention to them outwardly, although they touched my heart sorely. At length I wrote her a long, serious letter, in which I said that as we had been married without previous courtship, it was not at all strange that, being unacquainted with each other's character, we could not harmonize together, and I proposed



that she should remain at her father's house at present, and that, with her permission, I would visit her two or three times a week, and spend an evening with her in conversation, until we were acquainted with each other, and after that, if she would like me enough, I would take her home to be my wife—but if she found she could not be satisfied with my habits, manners and character, I would leave her under her father's roof, giving up all claims upon her.

This plan did not please her much; but she appeared to think it would not be becoming in her to bring up any objection.

Well—to cut a long story short, after a formal courtship of no very great length I once more took her home, and she made one of the best little wives in the world.

### SINGULAR STORY.

It will be remembered that while Kossuth was in New York city, and stopping at the Irving House, he received the visits of numerous persons of both sexes, who deeply sympathized with him and his cause. Among the rest, there was one day a lady of a remarkably sensitive constitution who came to the hotel, in company with two or three of her friends, fully determined upon having an interview with the illustrious Maygar, if it were possible. After she arrived, she ascertained that Kossuth, unrecognized by her, had passed out of the door at the very moment she entered, and so near her, in the crowd, as to probably have touched her. The lady, with her companions, took a seat in the parlor, and, being chagrined at the disappointment in her expectation to see the object of her ardent interest, it may be naturally supposed that her mind wandered forth after him in thought. Be this as it may, however, after she had sat there for some time, she became apparently insensible to the presence of her companions and to all things around her, and afterwards rose upon her feet, assumed a majestic air, and commenced gesticulating in the most graceful manner, as if addressing a public assembly. This she continued for a long time, despite of every effort of her friends to arouse her to a state of outer consciousness; and finally she resumed her natural state suddenly and spontaneously. It was afterwards ascertained that during the whole time of the lady's strange gesticulating movements, and coinciding with its beginning and termination to a moment, Kossuth was engaged in delivering a speech to one of the numerous congratulatory assemblies with which he was honored while in New York!

Here was a psychological phenomenon which, like all other effects, must certainly have had an adequate and corresponding cause; and we are totally at a loss to conceive of its cause, unless we refer it to the law of psychical sympathy, which we might illustrate by a thousand other, though perhaps for the most part less remarkable cases. The strong attractive tendency which the thoughts of the lady had toward the Hungarian leader, doubtless brought her into that intimate magnetic union with him which enabled the energies of his mind, unconsciously to him-

self, to vibrate through her nervous and muscular system, and cause her to gesticulate coincidentally with himself. This conclusion is farther established by the fact that her gestures, as it was said, precisely resembled those of Kossuth; and the respectability of the lady is such as to preclude the suspicion that the scene was merely feigned by her, even supposing such a thing to have been possible.—*American Phrenological Journal.*

### A LIVE AUTHORESS.

Once I was driven by a young Irish friend to call upon the wife of a rich farmer in the country. We were shown by the master of the house into a very handsomely furnished room, in which there was no lack of substantial comfort, and even of some elegancies, in the shape of books, pictures and a piano. The good man left us to inform his wife of our arrival, and for some minutes we remained in solemn state, until the mistress of the house made her appearance. She had been called from the washtub, and, like a sensible woman, was not ashamed of her domestic occupation. She came in, wiping the suds from her hands on her apron, and gave us a very hearty and friendly welcome. She was a short, stout, middle-aged woman, with a very pleasing countenance; and, though only in her colored flannel working-dress, with a nightcap on her head, and spectacled nose, there was something in her frank, good-natured face that greatly prepossessed us in her favor. After giving us the common compliments of the day, she drew her chair just in front of me, and, resting her elbows on her knees, and dropping her chin between her hands, she sat regarding me with such a fixed gaze that it became very embarrassing.

"So," says she, at last, "you are Mrs. M——?"

"Yes."

"The woman that writes?"

"The same."

She drew back her chair for a few paces, with a deep-drawn sigh, in which disappointment and surprise seemed strangely to mingle.

"Well, I have he'd a great deal about you, and I wanted to see you bad for a long time; but you are only a humly person like myself, after all. Why, I do think, if I had on my best gown and cap, I should look a great deal younger and better than you."

I told her that I had no doubt of the fact.

"And pray," continued she, with the same provoking scrutiny, "how old do you call yourself?"

I told her my exact age.

"Humph!" quoth she, as if she rather doubted my word, "two years younger nor me! you look a great deal older nor that." After a long pause, and another searching gaze, "Do you call those teeth your own?"

"Yes," said I, laughing; for I could retain my gravity no longer; "in the very truest sense of the word they are mine, as God gave them to me."

"You are luckier than your neighbors," said she. "But, airn't you greatly troubled with headaches?"

"No," said I, rather startled at this fresh interjectory.

"My!" exclaimed she, "I thought you must be, your eyes are so sunk in your head. Well, well, so you are Mrs. M——, of Belleville, the woman that writes. You are but a humbly body, after all."

While this curious colloquy was going on, my poor Irish friend sat on thorns, and tried, by throwing in a little judicious blarney, to soften the thrusts of the home truths to which he had unwittingly exposed me. Between every pause in the conversation, he broke in with—

"I am sure Mrs. M—— is a fine-looking woman—a very young looking woman for her age. Any person might know at a glance that those teeth were her own. They look too natural to be false."—*Life in the Clearing, by Mrs. Moodie.*

### THE MOTHER OF AGASSIZ.

[In the progress of his tour on the continent, Prof. Silliman visited Lausanne, the former residence of the eminent naturalist, Agassiz, of whose family he gives some agreeable details:]—

Although it was raining, our new friends took us a considerable distance to the residence of this venerable lady in the family of her son. She soon made her appearance, and although nearly four score, her beautiful person was erect, tall and dignified, while her animated and warm address placed us instantly at ease. Madame Francillon had sent before us her brother's introductory note by her little son, a lad of ten years; grandma had mislaid her spectacles and could not read the note; she said, however, that her young grandson was a faithful commissioner, and told her that two American gentlemen and a lady were coming, in a few minutes, to see her, and she felt at once convinced that they were friends of her son Louis. As soon as we explained to her our intimacy with him—that he had been often a guest in our families—that we had the pleasure of knowing his interesting American wife—and when we added the friendly notice of her son's domestic happiness, and of his high standing and success in his adopted country, her strong frame was agitated, her voice trembled with emotion, and the flowing tears told the story of a mother's heart, not yet chilled by age.

A beautiful group of lovely grandchildren was gathered around to see and hear the strangers from a far-distant land, beyond the great ocean. When we inquired of Mad. Agassiz her entire number of grandchildren, she replied 15; and when she was informed that my whole number exceeded hers, she was both amused and surprised, and smiles of sympathy succeeded to tears; for she had considered me—from my being still an active traveller—a younger man than I am. She is the widow of a Protestant clergyman, who was the father of Agassiz. She has a vigorous mind, speaks with great spirit, and is a mother worthy of such a son. She was grieved when she heard that our stay was to be very brief, and would hardly be denied that we should become guests at her house; or, at least, that the senior of the party should accept her hospitality.

The next morning she came walking alone, a long distance in the rain, to bid us farewell, and parted, evidently with deep emotion, and not concealed, for we had brought the image of her favorite son near to her mental vision again. She brought for Mrs. S. a little bouquet of pansies, and bid us tell her son her *pensees* were all for him.

Such scenes come near to every benevolent heart, and prove that human sympathy has a moral magnetism whose attraction is universal. I value highly the art of statuary, but I prize more highly still such a family scene as this: a scene away here in Switzerland, 4,000 miles from my home, on the borders of the beautiful Lake Lemán; and I would not exchange such living exhibitions of the human heart for all the mute marble men and women in the Vatican, although they have a high value as exhibitions of talent, and still more as representations of human character and feeling.

Agassiz, and many other excellent people in countries bordering on France, are descendants of French Huguenots who fled from persecution, and, like the Puritans of New-England, they retain strong traits of the Protestant character—for they were the Puritans of France.

### REMARKABLE MANIFESTATION.

When Queen Ulrike, of Sweden, was on her death-bed, her last moments were embittered by regret at the absence of her favorite, the Countess Steenbock, between whom and the queen there existed the most tender and affectionate attachment. Unfortunately, and by the most singular coincidence, the Countess Steenbock at the same moment, lay dangerously ill, at Stockholm, and at too great a distance from the dying queen to be carried to her presence. After Ulrike had breathed her last, the royal corpse, as is customary in that country, was placed in an open coffin, upon an elevated frame, in an apartment of the palace, brilliantly illuminated with wax candles. A detachment of Royal Horse Guards was stationed in the ante-chamber as a funeral watch. During the afternoon, the outside door of the ante-chamber opened, and the Countess Steenbock appeared in deep grief. The soldiers of the guard immediately formed into two lines, and presented arms, as a respect to the first dame of the palace, who was received and escorted by the commander of the guard into the chamber where lay the body of her dearest friend. The officers were surprised at her unexpected arrival, and attributing her silence to the intensity of her grief, conducted her to the side of the corpse, and then retired, leaving her alone, not choosing to disturb the expression of her deep emotion. The officers waited outside for a considerable time, and the countess not yet returning, they feared some accident had befallen her.

The highest officer in rank now opened the door, but immediately fell back in the utmost consternation. The other officers present then hastened into the room, and there they all beheld the queen standing upright in her coffin, and tenderly embracing the countess! This was observed by all the officers and soldiers of the guard. Pre-

sently the apparition seemed to waver and resolve itself into a dense mist. When this had disappeared, the corpse of the queen was seen reposing in its former position on the bed of state; but the countess was nowhere to be found. In vain they searched the chamber and the adjoining rooms—not a trace of her could be discovered.

A courier was at once dispatched to Stockholm with an account of this extraordinary occurrence; and there it was learned that the Countess Steenbock had not left the capital, but that she had died at precisely the same moment when she was seen in the arms of the deceased queen! An extraordinary protocol of this occurrence was immediately ordered to be taken by the officers of the government, and which was countersigned by all present. This document is still preserved in the archives.

### "I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL."

A child sat in the door of a cottage at the close of a summer Sabbath. The twilight was fading, and as the shades of evening darkened, one after another of the stars shone in the sky, and looked down on the child in his thoughtful mood. He was looking up at the stars, and counting them as they came, till they were too many to be counted; and his eyes wandering all over the heavens, watching the bright worlds above.

He was so absorbed, that his mother called to him, and said:

"My son, what are you thinking of?"

He started as if suddenly aroused from sleep, and answered:

"I was thinking—"

"Yes," said his mother, "I knew you were thinking, but what were you thinking about?"

"Oh," said he, and his little eyes sparkled with the thought, "*I want to be an angel!*"

"And why, my son, would you be an angel?"

"Heaven is up there, is it not, mother? and there the angels live, and love God, and are happy; I do wish I was good, and God would take me there, and let me wait on Him for ever."

The mother called him to her knee, and he leaned on her bosom, and wept. She wept too, and smoothed the soft hair of his head as he stood there, and kissed his forehead, and then told him that if he would give his heart to God, now, while he was young, that the Saviour would forgive all his sins, and take him up to Heaven when he died, and then he would be with God for ever.

His young heart was comforted. He knelt at his mother's side, and said:

"Jesus, Saviour, Son of God,  
Wash me in Thy precious blood;  
I Thy little lamb would be,  
Help me, Lord, to look to Thee."

The mother took the young child to his chamber, and soon he was asleep, dreaming perhaps of angels and Heaven.

A few months afterwards sickness was on him, and the light of that cottage, and the joy of that mother's heart, went out. He breathed his last in her arms, and as he took her parting kiss, he whispered in her ear:

"I am going to be an angel."

Little reader, do you not wish to be an angel?

### COLONEL BURR, AND JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

Colonel Burr, who had been Vice-President of America, and probably would have been the next President, but for his unfortunate duel with General Hamilton, came over to England, and was made known to me by Mr. Randolph, of Virginia, with whom I was very intimate. He requested I would introduce him to Mr. Grattan, whom he was excessively anxious to see. Colonel Burr was not a man of a very prepossessing appearance; rough-featured, and neither dressy nor polished; but a well-informed, sensible man, and though not a particularly agreeable, yet an instructive companion. People in general form extravagant anticipations regarding eminent persons. The idea of a great orator and an Irish chief carried with it, naturally enough, corresponding notions of physical elegance, vigor and dignity. Such was Colonel Burr's mistake, I believe, about Mr. Grattan, and I took care not to undeceive him. We went to my friend's house, who was to leave London next day. I announced that Colonel Burr, from America, Mr. Randolph, and myself, wished to pay our respects, and the servant informed us that his master would receive us in a short time, but was at the moment much occupied on business of consequence. Burr's expectations were all on the alert. Randolph also was anxious to be presented to the great Grattan, and both impatient for the entrance of this Demosthenes.

At length the door opened, and in hopped a small, bent figure, meagre, yellow, and ordinary; one slipper and one shoe; his breeches' knees loose; his cravat hanging down; his shirt and coat-sleeves tucked up high, and an old hat upon his head. This apparition saluted the strangers very courteously, and asked, without any introduction, how long they had been in England, and immediately proceeded to make inquiries about the late General Washington and the revolutionary war. My companions looked at each other; their replies were costive, and they seemed quite impatient to see Mr. Grattan. I could scarcely contain myself, but determined to let my eccentric countryman take his course, who appeared quite delighted to see his visitors, and was the most inquisitive person in the world. Randolph was far the tallest and most dignified-looking man of the two, gray-haired and well-dressed; Grattan, therefore, of course, took him for the Vice-President, and addressed him accordingly. Randolph, at length, begged to know if they could shortly have the honor of seeing Mr. Grattan. Upon which our host, not doubting but they knew him, conceived it must be his son James, for whom they inquired, and said he believed he had that moment wandered out somewhere to amuse himself. This completely disconcerted the Americans, and they were about to make their bow and their exit, when I thought it high time to explain; and, taking Colonel Burr and Mr. Randolph respectively by the hand, introduced them to the Right-Honorable Henry Grattan. I never saw people stare so, or so much embarrassed! Grattan himself, now perceiving the cause, heartily joined in my merriment. He pulled

down his shirt-sleeves, pulled up his stockings, and in his own irresistible way apologized for the *outré* figure he cut, assuring them that he had totally overlooked it in his anxiety not to keep them waiting: that he was about returning to Ireland next morning, and had been busily packing up his books and papers in a closet full of dust and cobwebs! This incident rendered the interview more interesting. The Americans were charmed with their reception, and, after a protracted visit, retired highly gratified, while Grattan returned again to his books and cobwebs.—*Barrington's Sketches.*

## CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY.

No. III.

PAPA, MARY, STEPHEN AND WILLIE.

*Papa.* Well, Miss Polly, what makes you afraid of geology teaching you infidelity?

*Mary.* Oh, I was reading a short time ago, that it taught us different things from what the Bible does, and thus weakens our faith in the Bible.

*Papa.* Why, surely, you don't think that I am an infidel?

*Mary.* No, I know you believe the Bible to be God's Word; but still, everybody might not have as firm a belief as you have.

*Papa.* Very true; but that is their fault. I hold every one, who, professing to be a Christian, yet neglects to make himself certain that the Bible is God's Holy Word, to be culpable in the extreme, for he is willingly rendering himself an easy prey to the attacks of the infidel whenever he chooses to present himself.

Geology and the Bible do *not* contradict each other. The Bible, says an eminent divine, was not designed to teach science; and so, I would advise you, if you are not already fully convinced of it, to examine anew the evidence on which we receive the Bible as God's Word, and not heeding attempts to identify scientific theories with the Mosaic account of creation. Study at once both the book of God's word, and the book of God's works, and, as Lord Bacon advises, "*Do not unwisely mingle or confound these learnings together.*"

*Mary.* Well, papa, I almost changed my mind yesterday, and had half determined to come and hear the next conversation you had on geology; for I heard Stephen and Willie talking about amethysts and other stones, and I thought there could not be much harm in knowing about such things; besides, I should like to know how to tell a real stone in a brooch, for there are such numerous imitation ones now.

*Papa.* I am glad you have heard some part of what I told your brothers, for it will enable you to understand what I have to tell you to-day. We have had to talk about two classes of rocks, the Plutonic and metamorphic.

*Stephen.* I do not remember hearing about the Plutonic rocks, papa.

*Papa.* Why, granite is a Plutonic rock. Pluto, with the ancients, was god of the lower regions, and the granite rocks are often called Plutonic, because they are thought to have been

formed by fire, at great depths below the surface; so we have learnt two divisions of the rocks, Plutonic or igneous, and metamorphic or changed.

Now above the metamorphic rocks come what are called the *aqueous* or sedimentary rocks; that is, as I have told you, rocks formed by being deposited as sediment in water. They all contain the remains of organic beings; that is, they have preserved in their layers the remains of shells, or reptiles, or sea-weed, or plants and trees, or even of large animals, as the elephant and hippopotamus: and therefore they are called *fossiliferous* or fossil-bearing strata.

These fossiliferous strata are said to be not less than eight or ten miles thick in Europe.

*Mary.* Why, nobody has been down eight or ten miles into the earth: so how do they know what there may be there?

*Papa.* I was just going to explain that point. All the strata that have been deposited from water, must originally have been deposited horizontally; but we find them in slanting positions, and turned and uplifted in all sorts of ways.

The lowest rocks are sometimes brought to the surface, and thus, by combining together the results of observations made in different places, geologists have made out the regular succession of the strata from granite upwards.

Had the rocks remained as deposited, we should have known very little about them; indeed, the greater part would have been quite unknown to us, for the greatest perpendicular descent man has yet made into the earth's crust does not exceed half a mile.

Now, Willy, I have told you three general facts about the crust of our earth. Can you tell me what they are?

*Willie.* Why, papa, you told us that granite formed a framework for the other rocks, and that those other rocks had been forced upon the top of the granite, and that they had been twisted up and down.

*Papa.* Yes; that is since they were deposited. Well, now we come to consider what force has twisted these rocks up and down, and sometimes made vertical what was originally horizontal. Now these forces were subterranean. You know that heat expands bodies; well, we have in the interior of our earth a constant source of heat. Heat applied to some rocks would cause them to expand, while applied to others, to clay for instance, would make them contract.

*Willie.* You don't call clay a rock, do you, papa?

*Papa.* Yes, geologists call all large masses; rocks, of whatever they may consist. To proceed, however. You will thus see that the mere contraction or expansion of extensive beds of rocks would cause great elevation or subsidence in the surface materials of the earth's crust. But besides this slow elevation or subsidence, we find that strata have sometimes been violently broken through, by the eruption of red-hot rocks; and here we find a fourth kind of rock, the *volcanic*, so called from their being the product of the agencies of volcanoes.

You have often seen pictures of the basaltic pillars of Giants' Causeway. Well, those, pil-

lars are examples of volcanic rocks, and the bluish-looking stone they use to macadamize the roads with, about here, is another volcanic rock, called trap. Trap and basalt are the products of ancient volcanic agency, and pumice-stone and lava of recent action of a similar kind. So that all the rocks composing the crust of the earth are divisible into four groups, Plutonic, volcanic, metamorphic and aqueous.

#### NO. IV.

#### PAPA, STEPHEN, AND WILLIE.

*Papa.* Well, Stephen, how old do you think our world is?

*Stephen.* Why, I have always been taught that it is about six thousand years old.

*Papa.* Just attend to me for a moment, and I think I can show you that six millions of years would be under the mark, when assigning a probable age to mother earth. I told you that the fossiliferous or sedimentary strata are supposed to be between eight and ten miles thick in Europe. Now, the process of sedimentary deposition is by no means a rapid one. Lakes are ascertained to deposit sediment in the proportion of only one foot in a century: while Professor Hitchcock says that, except in extraordinary cases, it requires a century to produce accumulation of sediment a few inches thick on the bed of the ocean. If, then, it requires a hundred years to produce a sedimentary deposit of about 12-63360ths of a mile thick, you may easily fancy how long a time it must have taken to form the eight or ten miles of the sedimentary rocks. Indeed, we can have no idea of the great age of our planet.

*Stephen.* Well, then, papa, I suppose the volcanic rocks broke through the sedimentary strata before man was produced?

*Papa.* Yes; but still volcanic action on a large scale is continually going on in our globe.

*Willie.* Are there any fossil men, papa?

*Papa.* A very natural inquiry. I have seen, in the British Museum, bones of men embedded in rock from Guadalupe; but they are not fossilized, and the limestone in which they are found is quite a recent deposit.

*Stephen.* Well, then, what is a fossil, if bones imbedded in rocks are not fossils?

*Papa.* When I said the bones were not fossilized, I meant that they had not lost their gluten and phosphate of lime. All fossils or organic remains are generally found to have undergone a change which has a connection with the substances in which they are imbedded. For instance, a fossil from a limestone rock will be more or less calcareous, or impregnated with lime.

*Willie.* Oh, then, that petrified bird's nest, that Mr. Green has, is a calcareous fossil; for you told us once how to test lime by acid, and I got Mr. Green to try the bird's nest, and it was lime.

*Papa.* That bird's nest came from Matlock, and is not a fossil at all.

*Stephen.* Well, then, it is a petrification.

*Papa.* No, nor is it a petrification. It is an incrustation. If you broke the nest, you would

find that the enclosed substances had undergone no change but that of decay. You know that the inside of the kitchen kettle is covered with a stony substance—*fur*, as it is called. That lime has been deposited from the water which has been boiled in the kettle. Now, you would not call the kettle a petrification because the inside is covered with lime.

*Willie.* Oh, brother Stephen, just fancy a petrified kettle.

*Papa.* And you cannot call a bird's nest a petrification because its outside is covered with lime. Now, in a *true petrification* every part of the structure of the object petrified has undergone a change. Wood-opal, for instance, is wood entirely transmutated into flint or chalcedony. When bone is petrified, a similar phenomenon takes place; every portion of the internal structure of the bone is preserved, and all the cells are filled with carbonate of lime. When a body has undergone chemical changes through being embedded in a rock, it is called a petrification.

*Stephen.* Is coal a petrification?

*Papa.* No. I should consider coal as an example of *bitumenization*.

*Willie.* Oh, papa, there is another big word.

*Papa.* Well, I must use them. Every science has its own peculiar phraseology, and in geology the technical terms are pretty numerous; but when you know the meaning of "big words" you need not be frightened at them. This word, for instance, just means changed into bitumen.

*Willie.* Well, but what is bitumen?

*Papa.* You know what naphtha and asphalt are like. Well, they are both bitumen; and coal is principally composed of the same substance and carbon.

*Stephen.* Then I can give you examples of both the processes. The ammonites you have are petrifications, and the coal we burn is a bitumenization.

*Papa.* You are correct about the coal, but all those ammonites are not petrifications. If you will examine them, you will find that they are turned into *pyrites*—the substance you mistook for gold.

*Willie.* What are pyrites?

*Papa.* I dare say brother Stephen could tell you, for he came to me one day with a lump out of some coal, and thought he had discovered a piece of pure gold.

*Willie.* Is it like gold?

*Papa.* It certainly has a yellow color, and is often mistaken for the precious metal.

*Willie.* How can you tell it from gold?

*Papa.* Oh, there are many tests; but the simplest is to strike it with a hammer, when it flies into bits, which gold would not do. Gold would become flattened. But, to return to the ammonites; they are converted into iron pyrites, and are examples of *metallization*.

*Stephen.* Were you not going to tell us something about fossil men, papa?

*Papa.* Yes, we have wandered from our subject. If man had not been a very recent introduction upon our globe, we would have found the remains of his works and himself in the different sedimentary strata; for no animal exposes himself so much as man does to the possibility of

being drowned. If ever the present bed of the sea should become consolidated and raised, as it may do in future ages, the remains of man and his ships will be found fossilized. Perhaps the lowest bed of a deposit will contain rude canoes, and such things as the corricles of the ancient Britons, and the higher beds contain, in order, Roman galleys, the transports of the Crusaders, the merchant ships of Venice, the men-of-war of Britain and France, and lastly the screw and paddle steamer.

*Stephen.* Or, perhaps, the caloric ship.

*Papa.* Well, we will wish it a better fate than to be fossilized.

*Willie.* Oh, I could fancy such lots of things fossilized; and you know ships take out preserved meats in canisters; so, perhaps, there will be fossil pea-soup.

*Papa.* You can speculate on those interesting things when I have told you one or two things more; but just attend to me for a few minutes longer. Stephen mentioned the ammonites just now; can you tell me in what sort of water they lived?

*Stephen.* Oh, I know. In the salt water of the ocean, because it has a thick shell.

*Papa.* You have guessed right; but you would have been certain that your opinion was correct had I told you that the ammonite is a chambered shell. You have seen a section of the nautilus, and the ammonite was divided into air-tight portions in a similar way. You may, perhaps, remember that in the nautilus a tube runs through the centre of the chambers. It is called the *siphuncle*; a term derived from the Latin word *siphunculus*, a gimblet, because the tube is like a hole bored by a gimblet. In the ammonite, though, the siphuncle did not run through the centre of the chambers, but as if along the top of each chamber.

*Willie.* What was the good of it?

*Papa.* The animal did not live in the whole of the shell, but only in the mouth chamber, and the rest served as a buoy to keep it and its shell of about the same weight as the water it lived in; and the siphuncle kept up the vitality of the shell which the animal did not live in.

*Stephen.* Then, could the ammonite rise to the surface like the nautilus does?

*Papa.* I do not know that the nautilus does so, unless when forced up by storms. I believe it lives at the bottom of the ocean. The nautilus of the poets is not a nautilus at all. Its true name is *Argonauta argo*, and its shell is not chambered. But I will tell you more about the ammonite, and other fossil shells, soon.

#### NO. V.

*Stephen.* Oh! papa, I wish you would spare us a few minutes just now for a little more talk about fossils; for I have found one, and none of us can imagine what it can be, except it be a tooth.

*Papa.* Let me see it, and then perhaps I can give you some information about it.

*Stephen.* Here it is. I broke it out of a lump of chalk that was lying in the road.

*Papa.* Well, so it is a tooth. It is the tooth of a species of shark. The quarrymen call

them fish palates. They belong to a genus of the shark family, called, from the peculiar nature of the teeth, *ptychodus* (rugous teeth.) But I've got a fossil here I wish you to examine.

*Willie.* I don't see it.

*Stephen.* I can't see anything but the mantel-piece.

*Papa.* Well, that's the fossil I wish you to examine. It is almost entirely composed of the remains of a peculiar fossil animal, called the *encrinurite*. I cannot give you a very accurate idea of the animal, but it was something like a starfish attached to the shore by a long flexible stalk. You see the marble of which the chimney-piece is made consists of tubes of a white substance, imbedded in a dark-grey ground.

Now these tubes were the stalks of the encrinurite, and at the top of the stalk was a sort of head or body. In one species, it is something of the shape of a pear. So, perhaps, you will have a better idea if you imagine it as a pear of shelly substance, on a stalk a foot long, and having at the top a number of arms, surrounding the aperture of the mouth. This will give you an idea of the skeleton, which, when the animal was alive, was covered with an integument or skin. There were an immense number of joints in it; for the number of separate pieces in one skeleton is computed at *thirty thousand*.

In the middle ages, fragments of these crinoidea were often used as rosaries, for they are often found hollow; and in Germany are sometimes known as *spangensteine*, or bead-stones. In Westphalia they are considered to be the petrified tears of giants; and it is to these stems Sir W. Scott alludes in "Marmion," Canto I.

"On a rock by Lindisfarn,  
St. Cuthbert sits and toils to frame  
The sea-born beads that bear his name."

And sharks' teeth are, at Malta, supposed to be the tongues of serpents, petrified by St. Paul; while, in Germany, they are thought to be the devil's nails—the idea being, that the evil spirit scraped them off among the rocks of the mountains.

Ammonite shells are nearly always beliered to be petrified snakes. The legend of St. Hilda has perhaps diffused the idea. Sir W. Scott has recorded this also:

"And how the nuns of Whitby told,  
How of countless snakes each one  
Was changed into a coil of stone  
When holy Hilda prayed.  
Themselves within their sacred bound  
Their stony folds had often found."

*Stephen.* What were the first things that became fossilized?

*Papa.* The first vegetables were most probably *algæ*, or sea-weeds; and the first animals, perhaps *zoophytes*.

*Willie.* What are zoophytes?

*Papa.* Why those things which sister Mary calls sea-weeds, and sticks on cards are, in reality, zoophytes.

*Stephen.* What does the word itself mean, papa?

*Papa.* It is a compound of two Greek words, *zoon*, an animal, and *phyton*, a plant; and the term is used, because these animals were formerly supposed to form a sort of connecting link be-



tween the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Coral is produced by a zoophyte, and so are the brown plant-looking specimens that sister Mary has. If you will examine them under the microscope, you will find them composed of cells, in each of which a little creature, called a polype, lived.

Now the first animals were probably zoophytes, or polypes; and it is a very extraordinary feature in examining the vast series of fossils exhumed from the different strata, to find how all the animals and plants which existed on our globe, till within a very short time before the introduction of man, have become extinct. The mammalia that we have now are totally different both in genera and species from those which were first created. None of the first created zoophytes now remain; the fossil shells are distinct from the recent ones, and the plants have obeyed a like law of extinction.

*Mary.* But, papa, did these fossil animals die before man came into the world?

*Papa.* Certainly; not only did individuals die, but species and genera died, or became extinct long before man was introduced upon our globe.

*Mary.* Well, then, does not geology teach in opposition to Scripture, if it tells us that there was death in the world before the creation of man; for it says in the Bible, that "sin entered into the world, and death by sin"—and if there were no men, there could be no sin?

*Papa.* Several explanations of your question have been given. But for my own part, I believe that change and death is a law of material existence; and as the lowest stratified rocks prove the existence of death, I think we may reasonably infer that it was the result of one of the very essential laws stamped upon creation. Indeed, if birds and beasts, and creeping things had not died, they must have been immortal; and, as to the passage you quoted, I don't see that it has any connection with material death at all, any more than the declaration of our Saviour, "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live," means that no true Christian shall undergo that separation of body and soul which we call death.

*Willie.* What sort of animals used to live here before man?

*Papa.* That is not an easy question to answer, for there were so many of them; I will tell you of a few that are remarkable, because so different from what exist now.

*Stephen.* Let me interrupt you a moment, papa, to ask how you know that these animals did exist; for if they are all dead so many millions of years ago, I don't see how anybody can know anything about them.

*Papa.* I thought you understood that fossils were the remains of animals and plants preserved in the different strata?

*Stephen.* Yes, so I do; but I don't see how anybody can tell from a bone what sort of an animal it belonged to.

*Papa.* But I can assure you that such is the state of perfection to which comparative anatomy is now brought, that it is perfectly possible to do so—and not only is it possible, but Cuvier, Buckland, Mantell and Owen, have rendered themselves world-famous for their labors in this de-

partment of science. Just now, however, you must take it for granted that what I tell you is sustained by the most accurate principles of science; for I cannot at present enter into such minute particulars, nor would you understand me were I to do so.

The fossil world has been divided into different periods, each characterised by some leading peculiarity in its fossil animals; thus, there is the period of invertebrate animals—the period of fishes—the period of plants—the period of reptiles, &c. This division is in some respects convenient; but there is a looseness about it, which cannot be approved of. However, I may describe to you one or two of the animals of the period of reptiles.

And first for size, though not for peculiar character, comes the iguanodon. It was about sixty feet long.

*Stephen.* Why is it called iguanodon, papa?

*Papa.* I was about to explain it. Dr. Mantell, who discovered its teeth in the Wealden strata, was long at a loss to what division of animals to assign it; but at length he found that the teeth of the unknown reptile had a considerable resemblance to those of the iguana—a West Indian lizard; and he accordingly named the fossil animal the iguanodon.

#### NO. VI.

##### CONCLUSION.

*Stephen.* I should like to hear some more about the iguanodon, papa.

*Papa.* It seems as if there had always been upon our globe animals, whose office it was to diminish the number of vegetables by feeding on them, as if there had also always been other animals, whose province it was to prey upon the vegetarians themselves. It is a remarkable distinction, and the huge iguanodon in its day performed the office now executed by cows and sheep. But what an immense quantity of food it must have consumed! With its fore feet it could seize and pull down the foliage and branches of trees; and its teeth were of a peculiar form, fitted to masticate the ferns and coniferous trees on which it fed.

*Willie.* What sort of trees are coniferous trees?

*Papa.* Why trees bearing cones, to be sure; the fir-tree and pine are coniferous.

*Stephen.* But how do you know that the iguanodon fed on such trees and ferns?

*Papa.* Because the structure of the teeth and jaws shows the nature of its food; and as the remains of arborescent, or large tree ferns and coniferous trees are found imbedded with its remains, I think it is a legitimate conclusion to come to, that the iguanodon lived on them.

*Stephen.* Did any animals live on the iguanodon?

*Papa.* Oh yes, the monster iguanodon had very formidable enemies in the *megalosaurus* and the crocodile on land, while the ocean swarmed with plesiosaurs, cetiosaurs, and other monsters; and the air was peopled by awful creatures called pterodactyls.

*Willie.* Oh, papa, papa! whatever shall we do with such a lot of saurians and sauruses?

*Papa.* We will try to do our best, and I

don't think you will find it difficult to understand something of the nature of each animal from its name.

Three of the words are compounded of the word *saurus*, which means a lizard.

The megalosaurus might have had a better name given to it. Its name means the great lizard, from *megas*, great. It was about thirty feet long. Its teeth were of a sabre form—just the very sort adapted for a carnivorous animal.

Well, then, the plesiosaurus derives its name from *plesion*, near to, and *saurus*, so,—translated, it means, almost a lizard.

It was a most peculiar animal; an eloquent Professor has compared it to a serpent threaded through the shell of a turtle.

Like other fossil animals, the plesiosaurus had a remarkable combination of characteristic modifications of structure: for instance, it had a head such as lizards now have, teeth like a crocodile, and a neck of such extraordinary length as to be peculiar to itself.

The swan has the greatest number of bones in the neck of all existing animals.

Stephen. Has not the giraffe a longer neck than the swan?

Papa. Not in proportion. I believe the giraffe has only seven vertebræ in its neck, while the swan has twenty-four; but the plesiosaurus had as many as forty. Indeed, the neck is equal in length to its body and tail put together.

Stephen. What was the use of such a long neck?

Papa. The plesiosaurus is supposed to have arched it in the same way that the swan does, and to have darted down at the fish which happened to come within reach.

But a more extraordinary animal than the plesiosaurus, was an inhabitant of those ancient seas; one is called the ichthyosaurus, from *ichthys*, a fish, and *saurus*, because it combined characteristics of a fish and a lizard, and, like the plesiosaurus, it united such combinations of structure as no longer exist in any one animal.

It had the snout of a porpoise, the teeth of a crocodile, the head of a lizard, the breast-bone of the *ornithorhynchus*, the vertebræ of a fish, and four powerful paddles.

Willie. I never heard of the animal that you said had a breast-bone like the ichthyosaurus has.

Papa. I suppose you mean the *ornithorhynchus*.

Willie. Yes, that's it, I couldn't pronounce it.

Papa. Well, then, call it the Australian water mole. It is an animal about eighteen inches long, that has the body of a quadruped and the beak of a duck.

Stephen. How large was the ichthyosaurus?

Papa. Some species were about the size of young whales, and others smaller.

Perhaps the eye of the ichthyosaurus was as wonderful an organ as the animal possessed. What would you think, Willie, of an eye, the orbit of which was three feet in circumference? The outer coat of the eye was made up of moveable thin plates of bone, which changed the shape and size of the pupil, as circumstances required, so that its eye was in fact a telescope and microscope combined.

The jaws were eight feet long, and it had two hundred formidable teeth. It was covered, it is supposed, by a smooth skin, and was altogether a fearful animal.

Stephen. Did it live altogether in the sea?

Papa. Yes, I imagine so; for though it breathed air, yet its paddles would allow of but very feeble locomotion on land, though nothing could have been better adapted for progression through the water.

Willie. But you have missed out one animal, papa.

Papa. Which was that? Oh, I recollect—the cetiosaurus.

Willie. Yes, that was it.

Papa. It was a reptile as big as a whale, and is supposed to have had web feet: but we don't know so much about it as about other reptiles; we know, for instance, more about the pterodactyl.

Now that is a reptile, with a very appropriate name—when translated it means wing-fingered (*pteron*, a wing; *dactylos*, a finger.)

Cuvier pronounced the pterodactyl to be the most extraordinary of all the extinct animals.

The general form of this strange creature, with the exception of the head, was probably that of a tropical bat or vampire.

The head was like a crocodile's, with an enormous snout and large eyes, while each jaw grinned with some sixty bloodthirsty teeth. Although it was a reptile, yet it was provided for flight by a membrane sustained principally on a very elongated toe. Its arm was articulated as the animal's needs required; but the fourth finger of the hand was very much elongated and the membrane was stretched between it and the body. Some species of this reptile were but small; others, however, have been found whose remains indicate a width of from sixteen to eighteen feet from the extremity of one wing to the other.

But besides the power of flight it could walk on the ground, swim on the water and dive beneath it, perch on trees and climb up rocks. There is a passage from Milton often quoted with reference to the Pterodactyl:

"The fiend  
O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,  
With head, hands, wings or feet, pursues his way;  
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies."

It is highly descriptive of the varied powers of locomotion possessed by the pterodactyl. So much for the age of Reptiles. I will just briefly notice one or two of the other divisions of the fossil Animal Kingdom, and then I think you may begin to read a work on Geology.

One of the earliest animals which existed on our earth was the Trilobite, so called from its having two divisions down the back, which make it seem to consist of three pieces. It was a small creature, and had a shelly covering composed like that of the shrimp, of a number of plates.

The peculiar organ of the trilobite was its eye, for the lenses found in it, show us that the light we now enjoy, and the light that shone in those remote ages, the condition of the atmosphere and of the waters, then were much the same as now. No less than 400 lenses have been found in the

visual organs of the trilobite; but the number is not extraordinary, for the common fly has an eye composed of no less than 14,000 distinct optical tubes.

The next period is the one called the period of fishes.

*Stephen.* Did the fishes live after the trilobites?

*Papa.* Yes, for the beds in which they are found rest upon the strata in which the remains of the trilobite occur. The trilobites were created, lived for thousands of years, at last began to die out when the fishes of the Devonian system began to appear.

*Willie.* What is the Devonian system?

*Papa.* The fishes I am about to tell you of are found in strata of sandstone and corstone, which are largely developed in Devonshire, and hence the name Devonian.

A most excellent book has been written about the Devonian system by Mr. Hugh Miller, who began his remarkable career as a stonemason in a Scottish quarry, and now ranks as one of the first of living geologists. The Devonian strata used to be classed as unfossiliferous, and Mr. Miller says that he was acquainted with it for ten years before he ascertained to the contrary.

Two of the fishes discovered by him are called respectively *Pterichthys* and *Cephalaspis*.

*Stephen.* I am sure I know what *pterichthys* means. Is it not "winged fish?"

*Papa.* Yes, that is it. It is something like the shield of a small tortoise with a gradually tapering tail, a broad head, with no neck, and a pair of hard, long, paddle-looking things at the shoulders.

It was covered on the upper side by hard plates, and the under side was protected by a tough skin. The *cephalaspis* was also covered with bone. Indeed, the name "buckler-headed" is given to it on account of the buckler of bone which forms the head.

Hugh Miller compares it to a saddler's crescent-shaped cutting knife, the body forming the handle.

But I shall not have time to notice many more, so I will pass to the next period of animal life—it is called the period of frog-like reptiles.

They lived during the deposition of those immense beds of sandstone which abound in Warwickshire, Cheshire, and Yorkshire.

There are very few fossils indeed found in the system, but those discovered are of great interest. At some quarries in Germany, and afterwards near Birkenhead, were found, on the clayey sandstone, large footprints something like those of a man's hand; at least, two of the feet were large and the other two relatively very small, and geologists did not know what kind of an animal could have made them; but at last some bones were found in Warwickshire, and they are believed to be those of the animal that made the footprints.

It is ascertained to have breathed air and to have been amphibious, and that it was carnivorous. Its legs must have been of a very peculiar form, as the footsteps are very singular. It was a big salt-water frog, or animal allied to that tribe.

*Stephen.* Why, papa, how big was it?

*Papa.* It is calculated to have been as big as a rhinoceros.

*Willie.* Oh! brother Stephen, what a noise they would make when they croaked!

*Papa.* After this period ought to come the age of reptiles; but I have already described the principal creatures that lived then; so we come, lastly, to the Tertiary period.

*Stephen.* You did not tell us what the big frog is called.

*Papa.* By some it is called *Cheirotherium*, or handed wild beast, and by others *Labyrinthodon*, because a section of one of its teeth has a very labyrinthic structure.

The tertiary formation is found both in Europe and elsewhere, and I will pick out an animal from Europe, and one from South America.

The one from South America is called the *My-lodon*, an animal as big as the hippopotamus. It belonged to that division of the mammalia called the *Edentata*.

Now the *edentata* are not properly toothless animals, but they have no front teeth; and the *mylodon* had none, it had only grinding teeth: it had both claws and hoofs on the same foot, the hip-bones were of enormous size and the hinder legs were exceedingly colossal and heavy, and the tail was very strong and powerful.

Now the *mylodon* lived on the leaves and young twigs of trees; but it was a ponderous and heavy creature with a short neck, and so clumsy and weighty that no tree could have sustained its weight: but still it had to procure these leaves and twigs; and how do you think it contrived?

*Willie.* It would root the trees up, I dare say.

*Papa.* That's just what it did. It had recourse to the expedient for which its whole frame fitted it, of pulling down the trees themselves; and thus you see the powerful tail and hind legs are accounted for, as it supported itself on them as on a tripod. Now the animal from the tertiary of Europe is called the *Deinotherium*, or terrible wild beast. It was an herbivorous animal, from fifteen to eighteen feet long. Its body was like that of the hippopotamus, its legs were ten feet long, and it had a proboscis like an elephant. The lower jaw was about four feet long, and had two large tusks fixed in it, and these tusks curved downwards.

*Stephen.* What good were they if the points were turned down, the animal could not hit anything with them?

*Papa.* The *deinotherium* used to inhabit swampy places, and was indeed an amphibious animal, and the tusks were very likely used as pickaxes.

This is the last of the large animals I have to tell you of. You will find in your reading that England has often been the bed of the ocean, and that these strange animals lived here. Geology will teach you that our world was a strange one before man occupied it; and what varied scenes it must have passed through,—the insensible object of mighty convulsions, as in silent majesty it rolled on in the process of preparation for the most wonderful of God's works—that one which He made after His own image—MAN.

*Stephen.* Are there no remains of the insect tribe ever found?

*Papa.* Oh, yes: I have seen several fossil insects—some of the best preserved were inside pieces of amber.

*Mary.* Well, they would be strange objects. How could they get inside?

*Papa.* Of course, when the amber was a gum newly exuded from the tree the insects would, perhaps, fly on it and stick there. But several hundred specimens of insects have been found in the marls and other strata in England.

*Willie.* What kind were they?

*Papa.* Oh, some of your friends—crickets, dragon-flies of gigantic size, cockroaches, cuckoo-spit insects, and such like. About 800 species of insects have been discovered in amber alone.

*Stephen.* There must be a great many fossils altogether?

*Papa.* Yes, I rather fancy there are; but, indeed, I do not know how many thousands there may be, and if you will only remember that there are now, at a moderate calculation, about 700 terrestrial mammalia alone, without saying anything about birds, or fishes, or insects, and that there were many successive creations of animals on our globe, and that they have all become fossilized, you will at once see that the number of them must be immense.

Geology is too extensive a science to be successfully studied in all its branches by any one mind. All our eminent geologists are eminent in some one department. Some are great mineralogists, others excel in investigating fossil animals, and some have devoted themselves to the study of geological phenomena.

Geology as a science is a noble pursuit. Herschel says, that it ranks next to astronomy in the scale of the sciences in the sublimity of the object of which it treats; and I should, indeed, be glad if I could induce you to study it earnestly.

Indeed, in company with every department of natural science, it affords lessons of the highest wisdom and instruction, and no one can say with greater truth than the geologist—

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

—*English Magazine.*

**CUVIER AND SATAN.**—It was said, no doubt correctly, that so extraordinary was the skill of Cuvier, that if he only saw the *tooth* of an animal, he could give not only the class and order of the animal in question, but the history of its habits. The following anecdote of a quick and cool examination of a personage, whom most people would not think of submitting to such a scientific research, is, to use the Yankee vernacular, decidedly "*rich*:"—In the Gentleman's Magazine for this month, an article called "*Traits of the Trapists*," and bearing the signature of "John Doran," concludes with a characteristic anecdote of Cuvier. He once saw in his sleep the popular representation of Satan advancing towards him, and threatening to eat him. "Eat me!" exclaimed the philosopher, as he examined the fiend with the eye of a naturalist, and then added, "*Horns! hoofs! graminivorous! Needn't be afraid of him!*"

## WATER-LILIES.

### I.

Nay! plant frail nymphæas in the rushing wave—  
Feed ardent Fancy with hopes, gushing wild—  
Ye'll find the lily is the lakelet's child,  
And ye but bind it in Despair's dark grave.  
But let the torrent the bold cliffs dash by,  
And lull its turmoil in some placid pool,  
Where genial suns illumine the ripples cool,  
Its roots, self-anchored, will the storm defy.

How many a lily hope has thus been crushed,  
And found rude burial in unquiet tomb,  
And its sole record, writ 'mid passion's gloom,—  
Graven on rock,—revealed alone, when hushed  
The life-stream, which its fiery being fed;  
How many a vain attempt to build with art  
Love's vestal fire on altar of the heart,  
Can but be known when the deeps yield their  
deads!

### II.

Yet have we known, in feeling, as in flower,  
The lily-bloom, in bosom and o'er lake,  
From pearly chalices rare sweetness wake  
Through leafy heart-home, as on watery bower.  
Nor cease its redolence with autumn's chill;  
But pour, till winter ice-locks all the glen,  
Delicious incense—all unsought of men—  
Quiet as holy—exquisite as still.

The Sabbath-morn but types each other morn:  
The soft mist rises, and soft light peeps in;  
Unseals their golden hearts, rich sweets to win—  
Fragrance of warmth and cooling night-dews born.  
Plant, then, pure nymphæas in the tranquil lake,  
Where gentle zephyr feeds with balmy air;  
Lay deep and firm—the rooting watch with care,  
Then fear no gale their wave-twined stems may  
break.

ELLEN MORE.

## A NEW EXPERIENCE IN LIFE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Two brothers met after an absence of many years. One of them had remained at home, or, rather, in the neighborhood of their early home. The other sought, in a distant country, the wealth he saw no opportunity to acquire in the pleasant village where his eyes first opened upon the light. But the beauty of mountain, valley, lake and breezy woodland had indelibly impressed his spirit, and now, disappointed with the world—though the world had given him riches—he had returned, under the vain delusion that here he would find that tranquility and contentment which, thus far in life, he had failed to secure. We say delusion—for, like other men, he carried in his own bosom the elements of his dissatisfaction, which no mere change of place could remove. It was innocent childhood that made him happy in that old home to which he now returned; but childhood had passed for ever. He came back, not with the perceptions and capabilities of a child, but with the unsatisfied yearnings of a man. Ah! how changed was all; changed, and yet the same. There was the landscape, in all its varied attraction of wood and river and mountain, but to him its beauty had departed. He wandered away to the old haunts, but their spell was gone. He could have wept in the bitterness of his disappointment.

"You look troubled, Edward," remarked his brother, on the day succeeding his return.

"Do I, William?" he said, with a forced smile. "It should not be so, for I have no trouble to weigh down my spirits."

Yet, even while he spoke, the feeble light faded from his countenance.

How strongly contrasted were the two brothers. The one having but little of this world's goods; the other possessing large wealth. The one bearing on his brow an ever-cheerful expression; the other a look of self-weariness and discontent.

In a few days, Edward announced his intention to purchase a handsome estate offered for sale in the village, and remove his family thither. He had been in many places, but none pleased him like this. Here, if anywhere in the world, he believed he would find that repose of mind he had sought for so long yet vainly.

Accordingly, the estate was purchased, and, in due time, Edward J— brought his family, consisting of his wife and three children—two sons and a daughter—to reside in the pleasant village of Glenwood.

Not a very long time passed before William J— saw that his brother was far from being a happy man. The cause, to a close observer like himself, was clearly apparent. Edward was a very selfish man—and such men are always unhappy. While in the pursuit of a desired object, the mind, from anticipation and its own activity, may be pleasantly excited. But when the object is gained, and mental activity declines, there succeeds a state of oppressive disquietude. Selfishness, like the horse-leech's daughter, for ever cries, "Give, give," and for ever remains unsatisfied.

In the possession of wealth, Edward J— fully believed happiness was to be found. In seeking to gain wealth, he had thought little of the interests of others. Not that he recklessly trampled on his neighbors' rights, or wrested from the weak what was lawfully their own. His mercantile pride—honor he would have called it—prevented such lapses from integrity. But, as he moved onward, with something like giant strides, conscious of his own strength, he had no sympathy for the less fortunate, and never once paused to lift a fallen one, or to aid a feeble toiler on the way of life. No generous principles belonged to the code of ethics by which he was governed. Benevolence he accounted a weakness, and care for others' interests the folly of a class, less to be commended than censured. "Let every man mind his own business, and every man take care of himself," he would sometimes say. "Help yourself is the world's best motto. This constant preaching up of benevolence and humanity only makes idlers and dependants."

Edward J— fully acted out his principles. And so, for future enjoyment, he had only laid up wealth. In all his business life, there was not a single green spot watered by the tears of benevolence, or warmed by the sunshine of gratitude, back to which thought could go, and find delight in the remembrance. All was a dull, dead blank of money-getting, the recollection of which gave more pain than pleasure.

No wonder that, after the excitement of removal, and the interested state of mind attendant upon the fitting up of a new home, the mind of Edward J— receded again to its state of disquietude, or that the old shadows deepened once more on his brow.

How broadly contrasted was the stately mansion he occupied with the humble cottage in which his brother resided, and to which, in self-weariness, he often repaired. Yet, so selfishly did he love his own, that never an impulse of generosity towards this brother stirred, even for a moment, the dead surface of humanity's waters lying stagnant in his bosom. If he thought of his humble circumstances at all, it was with something of shame that one so nearly related should occupy so low a position.

One morning, Edward called upon William J—, and, with unusual animation, said—

"I have just made a valuable discovery."

"Ah! What is it?" enquired his brother.

"You know the beautiful side slope of land just beyond my meadow?"

"Where Morgan lives?" said William.

"Yes. There are some ten acres, finely situated, exceedingly fertile, and in a high state of cultivation."

"Well?" William looked, enquiringly, at his brother.

"That piece of ground belongs, unquestionably, to my estate."

"What!" The brother was startled at this announcement; for he saw a purpose in Edward's mind to claim it as his own, if he could prove that the right referred to did actually exist.

"That piece of ground is mine."

"Why do you say so?"

"It originally belonged to the property I have purchased."

"I know it did. But Morgan bought it from the former owner, more than fifteen years ago."

"But never met his payments, and never got a full title."

"How do you know that?"

"I have the information from good authority—the best, I presume, in the county."

"From whom?"

"Aldridge. And he says he can recover it for me."

"Did you purchase it, Edward?" asked William, looking steadfastly into the countenance of his brother.

"I purchased Glenwood, and all the rights and appurtenances thereto belonging, and this I find to be, legally, a portion of the estate—and a valuable one. It is mine—and it has been one of my maxims in life always to claim my own."

An indignant rebuke was on the tongue of William J—, but he repressed its utterance, for estrangement, and consequent loss of influence, would have been the sure consequence.

"Before taking any steps in this matter," he said, "look very minutely into the history of the transaction between Morgan and the previous owner of Glenwood, the late Mr. Erskin. Morgan was his gardener, and had laid Mr. Erskin under a debt of gratitude, by saving the life of an only son at the imminent risk of his own. As some return, he offered him the cottage in which

he lived, and the ten acres of ground by which it was surrounded, at a very moderate valuation, Morgan to pay him a small sum, agreed upon, every year. The place was actually worth three or four times what Morgan was to give for it. Mr. Erskin at first thought of transferring it to him as a free-will offering, but he believed the benefit would be really greater, if Morgan, by industry, economy, and self-denial, earned and saved sufficient to pay what was asked for the property. At the end of a year the gardener brought the money due as the first instalment. Mr. Erskin felt a reluctance to take it, and, after questioning him as to the product of the farm, finally told him to expend the money in an improvement designated by himself. Sickness, and bad crops, during the next year, prevented the payment of the second instalment. The third and fourth years were more prosperous. The only sums paid to Mr. Erskin were received by him during these years."

"So I am informed," said Edward. "And I learn, farther, that no transfer of the property was ever made in due legal form. Mr. Erskin died intestate."

"He did; and his son came by heirship into possession of all his property."

"And he, dying a few years later, disposed of the estate by will."

"Not naming Morgan's farm," said William, "which he fully believed had been, during his father's lifetime, properly transferred to the present possessor."

"A very serious mistake, as Morgan will find," said Edward.

"You will not question his title to this property, Edward?"

"I assuredly will."

"He has a large family. It is his all."

"No matter. He has never paid for it, and it is not, therefore, his property. Glenwood is just so much the less valuable by the abstraction of this portion, and I am, in consequence, the sufferer. Had he paid for the land, as he had engaged to do, the money would, most probably, have been expended in improvements. So, you see, my rights are clear."

"Ah, brother! you cannot find it in your heart to ruin this worthy man. He has a large family, dependent on the product of his farm, which barely suffices to give them a comfortable living."

"I have no desire to ruin him, William. But he has no right to my property. If Morgan wishes to remain where he is, I will not, for the present, disturb him. But he must pay me an annual rent."

As mildly as possible, yet very earnestly, did William J— urge a different course of action upon his brother; but with no good effect. Legal measures were early taken, and due notice served upon Morgan, who, on submitting his papers to a lawyer, was appalled to learn that they contained informalities and defects, clearly invalidating his title. In a state of much alarm and excitement, he called upon William J—, and implored him to use his influence with his brother to stop the unrighteous proceeding. William could not give him much encouragement,

though his heart ached for the unhappy man. It so happened that Morgan passed from William J—'s place of business, as the brother entered. The two men had never met; and the rich owner of Glenwood did not know, by sight, the individual whose farm he coveted.

"Who is that man?" he enquired, in a voice of surprise.

"Why do you ask?"

"What ails him? His face was pale as ashes, and his eyes wild like those of one in terror, or deranged."

"He is in great distress."

"From what cause? Has he committed a crime? Are the minions of justice at his heels?"

"No. He is a man of blameless life—not as careful as he should have been in the management of his affairs. Upon a sudden, he finds himself on the brink of ruin. He put too much faith in the world. He thought too well of his fellowmen."

"A common fault," was the sententious answer. "But what of this man? Something in his face has interested me. Can I aid him in his troubles?"

"Yes, brother, you can aid him, and at no loss to yourself. No loss, did I say? Rather let me say, to your infinite gain."

"What do you mean? Infinite gain! You make use of a very strong word, William."

"I do; yet, with a full appreciation of its meaning. Everything gained to true happiness, is an infinite gain. Believe me, there are few sources of human pleasure so lasting as the memory of a good deed. What we seek, with only a selfish regard to our own enjoyment, loses its charm with possession. This is the life-experience of every one. But, the benefits we confer upon others, bless us in a perpetual remembrance of the delight we have created."

Only a dim perception of what this meant, dawned upon the mind of Edward. Yet, a few rays of light streamed in upon his moral darkness.

"The blessing of a good deed, brother Edward!" said William, speaking with something of enthusiasm in his manner—"did you ever think what a depth of meaning was in the words? Generous, noble, unselfish actions are like perennial springs, sending forth sweet and fertilizing waters. How much they lose, who, having the power to do good, lack the generous impulse."

"All very well, and very true, no doubt," said the rich brother, with a slight air of impatience. "But you haven't yet told me of the individual in whose case you desire to interest me."

"His name is Morgan," was answered.

"Morgan!" An instant change was visible in Edward J—. His face flushed; his brow contracted, and his eyes grew stern.

"Remember, my brother," said William, in a calm, yet earnest and affectionate voice, "that God has bestowed upon you, of this world's goods, more than sufficient to supply all your real wants; while to this poor man He has given what barely suffices, with care and labor, to supply food, raiment, and a humble home for his wife and little ones. You have 'flocks and herds'—do not take his 'little ewe lamb.' Remember David and the prophet Nathan."



"Good morning!" said Edward, turning off, suddenly, and leaving his brother.

What a conflict in the rich man's mind did this incident and conversation arouse. The white, terrified face of poor Morgan, haunted him like a spectre; and not less troublesome were the warning words and suggestions of his kinsman. On the afternoon of that day, he was to have met his legal adviser, and given further instructions for the prosecution of the case against Morgan. But Aldridge waited for his appearance in vain. Evening found him restless, unhappy, and in a very undecided state of mind. He was sitting, moodily, with his hand shading the light from his face, when a little daughter, who was at the centre-table, reading in the Bible, said—

"Oh, papa. Just listen to this—" And she read aloud—

"And the Lord sent Nathan unto David. And he came unto him, and said unto him, There were two men in one city; the one rich, and the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds; but the poor man had nothing, save one little ewe-lamb, which he had bought and nourished up: and it grew up together with him and with his children; it did eat of his own meat, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter. And there came a traveller unto the rich man, and he spared to take of his own flock and of his own herd, to dress for the way faring man that was come unto him; but he took the poor man's lamb, and dressed it for the man that was come to him. And David's anger was greatly kindled against the man; and he said to Nathan, As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die. And he shall restore the lamb fourfold, because he did this thing, and because he had no pity. And Nathan said to David, Thou art the man."

"And did king David do that?" said the child, lifting her eyes from the page—"I thought him a good man; but this was so wicked!"

The father's countenance was turned more into shadow, and he answered nothing. The child waited his reply for some moments; but none coming, she bent her eyes again to the holy volume, and continued reading, but not aloud.

In a little while, Mr. J— arose, and after walking the floor for the space of five or ten minutes, left the sitting room. It is doubtful whether he or Morgan were most unhappy at that particular period of time.

It was a clear, moonlight evening. Too much disturbed to bear the quietude within, the rich man walked forth to find a more burdening stillness without. The silence and beauty of nature agitated instead of calming him. All around was in harmony with the great Creator, while the discord of assaulted selfishness made tumult in his breast. How a generous impulse towards Morgan, cherished and made active, would have clothed his spirit with peace as a mantle. What a different work had cruel and exacting selfishness wrought!

As he walked on, with no purpose in his mind, a man passed him hurriedly. A glimpse at his face, as the moonlight fell broadly upon it, showed the pale, anxious, depressed countenance of poor

Morgan. The sight caused a low shudder to go creeping to his heart. Nay, more, it awakened a feeling of pity in his bosom. Pity is but the hand-maid of sympathy. The rich man's thought went homeward with the victim of his cupidity—went home with him, though he strove hard to turn it in another direction—while fancy made pictures of the grief, fear and anxious dread of the future, that filled the hearts of all in that humble dwelling. Suddenly he stood still, and bent his head in deep thought. Then he started onwards again, but evidently with a purpose in his mind, for he took long strides, and bent forward like a man eager to reach the point towards which his steps were directed. He was soon at the house of Aldridge, the lawyer.

"I want a piece of writing made out immediately," said he, as the lawyer invited him to enter his office.

"To-night?" enquired Aldridge.

"Yes—to-night. Can you do it?"

"O, certainly, if it be not too long."

"I wish a Quit Claim drawn up in favor of Morgan."

"A Quit Claim!"

Aldridge might well be surprised.

"Yes. Write it out in due form; and let it describe accurately the cottage and ten acres now in his possession. How long will it take you?"

"Not long. Half an hour, perhaps. But, Mr. J—, what does all this mean? Has Morgan indemnified you?"

"No matter as to that, Mr. Aldridge," was the rather cold reply. "The Quit Claim I wish drawn. I will wait for it."

In a short time the paper was ready, attested and witnessed. Thrusting it into his pocket, Mr. J— hurried from the presence of the lawyer. His purpose was to go home. But, now that sympathy for those he had made wretched was awakened, he could not bear its pressure upon his own feelings. The dwelling of Morgan was at no great distance. Thither his steps were directed. A light shone through one of the windows. As he drew near, he saw, moving slowly against the wall and ceiling of the room, to and fro, the shadow of a man. Nearer still, and he could see all the inmates of the room. By a table sat a woman in an attitude of deep dejection; she had been weeping. A boy stood beside her with his arm lying on her neck, while a little girl sat on a low stool, her face buried in her mother's lap. The whole picture conveyed to the mind of Mr. J— an idea of extreme wretchedness, and touched him deeply. A few moments only did he contemplate the scene.

How suddenly the tableaux changed, when Mr. J— entered, and briefly making known his errand, presented to Morgan the Quit Claim deed! What joy lit up every face; what gratitude found ardent words; what blessings were invoked for him and his!

In a tumult of pleasure, such as he had never before experienced, Mr. J— hurried from the presence of the overjoyed family, and took his way homeward. How light were his footsteps! With what a new sensation did he drink in the pure evening air that seemed nectar to his expanding lungs. How beautiful the moon looked,

smiling down upon him; and in the eye of every bright star was a sparkling approval of his manly deed. Never in his whole life had he done an act from which he derived so exquisite a sense of pleasure. He had tasted angel's food.

Calm was the sleep of Mr. J——. Ah! how often he had tossed on his pillow until after the midnight watches. Morning found him with a new sense of enjoyment in life. He could hardly understand its meaning. Dimly he perceived the truth at first, but more and more clearly as his brother's words came back to his remembrance—"There are few sources of pleasure so lasting as the memory of a good deed." This had sounded strange, almost repulsive to his ears. Now it was perceived as a beautiful truth. And so was this—"How much they lose, who, having the power to do good, lack the generous impulse."

"How much have I lost," he said to himself, with an involuntary sigh. "Here is a new experience in life. I am wiser than I was yesterday; and wiser, I trust, to some good purpose."

And did this prove to be the case? Profited this rich man by the discovery that sources of happiness were within his reach undreamed of before? He did; and yet how often came the dark clouds of selfishness over his mind, obscuring his nobler perceptions. But a good seed was planted, and there was one in the village of Glenwood, who loved him and mankind too well to let the soil in which it was cast remain uncultured. From that little seed a plant sprung up, growing in time to a goodly tree, and spreading its branches forth in the air of Heaven. Beneath its shadow, many, weary on the rugged journey of life, found rest and shelter.

Edward J——, from a narrow-minded, unhappy self-seeker, became a man of generous impulses, dispensing blessings with a liberal hand, that ever came back to him with a double portion of delight.

The charm of Glenwood was restored. It looked to him even more beautiful than in childhood. At this he sometimes wondered—for, at his first return, after long years of absence, the old beauty had departed. But the reader finds here no mystery; nor was it any to him, when he contrasted his state of mind with that existing, when, tired of himself and the world, he came back to his native village, seeking for rest, yet finding none, until he sought it in self-abnegation and good deeds to his fellow-men.

PLAIN PEOPLE.—Plain men—nay, even ugly little fellows—have met with tolerable success among the fair. Wilkes' challenge to Lord Townshend is well known:—"Your lordship is one of the handsomest men in the kingdom, and I am one of the ugliest! yet, give me but half an hour's start, and I will enter the lists against you with any woman you choose to name; because you will omit attentions, on account of your fine exterior, which I shall double, on account of my plain one!" He used to say that it took him half an hour just to talk away his face. He was so exceedingly ugly that a lottery-office keeper once offered him ten guineas not to pass his window whilst the tickets were drawing, for fear of his bringing ill-luck upon the house.

## VARIETIES.

An accordion is styled by the negroes at the South an "edicated bellows."

It is said that whiskey is a sure cure for the bite of a rattlesnake. What will cure the bite of whiskey?

An enterprising young statesman says he can steer the ship of State in perfect safety if he can only keep his hand on the "tiller of the soil!"

Eliza Cook very truly says: "To appreciate the value of newspapers, we have only to suppose that they were to be totally discontinued for a month."

Some genius has announced it as his belief that there will be such facilities for travelling "bime-by," that you can go anywhere for nothing and come back again for half price.

Ladies manifest a praiseworthy insensibility to ridicule, by continuing to wear their bonnets round their necks and dresses which sweep the pavement.

There is a man down East, rather a facetious chap, whose name is New. He named his first child Something; it was Something New. His next child was called Nothing; it being Nothing New.

"Is there much water in the cistern, Biddy?" inquired a gentleman of his Irish girl, as she came up from the cellar. "It's full on the bottom, sir, but there's none at the top," said Biddy.

One day, as Judge Parsons was jogging along on horseback, over a desolate road, he came to a log house, dirty, smoky and miserable. He stopped to contemplate the too evident poverty of the scene. A poor, half-starved fellow, with uncombed hair and unshaven beard, thrust his head through a square, which served for a window, with—"I say, Judge, I aint as poor as you take me to be; for I don't own this 'ere land!"

As a woman was walking, a man looked at and followed her. "Why," said she, "do you follow me?" "Because I have fallen in love with you." "Why so? My sister, who is coming after, is much handsomer than I am—go and make love to her." The man turned back, and saw a woman with an ugly face, and being greatly displeased, returned and said, "Why did you tell me a story?" The woman answered, "Neither did you tell me the truth, if you are in love with me, why did you look for another woman?"

The pious Jonathan Edwards describes a Christian as being like "such a little flower as we see in the spring of the year, low and humble on the ground; opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture; diffusing around a sweet fragrance; standing peacefully and lowly in the midst of other flowers." The world may think nothing of the little flower—they may not even notice it; but nevertheless it will be diffusing around a sweet fragrance upon all who dwell within its lowly sphere.

## INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

## NAPIER AND THE INDIAN SWORDSMAN.

We give an anecdote illustrative of the unparalleled dexterity of the Indians with the sword, as well as of Napier's simplicity of character. After the Indian battles, on one occasion, a famous juggler visited the camp, and performed his feats before the General, his family and staff. Among his performances, this man cut in two with a stroke of his sword a lime or lemon placed in the hand of his assistant.

Napier thought there was some collusion between the juggler and his retainer. To divide by a sweep of the sword on a man's hand so small an object without touching the flesh, he believed to be impossible, though a similar incident is related by Scott in his romance of the Talisman.

To determine the point, the General offered his own hand for the experiment, and he stretched out his right arm. The juggler looked attentively at the hand, and said he would not make the trial.

"I thought I would find out!" exclaimed Napier.

"But stop," added the other, "let me see your left hand."

The left hand was submitted, and the man then said firmly, "If you will hold your arm steady I will perform the feat."

"But why the left hand and not the right?"

"Because the right hand is hollow in the centre, and there is a risk of cutting off the thumb; the left is high, and the danger will be less. Napier was startled.

"I got frightened," he said; "I saw it was an actual feat of delicate swordsmanship, and if I had not abused the man as I did before my staff, and challenged him to the trial, I honestly acknowledge I would have retired from the encounter. However, I put the lime on my hand, and set out my arm steadily. The juggler balanced himself, and with a swift stroke cut the lime in two pieces. I felt the edge of the sword on my hand as if a cold thread had been drawn across it; and so much," he added, "for the brave swordsman of India, whom our fine fellows defeated at Meeanee."

This anecdote is certainly a proof of the sincerity of an honest mind, ready to acknowledge error, and of bravery and calmness in expiating that error.

## THE DISHONEST CONVERT.

Upon a certain occasion, a man called on him with a due bill for twenty dollars against an estate he had been employed to settle. Friend Hopper put it away, saying he would examine it and attend to it as soon as he had leisure. The man called again a short time after, and stated that he had need of six dollars, and was willing to give a receipt for the whole, if that sum were advanced. This proposition excited suspicion, and the administrator decided in his own mind that he would pay nothing till he had examined the papers of the deceased. Searching carefully among these, he found a receipt for the money, mentioning the identical items, date and circumstances

of the transaction: stating that a due bill had been given and lost, and was to be restored by the creditor when found. When the man called again for payment, Isaac said to him in a quiet way, "Friend Jones, I understand thou hast become pious lately."

He replied in a solemn tone: "Yes, thanks to the Lord Jesus, I have found out the way of salvation."

"And thou hast been dipped, I hear," continued the Quaker. "Dost thou know James Hunter?"

Mr. Jones answered in the affirmative.

"Well, he also was dipped some time ago," rejoined Friend Hopper; "but his neighbors say they didn't get the crown of his head under water. The devil crept into the unbaptized part, and has been busy within him ever since. I am afraid they didn't get thee quite under water. I think thou hadst better be dipped again."

As he spoke, he held up the receipt for twenty dollars. The countenance of the professedly pious man became scarlet, and he disappeared instantly.—"*Isaac T. Hopper, A True Life*," by Mrs. Child.

## IRISH EQUIVOCATION.

The Irish peasant, never answers any question directly: in some districts, if you ask him where such a gentleman's house is, he will point and reply. "Does your honor see that large house, there all among the trees, with a green field before it?"

You answer, "Yes."

"Well," says he, "plaze your honor that's not it. But do you see the big brick house with the cow-houses by the side of that same, and a pond of water?"

"Yes."

"Well, plaze your honor, *that's* not it. But, if you plaze, look quite to the right of that same, and you'll see the top of a castle among the trees there, with a road going down to it, betwixt the bushes."

"Yes."

"Well, plaze your honor, *that's* not it, neither—but if your honor will come down this bit of a road a couple of miles, I'll show it you *sure enough*—and if your honor's in a hurry, I can run on *hot foot*—(a figurative expression for 'with all possible speed,' used by the Irish peasants: by taking short cuts and fairly hopping along, a young peasant would beat any good traveller)—and tell the squire your honor's *galloping* after me. Ah! who shall I tell the squire, plaze your honor, is coming to see him? he's my own landlord, God save his honor day and night?"—*Barrington's Sketches*.

## THE OLD NEGRO'S LOGIC.

A clergyman asked an old servant his reasons for believing in the existence of a God:

"Sir," says he, "I see one man get sick. The doctor comes to him, gives him medicine; the next day he is better; he gives him another dose, it does him good; he keeps on till he gets about his business. Another man gets sick like the first one; the doctor comes to see him; he gives him the same sort of medicine; it does him no

good, he gets worse; gives him more, but he gets worse all the time, till he dies. Now that man's time to die had come, and all the doctors in the world can't cure him.

"One year I work in the corn field, plow deep, dig up grass, and make nothing but nubbins. Next year I work the same way; the rain and dew comes, and I make a good crop.

"I have been here going hard upon fifty years. Every day since I have been in this world I see the Sun rise in the East and set in the West. The North star stands where it did the first time I ever seen it; the seven stars and Job's coffin keep on the same path in the sky, and never turn out. It ain't so with man's works. He makes clocks and watches; they may run well for awhile, but they get out of fix and stand stock still. But the sun, and moon, and stars, keep on the same way all the while. There is a Power which makes one man die, and another get well: that sends the rain, and keeps everything in motion."

What a beautiful comment is here furnished by an unlettered African on the language of the Psalmist: "The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."

#### A STRIKING ILLUSTRATION.

A company of individuals united themselves together in a mutual benefit society. The Blacksmith comes and says:

"Gentlemen, I wish to become a member of your association."

"Well, what can you do?"

"Oh, I can shoe your horses, iron your carriages, and make all kinds of implements."

"Very well, come in Mr. Blacksmith."

The Mason applies for admission into the society.

"And what can you do, sir?"

"Oh, I can build your barns and houses, stables and bridges."

"Very well, come in—we can't do without you."

Along comes the shoemaker, and says:

"I wish to become a member of your society."

"Well, what can you do?"

"I can make boots and shoes for you."

"Come in, Mr. Shoemaker,—we must have you."

So in turn applied all the different trades and professions, till lastly an individual comes and wants to become a member.

"And what are you?"

"I am a Rumseller."

"A Rumseller! and what can you do?"

"I can build jails and prisons and poor-houses."

"And is that all?"

"No; I can fill them; I can fill your jails with criminals, your prisons with convicts and your poor-houses with paupers."

"And what else can you do?"

"I can bring the gray hairs of the aged to the grave with sorrow, I can break the heart of the wife, and blast the prospects of the friends of talent, and fill your land with more than the plagues of Egypt."

"Is that all you can do?"

"Good heavens!" cries the Rumseller, "is not that enough?"

#### IRISH UNCERTAINTY.

I have often heard it remarked and complained of by travellers and strangers, that they never could get a true answer from any Irish peasant as to distances, when on a journey. For many years I myself thought it most unaccountable. If you meet a peasant on your journey, and ask him how far, for instance, to Ballinrobe, he will probably say it is "three short miles."

"You travel on," and are informed by the next peasant you meet, that "it is five long miles."

On you go, and the next will tell "your honor" it is "four miles, or about that same."

The fourth will swear "if your honor stops at three miles, you'll never get there!"

But on pointing to a town just before you, and inquiring what place that is, he replies, "Oh! plaze your honor, that's Ballinrobe, sure enough!"

"Why, you said it was more than three miles off!"

"Oh yes! to be sure and sartain, that's from my own cabin, plaze your honor. We're no scholars in this country. Arrah! how can we tell any distance, plaze your honor, but from our own little cabins? Nobody but the schoolmaster knows that, plaze your honor."

Thus is the mystery unravelled. When you ask any peasant the distance of the place you require, he never computes it from where you *then* are, but from his *own cabin*; so that, if you asked twenty, in all probability you would have as many different answers, and not one of them correct.—*Barrington's Sketches.*

#### I'LL THANK THE GENTLEMAN.

A Kentucky traveller dining at a hotel in Albany, was annoyed by the showing off of some of the members of the Assembly, who kept calling each other from their respective counties, after this fashion—"I'll thank the gentleman from Onondaga," &c.; whereupon the Kentuckian said to the huge darkey waiter:—

"I'll thank the gentleman from Africa for a slice of ham."

This cooled off the fashion of addressing the gentleman from —, and so, and so.

#### A CHANGE ANTICIPATED.

A young lady in a class studying physiology, in the High School at Sandusky, made answer to a question put, that in six years a human body became entirely changed, so that not a particle which was in it at the commencement of the period would remain at the close of it.

"Then, Miss L." said the young gentleman tutor, "in six years you will cease to be Miss L."

"Why, yes, sir, I suppose so," said she, very modestly, looking at the floor.

#### FIRST AFTER ALL.

An Irish gentleman having a party to meet at a tavern, exclaimed, on arriving, finding the room empty—

"So I am first after all."

The waiter informed him that he was mistaken; that his friends had been there, but were gone.

"Very well," replied the Hibernian, "then I have made no mistake; for as they were all here before me, surely I was right in saying I was first after all."

## EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

### 'HONOR TO LABOR.

The first visit ever made by the British Queen to an untitled subject, was paid to Wm. Dargan, the public spirited individual, to whose noble enthusiasm in the cause of labor, Ireland owes her Great Exhibition of art, manufacture and industry. It took place on the occasion of her late visit to Dublin and the Crystal Palace there, and does her great honor. An Irish newspaper thus chronicles the incident:—

"The crowning act—that which gave a meaning and a purpose to the Royal visit and all its incidents—was, in our mind, the gracious, the cordial, the almost affectionate reception which the greatest Monarch gave to her greatest subject when he was yesterday presented by her Minister. Formalities gave way for the instant before the instinctive impulse of a woman possessed of intellect to understand, and of heart to appreciate the signal services rendered to the cause of progress by the man in whose presence she then was. The cordial grasp of the arm—the arm ennobled by industry—indicated what was expressed in words not meant for the public ear; but no one who was close enough to observe the emotions of the crowned Monarch, as she looked upon the untitled subject by whose munificent patriotism the temple in which she then stood was raised, could fail to see that the Queen felt that a great man was there, and that feeling so, she was desirous before that august assembly of her people to mark her appreciation of his character and of his services. The impulsive cheer that burst from all around as the Queen thus pressed the arm of William Dargan, showed that those who witnessed it appreciated the compliment paid to the man, the compliment paid to the country, and the homage paid to industry in the person of the great apostle of labor. One other incident occurred in the afternoon, perhaps still more indicative of the purpose of the present visit of the Queen. We do not desire to intrude pryingly into the private proceedings of the Sovereign: but we can hardly look upon the visit with which the Queen yesterday honored Mr. Dargan at his private residence as other than a public recognition by the Sovereign that industry—let us rather call it labor—is ennobling, and that she, at least, whatever an inert aristocracy, generated in corruption, and unconscious of the value of human labor, may think, respects and honors those who, living by industry, promote it, extend it, refuse to sever themselves from it, and become the apostles of industrial development as the best means of elevating the nation and giving prosperity to the people. The honor paid to Mr. Dargan by this act of Royal favor, marks an epoch in the progress of the age. It was the first visit ever paid by the Queen to an untitled subject. To him it was a high and honoring distinction. His countrymen of every class will with one accord accept it as a national compliment, while every man who lives 'by the sweat of his

brow,' will feel a new impulse spring up within him from the consciousness it will impart that 'labor' is no longer held to be dishonoring—that favors denied to Dukes and to Earls have been awarded by the Queen to the family of a man whose present position of pre-eminence is due to his connexion with 'labor.'"

We notice this circumstance with pleasure, and for more than a single reason. A false estimation of worth, growing out of the marked distinction of classes in Great Britain, has assigned to honorable labor a degraded position when compared with titled, unproductive idleness. The very fact above recorded—that Queen Victoria had never before visited an untitled subject—shows how high the precedent for this false estimate could be traced. But, with a true womanly perception of real worth in the man, the Queen, irrespective of all time-sanctioned conventionalities, rejects the old classifications and sets an example whose influence will be felt throughout the kingdom, and lead the way for a broader appreciation of individual worth, irrespective of title or station. An enthusiastic friend, who is a "good hater" of all pretensions, that have no broader basis than wealth or social privilege, said to us in reference to this incident—"It is the noblest act of Queen Victoria's life." And we will not gainsay his words.

The fact is worth noting, that while in this country, upstart pride is seeking to throw around itself a barrier of exclusiveness, and to make the condition of labor degrading, according to its poor estimate, the Queen, whose social rank in England is highest, voluntarily takes labor by the hand and acknowledges its true nobility.

There is only one just standard by which personal worth can be determined. He that is most useful is most honorable. The world is beginning to see this truth more and more clearly, and beginning also by the new light it gives, to discover who are in reality its greatest men.

### BY DIRECTION OF THE SPIRITS.

Not far from Tacony, on the Delaware, two houses are in the process of erection, which are being built, as we are informed, under the direction of the "spirits." The plans were furnished, the materials designated, and all the various architectural etceteras minutely described, in answer to formal consultations with his invisible friends, regularly held by the projector, who is a man of wealth. At least, such is the story that is told. In our daily trips on the river during the past summer, we noticed these two houses

as being somewhat peculiar in style, though not varying to any considerable extent, externally, from the ordinary square frame-house, with the hall running through the centre. When completed, they will, no doubt, form a kind of headquarters for spirit-rappings.

#### LEAF FROM A LADY'S JOURNAL.

A lady sends us a leaf from her journal, from which we make a single extract, descriptive of an every day character:—

"JANUARY 23.—This has been a long day to me. My good neighbor, Mrs. P., has been with me, this afternoon, and it required such an effort on my part to entertain her. She is a well-disposed woman, and I like her, only there are so few subjects upon which she will talk. She is fond of going to market, and likes to tell what she saw there. She was describing a new kind of vegetable that she saw; it had a sort of twisted appearance, and was *powerful* tender. Then she bought some butter, which was *powerful* sweet. She confessed, though, that she saw some at a higher price, which was *powerful* strong. This unlucky word is always upon her tongue. The babe has a bad cold and coughs *powerfully*, while she was kept awake during the night, and felt *powerful* weak this morning.

#### A SEASONABLE HINT.

While the advocates of temperance are moving vigorously in behalf of a radical change in the laws licensing the sale of liquors in various States of the Union, a movement which, while collaterally affecting the welfare of families, addresses itself especially to men, there is a question regarding the health of the women of the United States, which is scarcely of less importance, and should not be lost sight of. The number of deaths caused annually by the inordinate use of ardent spirits in our country, and the shame, poverty and distress it but too frequently entails, indeed entitles that subject to paramount consideration. But among the lesser evils which fashionable folly has fostered, none have produced a greater degree of physical prostration, or engendered more fatal diseases than, the neglect of proper clothing during the inclement season of the year.

During the autumn and winter a constant succession of concerts, balls and social parties offer temptations in the way of personal display that but too frequently induce fashionable women to drape themselves in a manner utterly at variance with either health or comfort. Regarding show rather than health, they wear thin muslins when the state of the weather imperatively demands

either woollens or their equivalents; and satin, or paper-soled shoes, when the condition of the streets require a warmer, stouter, and more impervious covering to the feet. How much of suffering this folly entails; how many severe colds are brought on in this way, and what numbers fall victims to consumption from the same cause, the registers of our city physicians but too plainly tell. Fashion murders its victim when fashion inculcates a mode of dress unsuitable to the season. Those who are not yet slaves to its caprices should refuse to obey its dictates, when they are opposed to common sense, and preserve their health and good looks while setting the example of a better and more rational taste.

#### MR. AND MRS. BROWNING.

Hillard, in his "Six Months in Italy," introduces the reader, briefly, to Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the poets. A happier home, he says, and a more perfect union than theirs, it is not easy to imagine; and this completeness arises not only from the rare qualities which each possesses, but from their adaptation to each other.

"Browning's conversation is like the poetry of Chaucer, or like his own, simplified and made transparent. His countenance is so full of vigor, freshness, and refined power, that it seems impossible to think that he can ever grow old. His poetry is subtle, passionate, and profound; but he himself is simple, natural, and playful. He has the repose of a man who has lived much in the open air, with no nervous uneasiness, and no unhealthy self-consciousness. Mrs. Browning is, in many respects, the correlative of her husband. As he is full of manly power, so she is a type of the most sensitive and delicate womanhood. She has been a great sufferer from ill-health, and the marks of pain are stamped upon her person and manner. Her figure is slight, her countenance expressive of genius and sensibility, shaded by a veil of long brown locks; and her tremulous voice often flutters over her words, like the flame of a dying candle over the wick. I have never seen a human frame which seemed so nearly a transparent veil for a celestial and immortal spirit. She is a soul of fire encased in a shell of pearl. Her rare and fine genius needs no setting forth at my hands. She is also, what is not so generally known, a woman of uncommon, nay, profound learning, even measured by a masculine standard. Nor is she more remarkable for genius and learning than for sweetness of temper, tenderness of heart, depth of feeling, and purity of spirit. It is a privilege to know such



beings singly and separately; but to see their powers quickened and their happiness rounded by the sacred tie of marriage, is a cause for peculiar and lasting gratitude. A union so complete as theirs—in which the mind has nothing to crave nor the heart to sigh for—is cordial to behold, and soothing to remember."

## FANNY FALES.

Not a few of our readers will be pleased to learn, that "Fanny Fales" has published a small volume containing the choicest of her beautiful poems, which, for chasteness of style, and exquisite tenderness, have rarely been surpassed. Many of these have appeared, at intervals, during the past two years, in the "Home Gazette;" and now, in reading them over again, we find our first judgment of their merits fully confirmed. Take the following fine specimen:—

## "YES, AS A CHILD."

"Not as a child shall we again behold her."

LONGFELLOW.

O say not so! how shall I know my darling,  
If changed her form, and veil'd with shining hair?  
If, since her flight, has grown my little starling,  
How shall I know her there?

On memory's page, by viewless fingers painted,  
I see the features of my angel-child;  
She passed away, ere sin her soul had tainted,—  
Passed to the undefiled.

O say not so, for I would clasp her, even  
As when below she lay upon my breast:  
And dream of her as my fair bud in Heaven,  
Amid the blossoms blest.

My little one was like a folded lily,  
Sweeter than any on the azure wave;  
But night came down, a starless night, and chilly;  
Alas! we could not save!

Yes, as a child, serene and noble poet,  
(O Heaven were dark, were children wanting there!)

I hope to clasp my bud as when I wore it;  
A dimpled baby fair.

Though years have flown, toward my blue-eyed daughter,

My heart yearns oft'times with a mother's love;  
Its never-dying tendrils now enfold her,—  
Enfold my child above.

E'en as a *babe*, my little blue-eyed daughter,  
Nestle and coo upon my heard again;  
Wait for thy mother by the river-water,—  
It shall not be in vain!

Wait as a child;—how shall I know my darling,  
If changed her form, and veil'd with shining hair?  
If, since her flight, has grown my little starling,  
How shall I know her there?

Or this:—

## NIGHT.

"The day is for the work-shop of life; the night is its diurnal Sabbath."—A. STEVENS.

How still! how beautiful! the balmy air  
Toys with the tresses of the willow near;  
And rocks, with fingers light, the lily fair,  
Cradled, like Moses, by the waters clear.

In light and shade the uplands sleeping lie;  
And through dim woods Diana's arrows quiver;  
And stars, the harps of angels, gem the sky,  
Tuned to the praises of the Lamb for ever.

How still! how beautiful! the placid deep,  
Flooded with moonlight, stretches far away;  
And calm-bound ships upon its bosom sleep,  
Like white-winged seagulls, waiting for the day.

How like the Sabbath comes the holy night!  
Serene, and pure, the blessed time of rest;  
Peopling the earth with angel spirits bright,—  
Op'ning the temple of the heart for worship blest.

Or this:—

## THE DYING WIFE.

Lay the babe upon my bosom, let me feel her  
sweet, warm breath,  
For a strange chill o'er me passes, and I know  
that it is death.

I would gaze upon the treasure; scarcely given ere  
I go,—

Feel her rosy dimpled fingers wander o'er my  
cheek of snow.

I am passing through the waters, but a blessed  
shore appears,—

Kneel beside me, husband, dearest, let me kiss  
away thy tears

Wrestle with thy grief, as Jacob strove from  
midnight until day;

It may leave an angel's blessing, when it vanishes  
away.

Lay the babe upon my bosom, 'tis not long she can  
be there,—

See! how to my heart she nestles,—'tis the pearl  
I love to wear;—

If in after years, beside thee sits another in my  
chair,

Though her voice be sweeter music, and my face  
than hers less fair;

If a cherub call thee Father, far more beautiful  
than this,

Love thy first-born, oh my husband! turn not from  
the motherless.

Tell her sometimes of her mother,—you will call  
her by my name,—

Shield her from the winds of sorrow,—if she errs,  
oh gently blame.

Lead her sometimes where I'm sleeping, I will  
answer if she calls,

And my breath will stir her ringlets, when my  
voice in blessing falls.

Her soft blue eyes will brighten with a wonder  
whence it came,—

In her heart when, years pass o'er her, she will  
find her mother's name.

It is said that every mortal walks between two  
angels here,—

One records the *ill*, but blots it, if before the mid-  
night drear

Man repenteth; if uncanceled, then he seals it for  
the skies,

And the right-hand angel weepeth, bowing low  
with veiled eyes.

I will be her right-hand angel, sealing up the good  
for Heaven,

Striving that the midnight watches find no misdeed  
unforgiven.

You will not forget me, darling, when I'm sleeping 'neath the sod?  
Love the babe upon my bosom, as I love thee,—  
next to God.

How deeply they stir the heart! How tender the emotions that are awakened! Only true poetry has power like this.

We gratefully acknowledge a too flattering dedication of the volume by the fair author, which is published in Boston by B. B. Mussey & Co.

#### IMPORTANT SCIENTIFIC INVENTION.

A letter from Berlin says:—"It is well known that the paper prepared for photography grows more or less black by rays of light falling on it. One of our young painters, M. Schall, has just taken advantage of this property in photographic paper to determine the intensity of the sun's light. After more than fifteen hundred experiments, M. Schall has succeeded in establishing a scale of all the shades of black which the action of the solar light produces on the photographic paper—so that, by comparing the shade obtained at any given moment on a certain paper with that indicated on the scale, the exact force of the sun's light may be ascertained. Baron Alexander von Humboldt, M. De Littnow, M. Dove and M. Pongendorff, have congratulated M. Schall on this invention; which will be of the highest utility not only for scientific labors, but also in many operations of domestic and rural economy."

#### A MAINE LAW ARGUMENT.

The New York Times draws the following painful and disgusting picture of drunkenness in that city. A stronger Maine Law argument we have not, for a long time, seen. What man, calling himself a good citizen, could look on this picture, and not at once throw all his influence in favor of the quick repression of a traffic, that can show not one good result to set off against its myriads of evil consequences:

"Last Sunday night, in a walk from Nassau street to South Ferry, we had ample food for comment upon the fourth commandment. Broadway was a perfect hell of drunkenness—a howling, staggering pandemonium of bestialized men. The sidewalks were traversed by men in every stage of intoxication, reeling to and fro like ships in a storm. The air was laden with snatches of drunken songs, fragments of filthy language, or incoherent shouts from those who were too drunk to articulate. Drunkenness in every dark lane and alley, only discovered by its disgusting ravings. Drunkenness in the wide lamp-lit streets, staggering along with swimming head, paralyzed limbs, and countenance of imbecile sensuality.

Drunkenness lying in the kennel, stentoriously respiring its foetid breath. Drunkenness clinging to the lamp-posts. Drunkenness coiled up on the doorstep, waiting to be robbed or murdered. Drunkenness screaming on the tops of solitary omnibuses, or hanging half out of the windows of belated hackney-cabs, and disturbing the night with incoherent melodies. Drunkenness walking apparently steadily along, laughing idiotically to itself, and thickly rehearsing the drunken jokes, the drunken songs, the drunken indecencies, that adorn the convivial meeting it has just left. Drunkenness waiting at the ferries, snoring on benches, quarrelling with its drunken company, or falling off the edge of the pier into the water, and being fished out half sober."

☞ We have known religious parents who purposely checked, and crossed, and disappointed their children, as a system of home education, in order, as they alleged, to break the natural will, and thus make it easier for them, in after-life, to deny self and practice virtue. When we see such a course pursued, we think of the child's remark when asked why a certain tree grew crooked—"Somebody trod upon it, I suppose, when it was a little fellow."

Childhood needs direction and culture more than repression. There is a volume of sound truth in these lines:—

"He who checks a child with terror,  
Stops its play and stills its song,  
Not alone commits an error,  
But a great and moral wrong.

"Give it play and never fear it,  
Active life is no defect;  
Never, never break its spirit,  
Curb it only to direct.

"Would you stop the flowing river,  
Thinking it would cease to flow!  
Onward it must flow for ever;  
Better teach it where to go."

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

— *The Works of Shakspeare, the text regulated by the recently discovered Folio of 1632, with a History of the Stage; a Life of the Poet, and an introduction to each Play.* By J. Payne Collier. Vols. 1 and 8. New York: Redfield. (For sale by H. C. Baird.) These volumes complete the new edition of Shakspeare, of which so much has been lately written. Some able critics doubt the value of the emendations, but with all respect for their opinion, we hold to our own, and regard them not only as valuable to the integrity of the text, but for the most part as absolutely essential.

— *The Child's Pictorial History of England, from the earliest period to the present time.* By Miss Corner. Philadelphia: Henry F. Annars. In

one of De Quincey's letters to a young man, whose education had been neglected, that delightful writer and profound logician advises his correspondent to begin the study of history by obtaining a knowledge of the principal events, leaving the mastery of details to a subsequent period. This little book is exactly suited to such a purpose; the story of English progress from barbarism to refinement, is briefly but clearly told. It narrates all the important incidents, and gives in a small compass the framework of that history, the adjuncts to which may be found in Hume, Rapin, Lingard and Macaulay.

— *"All's not Gold that Glitters;" or, The Young Californian.* By Cousin Alice. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (For sale by Henderson & Co.) We have here another volume of that admirable series of Home Books, by the same author, of which "No Such Word as Fail," and "Contentment Better than Wealth," formed a portion, and were so favorably received by the public. Among our own children, Cousin Alice, is a decided favorite; and they always hail a new book from her pen with marked evidences of pleasure.

— *The Second War with England.* By J. T. Headley. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner. (For sale by Lippincott, Grambo & Co.) There is always one great merit in the writings of Mr. Headley, and that is the spirit which he infuses into his narrative. It would perhaps be difficult for him to write a dull book, and if he is not always quite accurate, he is yet pretty certain to be entertaining. In some of his earlier works his style was somewhat high-stepping and over-strained, but in this the latest and not least interesting of his publications, we recognize a chaste and more subdued tone, and one which better becomes the character of a historian. In these two handsome volumes, Mr. Headley has told the story of the war of 1812 very effectively. Gathering his materials from a variety of sources, he has moulded them into the narrative with great skill, and has succeeded in producing a work far more ample in its details than any which has preceded it.

— *Fun Jottings; or, The Laughs I have taken a Pen to.* By N. Parker Willis. New York: Chas. Scribner. (For sale by Lippincott, Grambo & Co.) Every now and then Willis takes the public by surprise, by issuing in a collective form the numerous sketches of his younger days, under some one of those quaint distinctive titles for which he is so famous. Though rarely developing character, and but too frequently skimming the surface of things, Willis is yet unapproachable in his peculiar walk. Light, graceful, airy and fantastic, his style is admirably adapted to short piquant articles, and in such kinds of writing he approximates more nearly to the better class of French

authors than to those either of England or America.

Fresh, lively, gay and gossiping, these "Fun Jottings" deserve merit the more enduring garb in which they now appear, and though they neither serve to point a moral or to lay bare any deep emotions, they will be found to have a charm of their own in the easy brilliancy of the narrative, and in the airiness of the dialogue which frequently reminds one of the old comedies of Farquhar, Wycherley and Congreve, divested of their grossness.

— *The Daughter at School.* By Rev. John Todd, D. D. Northampton: Hopkins, Bridgman & Co. (For sale by Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co.) This little elementary treatise on education will be found valuable, alike to children and parents. It abounds in fine moral teachings, and while evincing in every page the presence of a thoughtful spirit, is charmingly written and full of interest. The lessons it conveys, and the advice it gives, are sound throughout, and we know of no book which condenses so much practical good sense into so small a compass. A work so much called for at this time, and so eminently useful, deserves to be widely circulated.

#### END OF VOLUME SECOND.

We close the Second Volume of the "Home Magazine" with this number. On the cover will be found our announcement for 1854. It will be seen that we continue the very low price to clubs, the large amount of reading matter, and the highly finished steel plates, with other fine engravings. In addition to these, we shall add, for such of our lady readers as desire to see the prevailing styles of dress, Plates of Fashions, colored or plain. Not that we design to make this a leading attraction—we have far higher aims—but so many who take magazines look for this feature, that we deem its introduction expedient.

It is our purpose to make the "Home Magazine" a first class Magazine in every respect: yet, so moderate in price, that no one who desires its introduction into his family, can hesitate a moment on the question of expense. The encouragement thus far extended is quite beyond our anticipations, and all the indications now apparent point to a heavy circulation of our Magazine during the year 1854. In consequence of larger orders than was expected, we have been unable to furnish many new subscribers with the first numbers of the present volume. To be certain of meeting all demands, we shall stereotype the earlier numbers of the coming volume.

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